



MR. CRUIKSHANK?



WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A TELEPHONE, SIR. THERE'S A MAN ON THE LINE, ASKING FOR YOU.



NO ONE KNOWS I'M HERE. HOW DID THEY FIND ME?

I COULDN'T SAY, SIR.

FLASHBACK TO WHEN LIFE WAS SIMPLE AND I WAS HAPPY.

OR WAS I?



MOST NIGHTS ENDED LIKE THIS. INEBRIATION, POOR MOTOR FUNCTION, LAUGHABLE SOCIAL GRACES, STANDING IN THE TROPICAL RAIN...



... MIND RACING A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR...

Grilled Snapper Sambal

- 6 Diced Chilies
- 1 tsp Toasted Belacan
- 4oz Shallots
- Fish sauce
- Salt
- Lime
- Sugar
- 2 Lemongrass
- 1 Fish



THIS

...MUCH LATER, I WOULD LEARN THAT WAS ANGIE ON THE PHONE. SOME FRIEND OF HERS SPENT WINTER BREAK AT THIS VERY SAME BEACHFRONT RESORT, AND SOMEHOW RECOGNIZED ME.



WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF I TOOK THAT CALL?

WOULD EVENTS STILL HAVE UNFOLDED AS THEY HAVE NOW?



COULD I HAVE HANDLED THAT PHONE CALL IN AN EMOTIONALLY MATURE AND RESPONSIBLE MANNER?

PROBABLY NOT.

WOULD I HAVE DISAPPOINTED MY DAUGHTER?



ALMOST CERTAINLY.