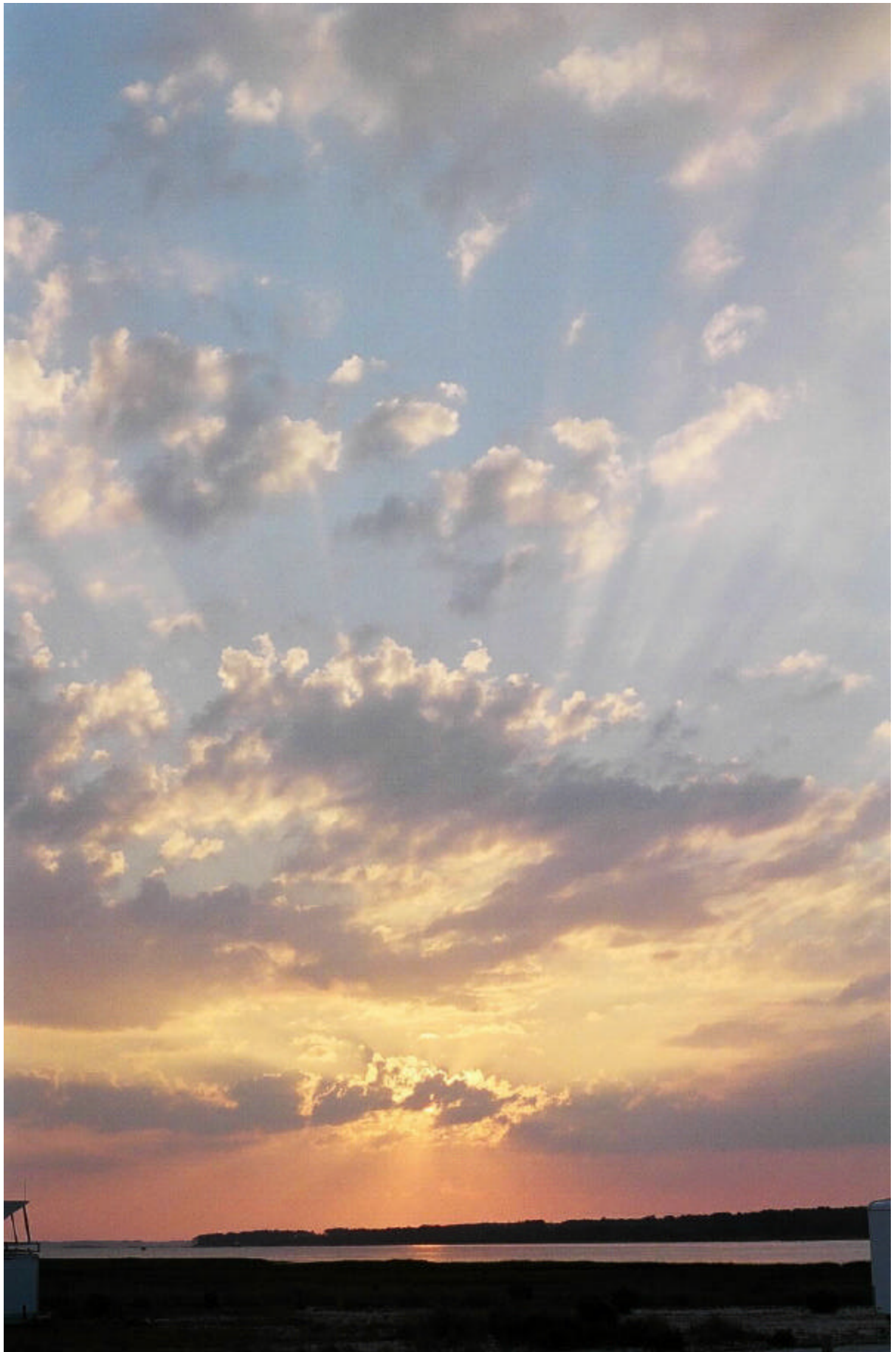


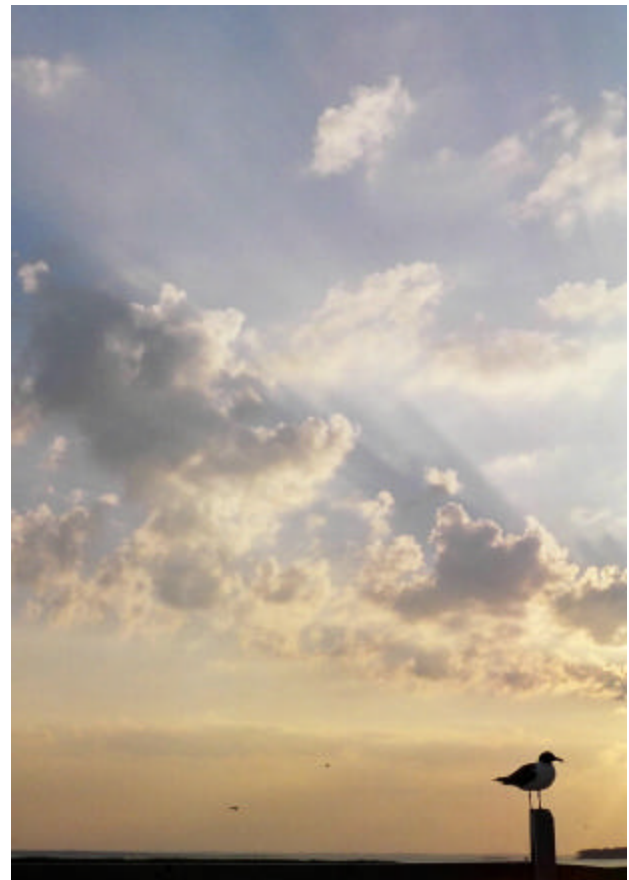
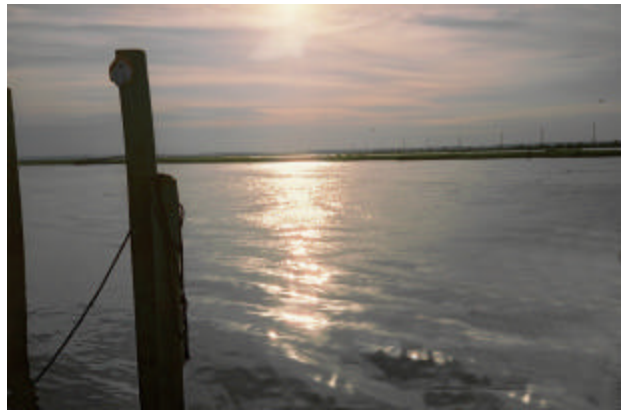
beachtrek 2005

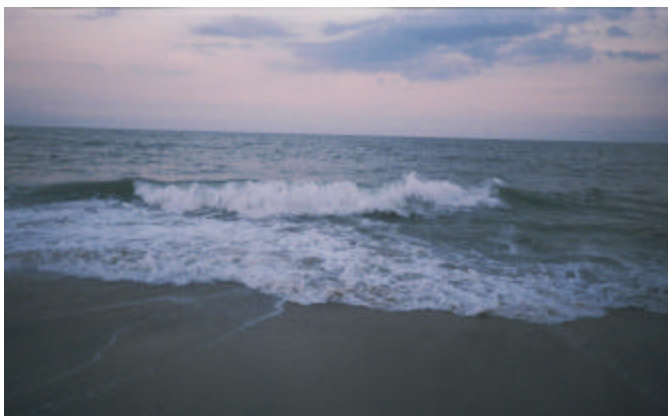
