

# CAYMAN COWBOYS

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To Lois Douglas – Mom.

You taught me to love to read.  
It's something I will always treasure.



I would like to thank everyone who took the time to read through this book throughout its development and offer constructive criticism. You are too numerous to name, but without your help, it never would have turned out to be half the story that it is.



# PROLOGUE

MR. THOMAS. GET MORE MEN ON THAT SAIL. We need as much sheeting as we can get aloft if we expect to run from this storm,” shouted Captain Alan Burnsworth of the brigantine *Firebird*.

“Aye, Cap’n. All ‘ands ‘re on deck and workin’ as fast as they can,” first officer Thomas responded, his Celtic ancestry evident as the wind swept his red hair across his face. “‘Tis the worst storm I’ve ever seen. If we had to turn right now, I don’t even think we...”

The wind tore the end of the sentence from Thomas’ mouth. Those were the last words the captain heard from his first officer, but they would be telling ones.

A relatively small sailing ship in comparison to some on the high seas, the *Firebird* was a fast and maneuverable vessel with square rigging on both masts. She had earned her name after being burnt nearly to the waterline in a skirmish with the French. A shipwright had salvaged the keel and brought her back to life. When she left port the second time she sailed under her new name.

It was 1701 and battles between the major colonial powers were fought incessantly, both officially and unofficially. The Spanish had their marauders, so the English had drafted a group of privateers into service, harassing shipping lanes and generally wreaking havoc. Both groups made their living from piracy.

The *Firebird*, however, fell into neither of those categories. She was a British flagship, and for that reason had to be especially careful when crossing through the western Caribbean. Unusually, in general, and specifically for the *Firebird*, they were alone on this crossing. Ships carrying cargo from Mexico to England mostly traveled in close packs to fend off the buccaneers. This time, however, a series of mishaps and accidents among the other ships in the convoy had confined them both to port in the New World. One had a shipboard fire that nearly gutted the craft and killed half the crew. The other broke her rudder and had to make port for repairs, limping along as best she could, tacking with the wind. Still, the captain and crew of the *Firebird* were under orders to proceed for home. They were needed in London, and the correspondence they were carrying from a British outpost was considered vital. So they went on alone.

While the trip from the Caribbean home to London was never an easy crossing, the *Firebird's* crew and captain were experienced and making good time. Hauling gold and other treasure from Mexico for the crown could be a dangerous task. The weight of a fully laden ship made even the best-laid brigantine slow and unwieldy. It took an experienced captain and ready crew to steer a ship under these conditions.

British explorers had done well this time, trading with the natives, and taking when trading failed. The king would be pleased with their accomplishments. The gold and gems would fill the royal coffers. The spices and skins would fetch a good price on the open market.

England had just ended the war with France and the nation was poor in the aftermath of the bloodshed. Little did the sailors know, but the reigning monarch, William III, would soon die and the country would soon be embroiled in another war with France. All they knew or cared about at this point, having been away from home for more than a year, was that they had a full load of treasure and were looking forward to sailing down the Thames to London. They knew they had to face many obstacles to get there, but they assumed the challenges would come from other ships and the risks of crossing the Atlantic – not storms in the Caribbean.

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Captain Burnsworth was a large man, burly with wiry hair that was dark in spite of his age. He had clear, bright eyes and a thin beard clipped tightly to his face. He had a bad feeling about what he was facing. Mid-November was not considered a time for storms – especially storms from the west. The warm water of the Caribbean spawned storms that moved toward the west from late summer till the end of autumn.

Regardless, he had a job to do—his last. He had been crossing the Atlantic for more than 30 years and it was time to retire. This was a young man's game. One more trip, be made a commodore, and remain in England. That was his future. Of course he would miss the excitement and the adventure; he would miss the sea. But he was also looking forward to spending some time on land. The admiralty had already made noises about him training junior officers. Burnsworth liked the idea of passing on his vast experience and knowledge to a new generation.

Suddenly, they came in sight of land. Not in the distance, but directly in front of them. The wind and the waves had conspired to reduce the crew's visibility to almost nil. When the lookout was able to see the island in their path, it was too late. The rudder couldn't bite into the waves. The captain's decision to run before the storm under full sail, a good one under most circumstances, had them moving too fast.

The ship was lost without a trace with all hands and its precious cargo.

