

As Janine Fettkratz walked away from the Hurricane Bar in the early evening darkness of Key West, she looked at this odd, and wonderful man beside her, that she had outrageously asked to marry her. A man with great stories, that looked just like Hemingway, but wanted her to call him Peepypants. She also wondered where this, "secret", restaurant was. She had lived in Key West a long time, and thought she knew them all. He turned, and spoke to her, " I suppose you want to know my real name, other than, Peepypants, well, Illtell you. My real name is Hemingway," he said with a gentle smile that made her toes tingle softly. She suddenly felt a shiver."You cant be THE Hemingway, he is long dead and gone, who are you really?" Janine felt like she was entering a book, but, it felt somehow good....."I will tell you the story over dinner,okay? And here we are.".....He took her elbow, and turned them into a dark, little alley, that she never remembered having ever seen. It was so dark that she barely could see his hand reach out and touch something in the brick wall. There was a tiny, musical sound, like a sleighbell, and a door opened in the dark wall, apparently by itself. A dim, rose-colored light showed a descending stairway, down too far to see. An odd and delicious smell drifted up the stairway, and she could hear a very faint sound of steel drums playing ,joyfully....."Come on, Dear," he said, "Youre gonna love this.".....They walked down the carpeted stairway, deeper, and deeper , untill, finally the music grew louder, and they reached the bottom. Janine suddenly realised that they were in a huge room, with high, curved ceilings, filled with people sitting at tables, laughing,eating, and, some, even dancing slowly between the tables. There were hundreds of waiters, all dressed in white, with red Maroccan hats on, running madly, with huge platters of food. At the end of the room, on a stage were around a dozen Black steeldrum musicians, all bare-naked, playing their hearts out. They were shiny with sweat, and were grinning like whe world had just began.....A huge, Black waiter jogged up to them, and said in a deep voice, "Mister Hemingway, your table is ready, sah." Janines mouth hung open, and she allowed herself to be guided to a lovely,carved oak table, that looked like part of a ship. They sat, and another waiter glided up to her. This one was little, Black also, and wore a red turban with a big red jewel on the fron, that blinked on and off,like a bicycle rearlight, Janine thought. He put a glass in front of her. "Here is your Bluna, Madame," he said, and disappeared.....Janine looked across the table at this man she loved.....Please, how ? Tell me everything....this place,....you being Hemingway...all of it! At once !"..... And so, he told her the real tale.....PART FIVE NEXT. I Love you, Jeff....speak to me.