

Pirates of the Apostles (AKA: SKOAC Fall Ball 07) Oak Island

We (Jeff & Lloyd – aka Pink) showed up precisely as Cap'n Jill instructed, 5:13 or so - the last of the weekend crew arriving for the "5:00 launch". Already present were Cap'n, First Mate Ron O and a crew consisting of Luke, Mike O & Kate. The Cap'n was pacing the decks. "Who's got a cell phone with coverage?" What's to be alarmed, Jerome & Jane had landed on Oak earlier in the day & the message at 2:00 pm was "She's calm seas, really nice". An update was in order, however. A phone call back to a local weather consultant reported only one band of storms rolling through and that one has already passed. "OK, winds out of the SW, we have a good line of mainland to paddle for a while and then just one crossing at the end."

Cap'n Jill throws out, "Whatdaya Think? Do we hit it, or camp on the main land like a bunch of Nancy boys?" A couple of blank stares, no verbal's and one I don't know. Pause..... "Suck it up cupcakes, we're shov'n off"!!!

So we all heave ho, pack boats, and come to attention. (What we didn't get was Jerome's second voice mail "well,... she's blow'n pretty strong... Some tall seas.... I don't want to tell you what to not do but.... Well, I'm sure that you will use your best judgment. We'll see you Saturday morning". (Translation: you would be nuttier than a monkey in a barrel to be on the water tonight.)

So we paddle north. No big deal but the winds are still ornery. Crossing a big bay gave some of us a few "Wake-Up Calls" with a slap on the side of the carcass, and water running down the back side. This was just the primer. We did group-up, look at the white caps, the buoy, and the island beyond. General consensus, camp and bedding for the night was on the other side of those white caps.

It wasn't until we were committed (and we should be) that the full gravity of the situation was apparent. We were in 5 ft seas... For some it was a "YEEE HAAA" and for some it was "Oh baby Jesus, if you let me live through this I will go to church... one day, some day". Not to fear. After about 50 of the tall ones, you kind of got used to it. We all made it to the far shore and the wind, just to spank us one more time, was picking up beach sand and spewing it at us.

Despite the gale force winds at the beach and sand being tossed into our teeth, the camp site was what we needed. We earned - An Awesome Campout! With the front passed, we had a beautiful view of the moon rising over the lake to the East. Due to the storm all of the wood was wet and Pinkynearly passed out trying to get a fire started. Luckily Luke came to the rescue with highly resinous birch bark, and a fire was a blaz'n. A few recaps on the "evening paddle", some more tall stories and all slept well in the comfort of dry land and a dry sleeping bag.

Saturday was a glorious, blue sky day, without a cloud in the sky. The 7.5 miles to Stockton was enough to "earn" lunch and the 7.5 back was definitely enough to earn happy hour on the beach. We arrived to cold beers compliments of Stace who'd arrived earlier in the day with Elaine & Karen. After the refreshments and appetizers on the beach and a great sunset – we moved on to the Bacchanalia of THE pot luck suppers. As usual the group tried to restrain themselves for the Fall Ball Pot Luck Weekend – it was a belly bust'n 27 course meal. Everyone was guaranteed to over

indulge and sleep like a baby. A few more tall stories, another great camp fire, and the crew were dropping like flies.

Sunday was another glorious day. Blue skies, but as with the theme of the weekend, there be head winds to bust our chops on the way home. We got a good shove-off from Jerome and all could feel his extra energy as he paddled with us for a while to help push us off of the island. 7/8 of the crew opted for the straightest line between the two points of island and transportation home. The second 1/8 paddled a little more around Basswood Island and then on homeward – with a final surf into the marine after three days of wind in the face.

As always, we all had to have that first main meal back on shore, where someone else walks up to you and asks "can I get you a frosty cool one while you figure out what you want to pig out on"?

Note, that characters and caricatures portrayed in this story are purely from the gray matter of the author. Any similarities of these characters and events to real events are purely coincidental.

Actual Trip Report:

Attendees: **Thurs:** Jane and Jerome. **Friday:** Cap'n Jill, Ron, Jeff, Kate, Lloyd, Luke & Mike,

Saturday: Elaine, Karen, Stace.

All had an excellent Time. The End.