

Suspending the Disbelief

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Marjorie Stoneman Douglas



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Keeping Florida in Mind

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings



The Yearling



"The April sky was framed by the tawny sand and the pines. It was as blue as his homespun shirt, dyed with Grandma Hutto's indigo. Small clouds were stationary, like bolls of cotton. As he watched, the sunlight left the sky a moment and the clouds were gray."

Carl Hiassen



Skink

"A few turtle people were scouting the shoreline, wagging their flashlights. . .The first thing you notice is the flipper tracks leading up from the water's edge. Loggerheads, hawksbills and green turtles leave trenches like a mini-dune buggy when they drag their heavy shells across the sand."



Patrick Smith



Land Remembered

"Mist seeped through the woods like smoke, and the ground was damp with a thin covering of dew. Squirrels barked constantly as they scurried from their nests and bounded off through tree limbs, jumping from tree to tree, starting a daily circus which would continue until they went back to the nests in mid-morning to rest."



Marjorie Stoneman Douglas



The Everglades River of Grass

"The miracle of the light pours over the green and brown expanse of saw grass and of water, shining and slow-moving below, the grass and water that is the meaning and the central fact of the Everglades. It is a river of grass."

**Clarissa
Thomasson**



**Forgotten
Florida**

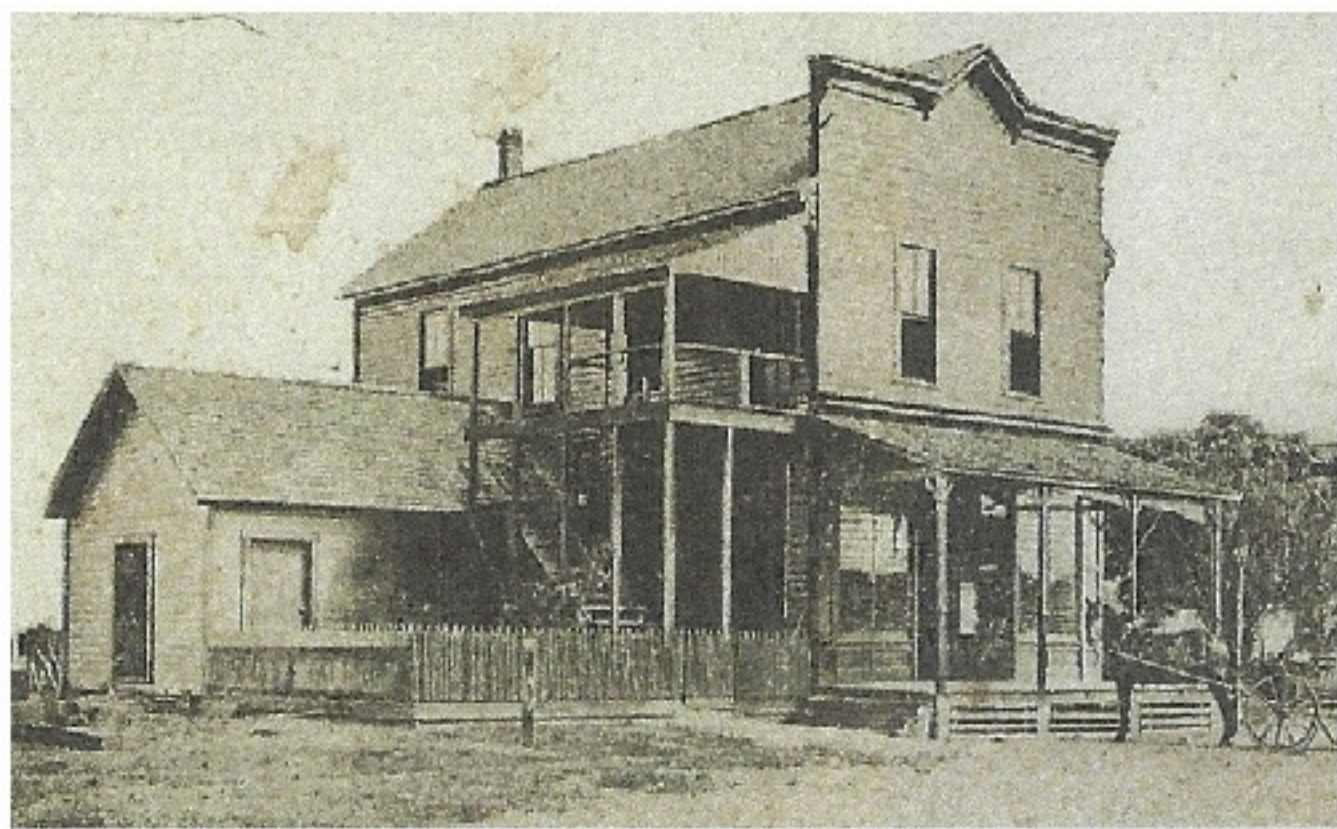
"As they rounded the island and headed north, the waves quieted to a gentle roll, which brought the quiet turquoise sea to life with a brilliant border of fine sand and seashells. A flock of pure white ibis emerged from the distant mangroves to settle on the nearby beach near a large colony of bright coral flamingos picking along the tide line."



