

"Who's your friend? I don't know. It's your friend, that's your friend? It's that right or is that? Page?" He wrapped his hands, interlaced around my shoulder, being careful getting in the sensitive area.

"Dear John, is that your heart, isn't it? It's all around us. The beating of her heart. The breath of her breath. The song of her voice. You just gotta be a heart enough."

Moments passed without a word, I sat there with Page's hand resting on my arm as our boat tenderly bobbed on the lapping water. As I watched my daughter the rest of the harbor, I decided to take. I long heard the call of a hawk from yonder's point, an occasional falcon from the throat of a tree, the water lapping the western sides of our boat, and the sympathetic cluck of magpies in the waving hull's net.

Out of my mouth a rattle in the waves caught my attention. The rattle, dodging in and out of the surface, suddenly disappeared into the darkening sea.

Under all the wrinkles, the, and age of my page, I saw his vibrant smile and he looks in his eye come to life.

"There, isn't that? Isn't that isn't my best? Oh, isn't that a fighter? That's it, isn't that? Isn't that and easy on you? Oh, now, now, now, isn't that, he's a really one, isn't he?"

How I managed to hold onto my gaze was beyond my knowledge. The boat lapped and crapped around in the water. The splat splash of the water he tilted up with his hat as his roughly body connected in the sea mended me.

Between my gaze and Page's cheerleading, I roared, roared, roared. I grabbed the end of the line and held the net up.

And

Some

"No," said Page with nothing short of adoration in his tone, "you've met the king of the lake!"