

Finmore Igglesby: Agent of B.U.M.P.™

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Agent Finmore Igglesby, 8:49 PM May 5th, 1992: Desjardins, Iowa

I'll be completely honest, I hate this idea. Upper management is requiring active journaling when on a case, to keep a record of our day in case of "memory alteration". What a crock. I really hope this doesn't last too long. My therapist would love this though...

As I sit in this dark, stale room staring at my notebook, I can't seem to put anything into words. Desjardins, IA, a small town of roughly 3,400 people, the literal definition of a one red light town. I can see every landmark around from the one window in my musty room. There's one bank, a police station, a diner, and this motel...which might have roaches.

Local news reports are saying water sources are randomly drying up only to refill hours later. Not only that, there have been five people that have gone missing in the state park over the last three weeks. Authorities in the area have found nothing of interest to report, or so they say to the public. I had a chat with a few of them this morning, nice chaps, didn't know what to think.

My entrance into the little station was marked by the ringing of a bell, much like your local convenience store. Not something I usually see in law enforcement buildings, that's for sure. A large, curved desk laid before me with a tepid looking male officer behind it.

“Um, Good Morning.” Evidently surprised by a face he hadn’t seen before, the man fiddled nervously with the paperwork before him, “How can I help you?”

With what was my best smile I greeted the uniformed man, “Hi there, I’m Agent Igglesby. Here to see the Chief.”

Luckily for me, the ladder of command is usually only a few steps high in a small town like this. Chief Robbins was his name and his station was so small he could hear me from his office. He was mustached, short, losing the hair on his head but somehow hairy in so many other places. The classic small town, bumbling, one week from retirement, Chief of Police you’d see on TV.

“The..Bureau of Unexplained and/or Magical Phenomena?” I could barely hear the words through his haggard mustache.

“Yes Sir. BUMP for short.” I’m sure my stoic face wasn’t a thrilling thing for him to see at this moment, but I wasn’t hired for my demeanor. “If you please, I’d like to get started.”

“This is ludicrous, people get lost all the time. It’s been a bad month for the park, that’s all.” The chubby, hairy, small town cop crossed his arms in a huff, it seemed as if not a lot of people questioned his methods or authority around here in quite a while.

“I apologize for the inconvenience, Sir, but that’s not your decision or mine.” No longer entertained by this conversation, I stood up and headed towards the door, “If I need anything, I’ll let you know. I trust I have free reign of the evidence?”

“Damn Feds...” Chief Robbins spun around in his chair and waved his hand, “Yes yes, get on with it. Go see Officer Anson for what you need.”

The smell of burnt coffee and pencil shavings hung in the air as I made my way through the bullpen,

“Anson..Anson..”

There were three desks across the room with different officers, just as I approached the first I heard it. A stern but high toned voice echoed across the room,

“I’m Anson, Sir!”

Apparently eager to make an impression, this small framed brunette, clad in a dark blue police uniform popped up from her desk, waving me over.

“Officer Maria Anson, pleasure.” Her hand extended out to meet mine as I approached.

“Officer Anson, Agent Finmore Igglesby, thank you.” Pleasantries over, I sat at the chair opposite her side of the desk, “Tell me what you have.”

“Right to business, um, good.” Maria quickly sat down and fingered over her papers, “The Chief doesn’t believe anything suspicious is happening, but it’s certainly weird.” She opened the manila folders on her desk one by one, pictures of missing people, “We have no suspects or leads.”

“What about the Water?”

“Water?”

“Yes, the reports of dried up water sources...started around the same time?”

“I heard of the reports but we aren’t sure it’s related. Two missing men were fishermen...but I don’t see how that applies to the missing people?”

“It may not, can I have copies of these files? I’d like to study them.”

“At once, Sir!”

“Please, don’t be so formal.” She came back with the files pretty quickly, “Do you know a good place to eat around here?”

The small town diner aesthetic is something I never get tired of and Dezzi’s was right up that alley. Nobody picks up better stories from the locals than the loudest waitress in the place, and my waitress Bon was no exception.

“Welcome to Dezzi’s Hon, what can I do for ya?” The brightness of the red on her lips was only matched by her hair, standing at the edge of my table with one hand on her hip, one holding a notepad and a pen behind her ear.

“I’m not sure, everything looks so good!” The smile on my face brightened as I took in the aroma of fry oil, freshly baked pies, and strong black coffee.

