

BLOOD WILL SNITCH

PROLOGUE

Autumn 1986

The solo sailor found the Chesapeake in fine shape. A nice breeze ruffled the water and kept the sail full. The sun was high but intermittently covered by clouds, preventing the day from becoming uncomfortably hot. The sailor was a pleasant looking man, lean and fit, in his early fifties. Aside from a touch of heartburn, he felt at the top of his game.

He could have easily afforded a bigger, faster, fancier boat but he loved his little dinghy. It had been with him a long time. He grinned to himself. "A poor thing, but mine own."

He raised his head in boisterous song.

"The officers ride in their whaleboat,

The admiral rides in his barge,

It doesn't go a little bit faster,

But, it makes the old bast...."

The sailor suddenly felt as if he had been hit by a Mack truck. He grabbed his chest. He had just time to think, "So this is what a heart attack feels like."

He was dead before he hit the deck.