



Ebb & Flow

Series Bible

A.J. King  
2009

AJ King  
aj@ajking.ca  
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**Ebb & Flow** – Sitcom (30 min)

**CHARACTERS** (10 regulars, 1 recurring, 1 in reference only)

Michael Anderson (30, Caucasian)

Annie Mercer (26, Caucasian)

Ellen Smith (28, Asian-Canadian)

Graham Setter (56, Canadian Aboriginal)

Allison Setter (53, Caucasian)

Benjamin 'Ben' Mitchell (38, Caucasian)

Katelynn Mitchell (33, Caucasian)

Robert Mitchell (71, Caucasian)

Barb Birch (57, Caucasian)

Marty McConnell (67, Caucasian)

Rajeet 'Raj' Singh (30, Indo-Canadian) (recurring)

The Guy at the end of the Dock (40-55, race unknown) (reference only)

**STANDING SET LIST (Interior)**

Floathome x6

Pub

Laundromat

Workshop

**STANDING SET LIST (Exterior)**

Floathome x5

Pub

Laundromat

Dock system

Sailboat

Tugboat (small)

Workshop

Motoryacht (optional)



Michael Anderson (30, Caucasian)

Coming from a modest background, Michael always dreamed big. His father, a mechanic, has been at the same job for the past 26 years while his mother has worked as a school teacher for almost as long. An only child, Michael was always the center of attention when he was younger. He often wondered what having a brother or sister would have been like, and compensated for the lack of siblings with an overactive social life, playing sports and being the life of the party, wherever the party was.

Michael spent the four years after high school on a working vacation, traveling the world as a bartender. His life was full of adventure and pursuit. Living 'off the cuff', Michael explored territory, culture and women... but mostly women. He's got a string of them from Perth to Paris to St. Petersburg. (He and Barb relate as a fellow 'world traveler'; he might have been the type of guy that she would have consorted with 'back in the day'.) Ultimately however, at the behest of his parents, he would return to the Pacific Northwest and attend University.

His first year at University proved difficult. After four years with no commitment or responsibilities, the structured life of University was beginning to feel like a bad fit. Slipping grades and his need to cling to his previous lifestyle led to a crash. While at home for Christmas, a sincere talk with his father forced him to reconsider the direction of his life. Though his parents had always seen his potential, Michael was forever the procrastinator... work was something to be done 'when the party was over'. His parents, who were footing the bill for his education, informed him that the party was 'indeed over', or their financial contributions would stop.

The tough love approach was what he needed. Seeing his parents' hopes for him, and their belief in his potential, the following six months became a transitional time for him as he buckled down and focused his energies into his education, future, and... of course women.

As his proud parents looked on, Michael graduated with an English Degree (with honors), three years later. This led to a job offer with a gossip rag. The magazine wasn't where he saw himself putting his education to use, but it paid *very* well. Within two years he surprised his parents paying back the tuition and financial support by clearing off the balance of their mortgage with the bank. The job itself, however, left much to be desired. Often his words would be found shoved under an image of the celebrity du jour, doing something that may or may not be questionable (depending on the authenticity of the image), or crammed in between a 'This week's best/worst dressed' pictorial and any of a number of random beauty product adverts. Intense deadlines and vapid content left an emptiness in his creative soul. With his debt to his parents repaid, he felt free to leave the job behind and tackle a more rewarding opportunity.

He's moving to a small floathome community, on the outskirts of the city in order to spend a year doing research, then head off to some tropical location to flesh out the 'Great *Canadian* Novel'. Now... if he could just find the right story to write about. The relatively inexpensive floathome option allows him to work as a freelance writer when he needs to, and focus on the novel.

He's constantly dating, but nothing serious because of his firm belief that he'll be moving on after 12 months. He's oblivious to the fact every time the latest in his string of beautiful women arrives, it crushes Annie's heart just a little bit more. He has always been able to read women well, but can't seem to see that she might be the one perfect tree among the forest.

Annie Mercer (26, Caucasian)



Annie moved from Montreal six months ago, and found her floathome through a national rental web listing, a website that she actually built. The move is an attempt at a new life. She's left a string of failed relationships behind in the hopes that maybe the West Coast will offer a different breed of man. She's also happily left all of her family drama thousands of miles away. She is the middle child of seven, and of course, sees herself as the only 'normal' one.

