

Voyage of the Alley Cat



September 2005. San Francisco to Loreto, Mx. Taking the Alley Cat to her new home.
(Skipper - Ben Alley; Cookie - John Omlin; Olive Juice Mclean - Larry Mclean)

We left SF Tuesday, 12:01am with clear skies. Headed for Ensenada, Mexico, our first scheduled port. This was the first time seeing the Golden Gate Bridge, as the last trip 2 years ago was fog laden. We went through the potato patch (a rough area in the SF bar) an hour or so later only to be pushed Northwest of our planed route by heavy seas. We finally made the turn south with overcast skies. Only 1400 miles to go. The night was eventful as the skipper became ill and had to turn the helm over to me. I ran the boat for the next 6 hours. The last two hours or so, I was the only one awake as our other crew members need to retire. Once day broke, we were headed to a safe port to get skipper well, when he finally was able to return his previous night's dinner to the sea. All better now, we continued on.



We entered Monterey Bay to pods of whales and porpoise schools running in our wakes. We also saw 2 sun fish. That night we started our watch rotation. After my first 2 hours shift and 4 hours of sleep, it was morning once again. We continued our heading to Point Conception. Our goal was to make the Point by 6:00 am so we could navigate the legendary waters in day light and clear the area by noon before the winds blew in. It was a nice though. We made it on time, but under estimated the rough seas. This area is where the north and south current meet. Even on calm days, the seas challenge the best sailors. The skipper was at the helm for 6 hours straight due to the rough conditions. We ran 25 mile out to sea in hopes of finding good water. You will hear the stories for years to come, but let me tell you, the Alley Cat is very sea worthy and can surf with the best one armed girls. We would enter a set of waves, head down into the trough. At the bottom of the trough, our speed would average 4.5 - 5 knots. We then climbed up the wave and rode the wave at a top speed of 11.6 knots. Sounds fun until you realize that our surf board was an 18,000lb, 35' boat with three awe struck crew. At times, we rolled 30+ degrees. We emptied the kitchen drawers several times, broke part of the counter top and a lamp. Everything that was not bolted down flew somewhere. 6 hours of this treatment. The sea came from all directions. It was not uncommon to be riding a wave and have the stern (back of the boat for you land lovers) be lifted and pushed in the other direction. We finally made it to Santa Barbara where we are now at port waiting out the pending storm. 323 miles of the 1440 out of the way. We ran 43 hours straight.

Storm staying to the North, we are headed to sea once again. Made it through another night. This time it was not the seas. It was the porpoise. At 3:00 am Juice and Cookie were handing over the bow watching the mermaids play in the bow wake. It was tempting to jump



in and join them. 5 to 6 at a time, staying for a hour or so each visit. They play, push and shove each other, all the time keeping inches from the bow. Even rolling over on their backs while maintaining speed. The spray from their exhale cleaning our glasses. At times they will come from our 2:00 at high speed and just before hitting the boat, they turn and join the other in the wake.

Current time is 11:00 am and we are 7.5 miles from Mexico. Next port ETA 6:00 PM. 74 degrees clear sunny sky.

Today is the first day we have seen any boat traffic. Must be the fact that the small craft advisory has been lifted. The big excitement this morning was a Naval Sub off our stern (that the back of the boat for you land lovers). The skipper being an old sub driver still hasn't stopped telling stories. I would like to share them with you, but the Las Vegas rules are in place.

Looks like we will be stuck in Ensenada for a couple of days as the passport control office is

closed on the weekend.

Skipper spotted some islands just across the boarder and cheap moorage. Headed there for the night. As we arrive at the islands, we find the south side of the island is used for some type of ocean ranching. Pens are anchored and a barge with supplies and a tender are near by. The island was used as a smuggler cove. We feel right at home. Baked chicken, corn and home fried potatoes on the menu. Skipper tells me this is the first time the oven has been used. (Jill?)

Crackers as the coating, a bread pan to cook the corn and a pot for the fried potatoes. The crew knows not to complain. More chicken for lunch as we need to eat all remaining fresh food on board before we get to Ensenada. I am leaving the kraut and dogs for the Mexican boarding party so they can enjoy Cookies revenge, as I did.

With a well rested crew, we are on our way to Ensenada. We will stay there until Nov 1, as we meet up with others heading South.



