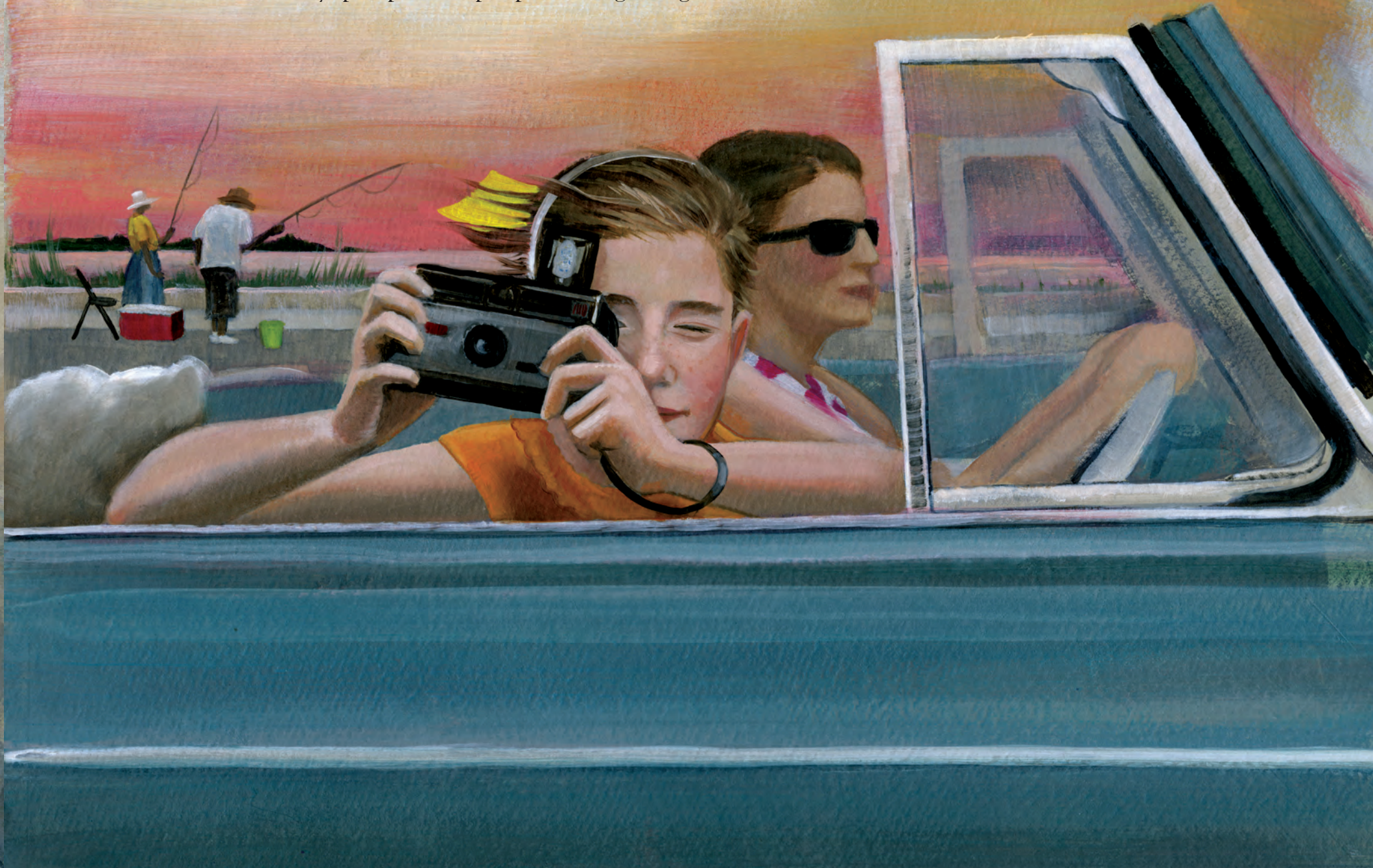


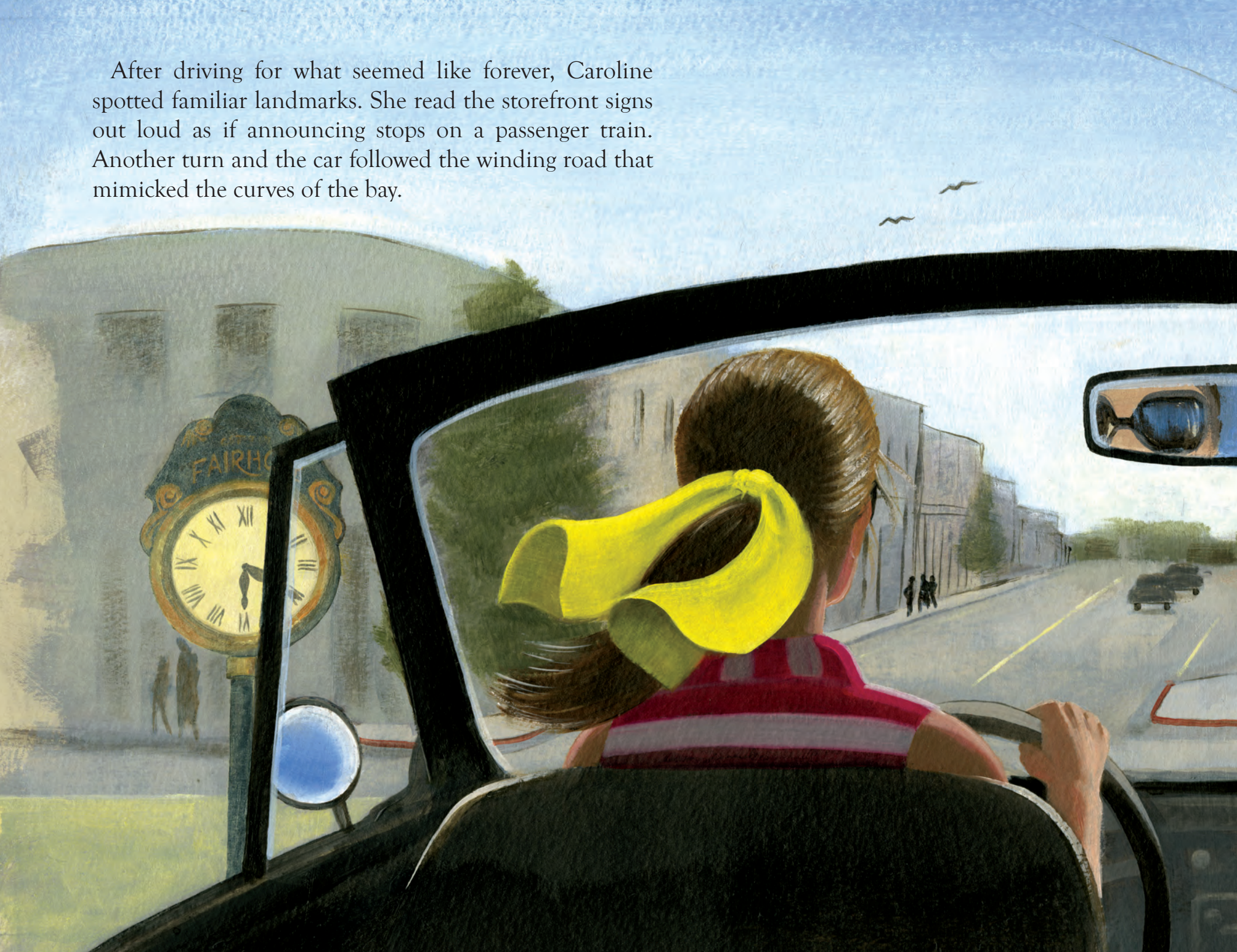
Caroline inhaled deeply and held her breath as her mother drove through the opening of the narrow tunnel. The two-lane tube that was hollowed out beneath the river provided a passageway across the bay for summer travelers. Halfway through the tunnel, red-faced Caroline sputtered out a forced exhale. Her mother smiled, remembering this impossible childhood game of trying to hold your breath from one end of the tunnel to the other.



Breezing across the causeway, Caroline inhaled the warm, muggy air rolling off the bay. She closed one eye and focused with the other through the viewfinder of her camera as they sped past the people fishing along the bank.



After driving for what seemed like forever, Caroline spotted familiar landmarks. She read the storefront signs out loud as if announcing stops on a passenger train. Another turn and the car followed the winding road that mimicked the curves of the bay.



