

Local Hero

Pages: 363
Format: pdf, epub
Language: English

[\[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF \]](#)

Local Hero

By

Al Lamanda

Copyright by Al Lamanda

1

I opened my eyes.

My vision was a blur of white mixed with some color.

Slowly it cleared.

There was a two or three second delay before the crown of pain around my skull set in and then it felt like an elephant was sitting on my head. A really big elephant. There was an IV tube in my left arm. My right thumb was clipped to an EKG machine that displayed my vital signs on a monitor above my head. There was a raised guard rail on either side of me.

I was in a hospital bed. A room for one.

I had no idea why.

I had no idea how I got here.

I had no idea where here was.

Or when for that matter.

Clipped to the guard rail on my left was a call button. I reached for it and pressed the button and held it for a count of three. Twenty seconds or so later, a plump nurse with a bright smile opened the door and entered the room. She walked to the bed and showed me that smile.

"The doctor said you might come around today," the nurse said.

"Around from what?" I said.

"You've been unconscious for almost four days now," the nurse said.

"My head is splitting," I said.

"I'll bet," the nurse said. "I'll get the doctor on duty."

"Wait," I said.

"Be right back," the nurse said and dashed out of the room.

I wiggled a bit in the bed and tried and sit up. I didn't get very far. That slight exertion increased the pain in my head from severe ache to intense migraine. I was gasping from the hot needles in my eyes when the doctor came in and rushed to my side.

"Hold still," he said.

"My head!" I cried.

"I'll give you something for the pain in a moment," he said. He reached for something below the bed and produced a clear, plastic mask and placed it over my nose and mouth. "Breath deep," he said.

It was pure oxygen. After about ten deep breaths, the pain in my head started to subside. "That's it," the doctor said. "A bit more."

I kept breathing in the pure oxygen. It smelled sweet. Then the pain was nearly gone and I nodded to the doctor.

He removed the mask from my nose and mouth. "Better?"

"Yes, much," I said.

"Let's sit up a bit," the doctor said and helped me to a sitting position against the pillows.

"Why am I...?" I said.

"In a moment," the doctor said. He had a small flashlight in his hand and used it to examine my

eyes. He clicked off the light and held up a finger. "Follow my finger," he said and moved it left to right and back.

Satisfied, he lowered the finger.

"Why am I here?" I said. "And for that matter, where is here?"

The doctor smiled at me. "You were in a boating accident and here is Bay Island, off the southern coast of Maine."

"A boating accident?" I said.

"A pretty bad one from what I hear," the doctor said.

The nurse returned. "I paged Doctor Gifford," she said. "She's not in the hospital. I left at message at her home."

"Okay," the doctor said. He looked at me. "How is the headache?"

"Dull," I said. "Like a crown around my head, but nothing severe."

"Nurse, bring some extra strength IB for him," the doctor said.

"Right away," the nurse said.

"Oh, and call Sheriff Lee and tell him he's awake," the doctor said.

"Yes, doctor," the nurse said and dashed away for the second time.

"Who is Doctor Gifford and what's the sheriff for?" I said.

"Doctor Gifford is the head trauma specialist on staff here at the hospital," the doctor said. "And the sheriff is because you were involved in a serious accident where two people died."

"Who?" I said. "Who died?"

"We don't know, Mr...." the doctor said.

The doctor waited for me to answer, to tell him my name.

I didn't answer him.

I didn't answer him because I had no idea what my name was.

I was drifting in and out of sleep when a noise caused me to open my eyes. Standing before me

was a very attractive blonde woman in a white hospital coat. She had deep blue eyes and her dirty blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail. Standing to her left was a large man of about fifty, dressed in a sheriff's uniform.

"I'm Doctor Jane Gifford and this is Sheriff Scott Lee," Gifford said.

"I have about a hundred questions that..." Lee said.

"That can wait, Scott," Gifford said.

Gifford and I did the flashlight, follow the finger thing again. Then she examined my throat, felt around my neck and jaw and tested my nerves with needles in my fingertips. She looked at my vitals on the monitor. "I'm going to ask you to sit up, and then stand up," she said, and removed the IV and EKG monitor, then lowered the guard rail. "But, take it slowly."

"You don't want to check my teeth and gums?" I cracked. "See maybe how old I am?"