Note: Our night watch runs 2 hours, then sleep. We have 2 on watch at night. The stops in Santa Barbara and "Smuggles Cove" are welcome stops to catch up on sleep.

So far we have had more sandwiches than cooked meals. The pots and pans don't seem to want to stay on the stove. We did manage scrambled eggs the other morning. Skipper requested over easy and I was happy to comply.

Oct 31 - 1:15 pm N29 20.011 W116 05.415 48 miles from the coast. 3800 ft of water. We have traveled a total of 734 miles. Average speed 7.3 knots. 160 miles from Ensenada. Ahead of schedule.

We made Ensenada and are headed south to our next port of call, Turtle Bay. At Ensenada we stayed at Marina Coral. A nice port with a good hotel and yet again more stories. Skipper, now being seasoned, spotted the port and threw caution to the wind. (pun intended) As we arrived at the tiny port north of the main port, the smell was overwhelming. Cookie took the helm inside the port as skipper got out the book to see where the fuel dock is located. After finding where the fuel dock is located, we left the port and headed to the correct port. So much for Skippers dead reckoning abilities. We now consult the charts even to find the head. (Bathroom for you land lovers). It seems we entered a private commercial fishing harbor. Finally at the right port, we docked at slip F47. The marina master got us squared away, even offering to check our paper work before we headed to immigrations the following day. We had to make sure our paper work was correct as the office was only open between 10-2 as it was Sunday. Off to shower, laundry and the bar. We made plans to re-supply the boat with a stop at Costco. The bar was wonderful giving us the opportunity to practice our story telling. The waves keep getting bigger and the navigating better. (We have a new joke on board about "Just move the line") Dinner was white table cloth with the waiter at our beckon call. Skipper ordered the garden salad and Juice and I had the Caesar salad. I commented about the Caesar salad being originated in Guadalajara and a Mexican specialty. At \$8.50 American, it should be a feast to behold. Skipper's salad arrived and made us second guess our selection. Juice and I were underwhelmed when they delivered our salad on a tea saucer garnished with a 2 cm square of chicken adorning the top. Midget salad, another first. With dismay, Juice and I politely told the manager upon his visit to our table, that of course, the salad was wonderful. Could hardly wait for the main course. As the manager left and the waiter returned laughing and bringing our real salad, we all had a wonderful laugh. They pulled a prank on the gringos. Truly a wonder laugh. Not sure how they knew we would be good sports, but they got it right.

After a good night sleep we headed to the immigration office. We cut a deal with the taxi driver to stick with us for all our re-supply stops for \$40. Kind of on the high side, but we had several stops and he had a station wagon. Arriving at immigration at 10 minutes after the hour, we were second in line waiting for the iron bars to open and begin the process. The taxi driver told us, "it only takes 15 minutes". After another hour, a grumpy old man, pissed off at the word, looked out the gate and asked the gathered crowd "What are you doing here, we are closed today." After staring at us through the iron bars, he agreed to do us a favor and let us in, as he only had a few minutes before he was due at port to clear a cruise ship. As we lined up to turn in our paper work, GOM (grumpy old man) demanded to

