



WOOF!

On our way back to the boat we stopped to say hi to a fellow American Tug owner who just anchored. He just bought one of only two American Tug 52's built to date. This is the largest boat they build and I was hoping to get a look at it. The owners invited us over after dinner, and we quickly accepted. We BBQ'd stake and roasted potatoes for an awesome dinner then headed out in the dinghy for some quick fishing before heading to the big boat. We had a great evening with the new owners and their boat was beautiful. They had just caught a bunch of prawns that they generously shared with us. I am defiantly bringing a prawn trap next time we're in Canada, they were incredible! The kids had a lot of fun roasting marshmallows on the back of their boat over a propane cooker. When they were done and the cooker was off but we still smelled propane. John, the owner of the boat checked the cooker several times making sure it was off, but the smell kept coming. We traced it down to the BBQ mounted close to the cooker. After lifting the lid and sniffing inside, it was defiantly coming from that. The gas had been left on to the BBQ while using it earlier in the day. John shut the gas off and left the lid open. I looked away thinking he would just let it air out. Then the Fire Marshall Bill moment came. In what I'm sure was a complete lapse in judgment, John decided to use an open flame (AKA a lighter) to check and see if the

propane was gone. All I remember was a huge fireball out of the corner of my eye followed by a loud W00F and the smell of burning hair permeating the air. Luckily everyone was OK, although a little freaked out. Eyebrows are ok, but his hands are silky smooth.









Swimmin' in the Rain

Day 20 we got up and ready for a hike over to Conover Cove. It's only a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so each way with lots to see along the way. The kids ran most of the way. The rusted old Jeep sitting in a field is like something out of a movie, and raccoons lined the trail just inside the forest. There is a hike out to Conover Point that looks like fun but the map didn't say how far it was.

Conover Cove was packed with boats coming and going, but what really caught Skylar's eye was a green, funny shaped kayak on the beach. He couldn't stop looking at it so a guy and his wife came over to tell him all about it. The owners had been camping on the island. They had all their stuff packed ready for departure but were more than willing to talk kayaks for as long as Skylar wanted. John, the guy who owned it was extremely passionate about kayaks, and really knew his stuff. His kayak was a semi custom, built by a company in Bellingham. John let Skylar take it for a spin and you would have thought he won the lottery. He loved it and cant stop talking kayaks, looking everything up possible on the Internet the next night. The couple was so nice we talked with them for a coupe hours and Skylar was very thankful for the demo.

As we headed out for Otter Bay it started raining, but that didn't stop us from doing some fishing along the way. We were trying to catch a lingcod but no luck. We did catch a bunch of rockfish and they were pretty good size. We all had a blast taking turns reeling them up!

We pulled into Otter Bay a little later than planned, so we were hoping they had a restaurant. Neither of us wanted to cook another meal on the boat. Unfortunately all they had was some sandwiches from a little grocery store. They were made to order, and a huge surprise how good they were! The rain kept coming down but that didn't stop us from going to the

swimming pool. Julie said no way she was going in but I finally convinced her. At 61 degrees outside the pool felt kind of warm, well at least for the first minute. After about 10 minutes we were all freezing! We cranked the heat on the boat and all snuggled in for the night in the pouring rain.









The Attack!

Day 19 – We are ready to get back to one of our favorite spots in the Gulf Islands, Wallace Island. There are two main anchorages, Conover Cove and Princess Cove. Conover has a dock so we thought we'd try that first but we had no luck finding space. On to Princess Cove where it's almost all stern tying due to the narrow waterway. Only one spot remained and it was tight next to a small sailboat. It was our only option so we cuddled up right next door, too close for me but with calm winds forecasted everything should be fine.

This island has a lot of fun hiking trails. An old cabin has hundreds of signs people make out of driftwood hanging in it. Years ago when we were here, we made a sign but cant find it now. It was time to make another one representing our new boat name. First we had to do some serious hunting for just the right items to make our sign. We got in the dinghy to scour the shoreline. We found some great stuff but Julie wasn't satisfied just yet. She spotted some rope on a little islet. I dropped Julie off while Ava and I motored around waiting for her to bring back her treasure. She got the rope then walked a little further up the hill into the woods. All the sudden I hear screaming and Julie running down to the shore with a terrified look on her face. "Kangaroo!!! There's a kangaroo trying to attack me!" Apparently a redish brown thing that looked like a kangaroo was bounding through the forest ready for attack. Julie jumped in the boat for safety and we kept offshore hoping to catch a glimpse of the world's first kangaroo sighting in North America. "Are you sure it wasn't a deer" I said. "Well that probably makes more sense, but it looked like a kangaroo" she said. We never did see anything from the water, but it sure did scare Julie.

With the whole kangaroo issue behind us, it was time to make our sign. The kids and Julie did such a great job on the sign we all decided to take it home instead of hanging it in the cabin. It will look great in the boathouse! Skylar and another kid he met built a fort out of a sandstone cave. They spent hours on it and had lots of fun kayaking around all evening.





