

I came ashore onto what I thought would be Orcas Island, but which turned out to be something else entirely.

I walked inland, with water pouring out of my suitcase. It was heavy, so I dumped it out and stuck all the plastic bags back in. The time was probably around two. I had spent quite a while trying to decide on the water filtration system.

Only about a hundred and fifty feet into the woods there, I found a very old gas station. It was one of those gas stations where the lights were in the sign, but the sign wasn't in the sign. I went into the bathrooms and changed into pants and a jacket. I put the wet clothes into a plastic bag and spent some time using towels to wipe down the interior of the suitcase.

Then I walked around the gas station, perusing the shelves. It's always interesting what they have in these places. Especially in the way of books and tapes. I was glad to see a rack of paperbacks, really old ones with the puffy gold letters.

On the rack was a book called SACRED CLOWNS.

The text on the jacket read:

### SACRED CLOWNS

#### AN ANCIENT TRUST IS BROKEN

During a Tano kachina ceremony something in the antics of the dancing koshare fills the air with tension. Moments later the clown is found brutally bludgeoned in the same manner that a reservation schoolteacher was killed just days before.