Despite her history, she's still a romantic at heart and still talks on the telephone to her mother every other day. On the outside, she says she does it to 'put her worry-weary mother at ease'. More to the truth is that Annie really does love them, and values the voice on the other end of the phone most of all.

Annie is a graphic designer, often working remotely from home in order to avoid contact with her gossip driven coworkers. She has outgrown the 'grapevine' and is looking for someone who can hold a conversation without saying 'Like, oh my gawd' at the beginning of every sentence. When she's not parked at her desk at home, you'll probably find her on the small porch of her floathome feeding a local family of ducks.

She's single, attractive, and secretly happy that Michael has moved in. She'd like to spend some real time with him and have him see her as a woman, not just a neighbor. As each of Michael's beautiful dates comes and goes from his floathome, she hates the fact that she's disgusted and jealous at the same time. This might be the one thing that she hides from Ellen.

She subscribes to the 'don't sweat the little things' method of cohabitation... which makes living with her eccentric roommate Ellen actually enjoyable.



Ellen Smith (28, Chinese-Canadian)



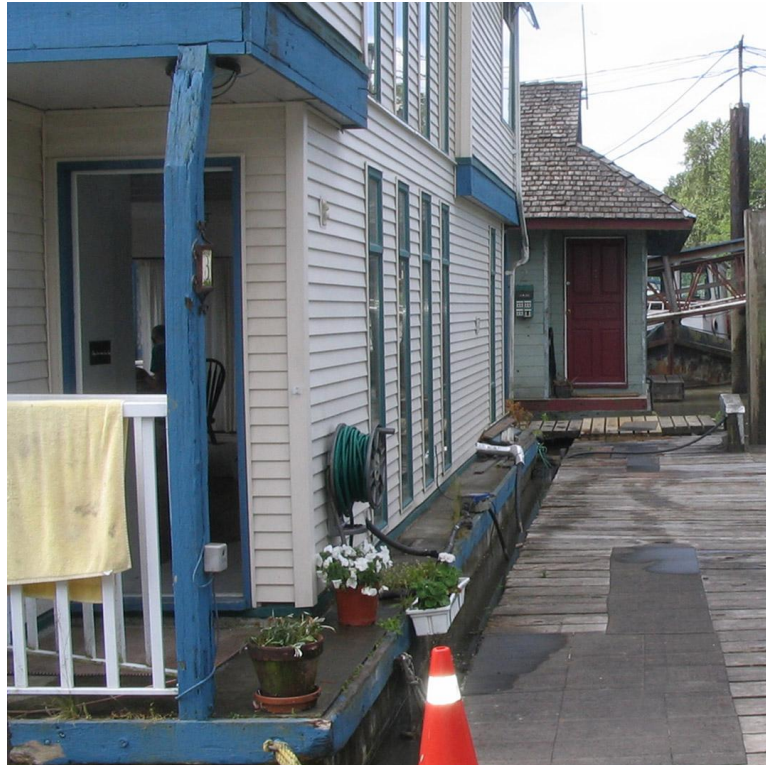
A loveable eccentric, Ellen finds the beauty in all things. Over the past six months of living with Annie, Ellen has become her trusted confidante. They talk openly and honestly about *almost* everything. She jokes about her last name... 'Chang is the Chinese version of Smith', a present from her great-great-grandfather who immigrated to Canada to work on the railway in the 1880's.

She's an artist of all mediums. Making a living as a nail technician allows her to work her own hours, and be creative. Outside of her appointments, she is a hobbyist musician, photographer, painter, and sculptor. She's actually pretty good at all of it too, playing gigs and selling pieces every now and then... all except for the sculpting. Her medium is clay, and everyone that she meets has been given an ashtray. If they don't smoke, she calls it a 'change tray'... something that 'everybody can use in a philosophical way'.

She is a trained, skilled precision driver (with the trophies to prove it); something she took on as a dare from a friend. She did it to prove that 'women can drive'. She stopped after a while because she found herself with an incurable case of road rage... against women drivers. After a few run-ins with local law, she now uses public transit, calling it an 'imposed choice to go greener'.

She's familiar with floathome living and community politics, and does her best to avoid conflict amongst the marina dwellers. She has a cat that spends most of its waking hours stalking Annie's family of ducks. But don't worry, 'She's, is a vegetarian'.

