



**PAUL
deVERE**

The VISIT

Houston, we have a problem! I suggest. “Do we really need more, Dear?” my bride inquires. She is referencing various episodes that occurred in or near our home in the past 24 hours. There was the mouse that expired inside the pantry wall. Its resulting aroma immediately strikes you as you enter our home.

I first noticed that singular rodent bouquet when I attempted to fix our doomed clothes dryer this morning. Abandoning that hopeless task (the smoking motor was a dead giveaway), I went outside (fresh air!) with vacuum in hand.

The night before, a large limb from a very tall pine attempted to join some other limbs on the forest floor next to our home. The back windshield of Dear Daughter’s car impeded the limb’s descent. Though I tried to soften the blow by making the incident an object lesson in how safety glass works, Dear Daughter would have none of it.

Then there is the non-functioning commode in the guest bathroom ...

Also, we are expecting my brother and sister-in-law to arrive any moment on their annual visit from Arizona.

We have little black specs in our ice! I almost shout.

“Dear, how many cocktails have you had?” my beloved inquires.

None! I respond. Though I deserve more! Why do we have black specks in our ice?

“Why don’t you go look it up on the Internet,” my wife disdainfully suggests. (Note: My wife disdains technology. She prefers sending handwritten thank you notes through regular mail – \$0.37 each, not counting the cost of the card! – rather than a quick, cheap e-mail. Go figure.)

Alright, I will. And I do. And I discover, when the search phrase “black specks in ice” (Where would we be without Google?) turns up the following information: “As ice-makers age, they shed the Teflon coating that allows the cubes to drop effortlessly into the holding tray.”

Teflon-laced scotch was not on my agenda

this weekend.

I love my brother and sister-in-law more than anything, but feel compelled to call their cell phone to warn them.

ME: Hey, Bro. There’s a dead mouse in the wall, we can’t dry clothes, the toilet’s broken, and Teflon is polluting our ice cubes. I will not feel hurt if you turn around and head back home.”

MY BROTHER: “So, where are we playing golf?”

Ten minutes later, the Arizonans arrive with a big bag of ice and we help them with their effects.

“Geez, you weren’t kidding about that dead mouse, were you?” my brother remarks.

Advance one day. We have played golf. The contest on the course ends with me being happy that I took the time to play 18 holes, my bride being happy that she beat me by one stroke on the back nine, my sister-in-law thrilled with her par on #18, and my brother, who was out of balls and enthusiasm by #14, asking where there was a good place to fish near our house.

Advance another day. My brother is a very good fisherman. He catches supper for us, more than we’ll ever be able to consume. While the windshield guy replaces our daughter’s back window, and the refrigerator people tell me we need to buy a new one, and the dryer people bring in the new dryer, and the plumber fixes the commode, my brother cleans his fish. I do not witness this event because I’m too busy trying to beat deadlines (with little success).

Advance to our evening meal. The fish, prepared by my brother with his special beer batter, is delicious. Because my brother and his wife are leaving tomorrow, we sit in our courtyard spinning yarns, telling tales, and picking Teflon out of our ice into the early morning. Our plates of fish are picked clean.

Advance to the following morning. My brother and his bride wish us well and depart for the Wild West. The sun shines brightly on our side court where we store our garbage can. We note a large number of black flies surrounding the lid, looking as if they want to pry it off. We note the rodent effluvia at our back door has virtually disappeared. We also note it has been robustly replaced by the essence of the swiftly ripening viscera of my brother’s fine catch. □



Golf Course Features



Accommodations



Dining



HILTON HEAD ISLAND
GOLFERS GUIDE
Pick one up today