# CHAPTER 1

I'M GOING TO WORK MY WAY OVER to that building and see if I can get a better look at what's going on. This could be the story of a lifetime," Tom Stuart said.

"Okay, Tom, but keep your head down and be careful. I've had a few 'stories of a lifetime' and they aren't worth it if you can't tell 'em later. I'll try to work around from the other side," Mike Scott replied.

Tom Stuart was sandy-haired and of average height for an American. If he were at home, he wouldn't have attracted a second glance. In a place like the West Bank, however, he stuck out like a sore thumb – he was several inches taller than the average male and paler in skin and hair than just about everyone around. It wasn't just Tom's looks that made him stand out on his current assignment, however. He was an affable man who, as the saying goes, never met a stranger. Tom could talk to anyone. This generally helped in his job as a journalist.

Ultimately, journalism isn't just about reporting the news; it's telling stories about people that will touch other people. And in that regard, Tom was one of the good ones. He knew that to get people to open up and tell their stories, you had to open up to them. He could always relate to an issue from a human perspective.

Sometimes, however, Tom's openness aroused suspicion.

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When men are suspicious and distrustful, they tend to think others should be that way too. Anyone who doesn't fit that mold immediately engenders distrust – and sometimes hatred. That was what brought Tom to the attention of dangerous men.

With a distinct air of foreboding, Mike watched Tom leave their observation post. Tom was an up-and-coming writer with *Time* magazine, the publication that employed them both. He was no greenhorn, however. He had proved his mettle covering crime in Detroit for the *Detroit Free Press* before coming over to the news magazine. He wasn't green at all. He just didn't have the experience that Mike did, and that made Mike nervous.

*But, as the saying goes, Mike thought, if your photographs aren't good enough, you're not close enough.* He lifted his camera bag and made his way forward.

Mike Scott was not the polar opposite of Tom – they did have their similarities – but there was a lot about them that was different.

Mike was a broad-shouldered, dark-haired man with a slightly dark complexion. Mike certainly couldn't denounce his American home either, but with the right clothes and the right attitude, he could blend in. And that was one of his strengths as a journalist. He knew how to become part of the picture. When he wanted to, or needed to, he could disappear in a crowd. He had walked down the streets of Istanbul, Turkey, and along Red Square in Moscow, Russia, many a time untouched and unnoticed.

At 6-foot-2, Mike was a large man, but not uncommonly so. His wiry hair was cut close to his scalp and his facial hair was quickly beginning to gain on it. He rarely wore a beard, but the present situation seemed to call for one. Not shaving also had its advantages – he had enough on his plate and he rarely got the chance to shower.

Mike would best be described as intense, especially when he was working. He could get so focused on his job that he would forget all other considerations. While he had survived his share of war zones – five in total – and had seen enough human cruelty to last a lifetime, he never grew afraid of this job, or entirely comfortable with it, either. It was just what he did, and

he did it well. He had earned honors and awards along the way – enough that he could retire and teach, or write books if he wanted to. He didn't, though. He couldn't. He had to keep making photographs and shedding light into the dark corners of the world. He had to keep bringing the godforsaken, the unsanitary affairs of the world into people's houses and into their lives. He wasn't exactly what you would call a war photographer. He was just a photographer who happened to cover war zones from time to time. Mike had met other photographers over the years who identified with the action and adrenalin rush of working in war zones. The danger drew them in, along with the assumed nobility of entering a hot spot as a non-combatant, carrying nothing but a camera or a note pad. That didn't describe Mike. He covered what he felt was important, and that was what kept him at it. He didn't do it for the personal thrill.

The pair was covering the latest flare-up in violence in the Middle East between the Palestinians and the Israelis. Soldiers at a checkpoint had opened fire on a father and daughter in a car. That led to a suicide bomber on a crowded bus full of Israeli children on their way home after band practice. Neither side expected the latest violence, and neither knew how to slow things down. Nor did they seem to want to. Years of pent-up frustrations on both sides had caused this conflict to burn hotter and faster than anything seen in this region for years.

Tom had received a tip-off about a special meeting that was about to take place, and he wanted the story. There were rumors about a radical new terrorist group that had moved in. They wanted nothing more than the complete annihilation of the West and anyone who supported it – a radical Islamic group with ties to al Quaida and the Islamic Jihaad. The story on the streets was that this group had bought a nuclear warhead from a former Soviet Republic with an Islamic majority population and was planning on sending the Jews to their God in grand fashion. That the warhead would probably kill hundreds of thousands of Palestinians didn't seem to have occurred to anyone yet. Likely, the terrorist group didn't really care. They just wanted another spectacular event like September 11.