“Well, take your time, I got all night.” She grabbed the pen from behind her ear and clicked it, “I haven’t seen your face in here before, I’d remember someone that looked like they walked right out of a Sherlock Holmes novel.”

“Ha, how observant of you.” I slid the arms of my coat off, “I’m new in town, never been west of the Windy City before.”

“Well, then you HAVE to try the Ham Balls, they are to DIE for.” She chuckled and started writing my order down before I could respond.

“I guess I will. Throw a diet cola on there for me too please.”

“You got it.”

After she brought back my drink, I spread the files and newspaper articles around, meticulously ordering the missing persons by alphabetical order and date of disappearance. Over the time I was there I tried to cross reference times, dates.

“Here’s your order, make sure to dip ‘em!”

“Thank you.”

“Working on something important are you?” Her cheeky grin was bridged by the pen she laid across her lips, “Seems like a big deal.”

“Actually, I’m looking into some of the problems locally. Have you heard anything weird?”

“I hear lots of weird things Hon, but I suppose you aren’t talking about Chief Robbins’ love life. You a cop or something? That explains the get up.”

“Or something.” I pulled a picture from the files, “You know any of the people that went missing?”

“Not her, but one of the guys was a regular.” She leaned over and pulled a second photo, “This one, Barry. Barry...Sherman? He was always talking about fishing at the Park.”

“Didn’t notice anything he said that was strange? Or anything he did?”

“The only thing he kept doing was going on about the water levels in the lake, he said he could have sworn they were changing a lot more than usual.”

“But that would make sense if the other water sources are drying up too..”

“But Barry had been going about that for months, long before the news caught on. Nobody was listening to him, they thought he was an old coot. He tipped well though, so I let him go on and on. Didn’t know any of the others though, not all were locals.”

“Well, that’s still more than I had before,” I smiled and grabbed a fork to stab one of the delicious looking ham balls, “Thank you, Bon.”

That's where we are, a small lead on Barry Sherman and some fantastic leftover ham balls in a dingy, stale motel. The Motor Inn they call it, sign says it's the only outdoor pool in one hundred miles. I'll call it a night, tomorrow, I'll make a trip to the lake.

Agent Finmore Igglesby, 8:47 AM May 6th, 1992: Desjardins, IA

After a mediocre night at The Motor Inn, my stomach brought me back to Dezzi's Diner. Bon was once again there to take my order: Hot Coffee, Black, Two Eggs over

Easy and Four Strips of Bacon. For some reason, that's been my breakfast order since coming home, familiarity I guess.

There were significantly more guests this morning than there were the night before, so I didn't think anything of the ding of the bell when she walked in. She came right to my table and sat down like we were friends, I didn't have enough time to chew my bite before she started.

"Look, I know you probably.." She put her hands up and made quotations with her fingers, "...always work alone', I get it." The young officer raised her hand to flag down a waitress, "That's your aesthetic, a loner. But I never get interesting cases."

A loud sigh preempted her next statement, "If the Feds think this is interesting, I want---"

"Sure, whatever." I cut her off immediately once I finished my bite of food, "Officer Anson right?"

Her long brown hair framed the outside of her face as she wiggled her brow, "Um, yeah."

"What's wrong?" At this point I had nearly spit my coffee because I wasn't paying attention and it was way too hot. I instantly went for a napkin to cover my face, so I'm not even sure if I heard her correctly.

"Nothing, just, you're more flexible than I thought." Luckily for me, Officer Anson looked off to the side as Bon came upon our table, "Coffee, three sugars, two cream please."

"No food, Hon?" Bon took the pen from behind her ear and began writing.

"Yeah, you gotta eat." I reiterated, "Most important meal of the day or whatever."

“Do you two talk to my mother?” Anson scoffed and waved her hand, “Just the coffee, thank you.”

After I took another sip of my now cooled down coffee, I pulled some notes out of my bag. “Have you ever been to Tree Lake State Park?”

“Of course, dozens of times.” She extended her hand to my papers, “May I?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

“All of the people that went missing were last seen in the State Park, so of course I went there. We found one of the bodies a few weeks after they went missing, one of the fishermen.”

“Sherman?” I pawed through my bag for the file.

“No, it was Jameson, Paul Jameson.” She brought out her own copy, “He was found on the shore of Tree Lake.