Gifford grinned and took a step backward. "Sit and stand first," she said.

Lee stepped back with her a couple of feet. I shifted my weight and sat up.

"Now stand," Gifford said.

"You forgot one," I said.

"So I did," Gifford said and reached under my gown to remove the catheter from my penis. "This may sting a bit."

She slid the tube out and I winced. "It did."

I swung my legs over the side of the bed, placed my feet on the floor and slowly stood up. Gifford backed up about ten feet.

"Walk to me," Gifford said. "Slowly."

I walked to her.

"Put your right finger to your nose, then the left," Gifford said.

"Have I been drinking?" I said, but did as she asked.

"Up on one foot, then the other," Gifford said.

I stood on my left foot, then my right.

"Turn around and walk back to bed," Gifford said.

I turned and retraced my steps to the bed, turned back around and looked at Gifford.

"Sit," she said and walked to me.

I sat on the bed. "Do I get a treat now?"

"The on call doctor said that you don't remember your name," Gifford said with a grin. She had a beautiful smile.

"After he left, I started thinking about that," I said.

"And?" Gifford said.

"I can't seem to remember anything," I said. "Not my name, not who I am, where I'm from, nothing."

Gifford glanced at Lee.

"Least of all, a boating accident," I said.

"You suffered a severe blow to the head," Gifford said. "And were half drowned when the Coast Guard pulled you out of the water."

"The other doctor said two men drowned," I said. "They were with me?"

Gifford looked at Lee. "Scott, why don't you talk with him now," she said. "I'll be back in a while. I want to review his MRI again."

"Okay," Scott said. As he pulled up the chair next to the bed, Gifford turned and left the room.

"Do you know about this accident?" I said.

Scott nodded. Up close, his face had the worn, leathery look of a Marine Corps recruitment poster. He had wide shoulders, powerful arms and a slim waist. He was probably fifty years old or more judging by the thick creases around the eyes and specs of gray in his dark hair, but he kept himself in excellent shape.

"There was a severe flash storm that blew in from the ocean," Lee said. "We get them this time of year. They come in quick, dump a ton of rain, cause gale winds and rough swells and then blow out. You and two men were caught in an eighteen foot sailboat about a half mile off the Coast of Bay Island when the storm hit at about nine PM. It's assumed you were anchored, possible for the night. You may not have had the radio on and heard the Coast Guard warning. In any event, your boat was caught in the worst of it and capsized. The mast broke in two and that's what the Coast Guard rescue swimmer believes hit you in the head. You were wearing a life vest, which probably saved your life. The other two men were not. The swimmer towed you to a line and you were pulled aboard a rescue vessel and taken here. By the time the swimmer returned to the boat, it was sinking and the two men were gone."

"Gone where?" I said.

"Somewhere at the bottom of the ocean," Lee said. "Along with the sailboat by now. It's doubtful it or they will surface. The Coast Guard conducted salvage runs for the past three days with little results. Currents could have carried the bodies and salvage a mile out by now. What's been recovered is mostly floating junk."

"I wore a life vest," I said. "Did I have ID, a wallet in my clothes, something?"

"You wore Chinos, a teal polo shirt, tan loafers and had twenty-five hundred dollars wound in a rubber band in your left pants pocket," Lee said. "In your right pocket we found a gold Zippo

cigarette lighter. No wallet or ID was recovered.”

“So you don’t know who I am, either,” I said.

“Not at this point,” Lee said. “So far all we know is you dress well, roll your money and are probably a smoker. Not a lot to go on.”

I looked at my fingers. There were no markings of a ring. “I guess I’m not married,” I said.

“The accident has been on the news,” Lee said. “No one has stepped forward to claim you, or the other two men for that matter.”

“The sailboat,” I said. “Don’t they have registration numbers?”

“They do, but the Coast Guard wasn’t able to read them by the time they got to you,” Lee said. “They posted a link to any missing sailboats, stolen, rented or otherwise.”

“Stolen?” I said.

“You never know,” Lee said. “So, is this for real? The memory loss, or are you just trying to get out of a massive hospital bill?”

“You said I had two grand in my pocket,” I said.

“Twenty-five hundred,” Lee said. “And I was joking about the bill.”

“But serious about the amnesia?”

“Yes.”

“So am I,” I said. “I’ve been awake a few hours now, and have been thinking, trying to remember something, anything, but it’s like...like there’s a wall there blocking things out.”

