



## **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.

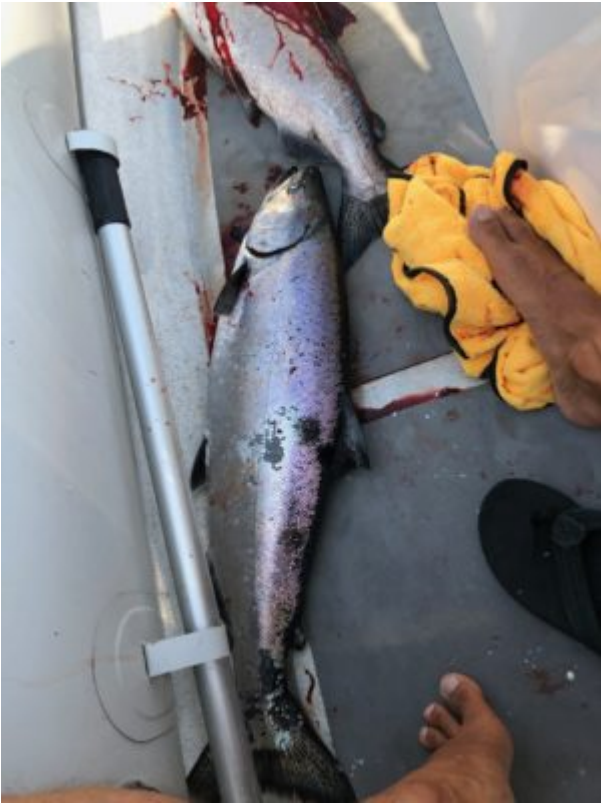


On our way to Refuge



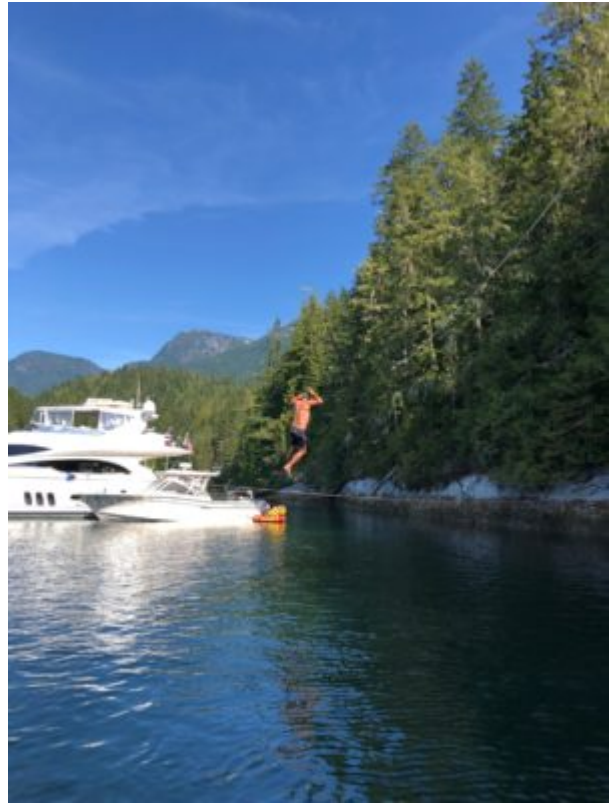


The first fish

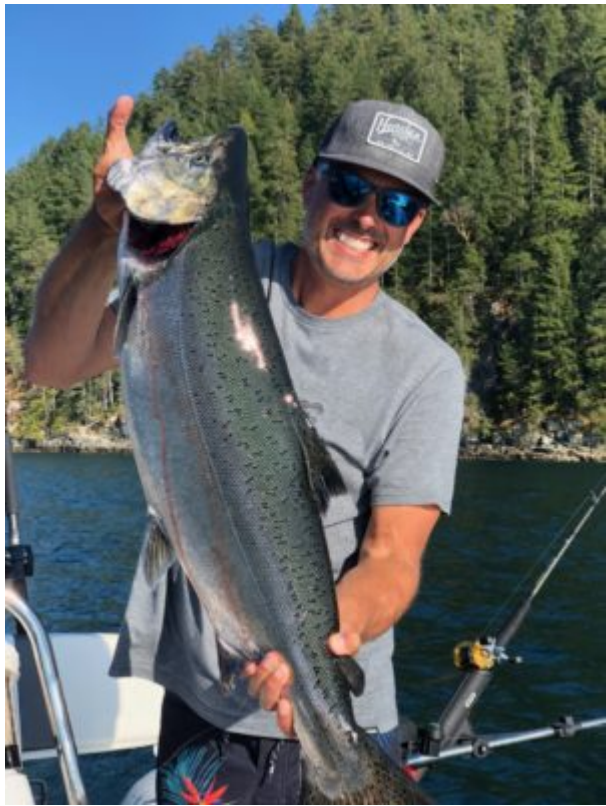




Rope swing time







And more Fish!









## Crime Scene

Tuesday August 14th – Time to head south. Leaving Dent, we have to wait for slack water until 12:30. Skylar heard from one of the care takers kids that there was spot that you can

fish for Lingcod off the shore. So, Zach and Skylar set out through the trail to go find the magic spot. They returned a couple hours later with 1 nice fish. Skylar said it was tough getting the fish to shore without it diving in the rocks then when he got it there, he wasn't prepared. They had no way to kill it. They wanted a painless death so using a Leatherman knife they "stabbed it in the brain, killing it instantly then cut the gills to bleed it out" (their words). Zach said it looked like "a crime scene."

