

Chapter XVII

The Silver Screen and Blue Booties

June 11, 1927 – August 25, 1927

At seven months pregnant, Geannie did not resume all of her activities. Baseball was definitely out of the question. She did continue with her piano lessons but that was about all. She did however make use of her time by making good on her promise to herself to work on her Spanish. She even taught a few words to Sandy.

Curly's flight operations kept him close to home for next several months. In July, North Island Naval Air Station hosted the Army/Navy exercises. This year's exercises were scaled way back from the previous year but did feature one interesting twist. Also participating in the exercises was a Hollywood film crew.

Representing the Army Air Corps were their old friends from Texas, the 20th Bomb Squadron with their Martin NBS-1 twin engined bombers. The squadrons based at North Island represented the Navy plus a cruiser, several destroyers, and a handful of transports based in San Diego.

The motion picture production company had made arrangements with the War Department to use the exercises to shoot a segment of their film "Wounded Dragon" which depicts an Asian empire's attack on a remote American outpost on the Pacific island of Bombora.

The Army Air Corps, and Fighting One B, with their FB-5s were to conduct an air attack on North Island and Coronado in advance of an invasion. Fighting Six B and the two torpedo squadrons were the only defense. Unlike most war games, this one had a preset outcome. The defenders would prevail in driving off the enemy invasion.

The production company had a great deal of leeway in setting up the scenario. They were allowed to repaint the the aircraft to represent the enemy. They painted them forest green a with a yellow flower with eight pedals and a black center as the fictitious national insignia on the wingtips. Some meaningless oriental looking lettering was stenciled on the sides of the fuselages. Of course they had to restore the aircraft to their original state after the exercises.

To add realism to the what was caught on film, a professional pyrotechnics team had been contracted to choreograph explosions into the action. After all of the upfront work was complete, the director meet with all of the pilots to go over the script. Two or three days of dress rehearsal were carried out prior filming.

The director also met with the families living in the officers housing complex in the main hangar and explained to them the overall story line of the picture. Much of it would be filmed in the studio in Hollywood and at other locations. He then went into great detail for the setting of this sequence of the film and what he expected to take place. He had a role for them as well. Their role was to simply run from their homes as the bombers flew over. Those who were willing to participate were asked to sign up after the meeting. Those

who were not interested could simply stay in their homes or stay away.

Geannie thought it would be exciting, after all Curly got to be in it. After putting her name on the list, the director approached her. "Excuse me, ma'am." he said. "Can I talk to you for just a moment?"

"Certainly." Geannie answered.

Indicating for her and Sandy to sit down, he explained, "I have something special in mind for you, if you don't mind." Then he asked, "Would you be willing to collapse to the ground during the scene I have in mind? That is if it wouldn't be a problem."

"Oh, I think I could manage that. What do you have in mind?" She asked as visions of her silver screen debut flashed before her eyes.

The director said, "I want to depict the enemy as ruthless. I can't think of anything more treacherous than to gun down a pregnant woman."

"It certainly couldn't get much worse than that." Geannie concurred. "I would be willing to do that. As you can see, I have the pregnant part down pretty good already. What do you want me to do?"

The director unfolded his vision of the scene. "I noticed that you have a lovely playground in the center of the complex. Picture this. You are at the playground pushing your daughter here in a swing. You hear airplanes approaching from out over the ocean. You put your hand to your eyes to shade them from the afternoon sun. As they are directly over head, I'll give you the cue the collapse to the ground. The camera will zoom in on you lying there motionless. And that's all there is to it. I'll even throw in twenty bucks. What do you say?"

"I've always been an adventuresome kind of girl. Why not!" she agreed.

"Great!" the director said enthusiastically. "I will meet you in the playground tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock."

The next day was the day for the shoot. Everything was in place. The pilots had rehearsed their part. The pyrotechnics were in place and ready. The weather was just right.

The first to take off were two JN-4 Jennys each with a cameraman in the front seat. They were followed by the Army Air Corps bombers and the FB-5s of Fighting One B. They took off into the southwest and formed up just off shore. They flew to a point out over the ocean about fifty miles west of North Island before turning around. That gave the ground crews enough time to get the other planes in place.

