

Blue Fences



“Go through Beaufort and cross the drawbridge,” said the old man lighting his cigar.

Arlen had been in Beaufort once before and did not remember a drawbridge. “Can you get to the drawbridge from the road leading to the university?” Arlen asked politely.

“Just stay on Cateret,” the old man said turning away, circles of smoke trailing behind him.

“What do you make of that?” Arlen asked.

“Stay on Cateret.”