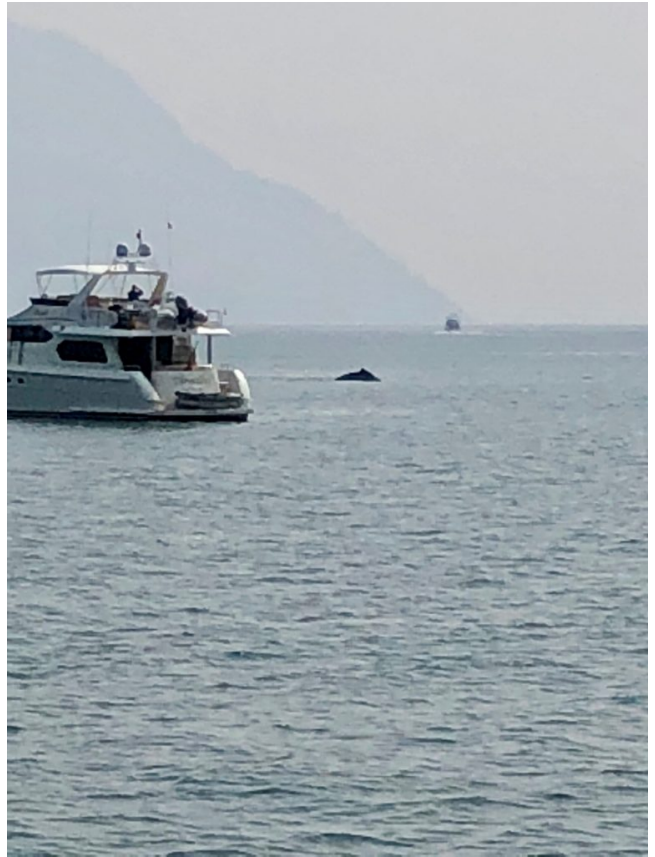
Saying farewell to Dent Island, we traveled south through Yuculta Rapids headed for Walsh Cove. Along the way whales pop up and we all stop our boats to watch them slowly slip by us. An awesome sight.

Anchored in Walsh Cove we all prep the tenders for some salmon fishing in the channel. After a couple hours all we had on the line are those squirrely Dog Fish. But it sure was a nice calm relaxing evening.



Crime Scene







That's not fog. The smoke from wild fires rolled in.

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## Lesson Learned!

Sunday August 12th – Today we are off to Dent Island Lodge. Once again, we have to time rapids to get to our destination. Dent Island Lodge is surrounded by rapids. The only way in or out is two times per day when the water runs slack. We made it through no problem then tied up to the dock.

