Li Po, this is your invite to the Prop Stop, a honky-tonk unreachable except by boat where we’d tether to a buoy and then, barefoot or in flip-flops, tightrope across a rug of skiffs, two weekenders not looking for trouble but ready to battle any slurs the hicks unleash.

I keep samurai toothpicks and wine on hand, though little news and nothing but wild company brave the drawbridge to visit this distant post—only a den of armadillos and dime-sized frogs that answer to your moon. Once a man broke through my yard with a wild turkey over his shoulder, but he didn’t stop to talk. I later heard he was some houseboat squatter come ashore who uprooted a travel trailer, leaving behind an acre of shipyard squalor, red clay getaway and all. Which reminds me—lose the topknot and wear an orange vest. It’s bow season, and I fear a wild pig, or worse, will discover you sleeping off pink zinfandel in the palmettos. Always travel at night, in a swarm of mist. If you send word, I’ll take the four-wheeler and meet you at the property line.