The Last Ferry

A two-chapter sample for testing

Chapter One / The 6:45

Siobhan missed the 6:45 a.m. ferry by nine seconds. She knew it was nine because she counted them, standing on the dock at St. Brendan's Landing with a $12.50 ticket in one hand and a cold coffee in the other.

"Is there another one?" she asked.

The man in the booth didn't look up. "Eleven-fifteen," he said. "Unless the fog comes in. Then it's whenever the fog says."

She laughed—she couldn't help it—and sat down on a bench that had been painted green in 1987 and not since.

Chapter Two / What the Fog Said

By 10 o'clock the harbour had disappeared. First the far shore, then the breakwater, then the red buoy she had been using to measure how much of the world was left.

Dr. Okafor arrived at 10:30 with two umbrellas and no explanation. He was seventy-three, walked three kilometres every morning, and believed that roughly 80% of problems could be solved by sitting still.

"You're early," he said.

"I'm four and a half hours late."

"Same thing, on an island." He handed her an umbrella. "Wait… do you hear that?"

Somewhere inside the white, a horn sounded twice. The ferry was coming after all!

After listening

Which three things disappear into the fog, and in what order?

What does “Same thing, on an island” tell you about Dr. Okafor?