When the green enemy attack planes came in sight, the fighters were ahead of the bombers ready to take on the defenders. With cameras rolling, Fighting Six B took off to intercept. Carefully staged dogfights broke out between the aggressors and the defenders. Right on cue, predetermined airplanes turned on their smoke generators and began spiraling toward the ground, pulling up in time and flying away from the scene. Curly made sure that he made the best use of his aerobatic skills. He really stood out with

his red scarf blowing in the wind. It was too bad that it wouldn't show up red on the black and white film.

Geannie was pushing Sandy in a swing. The director gave the word, "Action!" She paused and turned to face the on coming aircraft, shading her eyes with her hand. As the bombers were directly overhead she dropped to her knees, and rolled onto her side. Instinctively, Sandy hopped out of the swing and knelt beside her mother, patting her on her shoulder crying, "Mommy! Mommy!"

The director called, "Cut!" and went over to Geannie and helped her to her feet. "That was perfect. And the way Sandy here came to your side was great. I couldn't have planned it any better myself. Thanks so much, I have to run, but will catch up with you later."

Geannie and Sandy sat on a park bench to watch the show in the sky overhead. Geannie pointed skyward and said, "See Sandy, theres Daddy."

At that very moment, Curly was taking on a bomber. Almost immediately the bomber turned on his smoke and turned away.

During all of this, the residents of the housing complex ran screaming from their homes. As the bombers that made it through began their attack, the pyrotechnics experts set off their explosions and lit tubs of diesel fuel on fire causing a spectacular scene. Again it was too bad the film couldn't pick up the color and the sound of it all.

As quickly as they appeared, what was left of the enemy disappeared to the east over San Diego. Staying clear of the scene they circled around and landed at the San Diego Municipal Airfield, along with all of the planes that had been shot down.

When the attack commenced, the ships also appeared off shore. With the air attack over, the Martin T3M-2 torpedo bombers of the two torpedo squadrons took off through the pillars of black smoke. Forming up with the planes of Fighting Six B they raced out to sea and conducted a choreographed attack on the ships, again complete with pyrotechnics. When the scene was over the ships appeared to be on fire. The concluding scene was the triumphant victors returning to the airfield.

That evening, the motion picture production company hosted a huge party for everyone who had participated. The director got up on stage and when everyone had quieted down, he addressed the crowd, thanking them for making everything go so well. He promised that he would be back in a few months prior to the picture's release for an exclusive premier screening. He did catch up with Geannie, Curly, and Sandy and as promised, handed her a twenty dollar bill. He also gave Sandy a shiny silver dollar for her part.

With all of the excitement over with, life settled back into a routine. For a while anyway. The following month had its share of excitement for the Brasons. Geannie picked her mother up at the train

depot around the first of August. She came to be with Geannie for the birth and to help take care of things. Curly obtained a cot for Marie to sleep on and set it up in Sandy's room. Sandy was particularly thrilled to see her Grandma.

About a week after Marie arrived, Geannie began having labor pains. Since Sandy had come a little early, Geannie thought this was it. Marie wasn't so sure. Geannie's discomfort was not consistent with labor. "False labor" she called it. She had her lay on her left side and asked her to concentrate on breathing deeply. After a few minutes the discomfort began to ease. She then had Geannie sit up and handed her a large glass of water and instructed her to slowly drink it all. Within minutes it stopped all together. Marie said that it most likely came on because of dehydration. She instructed her to just take it easy and be sure to drink plenty of water.

Geannie was a little disappointed and hoped to have had the baby. By then it was late afternoon and she was resting when Curly came home for the evening.

A few days later, Geannie began having false labor again. Marie had her do the same thing again. A few minutes later, it stopped.

Then one day, things began happening. It was not all at once, but throughout the day there was a gradual sense of discomfort that would come and go. Geanne reorganized it as how she had felt the night before Sandy was born. As the afternoon went on, the intensity increased. Late in the afternoon Marie took Sandy over to Susan's. She had only been back a little while when Curly returned. He could tell immediately that something was defiantly up. First of all, Sandy wasn't there to greet him. The second clue was that Geannie looked quite uncomfortable sitting in the rocking chair with her suitcase at her side.

"Its time." was all that Marie said. "Take Geannie out to the car and I'll bring her bag."

Knowing that there would be some waiting involved, Curly picked up the book he had been reading and slipped it in his pocket. He helped Geannie out of the chair and out to the car. He spoke softly to her in an attempt to sooth her. Geannie didn't respond. She just moaned and groaned through heavy breathing with a whimper at regular intervals.