The Lodge is owned by the Nordstrom family. It's located on a tiny little island with a very narrow extremely fast running

rapid right next to the lodge that only small boats go through when the water is calm. The lodge had just been completely rebuilt so we were excited to see what they had constructed. We had lunch at the beautiful new lodge then dinner with all 11 of us.

Monday August 13th – 6:30 am, Zach Skylar and I sluggishly meet our fishing guide and hop in his small boat for a 4-hour salmon charter. Todd, Bruce and Brian do the same with their guide and we all take off to each guide's hot spot. Except not so hot today. We had 2 fish on, but they got away, then we landed a small fish. Back at the dock, the other boat was not even that lucky, no fish for them, but we all had a great time.

The small rapids next to the lodge were in full swing. Skylar, with a crazed look in his eyes, asks Julie if he could take the kayak and go run the rapids. She deflects, saying I want no part of this, go ask your dad. I explain that I didn't think it was a good idea, but he would not let up. I knew where this was going so against my better judgment I agreed. With his life jacket on, we talked about what to do and where to swim if he fell out.

He takes the kayak and paddles it up the back eddy then turns it into the rapids and runs down the rushing water while everyone watches except Julie who was hiding on the boat. First run, no problem, but things went south quickly. On the second run, now a little too confident, he makes the turn, but the water catches the side of the kayak and flips him over. He bails out but holds on to the paddle while the half-sunk kayak continues on without him. 45-degree water is extremely cold, but he didn't seem to panic. He did exactly like we talked about and swam to shore where the water was running slower. Using all his available resources he paddles himself with the kayak paddle to make faster time. He makes it to the opposite shore from the docks, which is a little island not accessible from the lodge except by boat. People on the dock went into

rescue mode. Someone had a dinghy in the water and they were able to get over there to pick him up. He made it back, very cold, and with a look of fear in his eyes. Lesson learned!

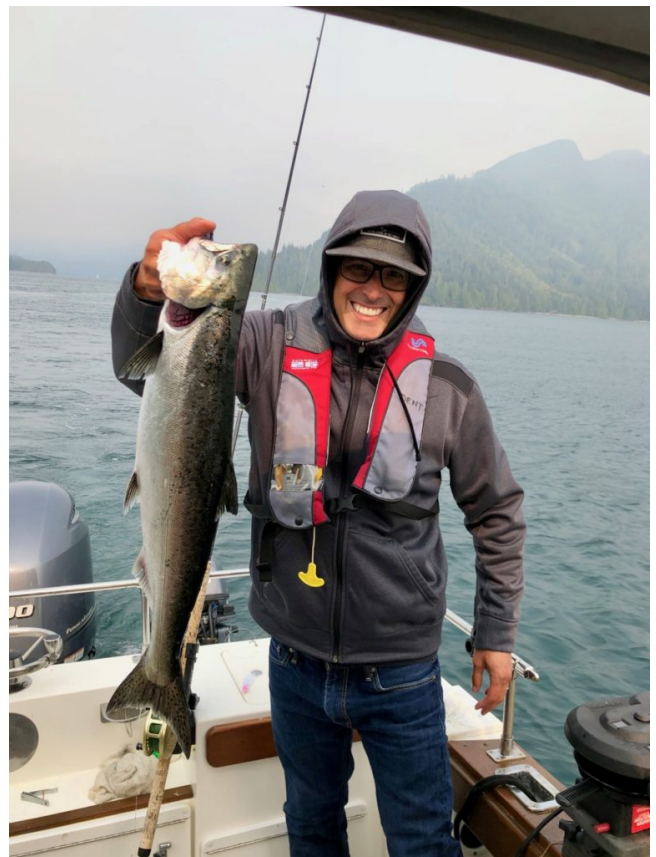


Dent Island Docks





Dinner Time!



1 small fish on charter



turned into dinner for all  
11 that night



Tea time for the girls



Jet boat tour up small  
rapids



Look closely, half sunk  
kayak on left, small  
bobbing head on right