She can be extremely absent-minded or brilliant, depending on the minute. She *might* be a bit of a hypochondriac.



Graham Setter (56, Canadian Aboriginal)



Born and raised in a small Nova Scotia town, Graham grew up with a love for debate. Once he headed off for University, there was little doubt as to what he'd do for a living.

A divorce attorney, Graham is practical and logical. Generally he has a strong point of view, but due to his years in court, he has developed the ability to keep his opinions to himself. For him, feelings don't amount to much because in the end, you'll just be dividing up the empire in a cold, calculating way. And after nearly 30 years of doing just that, he's keep most things close the vest. When it comes to poker, he is not someone that you want to be betting against.

His time at the University of Toronto led to an initial career in corporate law on Bay Street. He found himself overworked and under-stimulated. A friend suggested that he consider switching to civil law, specifically a career as a divorce lawyer... after all, 'divorce will never go out of style'. It proved to be sage advice.

Graham headed out west, and started his own practice. Within a few months, he had two legal assistants and a receptionist working for him. Today, the firm has a full contingent of lawyers, assistants, and support staff. Business has gone so well that he rarely frequents the office and rarer still, the inside of a court room. He regularly plays a round of golf with select local judges, however, just to make sure his firm is still in favor.

Twenty-six years ago, he was introduced to a beautiful woman named Allison at a cocktail party. They hit it off immediately... until after a few dates each found out what the other did for a living. Despite her career choice, this would be one of the rare times that Graham would let his feelings out. He popped the question, and they've been married ever since. He's joked that 'Every time I threaten to divorce her, she says she'll sign the papers, only if we have a chat first', and then she proceeds to talk him back into the relationship. He'd never actually leave her. She allows him to feel things vicariously, letting him maintain his stoic façade. She's the yin to his yang. By now, they've long settled in to the 'routine of married life', so much so that they can ignore each other without either party getting offended.

A year ago, his house was burned to the ground, and the arsonist was never found. It was a turning point for Graham. He'd always felt a tinge of guilt when assets were unevenly split, but the tinge increased tenfold when a parent lost access to their children. This proved to be a double edged sword: children should be protected from an unfit parent, but often in the heat of battle, unsubstantiated rumors become skewed facts and good people lose their rights to see their kids. One such mother had just lost everything. Most people suspect that this previously rational woman, this caring mother of two, was so distraught that she set the fire out of blind frustration. Though a suspect, she was never charged in the matter. Graham never pursued it. Since that case, Graham has semi-retired. It is also the reason that they live in the marina; partly to hide out, partly out of necessity.

He spends most of his time working on an old boat that is more about keeping busy than actually finishing the restoration.

Allison Setter (53, Caucasian)



At 53, Allison is as lighthearted, warm and more maternal than ever. Never having kids of her own, she plays ‘mother hen’ to those in her orbit. Part of this comes naturally. Part of it is her career as a counselor... specifically, a marriage counselor. She regularly refers to her own marriage as an example of what is possible if people are willing to communicate, with understanding. This, of course, does nothing for Graham’s line of work. She is well respected in her field and is often called away to lecture at conferences.

Michael’s desire to write a novel has given Allison the inspiration to write one of her own on what is needed for successful, true interpersonal relationships (It will eventually become a best-seller).

She is a true people-watcher; an ‘observer of interaction’, though outside of Graham, she’s reluctant to give unsolicited advice, believing that people have the right to make their own choices and learn from their own mistakes. If the advice is solicited, she is more than willing to drop everything and give you her full attention. Of course, whenever this advice (solicited or otherwise) is directed at Graham, he does as he’s told for fear of a two hour conversation deconstructing his ‘feelings’ on the given matter.

While Graham was affected by their house burning to the ground, Allison was disheartened by the loss of the items within it. Since they didn’t have any children, all of their keepsakes were of the two of them. She felt that now, they would have to rebuild all of those memories. It was Graham’s stoicism that helped her through, offering that starting over isn’t always a bad thing.

She can be melodramatic at times, but with a deep breath, she can gather herself, and rely on her training.