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As Mike moved into position to photograph the supposed meeting, angry shouts from the courtyard below made him realize that things had already gone sour. In the two or three minutes since Tom had left their post, he couldn't have gotten caught. But he had. It must have been a setup. They must have jumped on Tom as soon as he left Mike's sight. Two men were holding Tom's arms and he looked hurt. There was blood on his face and he could barely stand.

In all, there were eight of them, dressed in the uniform of the Palestinian army with kerchiefs around their faces. The men were standing in an open-air courtyard, just off a dusty street. The area looked halfway bombed-out already. As a matter of habit, Scott surveyed the scene through the viewfinder of his Nikon D1 digital camera. The consummate professional, he photographed the scene – moving from the broad overall scene to close-ups.

Two of the walls surrounding the courtyard were intact. They were walls to two-story buildings with small windows that opened out onto the courtyard. A third wall was damaged, but stood fairly solid. It appeared to have had a balcony that overlooked the square. Close to the wall directly opposite Mike, and farthest away from him, was a small fountain, long since broken and dry. In its heyday, Mike was sure the courtyard must have been a lovely spot where friends and lovers met – before wars and hatred had shattered everything.

He could hear the man who appeared to be in charge shouting at Tom. "Who are you? Who sent you?" was all Mike could make out with his less-than-perfect grasp of Arabic. When Tom didn't answer, another man hit him.

After a few more shouted questions, and the blows that followed when he didn't answer, Tom's captors pulled him to the fountain and laid him halfway on top of it, keeping him mostly upright. His knees were buckling, and it seemed as if the men didn't want to hold him up. In the half-light, Mike could see the sneers on their faces. Their eyes held nothing but hatred for the fair-haired American.

Mike was afraid he was witnessing the abduction of an American journalist. A few years before, just after the terrorist

attack on the World Trade Center in New York and the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., terrorists had kidnaped and murdered Daniel Pearle, a reporter for the Wall Street Journal. Since then, there had been other attempts on journalists. None of them had turned out as horrible as the Pearle kidnaping, but it was only a matter of time.

Mike had just pulled out a mobile phone and was dialing the authorities to try and get some help, when he caught a flash from the corner of his eye. Then the world exploded. With a spray of brick and dust, the back wall of the courtyard collapsed as the first rocket made impact. The second rocket from the helicopter gunship was closer to its intended target. It hit directly in the middle of the group of men, cutting one of the two holding Tom in half as it passed.

Mike hadn't heard the helicopter. It couldn't have been on a regular patrol or he would have heard it as it slowly passed back and forth. It must have come directly to this spot, and come up fast. The two rockets were followed by about 30 seconds of heavy machine gun fire. Everyone in the courtyard was dead.

The blast hurled Mike backward against a pile of stones. He lay stunned for a moment that felt like hours, before light and sound came rushing back in and he was able to focus again on the scene before him. In just under a minute, nine lives had been snuffed out – eight armed Palestinians and one American journalist.

There was no way of knowing who had organized this operation. Did the Palestinians set things up to kill a journalist? Did the Israelis set things up to kill the Palestinians? In this mad war and in this region of the world, anything seemed possible.

Numb and disoriented, Mike crawled away from the scene as Israeli soldiers moved into the courtyard. Through the haze in his mind, he sensed something was wrong and moved back. Regardless of what was released to the press about the incident, he would tell the story from his perspective.



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“Ah. Welcome, Mr. Walker. Let me introduce you to the people you don’t know. On your left is Mr. Davis, the minister of economic development. On your right is Mr. Barber, minister of finance. Thank you all for coming today. Gentlemen, please welcome Mr. Walker. I think you will be pleased with what he has to say.”

“Thank you all for having me, and thank you, Mr. Akins, for setting up this meeting.” With that, Gray Walker stood and began to address the officials. The host for the meeting, Mr. Akins, was the minister of tourism and the environment.