“Ah, yes.” I moved the Sherman file back to my bag, “He was rather young, early 20s.” Officer Anson pawed through her own notes and sipped her newly arrived coffee as I continued, “Investigators weren’t sure if he was on a boat or not, he had a life jacket but no sign of any craft of any sort.”

“One of the others missing was his girlfriend too, Jamie Michaud.”

“Yes, the Nurse.” After the last of my plate was scarfed down I picked up any of my files left and got up, “Well, Officer Anson. Take me to the Lake.”

She didn’t seem too pleased with me when she came out a few moments later, “You left your bill.”

“I’ll get you next time. Our investigation shouldn’t be impeded by mere financial obligations. Are you driving, or am I?” I pulled the handle on the door to her cruiser with a smile.

“Back off, get on the other side.” Anson’s scowl turned into an eye roll as she unlocked her door and got in, reaching to the other side to open the door from the inside, “Seatbelt on.”

It wasn’t long before we approached the park entrance, marked by a big wooden sign in the shape of an arrow. In all honesty, it was an absolutely gorgeous place. The roadway leading up into the park was framed by tree branches that looked like nature made a hallway straight inside.

The beautiful hallway opened into a parking lot that surrounded a small cabin, but the backdrop behind it was amazing. As you looked into the horizon, the land dropped off into a beautiful forest with multiple scenic walkways that followed the numerous rivers that flowed into Tree Lake. Behind the Lake stood Eldoras Mountain, the local information says it stands over a mile and a half tall, dwarfing any of the giant trees in the area.

Officer Anson parked the cruiser in front of the small cabin, both of us got out and she led the way inside. The interior of the cabin was like the combination of a gift shop and an information center. “Officer Anson, Desjardins Police. Anyone around?”

“Sorry, sorry, be right there!” A muffled voice could be heard from behind a swing style door. “Welcome to Tree State Park--oh, officer! Right.” The short, rotund man put both his hands on the register counter and sighed, “What’ll be this time, Ma’am?”

“Hi Terrence, just checking in. Letting you know we’re here so you can tell the boys.”

“Yeah, sure. Two of you this time?”

“Yeah, my partne---”

“Finmore Igglesby.” I extended my hand to the shorter man, his face showed delight as he smiled and met hands with mine.

“Terrance Dennison. Park Manager.”

“You got promoted?” Officer Anson piped up as she stood tapping her foot, seemingly impatient with the pleasantries.

“Associate Manager...” Terry grumbled and waved to Anson, “Go on then.”

Side by side, Officer Anson and I left the establishment, “Sorry about that..-”

I cut her off before she went further, “You and he have some sort of history.” I stopped and looked her in the eye, “Unless it’s relevant, you don’t need to go any further.”

An hour into our expedition, we found our way to the spot where Paul Jameson was found, the nearest shore of Tree Lake. At the surface, there didn't seem to be anything abnormal about the scene, but I didn’t come here to worry about what’s on the surface. I pulled out my familiar friend, nine inches of blackened mahogany, just over one centimeter in diameter. The beautiful stick of wood was infused with wolfsbane and at the core, a fairy wing, given with expressed consent after their passing.

“**Revelate.**” With a somewhat surprising intensity, light emanated from the end of my wand.

“What the heck?!” Officer Anson nearly shrieked as the glow emitted brightly at the end of the small stick, “What did you just do?!”

“Um..oh, right” My surprise was overtaken by the realization, “I’m a Wizard, Maria.”

“You’re what?” She had one hand nearly at her holster and the other extended out towards me, “What are you talking about?”

“...I’m from the Bureau of Unexplained or Magical Phenomena.” I put the lit wand down at my side, hoping to explain myself.

“I just thought that was a fancy name! Like the CIA or the FBI!” She backed away still, almost to the point of screaming and pointed “What is that?”

“It’s my Wand.” I raised my arm back up, “**Mora**” The light dimmed down and slowly went out.

“Stop doing that!” Maria’s grip tightened on her holster, “What are you?”

“I’m a Federal Investigator for the Bureau of Unexplained or Magical Phenomena. A Magical Investigator.”

“Are you human?”

“That’s...a silly question.”

“Is it?!”

“Well, not completely, but of course I’m human.”

“I...” Officer Anson loosened the grip on her holster, “I’m gonna go wait in the car.” Without another word, the frustrated and bewildered Officer turned back on the path towards the cabin.

“But I need...” An exasperated sigh escaped my mouth before I turned back towards the lake, “I’ll let her cool down. Let’s take a look around instead.”