know who told us that they were open today. All in the room said the harbor master. GOM replied, "they could have done this for you at the port, they are just lazy". The first guy in line had everything but his crew list. Sheepishly, he ask for a pen. GOM - "What you have no pen! How do you expect to file in the form?" No one else in the room said a word. Hoping the GOM would wear down by the time he gets to us/them. Having browed a pen from GOM, we once again heard about how busy GOM was and the he was doing us a big favor. As skipper steps up with his nicely prepared notebook of required paper work, we found that we were missing two forms. The arrival and exit forms. Skipper took a tongue lashing. Not having the "correct" form, we ask for one. GOM slid back in his chair and glared at skipper. "What, you have no form? I can show you what they should look like, but I only have this one as an example." GOM held up two forms that are in Spanish and look identical. Skipper reaches out to take then and GOM reaches for his side arms. (not really, but if GOM would have been allowed a gun, skipper would have been able to inspect the barrel). "Oh, you can not have these forms you have to get them yourself." At that point, skipper asked to borrow the forms and go have copies made. GOM asked where would be taking his only copy of these prized forms? We told him we had a taxi outside and we would run back to the marina and have the required 5 copies made. GOM said that would not work as he only had a few minutes before he had to leave and there is no way we could leave and be back in time. GOM then told us that there was a copy machine in the office, but he was not allowed to use it. Another lecture. About this time, the first guy in the office had to ask GOM for a new pen as the one he borrowed did not have any ink. (The look of death from GOM) GOM told skipper that he would have to come back on Monday. Skipper closed the book and headed for the door, the people behind us in line, now wide eyed, stepped up to the counter. GOM shouts at skipper, "Where are you going?" Skipper - "I will go find the forms and come back tomorrow". GOM- "How many of you others in this office don't have this form (and the 5 required copies)?" Most everyone raised their hands. GOM look at everyone and scoffed. "Only because I am in a hurry, will I make you copies of this form" GOM heads to the copy machine and makes us our 10 copies (5 arrival, 5 departure). As we begin filling out the first form, we realize that our Spanish is limited to ordering beer and asking for the check. We finally got the forms filled out, a few more lectures, then off to the Harbor Masters office to get the boat fees paid, the forms stamped and one to return to GOM. After paying the fee, we head back to the immigration office (right next door) only to find the iron gates closed and GOM gone, when a shout from the street catches our attention. It's GOM with his window rolled down telling us to give him his copy. So there is skipper, standing in the middle of the street filing his paper work. With that 2 hour ordeal over, we head to Costco. Costco was uneventful, what a relief. Back to the dock, where we take on 200 gallons of fuel, and \$18 of ice. (we only have two ice chests) With all the wonderful times at Ensenada the crew elects to head for the open seas.

The night was uneventful, only having to change course 3 times to avoid cruise ships. With the sun comes fog which finally burns off around 10 am. With lunch of BBQ hamburgers and cervica (Juice forgot the potato chips at Costco) out of the way, time for a nap.

****Tue Nov 1. We arrive at Turtle Bay around 8:00 am. A very uneventful night at sea.

Looking forward to sleeping in a quite harbor. As we are greeted by the "fuel boat" then



the "garbage boat" and finally the "you need anything Mister?" boat. We opt for the dink ride to shore. We have read up on this port and are looking forward to a nights stay, internet and cooking on flat water. We head to the dock, which is rusted pilings and broken deck. The "helpers" are there to take our line. Before Victor ties us to the rusting pilings, we negotiate a fee to ensure the knots don't slip when we are in town. Off we head. Two other helpers take up the lead. As we exit the pier we pass the first "restaurant" while they are refilling the used "bottled" water bottles from a storage tank on the roof. We ask for the price of fuel and receive blank stares. We ask about internet (it said they have it in the book) and are told, "this way, you want restaurant?" We say "sure, take us to Marie's". "No, Marie's closed, come this way" and are handed a flyer for "Loncheria Preciosa" The flyer

boasts of "Breekfast - Esggs as youlike" and "Abalone Breead Ranch Style Stew" As we walk up the dirt road, the demolition crew is pounding away with small hammers and an axe on what was once a concrete building. Stepping over the open running sewer, we notice that a Satellite dish is now used to dry tennis shoes. We ask again, "Where are we going?" They say "Restaurant", we ask again about the internet and they say "It is closed". We all look at each other and turn around and head back to the boat, as an old dodge colt with two megaphone strapped to the roof rumbles by providing the daily news. (We laugh and assume that this is the Mexican internet.) Making it safely back to the pier, we meet Gordo, the owner of the fuel concession. We settle on a price and are told to stern tie the boat at the end of the pier. We are not allowed to tie to the pier as it was constructed for giant boats and would apparently fall apart if bumped. This is a new nautical maneuver for us. After telling Gordo that we want to point our bow into the wind and back in he suggest that we use the other side of the dock. Being the experience sailors that we are, we continue with our plan. After several attempts we realize that Gordo will not tie the boat to any of the cleats on this side for one reason or another (we realize the other when it comes time to pay).