The meeting was in a small and exclusive café in George Town, Grand Cayman. It was patronized by some of the more exclusive clientele on the island, a place known for catering to the rich and exclusive. The café was private—so private, in fact, that it didn’t actually have a name, and only members could organize a meeting there. It just so happened that all of the participants in this meeting were members in their own right: three ministers from the island’s government and one from its rich business elite.

The politicians were all dark-skinned and as varied physically as you could imagine. Davis was short and round; Barber was tall and round; the third, Akins, slim and of average height, with a pinched face that made him look more like a small dog than a man. They were all in formal three-piece business suits and spoke with a manicured island accent that was only possible to achieve after receiving schooling abroad.

The other thing all three had in common was a sense of duty. Not a sense of duty to the island, but a sense of entitlement owed by others to them in recognition for their position. Like politicians the world over, they too believed they were the best people for their positions. They also believed passionately that everything they did was for the betterment of the people and the island they called home. Two of them were especially proud of their long lineage on the island and how they had bettered themselves by hard work and determination. They were a long way from those roots, however, but they still liked to play the card when it suited them.

“I know of all of you, and I am sure you know of me by

reputation, so I will not waste time,” Walker continued. “Let me get to the point. The George Town dock is full to capacity. You bring in up to six cruise ships a day and thousands of tourists. The streets are filled with people during the day. The problem is, you’re wedged in. There is no more room for additional cruise ships to dock in the harbor and even if there was, you don’t have the space or the shops to accommodate the additional tourists.”

“Yes, yes, Mr. Walker. We know the problems of the city,” said Barber, a man of imposing girth, through a bushy, thick mustache. “We have been living with the problems of our island since we were born here. You have only been here, what is it? Two years? How do you propose to alleviate our problems?”

“I am gratified to see you live up to your reputation for being a man of action instead of words. Forgive me for repeating the obvious,” Walker responded, while seething on the inside. *How dare this man interrupt me*, he thought. *I am bringing them more money than they could imagine and they want to make sure I know they were born here.*

Walker was a businessman. He got things done. No matter what the situation, he got his way. Like many relatively short men, he had an ego to compensate. At 5-foot-4, he had a chip on his shoulder from a childhood where he had grown up fighting to defend himself. Over the years, he had taken advantage of the mistake many people had made in underestimating him because of his stature. He had gotten rich on some conventional and some less-than-legal dealings in the U.S. because of that underestimation.

Now, he was moving into a new world. He was going to take over the island. Herman Wouk’s *Don’t Stop the Carnival* captured his imagination when he was a teen, and now he wanted to make his millions and continue to make money where the hero of that story had barely gotten out alive. He believed the people in the islands just weren’t up to his level. He planned to take advantage of his own worldliness to make things happen as he believed they should. In two short years, using bribes and payoffs, he was able to insinuate himself into the business life of Grand Cayman. He had bought into several

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tourist operations – resorts, scuba diving operations, and restaurants. Now he was looking for more.

Once a fit man, ready to use his fists to defend himself against any perceived slight, he now found ways to take care of himself by more subtle means. Money was cleaner than fists. His increasing girth and receding hairline never kept him from what he wanted. He simply used his money to get his way. Playing on human greed was much simpler for him than force. He could always buy what he wanted. Ironically, that same corruptibility that he gladly exploited made him question everyone's motives. It annoyed him that some people would fawn on him simply for his money.

"I propose to build a new pier on the east end of the island. I have some architectural designs with me," Walker explained as he spread out the drawings and plans. "I designed it. And with your help, I plan to develop an entire set of shops and places for tourists to visit," Walker said.

After a few moments of stunned silence by the politicians, Akins responded, "This is very impressive, Mr. Walker. It all looks very well designed," as he stood to peer across the drawings. A pretentious man, Akins fancied himself to be an influencer, although others generally regarded him as a lap dog. He was already on Walker's payroll. "So what can we do for you?" he said as a means to move the conversation along.

"As you know, there will be tremendous start-up costs involved with building the new cruise ship dock and all of the infrastructure we will need. There will also be many permits and licenses to obtain. I need your help pulling all of this together. The sooner and easier this moves along, the better it is for all of us and for the island," Walker explained with an insincere smile.

"I believe we can help you expedite many of the things you request," said Mr. Barber, fiddling with his pen. "There is a grant program that provides interest-free loans for developers, such as yourself, with the best interests of the islands at heart. There is generally a requirement that one of the loan participants be from the islands, but I think, considering the scope of your investments and plans, we may be able to waive

that requirement. Or at the very least, I think all three of us may be able to take part in underwriting this endeavor to make it work for all of us.”