She felt every bump in the road as Curly drove to the ferry dock. As usual there was a wait before boarding the ferry. On the trip across the bay the ferry seemed as if it was a ship tossed about by a storm. She could feel every wave as it lapped against the hull. The jolt of the ferry docking caused her to groan as she held onto her very large belly. It didn't help either when the car drove of the end of the ramp. Once off the ferry, it wasn't far to the hospital.

Once they arrived at the hospital, Geannie was wheeled inside. Doctor Reynold was off duty, but a navy doctor who was, determined that she was definitely in labor. The Navy nurses made her comfortable and placed a call to Doctor Reynolds.

Curly was invited to wait outside. He sat down and pulled the book from his pocket and picked up where he had left off. The title of the book was "The Constellation Chronicles." The story was set some two hundred and fifty years in the future. It was the chronicles of the Star Cruiser Constellation, a saucer shaped vessel supported with a hull like structure that resembled a ship. To either side were two smaller pontoon like structures at the outer edges of the saucer. Above the saucer was a small oblong dome that housed the bridge and conning tower.

Although it was a vessel of exploration, it was armed with a pair of ray guns, one mounted forward and one aft. They were supplemented by a bank of vertical silos mounted flush in with the saucer that fired guided torpedo like weapons.

At the aft end of the saucer was crane used to hoist two small boat like spacecraft with retractable wings out of a hangar bay. These craft were capable carrying landing parties down to the surface of a planet and return them to the ship. Once docked with the crane, they were lowered back into the hangar.

The vessel was capable of traveling several times the speed of light and was on a mission of discovery and exploration to seek out fascinating new worlds. In their journey they encountered dozens of human like races, some friendly and some hostile, some more advanced and others more primitive.

The crew consisted of fifty five men and women. What interested Curly was the exploration of new worlds in true naval tradition, much like Captain Cook's discovery of the islands of the Pacific. With the strides mankind had made in aviation in just a few short years, he wondered if he would see the day when men would penetrate the atmosphere and venture into outer space.

Once Geannie was situated, she inquired to know if Ensign North was on duty. She was and in a few moments she was at Geannie's side. After about a half an hour or forty five minutes Doctor Reynolds arrived. He examined Geannie and assured her that everything was going fine. He indicated that he didn't expect anything to happen for at least an hour.

Marie suggested that Curly find something to eat, since he missed super. Ramona walked with him to the cafeteria. As they walked she asked him about Tom as she hadn't seen him all week, having the night shift. Ramona left Curly at the cafeteria and resumed her rounds, promising to check in on Geannie when she could.

Curly sat down to a plate of roast beef and mashed potatoes and gravy. He had forgot that he was hungry until he took the first bite. He savored his meal before returning to Geannie. It was about nine o'clock when he got back to where she was. He was informed that she had been moved to another section of the hospital and was directed where to find her.

Once he found the right place, he wasn't allowed in to be with her. Marie stepped out of the room wearing an apron and mask. She assured him that everything was going fine and not to worry. She told him

that she wished she could of had her five baby's in place like this. She directed him to sit down and wait but would keep him posted.

Time seemed to stand still for Curly. After what seemed like a very long several minutes, he couldn't sit any longer and got up and began pacing the floor. All of a sudden he felt a hand take his arm. He turned to see Ramona walking beside him. She had a break in her rounds and came to see how things were. Curly couldn't tell her a whole lot.

As they walked and talked, it was obvious that something was up. People began coming and going from the room. There seemed to be some urgency about their movement. One of the people to come out was Marie.

"Is something the matter?" Curly asked in desperation.

"The baby is coming breech." she said. Seeing that her son-in-law didn't know what that meant, she explained, "The baby is coming backwards." She could see that it now registered with him what she meant. Before Curly could say anything she told him, "They are going to have to take the baby by Cesarean."

Curly didn't understand exactly what that meant either.

Romona filled him in, "That is where they have to make an incision in the the abdomen to deliver the baby." She then tried to put him at ease, "It actually happens fairly frequently. It is much better for the mother and the baby in these circumstances."

Marie continued, "They are preparing her for anesthesia right now. I need to be by her side so I have to go back in there."

