

Moonshine Over Lemon Bay, Ray Hazel, 2022

Excerpt from Ray:

Miss Cloverdale wove her way toward Gottfried Creek that was home to a small fishing pier. A fishing boat rigged for Tarpon was tied up unattended. She offered me a smoke as we stood on the creek shore at low tide. After looking around, she said in a low voice, "In that boat under a tarp, you'll find five bags of what looks like white vinegar or turpentine." Checking her surroundings before speaking indicated to me that she was concerned that the Feds might show up. I was scared to death when she whispered, "I smell wild pigs and turnip."

She expected me to load several burlap bags filled with bottles of White Lightning moonshine in broad daylight. Miss Cloverdale pointed to a 12-foot gator sunning himself and told me that his name was Herb. Jokingly, she added, "Be careful, he prefers fresh meat." "What about the boars?" I asked. Pulling out a 38, she told me that they aren't fussy, so I needed to move quickly.