Benjamin 'Ben' Mitchell (38, Caucasian)

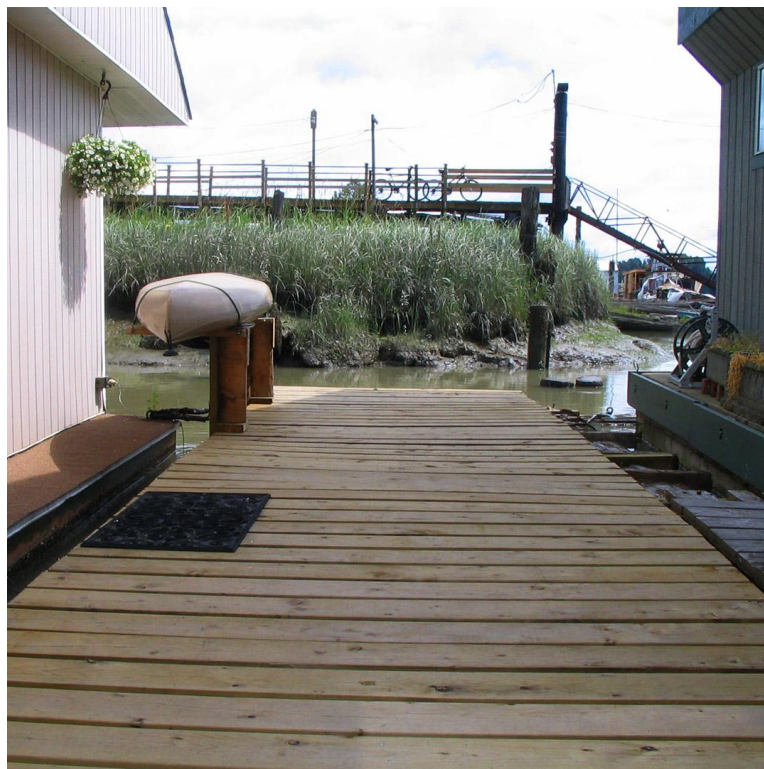


For most of his thirty-eight years, Ben was a true 'flatlander', born and raised in Eston, Saskatchewan, a small town in the middle of the southern prairies. Every once in a while he feels a bit homesick, longing for waves of golden wheat instead of the liquid version on the coast. The subtle loll of the floathome is still slightly unnerving to his terra firma senses. He's told his wife many times that 'in his dreams, he gets seasick', something he playfully exploits in order to keep her in a state of perpetual blackmail (a fact rendered null since the arrival of his father, Robert). In truth, he'd follow Katelynn to the middle of the open ocean during a winter storm just to sit next to her, out of blind love. And because of this, Katelynn wears the pants in the relationship. He has attempted many of Katelynn's water hobbies. He is slowly coming around, and even managed to have fun while scuba diving with her.

His dog is named Fillian... Fillian is scared of water, so much so that despite his size the mere sight of a garden hose causes him to shrivel.

Ben worked as a landscaper on the prairies, but the long, cold winters and short, blistering summers made the job an 'all or nothing' venture. He came to the Pacific coast for the milder winters, and a chance to even out his work year. He started his company and gradually collected more and more private property contracts, as happy clients told their friends and neighbors. Ultimately, he's still hoping to land a big apartment complex where he can spend more of his time *doing* the work, rather than spending most of his time *getting* to work sites. That is the one thing that stands out for him the most. In Eston, you'd be lucky if you passed another car on the main roads, because there is simply nobody around for miles. Here, you're lucky if you get to pass another car, but for entirely different reasons.

To counter his hesitation with moving to a water based house, Katelynn used his own job as a selling point for the whole floathome lifestyle: after a full day of landscaping, there is no yard work to do at home!



*Katelynn Mitchell (33, Caucasian)*



While her husband is a land lover, Katelynn lives an aquatic life. A former competitive diver, she currently teaches swimming lessons to youngsters at the local pool. She is a true West Coaster; in love with the outdoors, hiking, kayaking, surfing on Vancouver Island's outer coast, and scuba diving.

She is thrilled that Ben is at least willing to try things with her. She knows that sometimes she's asking a lot, and she knows that he's doing it all for her. It makes her love him even more. She won't push him, realizing that he'll need to overcome his preconceptions and inhibitions at his own pace. Scuba diving is one of her passions, and at least for now, Ben seems to be along for the ride.

She'd never move away from the coast. If there ain't waves nearby, she ain't interested. She and Ben have lived at the marina for three of their four married years. The three of them (her, Ben and Fillian) lived a quiet life until last year when Ben's father came to visit... permanently.

