

They were at the end of their journey, the southernmost point of the United States, where Florida begins and ends.

With its narrow streets, its tropical gardens and its colonial houses, the place had something timeless about it. They parked the Thunderbird on the seafront and had a short walk on the beach before going to a little café where the elders were used to meeting. They had an appointment with Roberto Cruz, Ilena's uncle, an old inhabitant of the island who had been Hemingway's odd-job man when the great writer (had) stayed in Key West in the Thirties. Since then, the city had bought the house to make a museum of it and Roberto acted as caretaker.

He lived in a little outbuilding just beside the master's house and insisted on Elliot and Ilena staying with him rather than at a hotel. The two young people agreed and followed him to their destination.

"Welcome to Hemingway's place!" he said.