



Where's Your Legs?

Day 2. After a great night at Sucia we were off to Roche Harbor on San Juan Island. A short 3-hour cruise and we were tied up at the docks next to a grouchy old guy with a beautiful Flemming 55. He stared us down while pulling in to our slip then proceeded to tell the dockhands to tell us to turn our radar off before we even had the boat tied up. I understand the possible radiation effect of radar but 30 seconds, really? The dockhands just kind of laughed and explained to me how much of a pain this guy has been, complaining about everything since he got there. Later he even explained to me how to tie my dinghy up so it didn't float close to him.

With the dinghy in the water we were off to set the crab pots, then back to play some Bocce Ball. It was a close match between Scott and I, but I did come out victorious! You can't visit Roach without a hike (walk) to the Mausoleum, then the sculpture park.

It was a lively evening with Mr. Grouchy next to us, super drunk dude across the dock and a huge wedding going on with great music. The cannon and Colors were also fun as always.

One word of caution; If your walking down the dock and see one

of those little dogs with super short legs on the bow of a boat, (Corgi I think) never say to the dog, in a high pitched voice, “where’s your legs, where’s your legs”. There just may be a man on the back of the boat (the owner) who has a prosthetic leg. Good thing he didn’t hear me!