The truth of the river is the grass. They call it 'saw grass.' Yet in the botanical sense it is not grass at all so much as a fierce ancient cutting sedge. It is one of the oldest of the green growing forms in this world.

As the event began, over a hundred Miccosukee men entered in full regalia. "That's the rattlesnake dance," McCall whispered. "They've been practicing all week out here. . . ." As the men exited the central stage, several more men ran into the ring--followed by a group of Miccosukee women--their colorful layered skirts swirling to the beat of drummers."



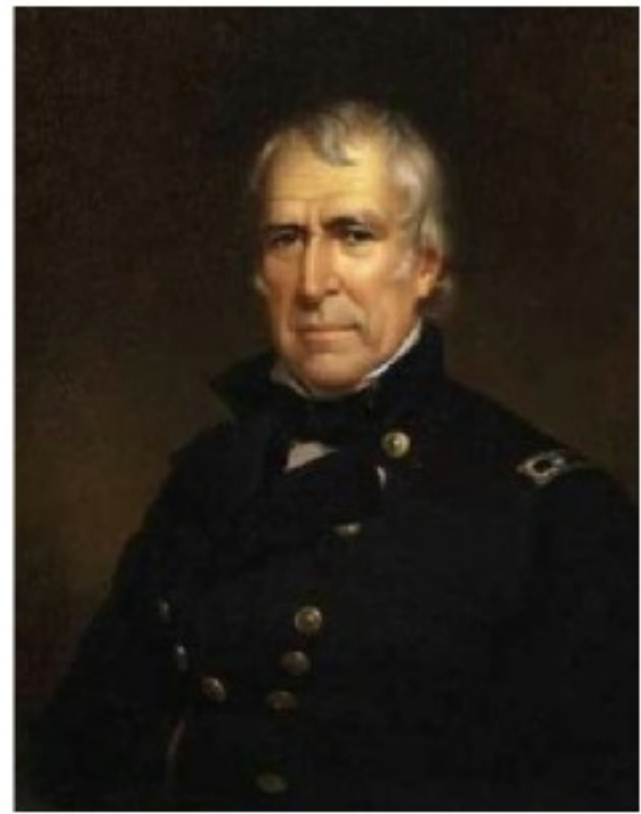


"It took Tobias eight days to make his way down the west bank of the St. John's to the trading post and then through the woods to his homestead. Along the way he scrounged whatever he could find to eat."

"As I was peering at the spot where the soda straw had been, the turtle nest basically exploded. A full-grown man shot upright in a spray of sand. Built like a grizzly, he was coughing and swearing and spitting through a long, caked beard. On his chiseled block of a head he wore (I swear) a flowered plastic shower cap. Even weirder, his left eye and right eye were pointed in totally different directions."



Having known Dade many years ago when--while stationed at Fort Brooke--Dade had led two successful raids to quell Seminole uprisings, Tresca was nonetheless aware that Osceola had not forgotten either episode and had sworn revenge on the major. Tresca had been relieved when Dade had been established last year as the army commander at Key West, which was removed by its island position from any Seminole activity."



"There is no more Punta Rassa as you knew it," Toby Cypress said, his eyes reflecting sadness. "It is all gone, Sol, just as Lake Okeechobee as we once knew it is gone, and the custard apple forest is gone, and the bald cypress trees are gone. You are trying to capture the fog, and no one can do that."



"The trail will not be too cold, Pa? Reckon he won't be gone too fur yonder to ketch up with him. He'll be fur yonder, but we got a heap better chancet o' ketchin' up with him, do we let him take it easy and give him time to lay up."

"I think the men with whom you spoke are mistaken about the area," Lorenzo began timidly.

"And do you personally know this area?" Brooke asked--turning to Lorenzo as he determined who was speaking.

"I've just spent several months in that area," Lorenzo nodded. "And I must tell you it is owned by a man named Robert Hackley."

