

"Bermuda Triangle"

by

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The day couldn't have been more perfect. We toured the island in a quaint horse-drawn carriage with fringe. We took pictures of each other peeking through thick stands of bamboo, then shopped for crystal and warm Irish woolens. After swimming in the ocean and tennis, my husband and I were looking forward to a relaxing supper in the company of good friends.

The long table stretched out before us. Crystal water goblets sparkled in the brilliance of our elegant party. High-backed chairs were all around the "captain's" table in the gourmet dining room of [Bermuda's](#) very own Southampton Princess Hotel. And we all had so much to talk about.

The conversation ran the gamut. There were stories of daring moped rides down winding flower-lined streets, the exotic trumpet flowers, the English accents, the large ships. I told how I had become so carried away during a

boat ride, that I had photographed a man's bare foot, which he had propped up on the railing of our tour boat deck.

Our congenial group of computer people and their spouses were comfortably nestled in voluminous leather chairs enjoying the jumbo fresh shrimp cocktail. (This was indeed "Fantasy Island" in real terms - Bermuda, IBM Golden Circle-style, where the crew of your tour boat suddenly drops the ropes and becomes a popular calypso band, ready to play their latest hit record.)

My husband headed the table in the largest most luxurious chair of all. He, like the venerable host in a Dickens novel, presided.

At that moment, a rather well dressed man approached our table from somewhere back in the darkened recesses of the room. Instantly all talking stopped; all eyes were upon the "intruder." What? He wanted to buy my husband's chair. And now he was offering \$100.00! I could see that the others were siding with a trade.

Surprised and upset at my own emotional response to this request, I hissed frantically, "Never." This man was spoiling my memory of this unique evening. Not even for \$100.00... the embarrassment of hawking off one's chair.

I simply glared at the poor man - he backed away realizing that his request was unreasonable. He retreated to his ungainly inadequate folding chair and his smaller party of three sympathetic friends. Our dinner conversation resumed amidst rollicking laughter.

"Why didn't you go through with it?" they all wanted to know. My husband answered calmly with great dignity, "You can't sell your chair in the finest restaurant in the Southampton Princess." And I firmly defended him saying, "In Bermuda, it's just not done."