Curly and Ramona sat down. She took his hands in hers and explained to him in words that he could understand what Geannie was going through and that she would have to remain in the hospital for a several days to heal from the surgery. All of this made Curly even more nervous. He felt helpless to do anything for his sweetheart, his buddy, his pal, his best friend. Ramona stayed with him despite needing to get back to her rounds.

Just after ten thirty, a nurse came out of the room and walked toward them. Curly and Ramona stood up. They could tell it was good news as the nurse was smiling. "Congratulations Lieutenant," she announced. "You have a healthy baby boy."

Curly breathed a sigh of relief. "How's Geannie?" he asked.

"The doctor is stitching her up now, but rest assured, she is going to be just fine. You will be able to see her in a couple of hours or so." The nurse then disappeared down the hall and back into the room.

Not able to contain himself, he turned to Ramona and gave her a big hug. A few minutes later people and equipment began leaving the room. Marie came out as well. She sat down next to Curly and began describing his new son. Seeing that Curly was in good hands, Ramona returned to her rounds.

Austin Sheffield Brason was born on Tuesday, August 16, 1927. Marie explained that he was nineteen and three fourths inches long and weighed six pounds twelve ounces. He had a dark complexion and thick dark hair. She concluded with, "He looks a lot like you, Curly."

Doctor Reynolds came out to talk to Curly and he too assured him that both mother and baby were doing fine. He told him what he anticipated for her recovery. He wanted to keep her in the hospital for several days before she could come home. He encouraged him to go have a cup of coffee and when he came back, he could see both his wife and his son.

Since Curly knew the way to cafeteria, he escorted Marie. They both were near exhaustion and cup of coffee was the boost they needed. The two sat and visited over not one but two cups of coffee. After a sufficient amount of time they went to see Geannie and Austin.

Geannie was still groggy and a bit incoherent from the the anesthesia as Curly took her hand and looked into her tired emerald eyes.

"Hi Flyboy." she greeted him. She babbled something about the baby and wanted to know where Sandy was.

Curly assured her that Sandy was with Susan. It was difficult for her to carry on a conversation at the moment so he told her to rest. He then turned his attention to Austin as Marie placed him in his arms for the first time. "He does look a lot like me." Curly beamed proudly.

Curly felt an aura of awe about him as he did when he held Sandy for the first time. It was as if these little ones had come directly from the presence of God. He hadn't remembered ever hearing that anywhere. He made a note to himself to ask his father about that.

After holding him for a few minutes, the nurse came back into the room. She took the baby from his arms and put him back in a basset.

Curly sat down in a chair on the other side of Geannie's bed and closed his eyes. The next thing he knew he heard Geannie's familiar giggle. He opened his eyes to see her propped up nursing Austin. Curly jumped up out of his chair and stood over her, putting his arm around her the best he could.

After visiting for a while, he looked at his watch. It was five thirty in the morning. He had to report for duty in the ready room at 0730. "Oh my gosh! Look at the time! I have to go but I'll be back this evening when I get off duty. Do want me to take you home, Marie?"

"No, I think I'll stay here with Geannie and the baby."

Curly gave both Geannie and Austin a goodbye kiss. He said, "I'll see you in the funny pages." as he left. As he neared the cafeteria he could smell bacon and decided to at least have breakfast first. As he left the hospital he passed the gift shop. He paused for a moment and purchased something he had never bought before. A box of cigars.

He drove back to the ferry dock and crossed the bay on the six thirty ferry. Knowing that Freddy and Susan would be up, he first went to their place. Freddy had already left for the day, but he told Susan of the events of last night. She told him not to worry, she could look after Sandy for as long as needed.

When Curly pulled up in front of their apartment, he barely had time to walk across the bridge to the air station. He grabbed the box of cigars and took them with him. He practically walked on air. He didn't need an airplane that day.

Curly entered the briefing room still wearing the the same uniform he had left in the day before and was unshaven. The first person he countered was Shorty. "You look like hell, Lieutenant." his friend and duty officer said.

Curly just grinned and handed him a cigar.

Shorty knew instantly what it meant. "Congratulations Curly. Boy of girl?" he asked.

"A boy!" Curly beamed.

"That's great, Curly." he congratulated again. Then he asked, "How much sleep did you get last night?" Not waiting for answer, the duty officer continued, "I can't let you fly today, Lieutenant. Stick around after the briefing and we'll figure out what to do with you."