“I agree with my esteemed colleagues,” said Mr. Davis as he knocked the ashes off of his Cuban cigar. A pudgy lump of a man who was often regarded lightly because of his appearance, he hadn’t taken the defensive attitude that Walker had adopted. “There are ways we can be involved, on a quiet level, which could certainly expedite the development of some underused property on the island. Of course, there must be protections built in to provide for the people of the island – such as retraining and placement for those who may have to adjust to the development.”

Walker could tell immediately that the three politicians before him were all angling to line their own pockets out of this deal. Frankly, he expected nothing else. Without even considering what it would mean to the people of the island, these men were calculating the money they could make by having companies they quietly owned do the construction, or by steering supply contracts to friends, or by the fees that Walker would pay them directly as “consultants.” They simply saw money to be made and decided to jump on board. Obviously, Akins had already briefed them on the project and they didn’t need the details explained to them, but the ease with which these men could be swayed spoke to nothing but money. *Men of conscience didn’t make decisions this quickly*, Walker reflected quietly. All in all, he was happy about it – no discussions and no convincing, just doing.

On one level it made Walker sick that these leeches would attach themselves to his project so quickly and attempt to make money off his brilliance and innovation. On the other hand, their predictability made life simpler. Graft and corruption were just line items to factor into a project’s budget.

“It is exciting for me to meet public servants such as yourselves with the best interests of the island and its people at heart. Of course, there are commitments and arrangements that each of you will need to make. To compensate you for your efforts, I propose that you all become silent partners in this

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effort – to keep an eye on the development and make sure everything is done correctly,” Walker offered. “It is important that representatives such as yourself be involved to look after the interests of the people.”

“It is settled then. We will move forward with this project,” said Akins. “There will be a vote taken in the legislature, but with the support of the three of us, the government of the islands will certainly support this initiative to move Grand Cayman into the future,” Akins said, proud that he had brought his friends around so quickly and easily, and expecting to wrangle a bonus from Walker.



“Sir, please wake up. You are disturbing the other passengers.”

“What? What’s going on? Oh, sorry. I must’ve been dreaming,” Mike Scott apologized to the flight attendant. He realized he had been shouting. As he looked around, he realized that all of the other passengers were staring at him. The looks in their eyes told Mike they were just waiting to see if he was about to freak out on the plane. He had cleaned himself up after his time in the Middle East – he was clean-shaven and had gotten a haircut in New York. But he was still a large man, and that made people nervous. There had been too many occasions when people had turned violent on airplanes.

He had been dreaming about that day six weeks before when Tom Stuart died. There weren’t any easy answers to what had happened. All sides were denying responsibility for the death of the American journalist, but Mike’s photographs and the story that his magazine released stirred up a hornet’s nest. It seemed as if everyone was responsible in some way or another. Ironically, Mike had been told he was a shoo-in for several more news photography awards including the Pulitzer – an award that had always escaped him. It didn’t seem to help, though. Watching a friend die and not being able to do anything about it haunted him.

After the incident, he had gone back to New York immediately for debriefing and follow-up. He wasn't sleeping. Normally friendly and easygoing when he wasn't working, he had become introverted. He realized he needed some time off. Actually the company psychiatrist helped him realize it as part of the critical incident stress debriefings he was attending.

And that was how Mike found himself back on a plane again, only this time he was about 45 minutes out of Miami on a flight bound for George Town, Grand Cayman. He was going to get away, do a little diving and relax on the beach.

"Where do you think we are?" the woman in the seat beside Mike asked, an attractive woman of about 30 or so with a soft Georgian accent. She seemed to be trying to get Mike's attention and flirt a bit.

Mike glanced out the window, instantly recognizing his location from the outline of the islands below.

"It looks like we just passed over Cuba," Mike said. "If you look off in the distance, you can see Grand Cayman. By the way, I'm sorry if I disturbed you back there. I'm pretty tired and my dream just got the best of me."

"Don't worry about it, honey. Sometimes life just gets the best of all of us," she said with a smile that could melt butter. "The water is so beautiful from up here – except close to the islands. It's such a wonderful blue and blue green. And it changes so quickly. Just amazing."