The sun reached its apex quicker than I expected and I hadn’t found any extensive clues. It wouldn’t be smart for me to go out on the water by myself but the land wasn’t giving me anything. I needed help, and a boat.

Just as I turned back towards the cabin path, a small tremor shook the area. It wasn’t too strong, but it was enough that I had to catch my footing.

Small splashes of water against the rocks caught my attention, there were ripples across the lake. Not particularly abnormal, but then another tremor hit. That’s when I saw it, a small whirlpool at the center of the lake. Caused by the tremor maybe? It was getting bigger every second and another shaking occurred across the ground.

There wasn’t enough movement to hurt anything, but birds and small animals alike left the area nevertheless. Suddenly though, it stopped as fast as it started. There was nothing more, just the remnants of movement in the water.

Undoubtedly, curiosity gets the best of me at these moments. I had to get a closer look. After the shaking stopped, I made my way a bit closer to the shore. It wasn’t a big change, but it was noticeable. The water level had dropped about six inches in a matter of seconds.

“I need to get in that water.”

It was another hour before I made my way back to the cabin, probably between one and two in the afternoon at that point. Officer Anson was sitting in her patrol car, the engine idling as I approached and knocked on her window. With a quick crank, the glass and door separated just enough to give us room to speak.

“Just get in the car, Igglesby.”

“Bu--”

“Get in the car, please.” Her voice was stern but not aggressive. If she didn’t need me to explain myself further, I might as well get in and get on with it.

I shrugged my shoulders, went to the passenger side and got in. Our ride back to town was a beautiful, but silent, afternoon drive. The only sound heard in the vehicle was the occasional chatter and static of the police radio, different reports and calls coming in.

Officer Maria Anson, 5:56 PM May 6th, 1992: Desjardins, IA

I have no idea what to say, my life just turned upside down, going from a small town cop to paranormal investigator? That’s ludicrous, right? This can’t be real, yet I

saw it happen, with my own eyes. The light at the end of that stick, it had to be some sort of fancy torch.

The ride back from the park was one of the most terrifying things I've ever had happen to me. The whole time my mind was racing, *Who was this man in my passenger seat? Could he turn me into some sort of lizard or bug or whatever?* Desperately, I tried to maintain my firm gaze on the road, not even risking the potential for awkward eye contact. I just wanted to get back as fast as possible, then reassess the situation.

Agent Igglesby, however, had a different idea. As soon as I put my patrol car in park, he opened his mouth, "Do you want me to explain?"

"What?"

"Explain, you know, the magic thing."

"How..would you begin to explain that? I think it will take quite a detailed explanation." *There's no way he understood the totality of what he said, you can't just explain magic, right? It just exists I guess?*

"Well, I suppose. Um." Igglesby held up two fists. "There's two worlds right?"

"Wait, what?"

"Let me explain, there's two worlds right? Ours and a much more magical one.."

"What the hell are you saying?"

Agent Igglesby put a palm up towards me, almost dismissively. *I do not like that...*, "Please, just let me finish." He then put his two fists back up, "There's a magical barrier between them but little bits still get through, almost like a screen in a window.

“So, there's a whole other world that society doesn't know about that's separated from us by a magical window screen?” You can imagine what my face looked like as I said this, right? This man is delusional.

“...Kind of, yeah.”

“Get out of my car please.”

I immediately went home after that man left my car. There's only one thing that would have helped me at that moment, a stiff drink, just like the one I just finished mixing. There's mystery and then there's delusion, right? I guess I'll have to sleep on it.

Officer Maria Anson, 8:37 AM May 8th, 1992: Desjardins, IA

After one of the strangest things that happened in my life, I spent the night in both a state of major anxiety and strange excitement. Many different thoughts were racing throughout my head as I battled with sleep.. *This can't be real, magic isn't a thing. Weird things have been happening, but it doesn't make any sense to jump right to magic, it could be anything.*

However strange it seemed, curiosity was eventually getting the better of me. No matter what is going on, this was the most interesting case I've ever had a chance to work. I needed to get back on track, focus on the job, work with the whackadoo, and find out what's going on.

The one place I was sure to find Igglesby this morning was Dezzi's, since it's literally the only place around to get breakfast. There he was, in a back corner booth looking over files and scarfing down food like he wouldn't eat another meal for days.

"You're absolutely bonkers, right?" I timidly sat down across from the man who I had just spent the last twelve hours befuddled over.