By then the rest of the pilots gathered in the ready room. He handed out all of his cigars in exchange for pats on the back and words of congratulations.

As Shorty gave out the flight assignments for the day, there wasn't one for Curly.

After the briefing, Commander Wagner asked Curly to stay behind. "Congratulations, Lieutenant Brason." he began. The he went on, "Look Curly, you would be pretty much worthless to me today. I can't let you fly in your condition. Why don't you go home and get some rest. Besides I've got some of these new replacement pilots that need some flight time. I had Shorty assign one of them to fly with Freddy and Tomcat today. Report back here tomorrow morning rested and ready to fly."

"Yes sir. Thank you sir." Curly resposed as he saluted his squadron commander.

Commander Wagner returned the salute and asked, "By the way, do you have any of those cigars left?"

Curly looked in the box. "Sorry, sir." Curly appologized.

"Never mind, Lieutenant. Now beat it." the commander said.

Curly went home and crashed. He slept for a few hours and woke up around eleven. Then he cleaned up, shaved and changed his clothes. He decided to go back over to San Diego and spend the afternoon with Geannie.

But first there was someone else he had to see. When he stopped by the McGowan's earlier, Sandy was still asleep. After telling Sandy all about her baby brother, he drove down to the ferry dock and

went back to the hospital.

Geannie was surprised to see Curly come into her room in the early afternoon. She was so glad to see him. She was feeling sore from the incision and the stitches made her uncomfortable. Without asking him if he wanted to see it, she showed it to him.

Since the baby was low, the incision was quite low. She was glad that it was not across her abdomen where it would weaken her stomach muscles. It was red and looked sore. It was something Curly really didn't care to see.

Curly, Geannie, and Marie spent the afternoon together in Geannie's room. Curly wandered down to the nursery and was allowed to hold his son. He was amazed at how much different Austin looked after just a day. It was Austin's feeding time and Curly accompanied the nurse to back to Geannie's room. While Geannie was nursing Austin, Ramona stopped in during her break to see how everyone was doing. After he had been feed, Curly got to hold him some more as father and son bonded.

Late in the afternoon Curly and Marie had dinner in the cafeteria and as evening wore on, it was time to leave. Marie had been at the hospital with Geannie for two days so she went home with Curly. Before going home, they stopped by and picked up Sandy and brought her home too.

The next morning, a well rested, Curly resumed flying. Around midmorning Marie dropped Sandy off at Susan's and drove Curly and Geannie's car over to the hospital. When she arrived she found her usually cheerful and and up beat daughter fuming. She could tell Geannie was upset as soon as she entered her room.

"What's the matter, baby girl?" Marie asked.

"That stupid doctor says I have to stay cooped up in here for a few more days. I've already been here three days I just want to go home. I don't see any reason why I can't. I can rest just as well at home if not better than I can here." Geannie unloaded her frustration.

Her mother simply listened.

Geannie carried on, "Besides, as soon as I do fall asleep, some dumb nurse comes in and wakes me up to take my temperature. Its always the same and never changes. They only let me have my baby when they say I can have him."

She went on, "Why, two days after Sandy was born I was on the train heading home."

"But dear," her mother interrupted. "You didn't have surgery then. You need time to heal up."

"I can change the dressing myself at home. You're here to take care of things for me. Besides I miss Sandy. She needs me."

Marie replied, "That's all true. You'll just have to convince the doctor to let you go."

After venting, Geannie settled down, still determined to make her escape. The doctor wasn't due to be back around until early afternoon which gave Geannie time to come up with a plan.

She decided the first thing to do was to ask to have Austin brought to her and she wasn't going to let them take him back to the nursery. Then she changed out of her hospital gown and got dressed in her own clothes and freshened up. She had her mother pack her suitcase for her. Then she sent her to find a wheel chair and brought it to her room. She was smart enough to not risk tearing the incision.

When Doctor Reynolds called on her, he was surprised to see her setting in a wheelchair, babe in arms, and bags packed. Before the doctor could say a word, Geannie took control.

"Thank you so much, Doctor Reynolds for everything you have done. You have taken such good care of Austin and me. But, its time I went home to my family. I have my mother to take me from here on. We won't be needing your services any further at this time. I'd like to be discharged now, please."

