

THE WIND  
BLOWS

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NORTH

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JACKY CHRISTIE



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# DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to my Asian friends in Fond du Lac and to the lighthouses of Door County. I would also like to thank the Door County Maritime Friends for the use of their materials.



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## Chapter 1

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# ALL WASHED UP

Whitecaps rolled in the morning tide making a feeble attempt to wash away the footprints left behind by the old sea captain and his faithful dog, Buddy. Each morning Jacob would rise up early with his dog. Together they would set out to gather treasures from the sea deposited by the tide. After sorting, the captain would bundle up shells, starfish, sand dollars, and other artifacts to sell at the local novelty shop. This became their morning ritual now that they had sunk their last anchor and docked *Betsy*, the old weather-beaten fishing boat. He had named her *Betsy* after Betsy Ross, the lady who sewed the first American flag. They had logged many hours together.

“Well ol’ boy. I guess this is what we do now. Your master is all washed up. Not much else left for us to do since we retired, *Betsy*,” said the fisherman. He reached down for a starfish and turned it over in his hands,

examining it carefully. "I think I'll save this one for Jenny," he said.

Jenny was his only daughter. She lived with her husband, Tom, up on the bluffs. They were the keepers of the lighthouse that bravely stood on the cliffs above the shoreline.

"One thing I like about this retirement business is that I can see my Jenny more," he mused. The sun shone on his weathered face. His skin was a leathery bronze and his beard was white and curly. He had piercing blue eyes, which peered out from under his worn captain's hat, tucked just above his brow. Life could strip him of his work, and age could creep up to take over his body, but nothing could cause him to part with his hat. It took him half his life to wear it in. It was just part of him. Besides, it kept his balding head warm.

He took the wrap off a piece of butter-rum candy and popped it in his mouth. He didn't take to tobacco. He preferred saving his lungs for breathing in the fresh air. He never mixed strong drink with the sea, because that meant sure death. His only vice was butter-rum candy.

"Come on, boy! We best be getting home to our grits and bacon," he called.

His faithful dog, Buddy, came running up to his side. Buddy was the best dog a seafaring man could have. He was pure retriever. He had a reddish-brown coat, which curled when it was wet, and he had the sweetest disposition ever known to man. Best of all, he was a Christmas gift from his dear daughter, Jenny. Buddy and the fisher-

## ALL WASHED UP

man took to each other like a pair of old leather gloves. No captain had a finer first mate.

The old fisherman carefully placed the starfish in a separate bucket and turned up the rocky trail toward home. They followed the stony path until they reached the cabin, where they eagerly ate their breakfast.