"Probably." He blurted out in between chews, a bit of ketchup on his lip.

"Magic isn't real, right?" I motioned for a coffee order and took out some cash, "Right? This is just a case.."

"Look" Agent Igglesby put his fork down and focused his view right into my eyes, "No matter what you think, there's something bad going on. I'm here to help. That's all that matters, right?"

A sigh escaped my mouth as I laid back in the rough, leather seat, "Sure." I smiled as my coffee was put in front of me, the aroma wafted straight into my tired nostrils, "We need to figure out what's going on and we need to work together."

“What we need to do is get in that lake.”

“I have a solution for that.”

Once again, I had found myself in the driver's seat of my patrol car with the federal agent playing passenger princess. About twenty minutes later we arrived at my parents house, a quaint colonial home with a beat up truck out front. In the back of the pickup was a wooden row boat, about eight feet in length with a small troll motor attached.

“My Dad is loaning us his truck, and his boat.”

“That little thing?” Igglesby nearly scoffed as he undid his seatbelt and joined me in the driveway.

“Would you rather swim?” I snapped back, “Don't be a jackass.” It's true that it wasn't much, but it was way better than nothing.

I opened up the door to the Green Ford and pulled down the visor. With a resonating jingle, the keys fell to the seat. With a heft I pulled myself up inside, rolling across the bench seat and into position to get going. Once we were both ready, I put the keys in the ignition and started the old girl up. The roar that came from the engine put my patrol car to shame but the backfire came out like a crack of thunder echoing across a flat landscape.

It took about thirty minutes to reach the entrance to the park and another three hours to lug the damn boat to the lake. It seemed to me that Agent Igglesby was doing all he could to appease me now, he even went in and talked to Terrence on his own, a brave move if I've ever seen one.

“Here we are, finally.” The water was as still as could be, both mine and Agent Igglesby’s reflection in it were just as clear as if we had been looking into a mirror.

“The calmness is kind of eerie, isn’t it?” Agent Igglesby had a cheeky grin on his face as he helped push the small boat into the water.

“Just had to let that out, huh?” I’m not one to give into superstitions, but there’s never a need to poke the proverbial bear. “Are we sure about this?”

“Do you have another idea, Officer?” Agent Igglesby waded into the water about knee deep before pulling himself into the small craft, “You said you wanted interesting.”

I couldn’t help but let out a smile at that statement, if anything, this experience had been interesting. After I clamored into the back of the boat, I started the engine with a quick pull of the ripcord. The small motor hummed to life and we were off to the center of the lake.

“Slow, but steady huh?” The Agent’s observation was true, this wasn’t the fastest boat, but there’s something to be said about being steady on the water.

“We’ll get there soon enough.” I smiled as we whizzed further into the body of water, “Nothing seems out of the ordinary yet.”

“Not yet..” Finmore responded judiciously, pulling that strange stick out of his coat again, “**Revelate**”

The end of his stick lit up like a street lantern, strangely pushing through brighter than the daylight. After examining it for a moment, Agent Igglesby stuck his **wand** into the water, and just like that it was extinguished, or so I thought.

The supposed Wizard wasn’t caught off guard like I figured he’d be, instead he shook his arm a bit and let out another strange word, “**Dilata**”

The surrounding water around us lit up like the sun itself had pushed its way underneath the surface and engulfed the area. Everything below us was visible, at least for a good way, my depth perception honestly isn't that great. All around us lit up and we traveled across the water like a light parade in December.

"So, that's Magic, huh?" I'm not ashamed to say it was hard to hide my curiosity, the excitement had welled up inside me just as much as the caution had. Being able to see the light under the water was a new experience, trolling along with fish as you could see them was unique for sure.

"It's a simple spell really, well two." He muttered a bit to himself before continuing to answer, "Probably shouldn't explain so much, but if it will appease you."

I nodded my head, a slight smile passed through my emotional walls and escaped to my lips.

"The first spell I used was Revelate, basically the equivalent of a magical flashlight. After that I used another spell called Dilata, which translates to Enlarge."

"Translates? Is there a magical language?"

"Kind of, a lot of spells were originally written in Latin."

"Why?"

"Couldn't tell you, it's ancient, everything magic is ancient or some stuff."

"Some stuff?" I chuckled, "How mystical."

"Not everything needs to be complicated." Agent Igglesby put his free hand up and pointed to something in the water, "Look at that."