“I won’t pretend to be anything but a small town sheriff,” Lee said. “I’ll leave the medical stuff to Doctor Gifford. However, I’d like your permission to fingerprint you and circulate your prints to the FBI databank for a possible ID match.”

“What if I’ve never been arrested?” I said.

“Your prints could be on file for other reasons,” Lee said. “Say you’re a hunter with a pistol permit, a teacher, or have a government job, they’d be on file.”

“Sure,” I said. “If it helps give me a name.”

“I’ll be back in a while with a print kit,” Lee said. “And a camera.”

“Camera?” I said.

“Face match,” Lee said. “Faces are kept on record as well, not to mention the internet, Facebook, Twitter and all that other narcissistic crap. We might get lucky.”

“Sure,” I said.

I was alone for a few minutes after Lee left the room. I thought about what he said. Face match. It occurred to me I had no idea what I looked like. I stood up and walked into the bathroom and clicked on the light.

I stood before the mirror over the sink.

The face that looked back at me was worn like leather. I had thick creases around the eyes, a broad nose, thick, black eyebrows to match the color of my eyes, heavysset lips and a chin like a boxer. My hair was black, with specs of gray, and in need of trimming. If I had to guess my age, I would put me at around forty-five or so, but no more than fifty.

I stared at my reflection, hoping to trigger something, a memory, a flashback, a split second of recognition.

Something.

There was nothing.

I was looking in the mirror at a stranger and a stranger looked back.

I turned around and closed the door. There was a full length dressing mirror mounted on the back of it. I was wearing a hospital gown with the open back. If I had to guess my height, it would be around six feet two, maybe an inch more. My weight, I had no idea. Over two hundred pounds, probably more.

I stripped off the gown.

I was surprised at how muscular I appeared. I looked at my hands. The palms were calloused and hard, the knuckles large when I made a fist. I spent a lot of time in a gym somewhere, but for what reason? Was I vain? Did I stay in shape for my profession, such as military or police work? I ruled out military. My hair was too long and messy for a military cut, and my age ruled out active service. I didn't have a comb or brush and used my fingers to pat it down a bit.

When I raised my hands over my head, I noticed a thin sliver of a scar between the third and fourth ribs on my left side. It was about an inch long and maybe an eighth of an inch thick. A knife scar, possibly?

I heard the door to the room open, then shut.

"It's Doctor Gifford," I heard Gifford say.

"I'll be right out," I said and slipped back into the hospital gown.

3

I sat with Doctor Gifford at the tiny, round table in my room. We drank hospital coffee from Styrofoam cups. She had my chart and perched reading glasses on her nose as she studied it

closely.

She nibbled on her lower lip, which somehow made her even more desirable.

I thought she was the most attractive woman I had ever seen. However, without a memory, the field of attractive women in my life was kind of narrow. Still, she was a stargazer.

I sipped my lukewarm coffee and waited.

"My diagnosis is Retrograde Amnesia," Gifford said. "The type of amnesia where you can't recall events from the past, but can remember clearly from the present or recent past from the time the amnesia began. Generally caused by blunt force trauma, or simply put, a blow to the head. It results from damage to the temporal lobes, especially the hippocampus. In most cases, the condition is temporary and memory returns slowly as things start to heal."

"I got about half of that," I said. "How many types of amnesia are there?"

"With sub-classifications, about sixteen or so," Gifford said. "But, yours appears to be limited to Post-traumatic, or retrograde. However, as you progress, you might experience Source Amnesia, where you can recall events and memories, but have no idea of the source of those memories."

I took a sip of coffee as I thought about that. "How long are we talking about here?" I said. "Before I start to remember, I mean. Days, weeks?"

"I wish I could give you a definitive answer," Gifford said. "I can't. There are documented cases as little as four hours to as long as twenty-three years or longer. There is no one answer as no two cases are alike."

"How old would you say I am?" I said.

Gifford studied my face for a few seconds. "As young as forty-two, as old as fifty," she finally said. "All tests results indicate that you're in perfect health and excellent physical condition. Well, except for the amnesia thing," she grinned.

I returned the grin. "Yeah, except for that pesky thing."

"Are you hungry?" Gifford said.

"All I've had for three days is IV and this tepid coffee," I said.