She knows that she wears the pants in the relationship, but rarely plays that card... rarely.

She's supportive, tender and pretty, the kind of girl that every guy would love to marry.



Robert Mitchell (71, Caucasian)

Robert, a retired heavy equipment (farming) salesman, has been on his own since his wife (Ben's mother Sandra) divorced him eight years ago for another man, Quentin Lowell III. Lowell was a media tycoon and offered the 'grass is greener' life that Sandra had always dreamed of. Her marriage to Lowell lasted just 18 months, and thanks to the services of the Setter Law Firm, Quentin's total settlement paid to Sandra was less than his final bill for the lawyer's fees. It is a fact that significantly amuses Robert (and will lead to a bond of friendship between himself and Graham).

During the next year, Robert spent a lot of time alone. He started forgetting things, physically slowing, and after a fall, those around him convinced him to move into a retirement home for fulltime care. Initially opposed to the idea, he eventually came to love the place. After his year alone, this care home offered plenty of people to pester and harass for his own amusement. Last fall, he arrived on Ben and Katelynn's doorstep with one bag. It was never clear whether he left of his own accord, or if the staff at the care home had given the 'old bastard' the boot.

He plays up the conspiratorial paranoia whenever he can. The world is 'out to get him'. Katelynn knows that this is all an act. She sees the playful child inside of him, and loves him to death. He in turn runs interference for her with Ben, a fact that is a never-ending source of friction between the three of them. He loves Katelynn like the daughter he never had, and becomes surprisingly lucid when he's on her own with her.

Katelynn gave him a gift; a fishing pole. It was as much a gesture of friendship as it was something to keep him out of Ben's hair. More often than not, you'll find Robert fishing at the end of the dock, Fillian by his side (wearing a lifejacket). When he's not there, you'll find the pole sticking out of the small round window to his room, a line running to the water below. He has no intention of eating anything he catches in this murky water, but the sport of 'man vs. fish' is enough for him to keep at it.

His history with heavy equipment gives him and Marty a base for friendship. He can appreciate Marty's excavator calling it the 'Old Girl' and waxing nostalgic: 'They sure don't make 'em like they used to, do they?'

Robert recently lost his best friend and fishing partner, Gerry. At 71, Robert knows that he's had a lot of good years and is pragmatic about his own death. He's just relaxing, hanging out until he sees the white light.



Barb Birch (57, Caucasian)

At 57, Barb has a lifelong connection with the sea. She was adopted as an infant by an East Coast family of fishermen. As a teenager, Barb spent her summers working as a deckhand on the family fishing boat. As the only female on board, and not a blood relation, she made sure to work extra hard to prove herself as a valuable member of the crew and the family. By the end of her first season, this young woman had earned the respect of both, as well as many other boat captains in the area, by sheer reputation.

Being adopted was something that continued to haunt her, deep inside. She always loved her parents, but felt that *something* was missing in her soul. So, after four summers of working, she had saved enough money to buy her own vessel, a sailboat called the 'Distant Shore'. For the next twenty years, that is where she was aimed. Never in one place long, she was always headed just beyond the horizon. It was a life adrift.

She spent two whole decades searching for that *something*. She would criss-cross the seven seas many times over, seeing things that most people can only imagine. You know the instant you meet her that she's harbored a few sailors in her days, but was never able to find one willing to be her 'first mate'. There's a sadness to her; a sense that while she was out searching for validation or acceptance or a place to really belong, the world went on without her and she's been slightly out of step ever since she came back. Despite her travels, this marina has proven to be the closest thing she has come to finding her 'place in the world'.

Now, many years later, she has spent the majority of her life in solitude. It has led to a 'rough around the edges' demeanor, though if you can get past the exterior, you'll find a heart of gold. If she spots you, you're in for a conversation based on an event pulled out of the archives. As she reaches further back, you're likely to hear the same story that you heard last time, but each time it is told, the latest version gets embellished just a little more. The events of that twenty year span becoming more and more idealized with each new telling.

Because she's lived in this marina for so long now, and because she and Marty get along so well, Barb has become the de facto historian of the dock... and the gossip queen.

She still lives on the 'Distant Shore', though now it is strictly the weathered hull, not the figurative next port of call.



