

Back in my nightmare the PWC's never showed up, and something nearby caught my eye, an old fuel sign sticking up out of the water, right out of an Andy Warhol painting. Then I saw two masts, there was Pilgrim, and Nelson's Mac, and Dockdog's boat. On the shore I could see a bunch of coals under a dutch oven – that was no nightmare, I wasn't lost, I was *home*.

And homesick.

Man, do I ever need to find a lake and a breeze...