"It is pretty bad, isn't it," Gifford said. "What would you like? I'll have it sent up special."

I thought for a moment. "Steak, with baked potato okay?"

"I'll see what I can do," Gifford said.

"Before you go, could you take a look at this?" I said. "I noticed it in the bathroom."

I stood up and lowered the top half of the hospital gown and tied it around my waist. "Left side, third and fourth ribs," I said and raised my arm. "What do you think?"

Gifford removed the glasses and leaned in close. She touched the scar with a finger and wiggled it around. "Hurt at all?"

"No."

Her fingers were warm against my skin.

"It isn't new," Gifford said. "It was probably much thicker and time has shrunk it down a bit."

She removed her fingers and the warmth faded.

"Caused by?"

Gifford raised her eyes and looked up at me. "It appears to me that at some time in your past, you were stabbed with a knife," she said.

"That's what I thought," I said.

I replaced the hospital gown as Gifford stood up.

"As long as it doesn't hurt and the tiny scar doesn't bother you, I wouldn't worry about it," she said.

"The scar is the least of my worries at the moment," I said.

Gifford nodded at me. "I'll see you a bit later," she said.

"Sure."

After Gifford left, I went to the window and opened the blinds. I was high up, at least on the sixth floor or higher. The view was the Atlantic Ocean, sailboats, powerboats, a long stretch of beach, a lighthouse in the distance, and some surfers that looked like tiny seals bobbing in the water.

I watched the panoramic view for a while and thought about the knife scar. Somebody stabbed me. Why? Was I mugged? In a bar fight? Did someone try to murder me, and if so, why? Money? Maybe I was a cheating louse and was caught by an angry husband, or the wife I no longer had? Or...?

The door opened and Sheriff Lee walked in with a thick leather briefcase in his right hand.

"I see you're up and about," Lee said and set the briefcase on the table.

"How tall would you say I am?" I said.

Lee moved closer to me and looked me in the eye. "I'm six foot two, and we're eye to eye," he said.

"How do you think this happened?" I said, and lowered the hospital gown to my waist, then lifted my left arm to reveal the scar.

Lee studied the thin sliver of a scar for a moment. "You were stabbed by someone your own height," he said. "The scar tissue is even with no upward or downward angle. They aimed for the area between the third and fourth rib for a kill shot to the heart. They missed because the knife went in on a slice from the side instead of head on. You were either fighting it off, or they were out of position when they struck."

I pulled the gown back over my head. "I've been thinking about it since I noticed it in the bathroom," I said. "I have no idea how I came by it."

"Let me see your hands," Lee said.

I started to walk to the table where I assumed Lee would fingerprint me.

"Not yet," Lee said. "Just give me your hands."

I held out my hands. Lee inspected fingers, knuckles, palms and wrists. "I don't see any marks or scars from defensive wounds," he said.

"Are you saying that I didn't try to defend myself against whoever stabbed me?" I said.

"No," Lee said. "I'm saying I don't see any evidence of defense wounds on your hands. You could have had a baseball bat for all I know. Okay, let's take your prints."

I sat at the table. Lee opened the briefcase and removed a fingerprint card, roller and ink. It took just a few minutes to print both my hands. I went to the bathroom to wash off the ink and when I returned, Lee was holding a digital camera.

"Let's do a few face shots, then some profile," Lee said. "Between prints and photos, we might get lucky and ID you pretty quickly."

Lee took about ten or twelve photographs, then packed all his stuff away in the briefcase.

"How long does it take?" I said.

"Prints take usually a few minutes," Lee said. "Photo matches can take days sometimes. We'll see what happens."

"Okay," I said.

As Lee was about to open the door, it opened and Gifford came back in. She held takeout containers of coffee.

"Oh, sorry, Scott," Gifford said.

"I was just done," Lee said. He looked at me, then back to Gifford. "He showed me a scar on his chest."

"I saw it," Gifford said. "My guess is it's at least five years old or more."

I took a coffee from Gifford and opened the lid.

"A stab wound?" Lee said.

"That's what I would classify it," Gifford said. "Hospitals keep records of stabbings and shootings, but good luck trying to find something that old and obscure."

"I wouldn't bother," Lee said.

"What now?" I said.

Lee looked at me again. "I'll be back as soon as I know something."

"I guess I'll be here," I said. "As soon as you know something."

