

Chapter One—Upon a winter's night

Dale and I must choose. Foul weather moving across the Texas plain between Fort Worth and Wichita Falls, faster, more severe than predicted, blows away a warm, sunny morning. Temperatures plummet, the sky darkens, and rain begins to freeze. One hundred miles south are the safety and warmth of our Dallas apartment. Equidistant to the north are the brunt of the storm, Lake Texoma, and a boat.

We are not boaters.