



**“You don’t choose Folly Beach.  
It chooses you.”**

**—Mary Ann Henry, writer**

“When I first moved to Folly Beach, my desk looked out onto a side street that leads to Bert’s Market. Needless to say, a parade of humanity, some washed, some not, passed by my line of vision in a never-ending stream of bizarreness and eccentricity. Those same bizarre and eccentric people, aka my neighbors, are now my friends and I have become them and they have become me. Folly Beach is a place where million dollar homes sit in peaceful harmony next to biker shacks; where difference is not just celebrated but revered. Every summer when the hordes of tourists become too much for me, I pause and think: ‘But where else would I live?’ Where else, indeed.”



January swallows up the shore.