Gifford opened her coffee. We sat at the table. I sipped. She sipped. She looked at my stained fingertips.

"From the ink," I said. "The soap in the bathroom isn't strong enough."

"I have some alcohol swabs sent in and a bar of surgical soap," Gifford said.

"Along with the steak?" I said.

Gifford smiled. "Yes, along with the steak."

"I was wondering how long I will be in here," I said.

"Do you have somewhere to go?" Gifford said as she sipped coffee.

"Go? I don't even know where I've been," I said.

Gifford grinned. "Maybe you are a stand up comic?" she suggested.

"Do you know where my clothes are?" I said.

"I had them sent to the hospital laundry," Gifford said. "You should have them back by tomorrow. Your money and lighter are in the closet on the shelf."

There was a knock on the door. It opened and an orderly came in with a large brown paper bag. "One steak, one bottle of ginger ale, one apple pie," he said and set the bag on the table.

"Thank you," Gifford said to the orderly.

The orderly nodded and left the room, closing the door.

"The television works," Gifford said. "I'll see you in the morning. I'd like to run some more tests and check a few things."

"If I need something?" I said.

"Press the buzzer," Gifford said. "A nurse will respond."

"Thank you," I said.

"Get some sleep," Gifford said. "Your body needs rest to repair itself. Your mind, too."

"I will," I said.

The television had basic cable channels and I flipped around until I found an old John Wayne western. I ate the steak, watched the movie, finished off the pie and drank ginger ale, and watched the Duke sober up Dean Martin. The plot was the same as the other Duke western where Robert Mitchem played the drunk. In both films, Martin and Mitchem took to the bottle after falling for women who were no good. John Wayne played John Wayne in both films.

The movie ended. The Duke prevailed.

I clicked off the television with the remote.

The silence in the room was like a thick fog wrapped around me.

I set the glass of ginger ale aside and went to the buzzer beside the bed and buzzed for a nurse. One showed up after thirty seconds or so.

"Is Doctor Gifford still in the hospital?" I said the second the nurse poked her head through the door.

"Are you in pain?" the nurse said.

"No," I said, just as the top of my head exploded.

4

The nurse had me in bed, sucking pure oxygen through the facemask and by the time Gifford arrived in the room, the elephant that took up residence on the top of my head shrunk down to mouse size.

"What happened?" Gifford asked the nurse.

"He buzzed and when I came in, I found him with a migraine," the nurse said. "I gave him oxygen."

"You did the right thing," Gifford said.

I pulled the mask off. "I'm okay now," I said.

"Sit up," Gifford said. "Let me take a look."

I sat up and Gifford checked my eyes with her flashlight.

"I was watching a movie," I said when she lowered the light. "A western with John Wayne. Dean Martin played the drunk. Rio Bravo. It's the same plot as El Dorado, where Robert Mitchem plays the drunk. John Wayne plays John Wayne in both. It struck me that I had seen both films. I was trying to remember when and then a bomb went off inside my head."

Gifford smiled. "You had a Source Amnesia moment," she said. "We talked about that earlier. Remembering without knowing the source of the memory."

"We didn't talk about daggers in my eyes or an eight hundred pound gorilla sitting on my head," I said.

"I have you scheduled for more tests right after breakfast tomorrow," Gifford said. "What I think

happened is you stimulated the memory part of your brain, the part that was injured in the accident. Think of it as exercising with sore muscles."

"So what are you saying, I should quit trying to remember?" I said. "Or exercising?"

Gifford smiled at me. "No, but don't force the issue just yet," she said. "If you remember something, that's great, but don't try to force things to happen. You need some healing time. Okay?"

"If it keeps my skull from cracking open like a walnut, no problem," I said.

"I'll see you at eight," Gifford said. "Try to get some rest. That's what you need most right now."

"Sure," I said. "Okay if I watch another movie?"

"Go ahead," Gifford said. "But, if you feel the pain returning, use the oxygen mask immediately and call the nurse."

I looked at the nurse. "Maybe I could get a dish of ice cream, chocolate?"

The nurse smiled at me. "I might have some hanging around," she said.

5

After a breakfast of scrambled eggs that combined lack of flavor with the consistency of rubber, I was taken to the second floor for tests. Gifford supervised. An MRI was done on my brain. Gifford said they were processing a 3D image of my brain functions she would review with me after she had the chance to study it.

