

WINSTON—SEPTEMBER 14

If Winston hadn't been feeling tied up in knots about what he had to do next, he would have been able to fully enjoy the scenery on the boat ride from the Honey Harbour marina to Lawrence's cottage.

Tree-laden cliffs rising from the water's edge framed the incredibly blue waters of Georgian Bay. Some of the trees already had a tinge of fall color, turning shades of yellow and red in a precursor to autumn.

The water taxi pulled into the channel that ran in front of Lawrence's cottage.

*One should say "so-called cottage," because this place is more like a mansion on the water,* Winston thought.

Tiered decking and patios led upward from the dock, and stone steps ascended to a rambling post-and-beam-style dwelling with multiple balconies. With the exterior of the cottage featuring stone and wood, the structure integrated unobtrusively into the island landscape. Dockage to accommodate deep-water boats jutted out into the water, making the "cottage" look more like a marine resort than a private complex.

*Such a beautiful day for such a difficult task,* Winston thought, bracing himself for what he had to do as he stepped onto the dock. There to meet him was security officer Derek, looking intimidating.