I looked in the direction his finger pointed, but nothing seemed to be there. The light that expanded through the water with ease just stopped. "I can't see anything, it's dark."

With a quirky smile, the red haired "wizard" looked me right in the eye, "That's exactly it. Bring us closer."

The closer we got to our destination, I could feel a strange uneasiness rise up in the air. Igglesby was getting tense, his eyes locked onto the water without a word. As we approached, it became abundantly clear that this wasn't just a spot of darkness, this stretched along under the water for dozens of feet. Whatever this was, it was enormous, stretching through the water.

I'm not sure how far across it we were when the shaking started, but the water around us became as rough as the stormiest day. Igglesby pulled his wand from the water and turned around, "We need to go, now!"

I tried my best to keep the boat steady but the water thrashed us around with a fury I hadn't seen on a lake this size. With every few feet we traveled, it seemed we were thrown backward just as far. Something was sucking us in little by little, it was then I realized we were stuck in the middle of a whirlpool.

"Is this the fastest we can go?" Igglesby screamed as he stood up and started looking around furiously.

"We're stuck!" I'm not sure he could even hear my voice over the thrashing water and the full throttle engine, not that it mattered. He had turned his attention to the center, whatever was pulling us in, behind me. I could only see his eyes, they didn't have their usual confident gaze, it had been replaced by what I could only call fear. He

had a look wider than any I had seen in a while and it terrified me. Before I could say another word, Igglesby rushed across the boat and grabbed me by the shirt and aimed his wand hand at the water,

“REPELLENDUM DILATA”

A blinding light exploded from the back of the small craft and a force like I had never felt before pushed us upward, at least a few dozen feet into the air like we had been shot from a cannon. Igglesby had me by the collar and his wand arm was limp to the side as we flew through the air. An involuntary scream leaped from my lungs as we fell closer and closer to the shore as a speed I was comfortable landing at.

“IGGLESBY!” I wailed as he shook his outstretched arm, “DO SOMETHING!”

“BRACE YOURSELF.” He let go of my shirt and curled up, looking to land shoulder first, tuck and roll I imagine. I did the same thing but this was still going to hurt.

After a rough landing that had me feeling every bone in my body, I was able to pull myself up and look around, “Igglesby!”

“Over here..” A dozen or so feet from my landing spot was where I saw his arm shoot up, evidently he didn’t have the energy to get up yet, “How are you, Anson?”

“Shook up, I’ll be sore tomorrow.” I slowly made my way over to him, “What about you?”

Agent Igglesby was struggling to sit up on his own, wincing when he leaned on his right side, his wand arm. “I’m a little beat up, my wrist is probably broken.” I offered him a hand and he took it, standing up after a bit of help.

“Did the landing do that?” My eyes went to his limp wrist.

“The magic, actually.” His face scrunched up as he struggled to put his wand away with his off hand, “Magic is powerful, but physics still applies. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. I’m sure the landing didn’t help though.”

“The recoil..it broke your wrist?” It wasn’t inconceivable to me that magic had its drawbacks, but that seemed a little extreme.

“It saved us, didn’t it?” The tone in his voice was jovial, but his face stayed stoic, “I’m sorry you were out there.”

“What are you talking about?”

“This is way too dangerous for...” He looked down and away, “I gotta figure out what this is.”

“I chose to come out here. Don’t put that on you, I’m a full grown woman.”

“I almost got you killed.”

“What caused that whirlpool almost killed us, not you.” I hoped my tone matched the disgruntled look on my face, “Besides, it was my boat.”

Agent Igglesby grumbled to himself as he made his way towards the water line, “Whatever that thing is doing, it’s lowering the water line..”

“Is it swallowing the water?”

“Evidently.” He kneeled down and examined the shore line again, “It explains the dried up water sources...”

“That much water? There’s no way.”

“It started a whirlpool in seconds, Anson.” He stood back up and looked over his arm again, “You got a first aid kit?”

“Seriously?” I could barely hold back my smile, “You could push us almost half a mile back to shore, but can’t fix your arm?”

“What?” Another shift of tone made it clear I offended him, “I’m just a teeny bit winded from that.” The sarcasm in his voice was evident, especially when paired with his rolling eyes.

“I didn’t know there was a limit.”

“Like I said, physics.” He started walking the path back towards the entrance to the park. “Let’s get back, I need to figure this out.”

“We need to figure this out.”

“Yeah, yeah..”