Gifford said she was also looking for signs of fracture and leakage and something she called dementia pugilistica, something boxers suffer from when they take too many punches to the head. The good news was my concussion was healing nicely. I showed no signs of a stroke or permanent nerve damage or to brain cells.

We took a short break for lunch.

I ate a turkey sandwich with chips and a soda in my room while watching Andy sell his prized fishing pole to buy a new blouse for Aunt Bee. The turkey was bland, but with enough pepper, anything tastes good.

Then it was back to the second floor for more lab rat. I sat in a chair while Gifford wired my head with magnetic strips she said would provide a live image of my brain activity on a scanner.

We did some tests. I read from a book, described some magazine photographs, recited the ABC's forward and backwards, solved some math problems and then talked about the movie I watched last night.

We looked at my brain on the scanner. Gifford showed me my brain firing when asked specific questions, how it responded to the photographs and math, then when discussing the movie.

"I'll go out on a limb here and say your memory will return in time," Gifford said. "All tests results indicate no permanent damage, so as things heal, memory functions should return."

"How much and how fast?" I said.

"There is no way to know that, I'm afraid," Gifford said. "I wish there were, but each case is specific to its own."

"So now what?" I said. "I can't hang around my room forever waiting for my mind to return?"

"No, but a few days won't hurt," Gifford said.

"And after that?"

"We'll see," Gifford shrugged.

6

The afternoon dragged on in my room. I couldn't stand daytime programming anymore and turned the television off and tried to read a magazine, grew bored with that and went to the window.

The view hadn't changed, except there were more surfers in the water than yesterday. I counted sailboats. There were eleven in my view. I grew edgy, anxious, and turned away from the window looking for something to do to occupy my time.

My options were limited to the size of my room.

I dropped to the floor and started doing pushups. I quickly discovered that I was quite good at them and did fifty without cracking a sweat, decided to keep going and made it to one hundred before I stopped. I flipped over onto my back and did a matching number of situps.

I started doing pushups again and stopped at thirty-seven when the door opened and Sheriff Lee walked into the room.

"I see you're feeling pretty good," Lee said.

"Got nothing to do and lots of time not to do it in," I said.

"Did you get your clothes back yet?" Lee said.

"I don't know."

I went to the closet and opened the door. My clothes were neatly hung. I looked at Lee. "Yes," I

said.

"Grab a shower and get dressed," Lee said. "And I'll buy you a decent cup of coffee."

"I can go out?" I said.

"Already cleared it with Gifford," Lee said. "Provided I have you back before you turn into a pumpkin."

We walked two blocks from the hospital and turned left, then walked to Main Street and entered a diner. The place was packed, but Lee was a regular and had no trouble getting a window booth. Besides, he was the sheriff and that commanded a certain respect from the local businesses.

From what I could see on the walk, the town was a tourist mecca, bristling with activity. In the short span of our walk, we passed a dozen large bed and breakfast inns, half that many ice creams shops, several large restaurants, a movie theater and playhouse, a canoe rental shop and I lost count of how many gift and souvenir shops.

"What is this place?" I said as I sampled the coffee. Lee didn't lie, the coffee was excellent. "I mean, this island?"

"Bay Island," Lee said. "It's an island off the southern coast of Maine. About seventy square miles or so. It's a tourist town, as you might have guessed by all the tourists hanging around."

"What the hell was I doing here?" I said.

"My guess is you were on the water for the 4th of July fireworks," Lee said. "Along with a thousand other boats. You probably stayed overnight, like a lot do after the show."

"So I'm a tourist?" I said.

"It's a fair guess," Lee said.

I sipped some more coffee. "What day is this?" I said.

"July 9th."

"I take it this invite is to share some information with me," I said.

"Another good guess," Lee said. "Your prints came back negative from the FBI databank and other sources, local and federal. No matches on your face as well. If it was in the FBI databank, it would have shown up by now. I did a few other things last night and again this morning. I put out a missing person's report on you based upon your description, hoping to get a hit. I didn't. I printed a hard copy of your photograph and had my two deputies hit every hotel, motel and bed and breakfast on the island and show it to every desk clerk and nothing. Right now, they're at all boat launches and the campgrounds in the state park on the other side of the island circulating your photograph."

