

**CREATAHOLIC**

# **CAPTAIN'S LOG**

## **SEPTEMBER 28, 2008**

**A SERIES OF  
UNFORTUNATE  
EVENTS**



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## Captain's Log - September 28, 2008

*We will be adventurous today,  
and go where no Boucher has gone before.*

Let me start by saying that no crew members were “permanently” lost, but two pairs of pants and a pair of sunglasses fell victim to the day’s events. Also, the word *unfortunately* occurs in this report more times than I care to admit.

After a lovely Sunday brunch at PCYC and a short conversation with the harbour master to find out where our new mooring would be, we decided to go and get our lovely new boat. My son was ushered off the docks for not wearing a life jacket, so my mom went with him. When they sat on the benches mom sat on bird droppings. So, off to the washroom to clean her pants. While cleaning her pants, she *unfortunately* dropped them on the floor of the washroom, which was wetter than the lake, and alas, the first pair of pants was lost.

We left the dock at PCMH, but *unfortunately*, we left one of our crew members behind -- he didn’t jump on the boat fast enough. An alternate account was put forth blaming the Captain for departing the dock too fast, but as the Captain, I quashed that version. Sorry Dad.

The plan was to turn around in the lagoon and return for the crew member... no one gets left behind. *Unfortunately*, as we left the dock the engine stopped and panic ensued. The bow line, that was being held by the “crew member that didn’t jump on the boat fast enough”, had become entangled in the propeller when he dropped it. I seem to remember Alan warning us to keep all lines in the boat, but like children, we learned this lesson the hard way. Luckily, the marina was busy and several knights in shining armour came to our rescue. The boat was returned to the dock and a very kind gentleman braved the icy waters of Lake Ontario to untangle the line from the prop.

After recovering from the ordeal we decided to set off once again. This time, the Captain established a *new* rule: “No person or line may be off the boat at any time during departure from the dock”. This worked well and we were finally well under way out of the harbour with all crew members and lines accounted for.

I was feeling confident about docking the boat as we arrived in the PCYC harbour. The harbour master had given us an “extra wide” berth. I think he knew I was a novice, or perhaps someone from PCMH called to warn him of our imminent arrival. I turned into our new dock to find a “welcoming party” waiting. It is amazing how helpful people are around boats, or maybe they too had been warned and they simply wanted to protect the boats docked on either side.

Uncle Don was on the bow of the boat and had decided to stand on the wrong side of the life lines so that he could jump off onto the dock. *Unfortunately* his running shoes were not cooperative and he plunged into the water, in front of the boat. All concentration was lost, until someone on the dock yelled for me to “reverse!”. Five people helped us secure the vessel and rescue Uncle Don from the frigid waters. He was taken out of his wet clothes, and regrettably the second pair of pants was lost and another new rule was established. “All passengers must remain on the correct side of the lifelines at all times”.

In the end, we lost two pairs of pants and one pair of sunglasses, which I forgot to mention, *unfortunately* flew off my baseball cap at the PCMH dock. We also almost, keyword *almost*, lost one Dad and an Uncle Don.

The day ended on a positive note...

My rum and coke tasted better than it had ever tasted.

It must be a sailor thing.

*YO-HO-HO!*