oving the boat to the other side, we finally get the anchor dropped and stern lines secured. Gordo hands us the fuel hose and we begin fueling. (While on the other side, I note the fuel meter is at zero - a suggestion from the book) Only minimal spillage due to the simple shut off "knob" and it's time to pay. Since we arrived at a price before hand, we felt good about this transaction. They toss a line to with the money jar attached and tell us the quantity in liters. Have a calculator handy, we deposit the correct amount in the jar (\$270) and it is hoisted up. Gordo counts the money and tells us that we are a \$200 short. (Since we can't see the meter - remember it's on the other side, and we can't reach the dock (we're at anchor and they have our stern lines) it's cut the ropes and run or start negotiating. We check our math as does Gordo. We say \$270, he says \$470. I hold up the calculator and point to the results (like he can see it from 30 ft away). After some Jethro Bodine deciphering, Gordo agrees that he has enough money and extends his apologies. His "son" and Deloris (wife) then asks for "Cokes and Candy for my baby". We head into the ships stores and produce 2 cans of diet coke and a bag of candy that Jill left on board. (I took all the toosies pops out) and toss



the cokes and candy up onto the pier. Deloris dances a jig and they cast off the lines. Once back on anchor, we opt for lunch and an early departure, but not before the Tee Shirt guy stops by to make sure we are well supplied. 4 hours in Turtle Bay is 5 hours too long. The seas are flat and the winds are calm. Next port of call Cabo (50 hours). (We are all sure the wives have taken our stuff to Goodwill as we have not had cell reception or internet service to tell them how much we miss them)

Nov 3 12:30 pm. Had to check the computer to verify the date. The days have run together.



Running 20 to 60 miles from shore, both the sunrise and sunset is over water. We are running a straight line and have 33 miles (4 hours) left until the next port. Looking forward to a shower and flat water. We had a little adventure after leaving Turtle Bay. Pirates! As dusk approached, a small boat was spotted off our starboard stern. As it raced towards us, I joked with Skipper that the Navy was going to board us since no one has ever checked our papers since the wonderful experience with GOM. As the small boat closed on our starboard side we take the bridge to get a better view. The pirates move to cut across our bow and quickly stop 20 yards from our boat. #9 (he was wearing a shirt with the #9 on it) steps from their cabin with radio in hand, speaks into the radio while staring us down. Through the binoculars I can see that this is not a Navy boat. Not hearing any communication on our radio, we are starting to become concerned. After what seems to be many minutes #9 waves and heads back into the cabin. The pirate boat turns back towards "smugglers cove" and takes a position $\frac{1}{4}$ mile off our stern. With darkness falling and Juice

asleep, Skipper and I make our plans to repel boarders. Skipper takes the radio and transmits "Cookie, the gun is in the cabinet under the helm." I reply "I got it skipper" (They are few restrictions on radio traffic in this part of the sea). With the flare gun loaded and at our feet we search for the pirate boat which has now disappeared. Skipper review our ramming scenario. "All lights off and hard to port, we'll ram the -----." ("Pirates" goes here I am sure, caus' Skipper wouldn't swear) The night watch is a little more exciting, but uneventful. In honor of our Pirate experience, Skipper has hoisted a Pirate flag off our stern for our entry into Cabo.

Having pond smooth seas for our night with the Pirates, we are back to 3 - 4 ft rollers and winds off our 7:00. We have grown accustom to the pitch and roll. The humidity at night has increased and is over 100%. Sliding into bed after watch is like sliding between two sponges. Last night we lost our automatic pilot around 10:00 PM. On Cookies' watch the Auto Pilot decides to turn us towards Hawaii. The amazing thing is the error was caught before we went too far off course. If you can image,



rolling seas, pitch dark with no visual reference you slowly turn right. I guess that's one reason for the watch. Since I was at the end of my watch, Juice and Skipper had to manually steer all night. In the morning, we got out the Auto Pilot manual. The manual was not much help, other than we figured out what the "Rudder" control knob really did. Skipper's only had the boat 5 years so we figured that's a good enough excuse. (PS. We are all so finishing off some of the original supplies that came with the boat) About mid-

morning, Skipper pulls the connection from the Auto Pilot, blows on it, plugs it back in. With us all laughing at Skipper, the Auto Pilot blinks to life and has been working without incident since then. I guess that's why he is the skipper. Skipper is keeping Juice busy with repairs. From fixing the stern light to re-hanging the stateroom drapes. With 2 hour night watches, the crews cat naps during the day. The length of the nap is directly related to the height of the seas. I think Skipper has been tossed out of bed more than anyone. Lots of cruise ships today and private fishing boats. This is the most traffic in a long time. The Porpoise have visited each night. Final Log Entry - Nov 7 - Cabo to Loreto Headed to Cabo for the



