

The stay in Dangriga was quite interesting. Dangriga is located south of Belize City, near the Cockscomb Jaguar Preserve.

There were five of us in the party, so the two men stayed in one room and the three women stayed in an adjoining room, as both rooms were on the second floor overlooking the Gulf of Mexico it was quite a view.

Most of the accommodations in Belize are on a level of what they were in the states in the 50's, so luxury is entirely out of the question.

By the time we had checked in and unpacked it was time for dinner, noticing that imported beer was on the menu and being quite thirsty, we decided to splurge and ordered imported beer, not asking what kind it was.

Lo' and behold, the much coveted imported beer turned out to be Carling Black Label! I can't believe we just gave \$4.00 a bottle for Carling Black Label!

Let this be a lesson to you, ASK!

Sunday dawned bright and sunny with storm clouds on the horizon. This was to be a day to relax on South Caye, a forty-five minute boat ride away.

As we finished breakfast, I noticed large storm clouds forming in the direction of South Caye, it was about the same time I saw the boat that we would be traveling in, a real luxury liner, about fifteen feet long with a five horsepower Sears motor on the back.

Putting two and two together, I was not getting four, plus the driver looked to be all of fifteen. So I asked him if it was safe to travel in that storm, he replied with the normal Belize nonchalant answer, "no worries, Mon."

Putting our trust where it probably shouldn't have been, the eight of us, five tourists and two Mayas, our driver and guide, along with the boat pilot, all boarded the small boat.

We hadn't gone fifteen minutes when we were swallowed up by the most God Awful storm I have ever seen!

Suddenly among a torrential downpour, we had encountered ten foot seas; The Sea was tossing us like a bunch of cookies in a drunken sailor's stomach.

We all began bailing water from the boat, with whatever we had, cups, hats, shoes, etc., about six inches of water had accumulated in the bottom of the boat, we were barely keeping up Mother Nature!

Again I could see the morning newspaper headlines, "Five Gringos lost at Sea!"

Sitting on one of the benches, I immediately took off my poncho and covered my camera bag that contained several thousand dollars of equipment. It would be easier and less expensive to dry me out than all those expensive cameras.

Through it all, our loyal boat captain was standing in the back of the boat, hanging onto the throttle and guiding us to our destination as though nothing was wrong!

After probably fifteen minutes of this we were out of the storm and approaching South Caye, although there were storm clouds all around us, the day was spent snorkeling and swimming in perfect cloudless, sun filled weather.