



Fish! Fish! Fish!

Wednesday August 15th – We left Walsh Cove and headed back to Prideaux Haven for a few nights in the warm water. After getting all 3 boats anchored, rafted and shore tied, we all ran to Refuge Cove for some lunch, groceries and dinghy fuel.

On our return we witnessed a guy on a sailboat who admittedly said he didn't really know what he was doing, catch about a 25lb salmon. Landing a big fish from the back of a sailboat is a serious challenge so the Steels helped them out from their dinghy. We all cheered as the fish rested securely in the net and onboard the sailboat. It was fun to see the proud fishermen so surprised and excited.

With that, we all had a renewed ambition to get out there ourselves and catch some fish! It was a race! Get back to the boat, gear up the dinghy and catch ourselves a fish. Back on the fishing grounds, wham, Bruce catches a fish right away. Then Skylar and I get one on but loose it. Then another one and loose it too! We kept on it then Skylar landed a nice fish! After all 3 boats brought in fish we headed back with our prize.

That evening was warm and calm as we cruised the bay in the dinghy while the sun set. The next day we were back out on the

fishing grounds and luckily the fish were still there. Wham! More fish that day and the next! It was super fun except we had to organize both of our freezers just perfect to get all the fish to fit.

Todd and Tami had to leave the group and head south for some obligations at home, so we motored just a few hundred yards away and anchored in a tight little cove. The anchor didn't seem to set good, so I pulled it up and tried again. The 2nd time was better, but I still didn't feel 100% comfortable. Against my better judgement I let it be, justifying my inaction by calm weather but that uneasy feeling didn't go away. High tide, about 10pm, just as it was getting really dark, we felt and heard a loud boom. It was really startling! It seemed like something ran into the boat or we hit rocks. After a quick assessment of the situation with a flashlight and checking for intrusion of water, it looked like all was good.

All I can think of was the anchor abruptly slipped off a rock during the high tide. Definitely scared us but we seemed to be holding position. I evaluated our options and decided it was safer to stay put rather than try and re-anchor in the dark. Not a restful night's sleep.