Marty McConnell (67, Caucasian)

Marty is an old sea salt. He and his wife Beatrice (deceased) are true soul mates and he misses her dearly. He often consults 'Bea' when he is alone, speaking to her as if she were right there beside him. When she was alive 'God rest her soul', there was no challenge too great or small that they couldn't overcome together.

He's spent the last 60+ years earning the calluses on his hands. With Bea's unwavering support, Marty built this whole marina by hand some 25 years ago. Since his wife's passing, Marty has retired and moved to terra firma. He still hangs around the docks though, maintaining the walkways as a hobby, replacing the occasional rotted plank with brand new ones, creating an odd pattern of renewal; of the 'new' gradually overtaking the 'old'.

In honor of Bea, Marty has kept their original floathome in its original shape, just how she liked it. Whenever he feels lonely, he spends some quiet time reflecting in their floating home, just to reconnect. Each anniversary Marty pours a four finger, fine scotch for himself and a snifter of apricot brandy for Bea. He enjoys his scotch, then pours the Bea's brandy into the harbor with a simple question: 'Have I told you that I love you today?'

Always amiable and easygoing, there's a hint of a naughty streak. This is where he and Robert connect, trading hushed stories like they are secret members in a 'league of guilty pranksters'. He also spends a fair bit of time talking with Barb. They both have a love of the sea, and can relate. Their relationship is one of camaraderie and innocent flirtation.

When he isn't working on the needs of the marina, you'll probably find him in the cab of his full-sized excavator. He's got it parked on a 500sqft patch of prime waterfront real estate a short distance from the dock ramp. What was once a machine of work has become a machine of play and he'll spend hours each day driving, digging, and filling in the same holes over and over in utter bliss. His other toy is a small tugboat named 'Little Bea'. It is always moored among the floathomes.



Rajeet 'Raj' Singh (30, Indo-Canadian)

Raj's father was an astute business man. He had managed to scrape enough money together to buy the building next to the marina and divided it up into a pair of businesses. The first would be a nautical themed pub while the second was a coin-operated Laundromat. While the Laundromat basically ran itself, the pub needed staff. As soon as he was old enough to count out the correct change, Raj was put to work. (The latest addition is a pair of computers for patrons to go online. Raj would never tell his father that he doesn't charge for the service. He has also added a mailbox service for the people living in the marina.)

When the businesses finally had enough equity, his father pooled the money with other families, and invested in a real estate development. The gamble paid off at the height of the housing market boom. His father retired to enjoy his pre-twilight years and with Raj's mother, the pair set off to have grand adventures around the world. Raj has been left the businesses to run, and it's the only help his son will get because his father believes, as many do, that a man must 'earn his holdings in this world', and that Rajeet has earned exactly (if not a little less than) what he has received.

Raj is actually successful in his own right. Four years ago, he started a small web based company that he runs from a laptop from the corner of the bar in the pub. He would tell his parents that he's done really well for himself, but they wouldn't understand the business even if he explained what he actually did for the money. Moreover, he doesn't want to embarrass his siblings who have yet to find their own fortunes.

Raj is looking to move out, now that his siblings are old enough to mind themselves and the family home. He would always make time for his two younger sisters and the youngest of the family, his brother, if they needed it. His parents are rarely more than a static-filled phone call from some distant country. When his mother talks, he is happy to hear that they're safe and having fun (though she's always 'just met a girl for him'). When his father gets on the line, talk turns to the business and he starts reminding him to 'turn off the back light' or other little menial things that Raj has done all his working life, 'to save money'.

Raj is a huge soccer and cricket fan. The others in the pub don't quite understand either game; they don't understand the fanaticism of 'football' fans, and they just can't wrap their heads around the rules to cricket. At any rate, this little pub has become a sort of Mecca when a major game in either sport is being played. Due to the geographic location of the games played, that often means loud cheering in the middle of the night. It's a disturbance that the marina folk aren't thrilled about, but most of them like him well enough to put up with it.

He loves to play up his Indo ancestry when speaking to ignorant people. He doesn't hold it against them, but doesn't excuse them either.

The 'Guy' at the end of the Dock (40-55, nobody knows for sure...)

The guy at the end of the dock is simply known as 'Guy'. They've never seen him, don't know his real name, and don't know what he does for a living. According to Barb's scuttlebutt, he's a secret agent, a criminal who's hiding out, an insane shut-in, a workaholic stock broker, a vampire... or maybe his floathome is hollowed out to house a submarine, and that's how he comes and goes. Her fanciful speculations change on any given day.

