

As she crossed over the water, she could see the Savannah shipyards off in the distance to her left. To her right, she saw a supertanker vessel being guided downstream by tugboats toward Tybee Island and the ocean just beyond.

Following Shelley's instructions, she turned right on the first road after crossing the bridge and travelled about a mile. The road was a winding, two-lane blacktop in each direction that guided her toward two large buildings ahead.

When she arrived, she saw a man sitting on the hood of a 1965 candy-apple red Mustang that was in pristine condition. She parked behind the Mustang being careful to leave sufficient room so as not to inadvertently roll into it.

Exiting her vehicle, she noticed her presence was not immediately acknowledged by the man as she approached. Instead, he appeared to be in a trance-like state staring at a big ship negotiating the river in front of them. She suddenly was wondering if this was a good idea.

He spoke to her without taking his eyes off the ship that was now passing by. "Do you know the circulation of the *Savannah Daily*?" he asked.

Startled by his question, she took up a position standing next to him and looked out toward the river. She spoke as she tried to figure out what was fascinating him so much. "I believe you have a daily number of around 45,000 and maybe 58,000 on Sunday's." Shading her eyes from the noon sun she added, "Taking into consideration those papers get passed around, you probably have twice that number reading them."

He turned to meet her and extended out his hand. "My name is Doug Williams. I see you've done your homework. I like that," he said. "You were a little low on your numbers but close enough. And, you were right on time. I like that too."

She reached to meet his invitation. "I'm Reese Summers, glad to finally meet you Mr. Williams. I'm ready for that interview with you."

“You just had it young lady.” Returning his attention back to the waterfront, he continued, “I’d like to offer you a position on our newspaper. I need another investigative reporter. You interested?”

Reese cocked her head to one side thinking, *what’s going on here?* She was in Savannah, along a river, talking to a fifty-something year old guy sitting on a red Mustang and she was puzzled by his question. He just offered her a job which, under normal circumstances, she would have killed to get and she didn’t know how to answer him. She blurted out the only thing she could think of, “How much does the position pay?” After which she thought, that was really *dumb* Reese.

“To the point. I like that too,” he said. “You’ll get forty-thousand to start. Show me that you are worth it and we’ll talk a raise.”

He jumped off the hood of the car looking her dead in the eyes. “You in or out?”

“I’ll give you an answer when you tell me what is so interesting out there,” she asked pointing to the riverfront.

“You like boats Reese?”

“I don’t know; I’ve never been on anything bigger than a rowboat. What kind of boat are you referring to?”

“The kind you see out there right now, a super cargo ship. See those containers stacked on top?”

“Yes.”

“Ever wonder what’s inside them? Ever wonder were all that stuff goes?”

“Never gave it a thought,” she said.

“Do you think that’s an assignment you could handle? Being near big ships? Being on the waterfront around a bunch of men who’d like nothing better than to show you what a man they are? You’re a pretty attractive woman. That could work for you or against you. Can you handle being in that situation?”

Reese hesitated for a few moments questioning herself whether she *was* up to such a task. She then thought about all the female reporters she saw on the *Nightly News* who reported from countries like, Syria, Iraq, and other dangerous third-world countries. They regularly reported stories that were hard hitting and unpleasant, oftentimes even under extreme circumstances. She then knew what her only answer could be. “Yes, I’m in!” she voiced.

“Good, that’s what I was hoping you would say,” he said, turning and pointing back to the ship. “You see the name on the bow of that one?”

“Looks like Athenos,” she said.

“And underneath that?”

“Drakos Maritime Shipping Company.”

“That’s what so fascinates me Miss Summers. Drakos Shipping. And you’re going to find out *why* I’m so fascinated with it. Follow me back to the news building. I know you want to give two weeks’ notice to your current editor, but we can at least get your paperwork started.