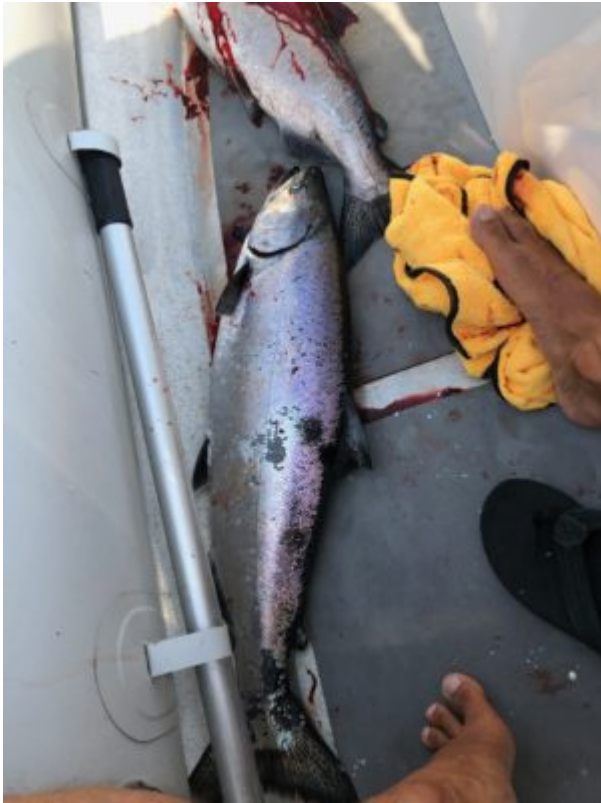


On our way to Refuge



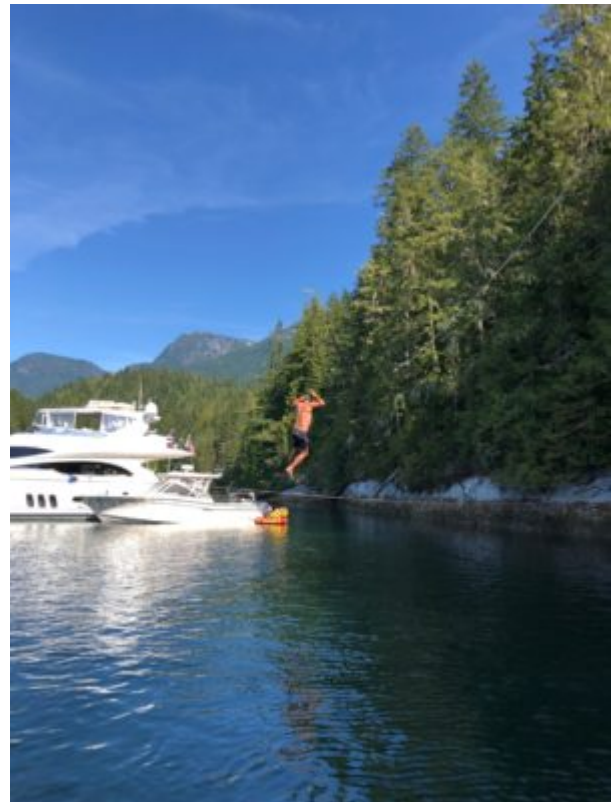


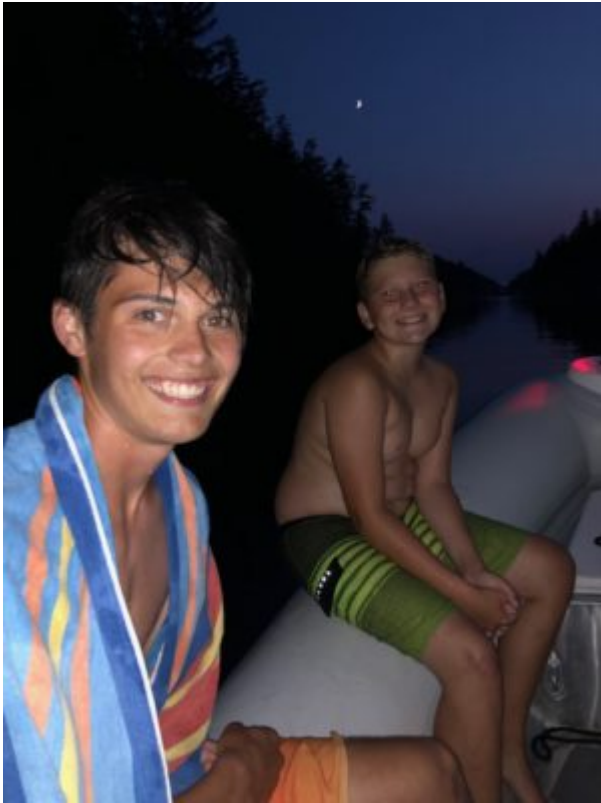
The first fish

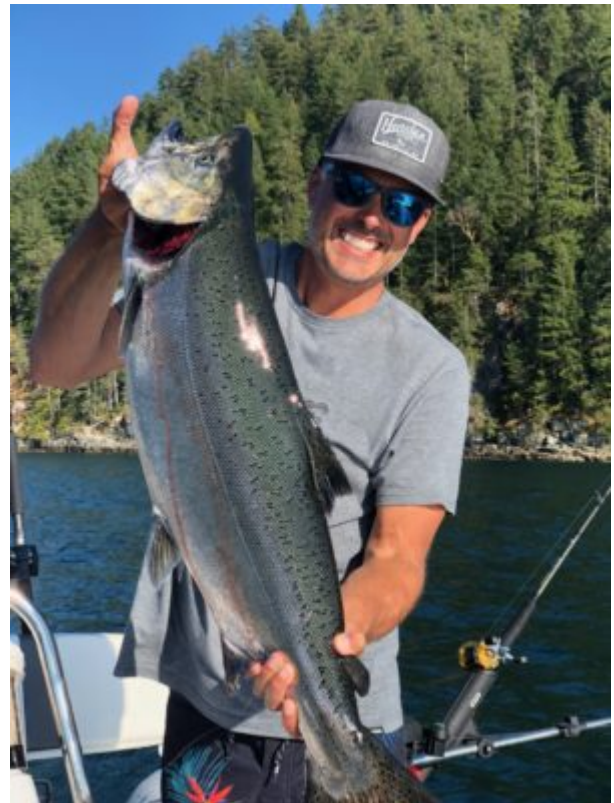




Rope swing time







And more Fish!





