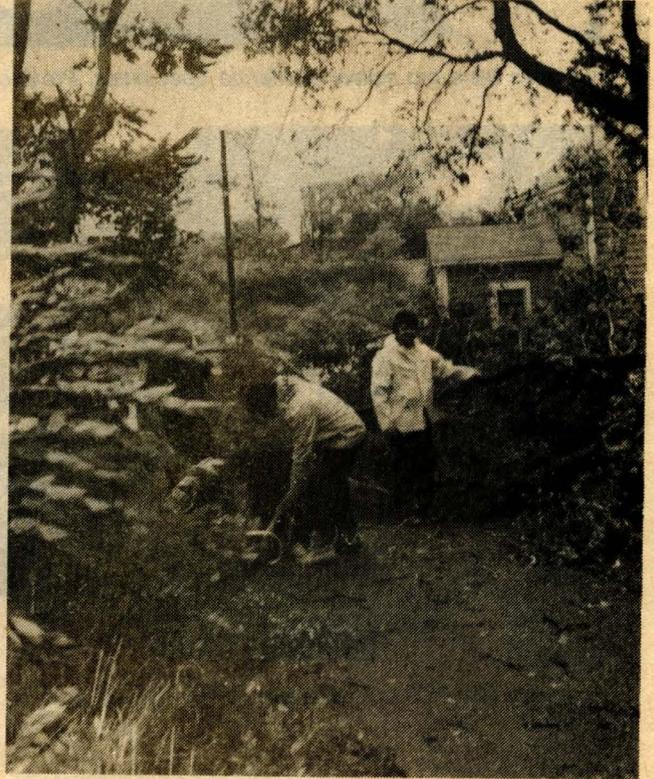


# During

The DPW at work through the storm



The ship wreck on Fishermen's Wharf



## Hurricane Kelly

To be whimsical, though watchful, I took a bubble bath, had duck and champagne midday and a Havana cigar to follow. Like the old song, *Let It Snow*, "Let It Hurricane, Let It Hurricane, Let It Blow." It was fun having the media on and I watched Channel 4 like a soap opera addict. It was interesting being that aware and my knowledge of sign language increased. But then the power went off, the media with it and we were alone and primitive again. Well, details of life, little jobs, assess the bills ~~due~~ too much sun has kept you from it.

One hundred fund raising letters for the Friends of the Library, at least. Fold, insert return envelope and stamp, address first page of list and wait till next spell of bad weather for the rest.

A blue black storm. It looked like July and February at the same time. Balmy, tropical but keep your eye on

it—moody. Two sides of a story. A Saracen and a Crusader at the same time—ever warlike.

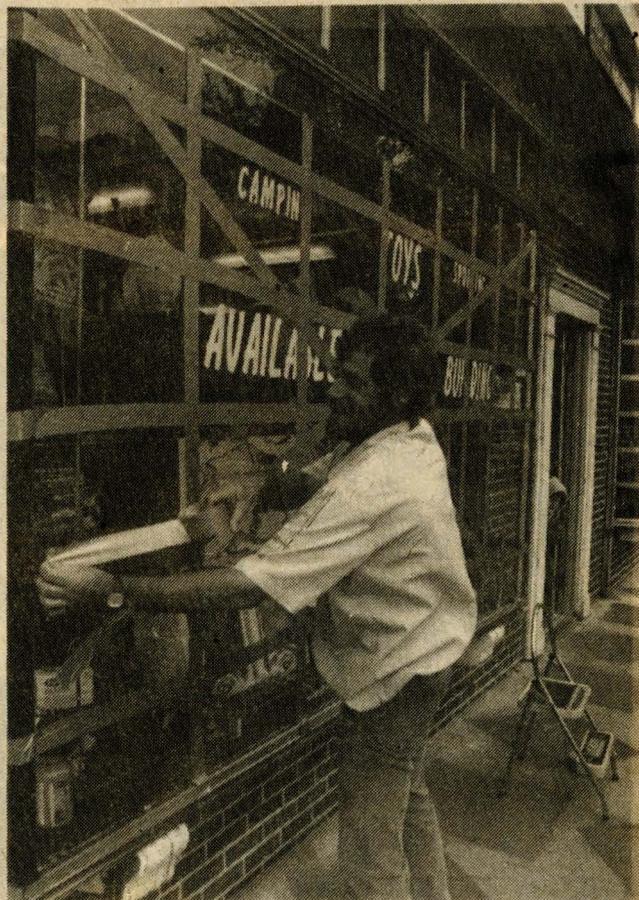
A power failure, a blackout, a chance again to see the world as it was. The thing to see was the harvest moon rising over a double wind-wave bay. The surface water action splintered and fractured by the moon's light. Bright and brassy in a blustery sky, the harvest moon, so solidly on target, rose where she should. Let the earth do what it wants, it would rise and set seen or unseen. This harvest moon had an even more dramatic setting than usual. The beach was strewn with seaweed looking like Neptune had given a wild party. On land the leaves are exhausted and can't turn the other way even if they wanted. They are flattened to



*Candles were big sellers at Marine Specialties, Provincetown*



*Moments before the boarding up of the Mews deck*



*Taping up Land's End*

*The Mews, soon after the party*

