

**Hawaii Voyage Communiqués  
Porpoise Crew  
Friday, May 9, 2010**

**On Juan**

**OK, so here I am before the mast, so to speak, clinging to the fore-hatch with my toes for balance, while I try writing this on my Mac as seven or eight foot rollers roll the bow back and forth, up and down. It's like trying to write something on a roller coaster or maybe one of those simulators at Disneyland. I'm not quite sure why I am doing this.**

**So it's day two of true ocean sailing. Thought you all might want to know about the initial reactions. There is one laid out on the back seat under a blankey (not dead, yet) from which place he has hardly moved since early yesterday, when we met the first swells rolling unto swiftsure bank at the mouth of Juan de Fuca, or maybe we should now dub it Juan de Puca in honor of poor Christopher. Last night, after honoring the strait once again (fifth time, I was counting), he collapsed on the cushions with his gentle and meek chrissy groan, and in humble submission to the sea malady stayed there outside in the cold all night.**

**This might have been OK if he could have taken the night watch at the same time, but Alas poor Yorick, he could not. Night watches! A totally new concept and experience (I will get back to more seasickness news in a minute). We forty-or-so-year veteran coastal sailors do not understand this ascetic business of staying awake frozen to a helmsn's chair, straining numbly to spy freighter lights on a non existent horizon. It's dark out here at night folks! Everybody knows that after a hard day of sailing, fighting it out with Mother Nature, you get rewarded with a nice secure cove to anchor in, sit back with a cuppa somethin' and leisurely watch the newest sunset. You know what I mean? There is supposed to be a summation of the day, a conclusion, a nice reward. Not the sun go down (beautiful it was) and the rollers keep coming, the wind keeps blowing, the sails are all still up and so are you. It's just not right. And it doesn't end there. This is going to keep on for days...Sorry. We're really having an awesome, exciting, amazing time. But there are some serious mental adjustments**

**Matt and I took first night watch from eight to twelve. Actually Matt pretty well took first night watch as Captain Cook himself, adventurer seaman and all was feeling a little... well...just a little queazy. Truth be known there were very few crew members who could claim total exemption from the curse of Juan. Half -way sleeping through my first watch ever, I was woken from the warmth of the pilot house bench, where I was able to forget Juan for awhile, to check out a freighter nearing us. I was met on deck not only with the cold, but with a first taste of the magic of night at sea. My first attention was drawn to the cold, glowing, mystery of phosphorescence, swirling in a curly-cue of bright sparks from underneath the keel, the trail left by a ship under sail, silent and ghostly. Matt and Chris informed me of the visitor, who just earlier followed up behind and surfaced in the bright trail, blowing amid a stream of his own magic, taking leave and then returning with a few more. Just to be friendly we think. Dolphins? So soon? We actually talked to the**

**freighter captain on the VHF who had already picked up our new AIS technology and assured us that he would pass two miles ahead of us. Wow more magic. Oh abrupt cease of this, as something else calls. Will be back.**