"I agree. But why do you say the water doesn't look nice close to the islands?" Mike asked.

"Up close to the islands, the water looks muddy," she replied.

"The water depth and its clarity affect the way the water looks," Mike said. "When the water is so startlingly blue, it is extremely deep, sometimes measuring 2,000 feet deep or more. When the reef rises close to the surface, the water turns to shades of green as the light from the sun is reflected off the bottom. What you're seeing close to the islands isn't mud, but sand. The water is so clear that you can actually see the white sand from up here."

With the woman beside him quiet for a moment, Scott

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thought about the other passengers on the plane. On the face of it, they all had the same goal in mind: they were going to the islands to “get away.” They were leaving their other lives behind and wanted a break from the stress. In most cases, people were headed to the island to find some adventure and excitement. In Mike’s case, it was exactly the opposite. He was looking for a break. He wanted to slow down and relax for a while.

“Listen to this,” Mike’s companion said as she flipped through the complimentary tourist magazine the flight attendants hand to passengers as they board the plane. Mike had declined his free copy. “Grand Cayman is such an interesting place. The magazine says it’s actually a mountain on the sea bottom that rises all the way up out of the water. It says that now Cayman is known for some of the most amazing wall diving anywhere in the Caribbean. Look at these pictures. The reefs are spectacular. They’re covered with coral of every description and color. And just look at all of the different fish in these pictures. I’d love to learn to dive. That just looks so exciting.”

“I’m a diver. It’s great. You should check with the hotel where you’re staying. They can easily set something up for you,” Mike said, trying to be vague so the woman didn’t think he was offering to help her. The last thing he needed on this trip was to spend time taking care of someone else. He needed to worry about himself.

Mike laughed to himself. The diving in Cayman is beautiful. But ask anyone who has been on the island for a while, or has been traveling there for years and they will all say, “You should have been here 10 years ago.” But then again, anywhere you go the old hands always say that so they can feel more important. While the reefs might not be as virgin as they were 30 or 40 years ago, it is still hard to pinpoint specific damage.

“Oooh, look at this,” the woman continued. “There are actually three islands. It says here that Christopher Columbus first discovered them in 1503 when he was blown off course. There is Grand Cayman and the two sister islands, Little Cayman and Cayman Brac. He first called them Las Tortugas for the large population of marine turtles he found there,” she said, continuing to read aloud.

“It says that over the next 100 years, the Cayman Islands became a favorite stopping spot for sea captains making the long voyage across the Atlantic. They would capture sea turtles and keep them on board their ships for meat. Ewww. The book says they can live a year on a ship and the sailors viewed them as a valuable source of meat for the long voyage.”

“I’ll bet the turtles weren’t too happy about that,” Mike joked, realizing the woman was going to insist on talking to him. He decided to play dumb, even though he knew the history of the island all too well.

“Since Columbus first discovered the island, there has been a lot of sailing activity around the island. And, over the years, there have been various shipwrecks, some caused by the weather or poor sailing, and others by the English privateers,” she continued. “In the aftermath of one of the most terrible wrecks, the British Crown granted the islands freedom from taxation in perpetuity. It says here that because of that, they will probably always be a crown colony.

“An additional carry-over from the British association is driving on the left side of the road, similar to many of the other former crown colonies in the Caribbean,” she finished. “However, with a nod to the many tourists who come to the island from the U.S., there are frequent reminders posted around the major roads to keep left.”

*Driving itself isn’t the problem for most drivers unfamiliar with that reversed system, Mike thought. It’s turning. Going to the other side of the road when passing through an intersection can be tough to remember, even for experienced travelers. Should be fun to see if I can still do it.*

Mike finally began to relax. As he did, he thought about the growth of the tourist industry on Grand Cayman. The beauty and environment of the island attracted tourists by the thousands.

Cruise shippers, who the islanders ungraciously refer to as “newlywed, overfed, and nearly dead” take day trips out on boats to snorkel above the reefs or frolic with stingrays and see the splendor of the Caribbean. At the same time, the cruise ships these visitors arrive on drop anchor in the West Bay and literally destroy the very coral reefs the visitors arrive to see.

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*But that's the darker side of the island, and not uncommon in tourist areas around the world. They don't service tourists out of the goodness of their hearts, Mike thought to himself as he drifted off to catch a couple minutes sleep before landing.*