



## SAYING IT

Day broke louder than usual at First Base. One of the resident peafowl had staked out John Everette's roof, now it squawked at rivals while rummaging for insects in the thatch. Everette yawned, sat up on his cot watching the ceiling shake as he reached for his jeans. Ginny was already at the kitchen hut. Today was C Day. The big Change. He, John J. Everette, was going to change if it killed him.

Outside, gnats welcomed him. Trexler, the compound honcho, bid him a cheery good morning. Bugs and the Brit's chirpy inflection could be annoying before Everette had coffee.

"Your plane's ready, Ev," said Trexler, who was also the top mechanic. "Monsoon weather patches are moving in from the coast but it looks like you've got two, maybe three hours."

"That's more than enough. I'm only going to Burning Bush 1. But make sure you don't tell Ginny."

Everette stared fondly at the old gull-wing Stinson he had rebuilt himself. He never saw it without thinking how Ginny handed him tools, brought him lunch, helped him paint

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This story includes some excellent description--e.g. the mangrove field, but the parts don't all hang together. I have a hard time picking up a continuous train of thought in this story. It seems disunified, unfocused. Some passages get caught up in their sentence structure and cloud meaning. The second sentence is a run on--not a good start.