



Zip-Tied

Thursday July 27th – Today we left our group and headed a short 3nm away to a no name bay we call “The Cut” to stay for a couple nights. We have seen this bay on previous trips, always wanted to stay there, but just haven’t done it yet.

This was the year, so we navigated the narrow entrance that opens up big enough for just a handful of boats. On the opposite end you can exit but its even narrower. You can make it through, even in the big boat but you need some local knowledge and it’s quite scary the first time you go through. However, the narrow entrance and small bay keeps things pretty quiet in there. In Skylar’s opinion the best thing about the bay is the rope swing that flings you off the rocks into the water.

After getting anchored and stern tied in the perfect spot Skylar took off in his kayak straight for the rope swing. After a low practice run he went higher as I warned him of the dangling rope below his feet. Caution to the wind he tarzaned off the rock but as he let go that little bit of rope below his feet just barely got caught on his leg flipping him chest first into the water. He emerged with a look of pain on his face and a little bit of “I guess you were right dad”. That

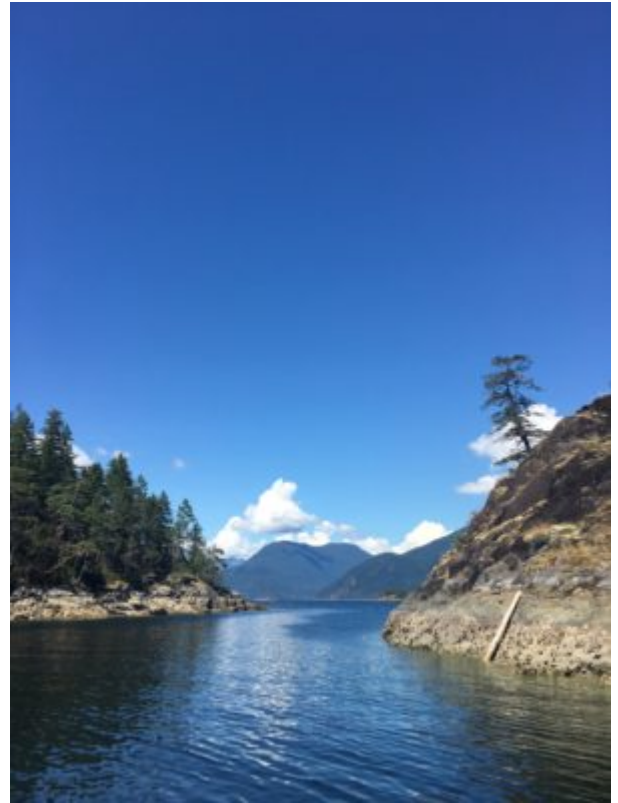
was the end of the rope swing that day but like all kids his age the pain goes away and he was right back at it again although a little more cautious.

We had a lot of fun at "The Cut". We took the kids tubing behind the dinghy and set the shrimp pots. Skylar loves to tube as fast as possible getting whipped all over the place. But Ava loves just cruising along at a moderate pace looking at all the sights; the look on her face is pure joy.

We lost the access door to one of our shrimp pots so I used a Rubbermaid bin lid and zip-tied it on the pot to fill the hole so the shrimp couldn't get out. We all went out and set the pots in 300 feet of water then gave them a 5 hour soak. Upon our return we pulled the one with the lid. Sure enough there were about 15 shrimp inside, but now, stupid me, I completely zip-tied the lid on not realizing that was the door to get the shrimp out! I didn't have anything to cut the zip ties and I wanted to put the pot back down anyway. So, one by one I pulled them through a little crack, while they poked my hands until I was bloody. Taking the pot back to the boat would have been way easier but I guess I provided some good entertainment because Julie and the kids couldn't quit laughing as I struggled.



Our little reader!



The view from our anchorage



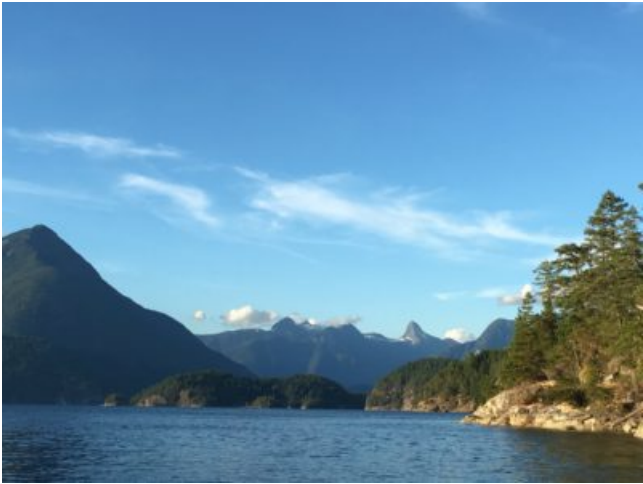




Skylar just before



his epic fail!







Jumping off the boat.





Awesome rope swing moment.