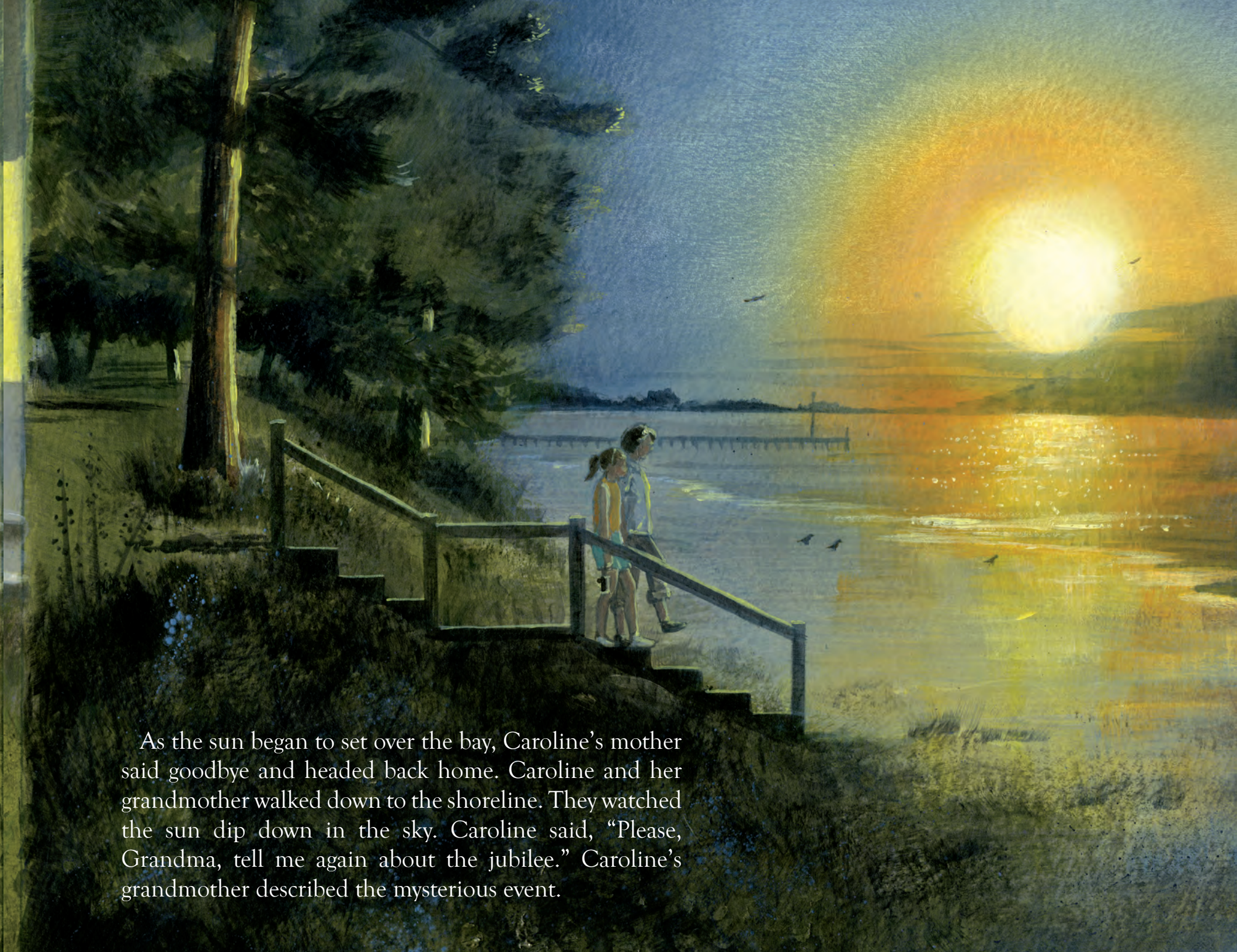


DRUGS

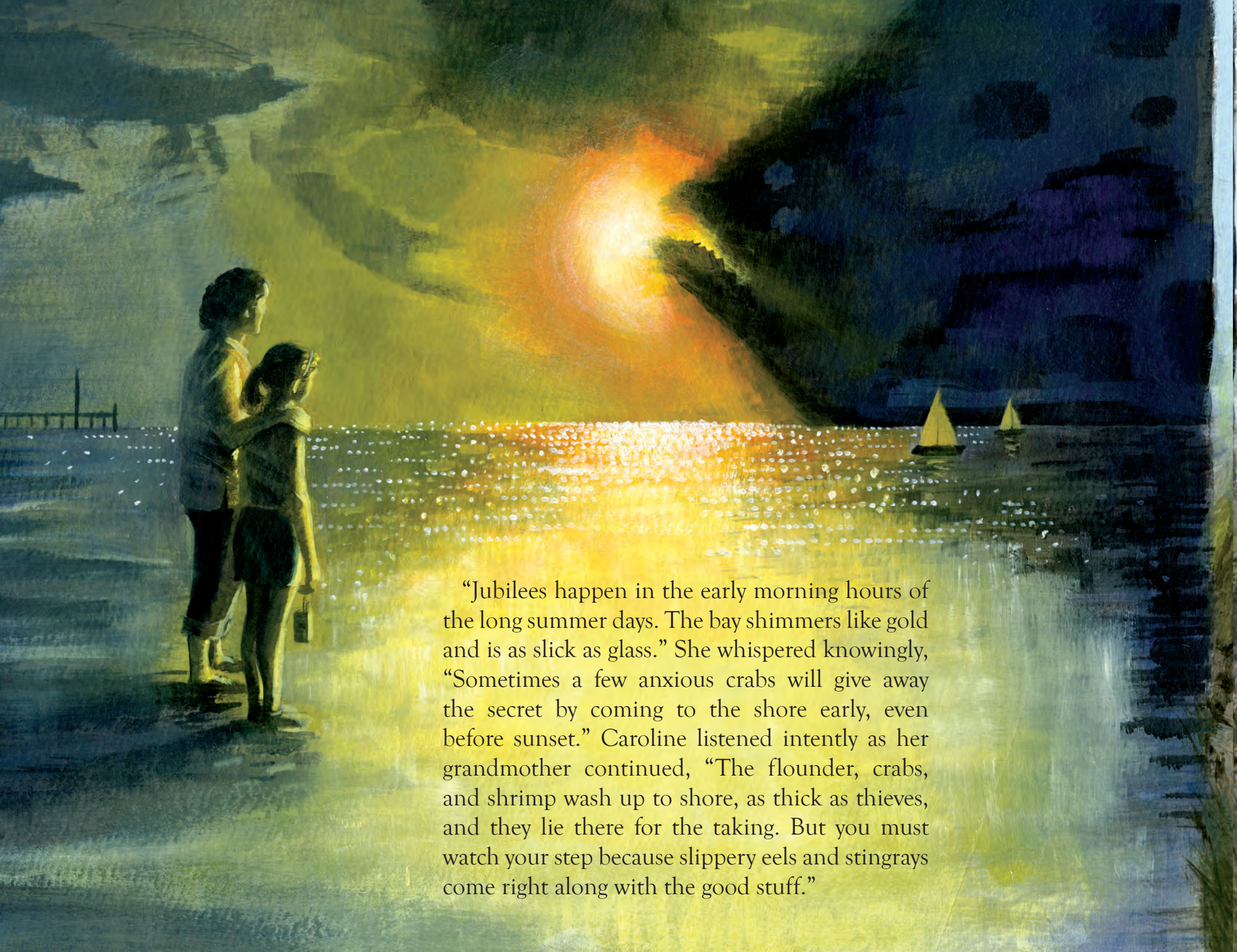
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Finally, the crunching of oyster shells beneath the tires announced their arrival. Caroline jumped from the car and ran to greet her grandmother. She showed off her camera and asked, wide-eyed, “Grandma! Do you think we will have a jubilee this summer?” Her grandmother hugged her, laughed, and steered them into the house to enjoy the supper waiting on the table.



As the sun began to set over the bay, Caroline's mother said goodbye and headed back home. Caroline and her grandmother walked down to the shoreline. They watched the sun dip down in the sky. Caroline said, "Please, Grandma, tell me again about the jubilee." Caroline's grandmother described the mysterious event.



“Jubilees happen in the early morning hours of the long summer days. The bay shimmers like gold and is as slick as glass.” She whispered knowingly, “Sometimes a few anxious crabs will give away the secret by coming to the shore early, even before sunset.” Caroline listened intently as her grandmother continued, “The flounder, crabs, and shrimp wash up to shore, as thick as thieves, and they lie there for the taking. But you must watch your step because slippery eels and stingrays come right along with the good stuff.”

The next morning Caroline woke up early. She was disappointed that there had not been a jubilee the night before but was excited about her plans for the day. After breakfast, she jumped on the rusty bicycle kept in the garage and headed out to visit old friends. The camera hung from the handlebars, bumping Caroline's knee with each turn of the pedals.







First, she visited Newt and Thelma, who owned the local service station. Thelma pried the cap off a cold RC Cola and scooped full a bag of freshly boiled peanuts for Caroline. Out front, Newt filled the bike tires with air. After catching up on the gossip, Caroline asked, "Have you ever seen a jubilee?" Newt and Thelma looked at one another and smiled. "A jubilee is a wingding of a good time!" Thelma exclaimed. Folks watch for signs of the jubilee and then clang backyard dinner bells to alert their neighbors. Friends enjoy each other's company and share what they catch.

Newt joined in, “The party goes on until the sun comes up . . . kind of like Mardi Gras!” Together Newt and Thelma let out a burst of laughter, and Caroline snapped a picture of them with their mouths wide open.

