THE SUN SALUTES YOU

C. Everard Palmer
Coming home

Mike Johnson watched the vertex of the arrow-straight road rush up to him. He was doing a steady forty. The engine sounded good and smoothly efficient, and his rear view mirror pleased him with a picture of dust, a boiling dust cloud which the vehicle created. Since four o’clock that morning he had been on the road, driving from Kingston to Hanover, about a hundred-and-thirty-mile run. For its coolness and its dearth of traffic he gloried in morning travel. So far he had done well, enjoying plain sailing, stopping once at Santa Cruz, where he had topped up his petrol tank from portable containers in the back. And now, now at nine in the sunny morning, he was almost home.

This was Glasgow he was passing through, a sugar cane district about a mile and a half or so east of home, and the arrow-straight stretch of road was nicknamed Long Lane. On both sides of the road were fields of sugar cane prime for reaping, their leaves burnt with January’s merciless sun and their arrows, their Christmas flowers, flagged by winds and robbed of tassels.

It was a good time to be arriving, he thought. There would be work for his truck – work transporting sugar canes. By all reckoning the sugar cane harvest was just under way. It was