



It was Plinth's turn to evince incredulity. Obviously, there was no lighthouse at these coordinates, or at any other coordinates in the general vicinity. The apparent reality of the situation did not mesh with with common sense. The situation was untenable.

Plinth employed the use of a vintage chronometer, worn on his wrist. Presently, he fingered the device as his lawyers booted up their paperwork. "We're in the middle of the south Atlantic, Wetbeard," he said. "Please explain."

"Sir, I don't know where it came from. I looked down, and then I looked up. From out of nowhere, it was there."

"Well, what am I paying you for? Steer the ship out of its way."

"Sir, that's what I've been trying to tell you. I--"

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