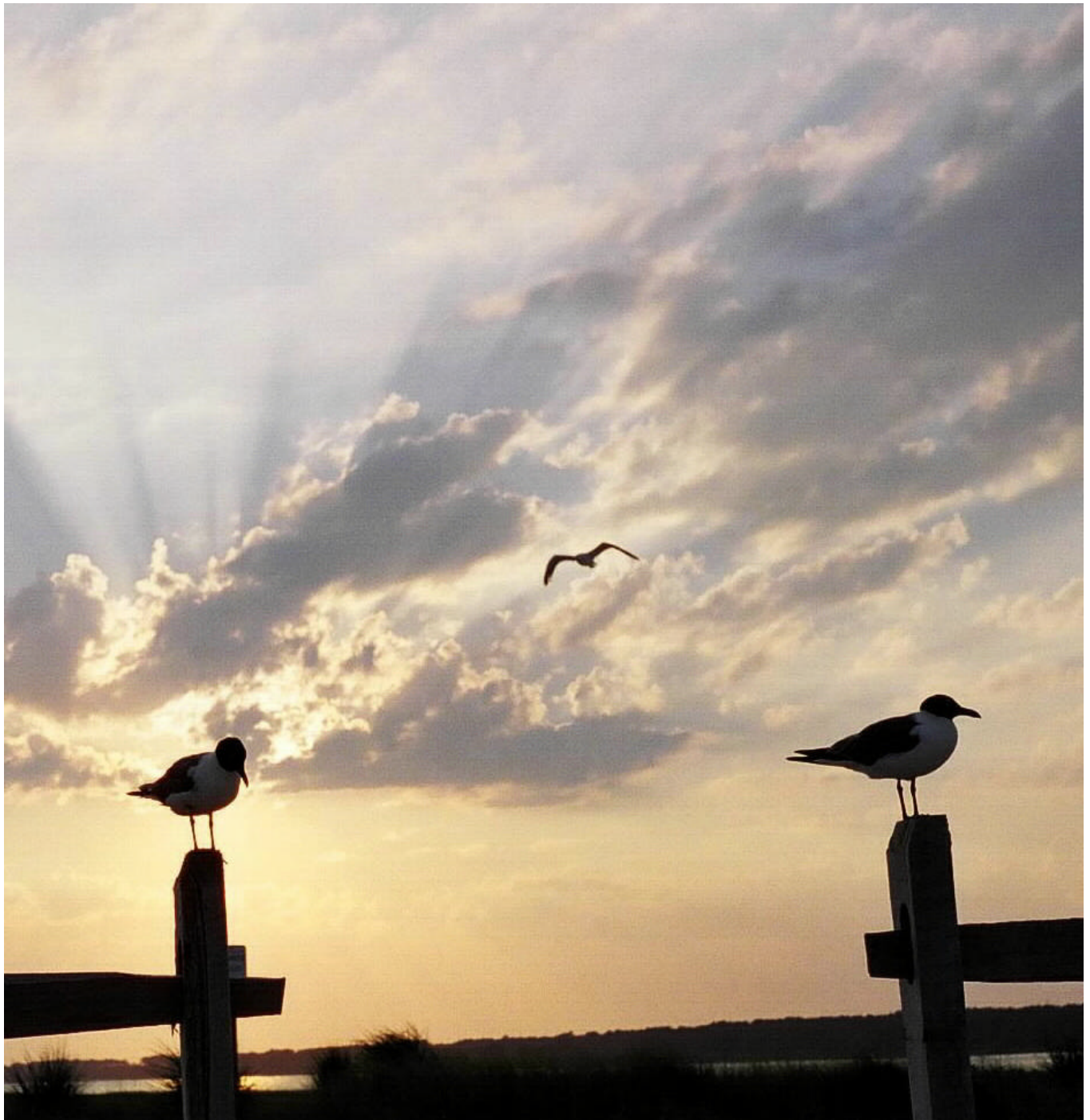
to the sea, to the sea, the white gulls are crying
the wind is blowing, the white foam is flying
west, west away, the round sun is falling

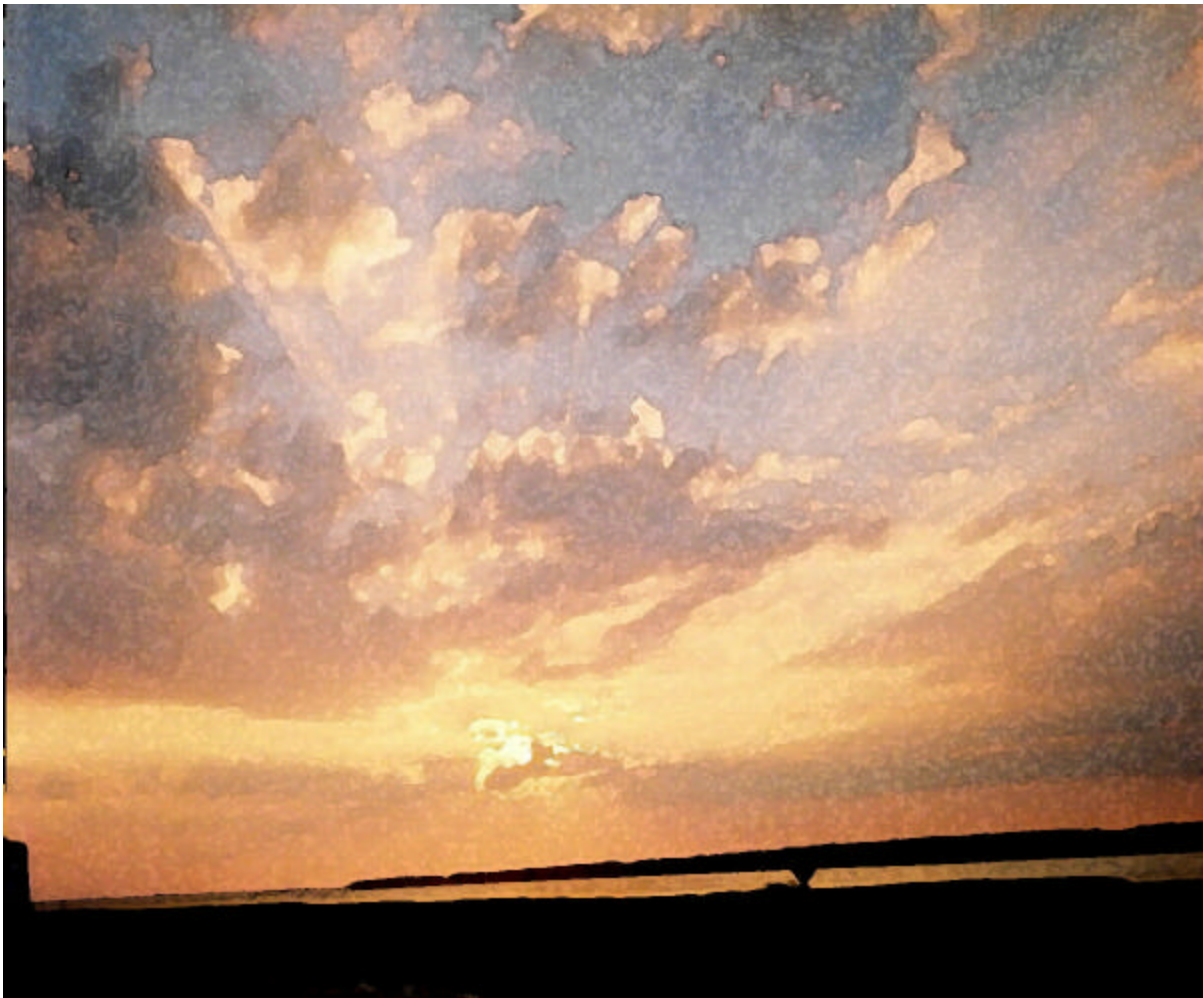
(JRR Tolkien, Lord of the Rings)















The Guardians of Assateague, with a tiny little bit of help from Photoshop. Morgan the Merrow and the White Horse, from my as yet unfinished trilogy of Assateague tales.

The real White Horse has appeared in many of my photos and others pictures, and in island postcards since I first began coming to the islands in 1972. There is only ever one White