final fuel stop. According to our estimates, we should be in port right at sunset allowing us to find the port without much trouble. What a difference an hour makes. From some light to no light and relying on the GPS Plotter Chart. Since the seas have been calm (smooth as a pond), we are expecting the best. Once again the mighty ocean seems to want

to make this a memorable trip. At 2:00 pm the wind and a south running sea make the turn to Cabo a bumpy ride. We are now running 2+ miles from the shoreline having previously extending our maximum to 60 miles. We are running in a straight line, but the coast line falls off to the East. As we make the corner to turn into the Port at Cabo, we are met with an anchored cruise ship and many Port lights. With so many lights we can not make out the harbor entrance. As I said, what a difference an hour makes. With skipper at the helm, Juice on the bridge I take out our handy "Boaters Guide to Mexico" and try to quickly find the page about Cabo. We finally see some boats exiting the harbor and are able to see the entrance. We make the entrance and find the fuel dock. No space in the harbor as the fish are running and all slips are being used. We take on 200 gals of fuel, ice, beer and our first bag of potato chips in 2 weeks. I have been making the crew eat lots fruit to ward off the scurvy. My stateroom is also the food storage area. With an ice chest in the adjacent bunk, melons hanging from hooks in the ceiling, oranges stuck in any available space and Juices and my "used" laundry, the sights and smells of the forward "V berth" are, well you understand. With "no space at the inn" we had back out into the harbor for a spot to anchor. (Skipper had promised hot showers and calm waters at this port.) With morning (5:00 am) comes the fishing fleet exiting the harbor. Skipper unties the dink and heads for the fuel dock again to see if we can find some water to refill the tanks. Time for my bi-weekly shower. I climb into the 3'x3' combo head/shower and turn the valve to activate the shower. Another repair

for Juice. The hose shoots loose and sprays water everywhere but on me. Standing there with soap in hand thinking what now? I do the one handed shower maneuver. The other hand is holding the shower connection into the pipe. With the shower out of the way and coffee made, the crew watches the crazy guy anchored next to us jump up and down, clap and wave at the passing fishing fleet. Crazy Guy is anchored on an old tri-hull Sail boat with two



dogs. The hull is covered with moss so we figure the town's people have given him the boat as a place to stay with the condition "no swimming". Our plans for sight seeing at the many ports is replace with "Let's get this wonderful trip over with". It seems all of our expected points of interest we pass in the middle of the night or they are not quite what "the book" indicates. Off we go.

We do a slow motor by the arch at Cabo and are able to see fish

and scuba divers under our bow. Kind of freaky to see divers swim under our boat when we are underway. With pond calm waters, we head around the Baja horn and our final leg to Loreto. The horn is much wider than one would expect. Every 20 or so miles along the beach is a "compound". No sure how these places get there electric or water? Much more than a beach shack, many are multi-colored, multi-building compounds. Some even have fenced perimeters. Not sure if they are fencing thing out or in since there are not other building around for many miles. With the auto pilot working, we don't touch the helm for hours. We bask in the sun and Skipper washes the windows and swabs the decks. We see a few Stingrays leap from the water, but that's about it. Finally rounding the horn, we now head North and prepare for the night run past La Paz.

Jill and Skippers friend had sent a note about small craft advisories, but we check the weather from Cabo and find the weather to be a non-issue. Our cell phone (text-messaging) is spotty and sometimes in the middle of no where a burst of text message finally appear. Skipper sends out a message about how bored he is as the next leg is in the "calm waters of the Sea of Cortez". Funny how Skipper never seems to get it right.

1:30 am ready for a watch change, steaming around an island and ready to cross the La Paz shipping channel. The ride has been a little bumpy as the wind has picked up. We now know the difference between a "wind wave" and a "sea wave" (the second being the direction of the current, the first is like it sounds). As we become fully exposed to the wind and sea, Skipper is



