Art

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began tapping on the plastic deck of the launch. "Hey, Willi-boy, is the fishing any better — what the hell are you doing?"

The man looked over his shoulder just as Willi pulled the empty bottle from his lips. Taking a short step backward, breathing in long and hard until his chest was huge under his shirt, the guide cocked his arm and flung the bottle, the throw rocking the small boat, the flask splashing far in front of the bow, near the edge of a grey curtain of rain.

Swallowing hard to keep the burning inside his gut, Willi put his back to the blinking men and turned the boat toward the island. "Fishing's no good in the rain," he said, knowing that it would not be good for a long, long time. And he wondered if the storm would ever pass.