



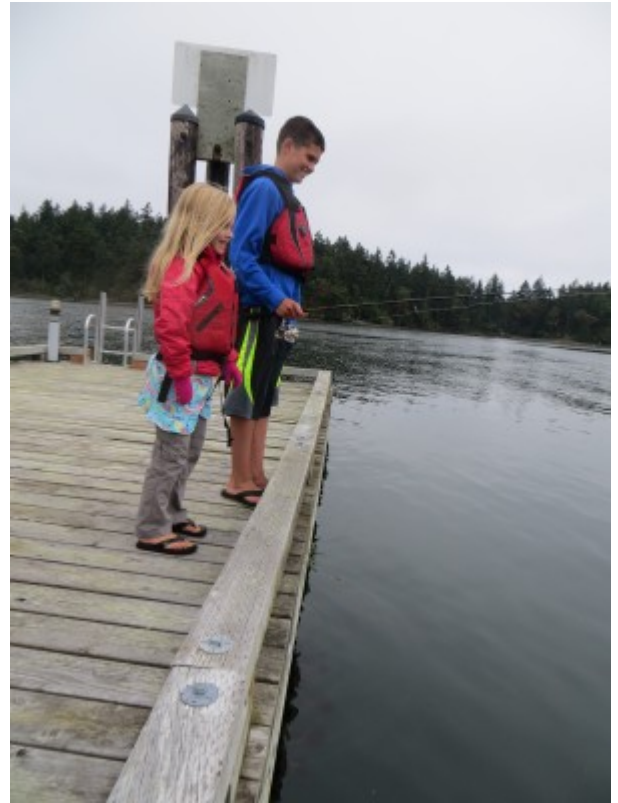
# Flumegedon

Another beautiful morning as the sun came up over Oro Bay. Time to check 4 pots we set the night before, so all 4 of us piled in the dinghy to reap the bounty of the sea. No Dungeness crab but each pot had a large Rock Crab. We figured we better keep them, as it may be all we get.

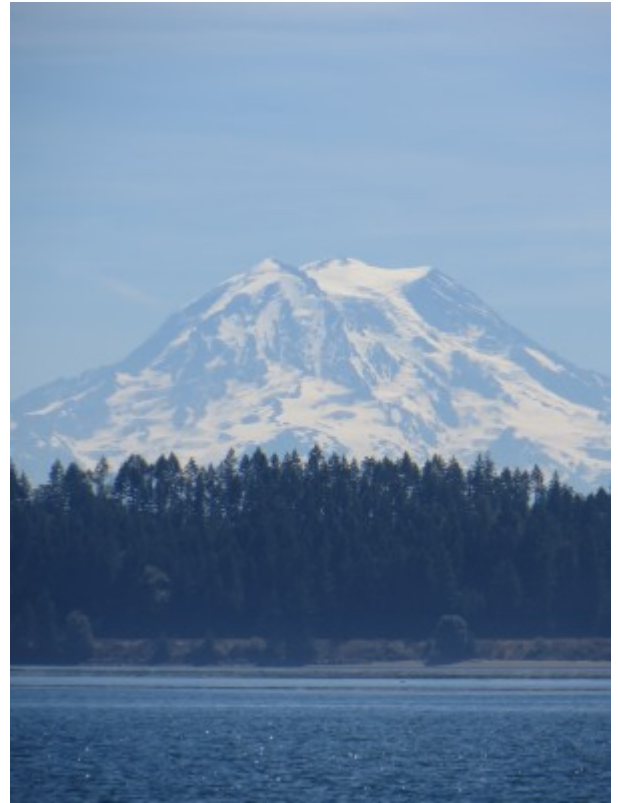
12 noon, Julie says...I'm not felling very good. Oh no! Skylar may not have had food poisoning after all. Being sick on a small boat is not fun – cramped quarters and only one bathroom, no one can escape the toxic fumes and everything seems germ ridden. The puke just kept coming so I had to get the kids and me out of there. After a tiny dinner – no one really wanted to eat – we went up to shore for a fire.

9pm – Ava says... My stomach hurts! I knew what was coming but didn't say anything. No way we were going back to the boat, she was going to have to puke outside. Face turned white and sure enough, here it comes. We couldn't quite make it to the grass so Flumegedon spewed all over the sidewalk. Now two of them sick on the boat – all I could think about was my turn!

Ava and Julie were banished below deck to wallow in their flu while I tried to keep things disinfected. What a start to the trip!







Mt Rainier from Oro Bay



Skylar pulling up a pot



Poor Ava!