once again tossed from his bunk. Time for his watch anyway. We have both the wind and sea at our bow. There becomes a pattern to the waves. Bounce, bounce, jump. Yes, jump. The Alley Cat sets a new record in the 1800 lb, 34ft. boat long jump. For the next 6 hours we head West trying to lessen the pounding of the waves and wind. We have to screw the cabinets shut once again as we suffer yet another "attack of bread board". Our new average speed is 4 knots. We are heads for an island hoping to use it for a wind break. Once again it is dark and we can't see the separation between the sea and the sky. We can't see the direction of the waves and have to find the new course by feel. Water is continually being sprayed over the bridge and our windshield is pounded by busted waves. Reminds me of the rain storms back home. Around 4:00 in the morning we finally see another boat. They are headed the same direction we are so we feel much better about our course change and decision to use the island as a wind break. As the "boat" gets close we figure out that not only are they on our same heading, our course will intersect with them. What are the chances that there are only two boats at sea tonight and they run into each other? As the Cargo Ship closes with in a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, Skipper takes out the hand held spot light and signals them as they don't seem to be changing course. We are now 4.5 hours into this long jump marathon and Juice is still asleep in his bunk. (I figure his has died in his sleep but if I go check, I am sure we will have to change course and head into the wind causing us and an even bumpier ride). The ship hails us on the radio, asking if we need assistance. We tell him "no, but can we follow you for a while". We tell him of our plan to seek shelter by the island and he says "good idea". We continue our course for another hour. The sun should be rising soon and we can get a look at the sea. We have a decision to make soon. Hit the island or turn either North or South. South heads us to La Paz (back tracking) and North to Loreto. As the sun rises, the seas clam a bit and we see the seas are flattening. We make the decision to head North and we are now 50 miles off course. The sea's clam enough to put on a pot of coffee if we hold it on the stove while it perks. We survey the damage from the nights run and find that everything on the bridge has been "bounced" loose. The bbq lid is hanging over the side, the ice chest that was strapped in and never moved before has broken loose and is stuck on the ladder. The rope to the stern boom has come loose and it is swinging back and forth. No broken windows or real damage. Just another night at sea and the "calm waters of the Sea of Cortez" (another skipper quote). With the coffee finally done, Juice rolls out of his bunk. I figure the pounding has re-started his heart because no one could sleep though what we just went through. The seas flatten with the rising sun and soon we are back to "smooth as a pond" sailing.

The cliffs along this part of the Baja are beautiful. With many caves along the coastline, skipper is excited about "future explorations", we all are eager to make port. (Juice and I are). As evening getting closer, Skipper finds a "Secret Cove" on the chart and we will spend the night. We would rather arrive at our final port in daylight. Later we find that the chart showing this "Secret Cove" is wrong. There is no cove only a sand bar. We give up and head for Loreto, night or not. Not only is the cove "secret", but the light buoys on the charts are in need of new bulbs. It's all hands on deck for the final night watch and run into Loreto. Skipper plots a course between the islands and listed navigational aids. He boasts of his knowledge gained from the many "Over the bottom" races he participated in over the past few years. Later, as Juice and I are on the bridge, we remember that Skipper never won any of those races and in face we have been using the "crying towel" from one race to dry the dishes. Oh well, we can swim from here. Doing a superb job of skippering, we now have the port in sight. As we idle down and try to find the port entrance, I note that the

depth finder is working again. It does not record depths in excess of 600' so for most of



the tip we have ignored it. Note may be a little soft. The depth finder reports 1 foot of water. With a quick course change, we are back to an acceptable depth of 12' or so. Since it is a sandy bottom, we are not in danger of sinking, but it would be a little embarrassing to get stuck in the sand after 1500 miles of sailing. We find the port entrance with the aid of our trusty spot light. When the light hits the shallow water, the needle nose gars come to the surface. Pretty cool

sight. We tie to the guest dock and pat each other on the back as we finally made it. What an adventure. Truly a once in a life time experience. And "once" is the main word here. We get our sea legs and go tour the sleepy fishing village, after all it only 11:30 pm. We check out Ben and Jill's new Casa, the town square and near by watering hole. We head back to the boat for a good nights sleep around 2:30 am. We wake to early morning chatter and



pelicans diving for breakfast. It's 5:30 am and we find this sleepy fishing village wakes early. The dock is alive with much activity as the fishermen cast their nets in the traditional fashion gathering fishing bait for the day. As the Pongas head to sea we head for breakfast. Back amongst the land lovers, we share our stories with the other breakfast patrons as they find out we arrived by boat. Skipper is proud to be the

biggest boat in the harbor. It's not the first time we have heard the phrase "are you guys crazy?" We chuckle in our best pirate laugh and under our breath say "yes we must be".

End of log, but not the end of the stories.

