



Set Me Free!

Day 3 had us up for an awesome breakfast at Roche harbor. Around 11am we took off headed for Poets Cove across the boarder in Canada.

First though we needed to pick up the crab pots that were left all night. Against my better judgment I decided to pick them up in the big boat while leaving the harbor. My crab pot buoy setup consists of a main buoy, and an orange trailer buoy to make finding and hooking the buoy easier. Of course the wind was blowing making snagging the buoys a little difficult. We got the first one fine but the wind blew us right over the second one. Thinking it would pop up somewhere we waited to spot the buoy before I put the engine in gear. Drifting quickly toward shore, time was running out with no buoy in sight! 20' on the depth sounder told me it was time to set the prop in motion. Just as it went in gear I heard something under the boat. I quickly took it out of gear to assess the situation. Looking off the back of the swim step I could faintly see a line in the water. Using the boat hook I grabbed the line and I was able to pull the pot up. The other end however, the one with the buoys attached was still stuck under the boat. It was time to throw on a lifejacket, get out on the swim step and see if it could be untangled. While we continued to drift toward shore, now 16' deep, I was able

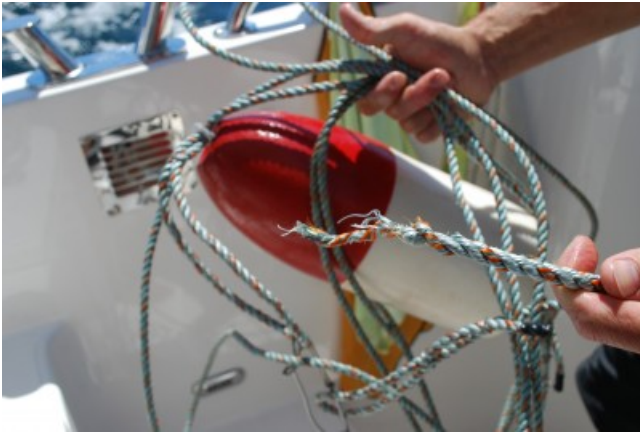
reach down under the swim step and untangle the pot line from the ladder mounted to the underside of the swim step. I pulled up the main buoy but the end attached to the trailer buoy was cut and the orange buoy was nowhere in sight. No time now, 12' on the depth sounder and drifting fast. As we turned around away from land the orange buoy popped up from somewhere. No chance of picking it up as it was drifting fast toward land. So thankful for that line cutter installed on my prop shaft!

All of Marty's praying that we don't catch crab (he doesn't want them to get killed) resulted in 4 large keepers! We had a smooth crossing across Haro Strait into Canadian waters. Poets Cove is a port of entry but before you can tie up at the resort you must dock at the dedicated government docks to clear customs. Entry into Canada is super easy, just pick up the phone at the head of the dock and answer a few questions. All went well so we moved about 100 yards to our slip that night at Poets Cove.

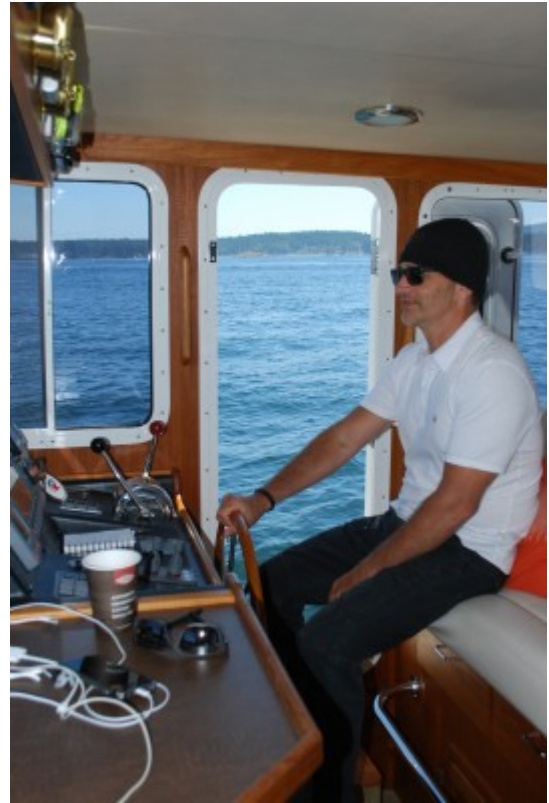
A little swimming in their kid crazed, cesspool along with some hot tubbin had us quickly over at their pub for a late lunch and beer. Scott went out for a sunset kayak cruise while Marty and I got dinner ready. Marty had to hide in the boat while Scott and I killed, cleaned and cooked the crab. They sure were tasty!



Scott with his catch



The cut line



Capitan Marty



Turn Point on Stewart
Island



Cookin Crab



Poets Cove