Guy's only interaction with the members of the community is done through a series of notes. When they need an answer to a communal question, they slip a note through the mail slot in his door. When he needs to respond, he slides a note out of the slot beside his front door, and the note falls into a small box affixed to the outer wall of his floathome. He *only answers questions when his vote will affect the community*, and never, ever answers personal questions. The closest he's come to answering such a question is a polite denial to join them for a dock BBQ or party. And it is always the same: "Thank you for the invitation, however, I must graciously decline."

His moorage was paid for by an intermediary leasing company, and paid up front for fifteen years. That was ten years ago. The floathome itself is registered to a company based out of a Caribbean tax haven country. Occasionally, a delivery boy will place a box of groceries on his small porch, which is dragged inside through a sizable doggy-door by a pole with a hook on the end. The delivery boy always finds an envelope with cash waiting for him in the note box attached to the wall. The process offers no chance for communication or personal interaction. The delivery boy has no interest either... he does his job, collects the money (which always includes a sizable tip) and leaves. He doesn't want to bite the hand that feeds him, so he's not willing to risk having his happy regular client go sour just to satisfy the community's curiosity.



## ENVIRONMENT

### Interaction

Not quite land, not quite sea, the floathome life can sometimes offer the best of both worlds. Every marina becomes a small community unto itself, a microcosm of people from all walks of life, drifting for all manner of reasons. Yet this eclectic mix can all relate to each other through their common bond, 'We are not *them*. This lifestyle is our little secret.'

As with any micro-community, individual personalities struggle to shine through, be it the 'Master of My Domain', the 'Ostrich' who buries his head in the sand at the first sign of trouble, or the loose-lipped 'Instigator' who through gossip knows more about you than you do even before you shake their hand.

Despite competing and compelling personalities, this dysfunctional group functions, as a unit. They have little respect for land-dwellers and absolutely none for those living in the other marina next door. We don't know why they are at odds, but it is clear that they *are* at odds. When speaking of the other marina, there is an air of a generations long battle between the 'us' and 'those people'... as if the 200ft of waterfront separating them makes a difference to anyone but those living within either marina. This snapshot of civilization carries the same trivial differences and intolerance afforded to entire countries of similar lineages that border each other today. (Humanity contained within borders, it seems, will always be at war with those on the other side of the border.)

Communication between the marina's and their upstream neighbors is often left to a note that they let drift on down. It's a convenient method for 'Marina Up' to lob insults at our marina because we can't respond, as the river current only travels one way.

### The Physical World

The dock is itself is a mixture of weather worn planks interspersed with the odd brand new one. The water is full of silt, a gift from the river banks slowly eroding further upstream. The floathomes – not *house boats* – are in various state of repair and all are built in different styles. Some carry nautical themes, as one would expect. Others have a 'land lover's' flair, including window sill planters and hanging baskets, and other potted plants. These fixtures are excused by the nautical themed residents because they know that no matter how many plants you pepper your floathome with, it's still a floating home.

All have modern amenities, such as full electric and water supplied. Some have portable oil furnaces; others have wood pellet stoves (it is generally considered unwise to burn actual wood on a boat). All pull against their moorings with a subtle bobbing motion on ripples of the river.

Space is at a premium within the floathome and the practicality of nautical influence plays a major part in the interiors. Cabinets are fixed and firm, doors often slide into the door jam rather than swing out into the room. Every trick learned by veterans of the sea is put into practice in an effort to use the space as efficiently as possible.

### Wildlife

Waterfowl nest and roost in the reeds and grasses along the shore. Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cranes and their young are the ever-present freeloading occupants of the marina. River Otters make their

presence known by the dwindling number of ducklings. Raccoons are as much of a nuisance here, as anywhere else. The odd Beaver drifts on through.

Above the murky, silt filled water, the fish are rarely seen... but you can hear them breaking the surface to dine on insects. At night, Bats streak across the surface of the water in the low light, hunting what the fish have missed during the day. Spiders spin their webs throughout the marina, anywhere there is an open span. If you've been the first person up the ramp in the morning, then you have become acutely aware of what a spider in the face feels like, when you're still half asleep.