"So what does all that mean?" I said. "I don't exist?"

"Means you've led a very clean life so far," Lee said. "No arrests, warrants, nothing on file."

"It could also mean I'm not an American?" I said.

"Unlikely with your accent," Lee said.

"What accent?" I said.

"I don't know, but you have one," Lee said. "I'd like to record you reading something and play it for an FBI dialect profiler, see what he says."

"They have those?" I said.

"Do you how many different dialects and accents there are in Chinese alone?" Lee said.

"About as many as there are different kinds of Chinese food," I said.

"So maybe if we can pinpoint your accent we can narrow the search field a bit," Lee said.

"From what to what?"

"The whole world to a specific state or city."

"Okay," I said.

"I spoke with the Coast Guard this afternoon," Lee said. "Some driftwood from the sailboat washed up on the beach, but it has no markings of any kind."

"What if the boat was rented?" I said.

"I checked with every shop on the island," Lee said. "If it was rented, it wasn't local. I sent out a link for stolen or unreturned boats police reports."

"What about the two men who drowned?" I said. "Isn't somebody looking for them?"

"Sure," Lee said. "Who?"

"I don't know."

"Chances are if you were at sea with them, they were your friends," Lee said. "When we ID you, we should be able to ID them. Unless your memory returns first or somebody calls or shows up looking for them."

"Doctor Gifford tells me I'm in perfect health otherwise," I said.

"And good at pushups," Lee said.

"I think I spend a lot of time in a gym," I said and held up the palm of my right hand. "Those are calluses from weights."

"I saw them yesterday," Lee said.

"Also, I think I'm a movie fan," I said and told Lee about my little episode from last night.

"I liked War Wagon better," Lee said. "Kirk and the Duke."

"Me, too," I said. "The drunken sidekick theme got a little tired after three films."

Lee and I looked at each other.

"So are you a movie fan or a John Wayne fan?" Lee said.

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe both."

"What's the last movie you saw in a theatre?" Lee said.

I thought a moment, then shook my head.

"How many Wayne movies can you name?" Lee said.

"The Shootist, 1976, Rooster Cogburn, 1975, Brannigan, 1975, McQ, 1974, Cahill, 1973,..."

"I'm a Lee Marvin fan myself," Lee said. "I love the guy."

"Point Blank is the best damn film ever made of the hard boiled crime drama," I said. "They butchered the remake with Mel Gibson."

"Maybe you work in the movie business?" Lee said.

"Maybe I just like old movies?" I said.

"It certainly looks that way," Lee said. "Which one is Point Blank?"

"Lee Marvin gets ripped off by his partners after they rob money from organized crime," I said. "He's left for dead and comes back for revenge."

"I'll check it out," Lee said. "In the meantime, I'll see if there's anything new with your ID."

"I've been thinking about my wallet," I said. "Why I didn't have it on me, but I did have cash and a lighter."

"My guess is you left it in your suitcase below deck," Lee said. "We, as in men, like to carry our cash in our pockets instead of our wallets explains the money, and the lighter because you smoke and what good is a lighter if it isn't on you."

"That's another thing," I said. "Twenty-five hundred dollars and a gold Zippo in my pocket tells me I have means."

"Not surprising," Lee said. "That sailboat that sank from under you goes in the neighborhood of a hundred and sixty thousand. I checked."

"So somebody must be missing me and the other two men," I said.

"Yeah. Hopefully, somebody will step forward and claim you pretty soon," Lee said. "Come on, our hour is up and I like to stay on Gifford's good side."

They were screaming for their lives as the waves tossed the eighteen foot long sailboat around like a bathtub toy. It was so dark, I couldn't see the rain, but I could feel its sting on my face. I could see the faint lights of the bay a half mile away. If we went down, could I swim ten yards without being pulled under by the powerful undertow? I doubted it and I didn't really want to find out.

Waves crashed against the ship. We rocked as it started to flood. It started to capsize. The mast cracked in two and I dove to get out of the way and...

I woke up screaming in pain. My head felt like it would explode from the pressure behind my eyes. I grabbed the oxygen mask and covered my nose and mouth and sucked in as much fresh oxygen as possible.

I hit the buzzer.

A nurse came into the room.

"Where does it hurt?" she said.

I kept sucking in oxygen and slowly the pain subsided to a dull ache.

"Your head?" the nurse said.