Doctor Reynolds didn't quite know how to respond. He wasn't used to having a patient dictate to him like that. He had to attempt to regain control of the situation. "But Mrs. Brason," he began, "Your stitches need to heal and you need to regain your strength."

"I couldn't agree with you more," Geannie answered. "That is exactly what I intended to do at home."

"But I'm your doctor..." he began.

Geannie cut him off, "Yes, and a very good one at that, but I can handle it from here. You know, I have been through this once before. I went home the next day and was on a train the day after that."

"But this is different." the doctor protested.

Again Geannie cut him off, "Yes it is, isn't it. I'm not going to be riding a train now, am I?"

Still trying to get word in edgewise he finally got to his point, "But your incision and your stitches."

"Yes," Geannie continued, "Its healing wonderfully isn't it. You did such a marvelous job of sewing me up. When would you like me to come back to have them taken out?"

Caught in her trap, the doctor answered, " Next Thursday would be about right."

"Very good," Geannie answered, "I'll make an appointment on my way out.

"Come, mother. Take me home."

At that, Marie who had watched in amazement took the wheelchair by the handles and began wheeling her out of the room.

Doctor Reynolds followed. "Allow me," he said in utter defeat. "Let me get that." As he wheeled Geannie and Austin down the corridor toward to front desk he gave her some suggestions that he wanted her to follow and what to look out for. He insisted that if anything out of the ordinary occurred to come straight back to the hospital.

Knowing that she got what she wanted, she agreed with everything he said, which all made sense anyway.

When they got to the front desk, he directed the receptionist to check Geannie and Austin out of the hospital. And bid them farewell.

As he was leaving, Geannie called out, "Thank you again for everything you have done Doctor Reynolds. I'll see you next Thursday."

An orderly took Geannie out to the car and helped her in and placed the little blue bundle securely in her arms.

As Marie got behind the wheel, Geannie said, "Lets get out of here before they realize that they've been bamboozled."

All Marie could say in response was, "Did anyone ever tell you that you are just like your father?"

"Thank you for the compliment, Mother." Geannie answered. "I did learn from the best!"

Marie continued, "Lordy, that man can talk himself into or out of anything he puts his mind too."

"Yeah," Geannie added. "Why do you think the good people of Roanoke County keep sending him to back Richmond every two years."

The trip home was uneventful, except for driving onto and off of the ferry ramp. That gave her a bit of a jolt that caused her wince. Before long, Geannie was home. Austin was asleep and she put him in the portable bassinet in her bedroom.

Curly came home a little early that Friday afternoon. He was surprised to find Geannie asleep in their bed. He tried not to disturb her as he changed out of his flying uniform. He paused a moment to gaze into the bassinet at his sweet son, also fast asleep.

No sooner than he had changed, he heard the front door open. He stepped out into front room to find Marie and Sandy just coming home.

"Daddy!" Sandy squealed as she ran to him.

Curly stooped down to receive her.

"Daddy, Grandma took me to the playground." she announced with delight.

Hearing the commotion, Geannie woke up and came out into the front room.

"Mommy's home!" Sandy called out, reaching for her to take her from her Daddy's arm.

"No, sweetheart. Mommy can't hold you. I have a sore tummy where the baby came out."

"Would you like to see your baby brother?" Curly asked.

"Uh huh." Sandy answered nodding her head and clapping her hands.

"Okay, honey. But you have to be very quiet. Baby is sleeping."

Curly took her into the bedroom and let her look in on her little brother for the first time.

Curly had his little family all at home. Geannie did mind her business and stayed down for the most part. She felt that she would heal faster if she moved around a little. Marie took good care of everybody and everything, and was glad to be there to do it.

The following Thursday Marie, Geannie, Sandy, and Austin made the trip across the bay to the Naval Hospital. It had been ten days and Doctor Reynolds was pleased to see how well Geannie had healed as he removed the stitches. She was better than she would have been if she had stayed longer in the hospital. It was enough to cause him to rethink the common practice. He also gave little Austin a clean bill of health.

As they were leaving Doctor Reynolds suite Geannie bumped into Ramona who was now on the day shift. She just had to see the baby. Then she had something to show Geannie. She was wearing an engagement ring. Tom had asked her to marry her just the night before but they had not yet set a wedding date.

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The exercises described in this chapter are fictional as is the movie and the island of Bombora.