

Right Off the Charles E. Fraser Bridge



Hilton Head has a fascinating “history,” Arlen said, pulling a white polo shirt over his tan body.

“It won’t change my mind,” Miguel shot back.

“I understand,” said Arlen.

“I don’t think you do!”

Miguel scowled at the lap top computer.

“Come on, amigo.”

Miguel remained sullen.

“Let’s have dinner at the South Beach Marina.”

“No talk about me coming back,” demanded Miguel.