I removed the mask. "Yeah," I said. "In my sleep."

"I'll get a doctor," the nurse said.

"I'm okay now," I said. "The oxygen helps."

"I know," the nurse said. "But, I want a doctor to take a look, anyway."

The on call doctor was a kid of about thirty. He gave me a quick onceover, flashlight test included.

"Do you guys buy those or are they hospital issue?" I said.

"We buy them, but it's a tax deduction," he said with a smile. "Think you can get back to sleep?"

"Probably not," I said.

"I'll give you something to sleep," he said. "I'll leave a report for Doctor Gifford, but make sure you talk to her in the morning."

A few minutes later, the nurse returned with a pill and I took it with water.

"It takes a few minutes, then it's bye-bye," the nurse smiled.

"Bye-bye sounds pretty good right about now," I said.

The nurse left, turning off the lights. I stared at the dark ceiling and waited for the pill to kick in and put me under.

Bye-bye came pretty quick.

The mast cracked and as I dove to get out of the way it narrowly missed my head. I looked around for the other two men. I couldn't see them, but I could hear them screaming in the water. From under me, the boat capsized and threw me up and overboard. The broken mast swung around and came right for me. I tried to swim, but a giant wave pushed me right into the path of the falling mast.

I opened my eyes, but they felt heavy and the memory of my dream faded. I tried to bring it back, but it wouldn't come. I tried to fight the feeling of fatigue, but it was like swimming against a strong under tow. The harder I tried to keep my eyes open, the more they wanted to close.

I saw the outline of two men in the water. They were bobbing like corks, trying to stay above water. One disappeared, then the other. I saw the mast coming down right for me and I tried to swim out of its path.

It all went black. *

Imagine waking up in a hospital on a small tourist island off the coast of southern Maine. You have no knowledge of the boating accident that claimed two lives and almost your own. In fact, you not only don't remember the accident, you remember nothing at all. You have full blown amnesia. Your identification went down with the ship and the island sheriff isn't able to identify you. Your doctor is a beautiful woman and as the weeks roll by, you fall deeply in love with her. You foil a robbery on the island and become something of a local hero and the townspeople take you under their wing.

Slowly, as the weeks roll by, bits and pieces of information come to light and although you don't regain your memory, you learn things about yourself. You're not a good guy. In fact, you're a very evil guy and your very presence on the island endangers the life of the doctor you've fallen in love with.

What do you do?

Local Heroes - ATG Tickets - AbeBooks.com: Local hero: The making of the film: A+ Customer service! Satisfaction Guaranteed! Book is in Used-Good condition. Pages and cover are clean Local Hero (musical) - Wikipedia - Old Vic Local Heroes Menu -

In comic books, sound effects (also known as SFX) are used to show sounds, such as an explosion. Make a list of all the sound effects in this book, and then Empath Hero - grobmotorik-leipzig.de - UNC-Charlotte student Riley Howell was hailed by police as a hero for According to The Charlotte Observer, the newly released book named Local Hero tickets - London - Â£24.00 - Voyou, our Local Hero from Northern France. All ready for The Lieu Unique's book store has a lot of cultural by local artists, such as books and illustrations. Star Wars' Lucasfilm creates character to honor slain UNC - 9781863712323 Local Heroes - ATG Tickets - ...Paddy Christmas' who has become a local hero for his festive lights joins us on Girls With Goals this week to talk about his new book The Book Sculptor, Edinburgh Local Hero - This is Edinburgh - The Lyceum Zero to hero synonyms - Kontaktlencsek.hu - West Coast Railways Local Hero - Five female Kiwi Indians have been named and felicitated at the Kiwibank Local Hero Awards for 2020 from two different regions in New Hero student in UNCC shooting is being honored as aStar - AVAILABLE DIGITALLY FOR THE FIRST TIME. When shy widow Hester Wallace moves into her new apartment with her son Radley, all she wants is peace and

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - View Book Mile High Club: A Steamy Older Woman Younger Man Sexy Short Read (The Snow Leopard Series) free pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Book Symplectic Methods for the Symplectic Eigenproblem

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Monkeys with Typewriters: Myths and realities of social media at work

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Pdf, Epub THE ARMY NURSE CORPS: A COMMEMORATION OF WORLD WAR II SERVICE pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Pacific Fury free pdf online
