

## **Out from Under**

**Author :** blueseas

**Date :** June 2, 2015



**Image:** *Towing the Awen out from under the clouds*

We've been preparing for this moment since December. Finally, we are underway. Everything has been packed. Our two boats, the *Moody Blue* and the *Awen* are ready to go. Our newest "vessel", the *Kipper's Folly*, a 21' herring skiff (bought to be a landing craft at our new home), is loaded with plants and looks like a floating greenhouse.

In the early morning light, I ease the *Awen* out of Rushbrook floats in Prince Rupert. I am still very new at this, so I'm distinctly uncomfortable running our beautiful sailboat, but I know that Ken must bring the *Moody Blue* out of the dock behind me. I idle the *Awen* quietly just off the breakwater, waiting for the *Moody Blue* to catch up to us. The morning is relatively clear of fog – the first decent morning in about two weeks. Typical of Prince Rupert, our "sunny" weather has become days of fog, with a clear break for about an hour or two in the afternoon.

The *Moody Blue* has pulled up alongside the *Awen* now. Ken tosses me the tow rope for the *Kipper's Folly*, which he has towed out behind the *Moody Blue*, and I quickly tie it to the *Awen's* stern while Ken rafts the *Moody Blue* up to the *Awen*. Although it takes some doing (the *Kipper* tangles in its tow line and the *Awen* breaks the tow line we were using for her, and needs to have a stronger tow line set up), we eventually got the boats organized for the trip down south. In the lead, our faithful (and powerful) old *Moody Blue* with a Gardner engine gutsy enough to tow the fleet. Then second in line is the *Awen*, full of bounce and vigour, and constantly threatening to snap her tow line. Finally, just casually floating along is the *Kipper's Folly*, disguised as a small floating island under plastic. What a fleet we make! Ken compared us to the "rag-tag fleet" from the old *Battlestar Galactica* TV series.

We are travelling slowly southward. We figure the trip will take us 8 to 10 days to complete. During the day, we ride in the *Moody Blue* as she tows the fleet. At night, we anchor up and raft the 3 boats together, sleeping aboard the *Awen*, which will be our home until we get a cabin built on our new property. When we started the journey, the sky was typical Prince Rupert grey, but gradually on the second day of our trip, the clouds began to break up, and we started seeing blue sky ahead. It is a strange moment – blue sky ahead, grey sky behind. We feel as though we are pulling out from under ... rainy weather, our old lives, the crazy industrialization that is taking over the north. It's like a breath of fresh air ... revitalizing!