

Happy winter! This time last year I was sinking into winter blues, suffering from the sleep deprivation brought on by my new puppy Cailey. The delights and frustrations and exhaustions of puppy ownership lasted through the winter, but I was, as I hoped, rewarded with a fantastic adventure dog come summer. But that's getting ahead of myself! Before spring came, I traveled out of state twice for work—once to Seattle (where Chris and I also caught a Gaugin exhibit at the Seattle Art Museum) and once to Salt Lake City. March started out clear and cold and ended clear and warm, the winter snow slowly melting away during endless days of sunshine. April followed with weather just as extraordinary; we saw only a few overcast days during the entire two months.

The fine weathered prompted earlier than usual summer preparation and the Ronquil was on the water the first week of April. After initial trepidation over engine noise, Cailey took to the boat like she was born to it (which she was, having lived on a sailboat her first three months); she was instantly at ease, curling up to sleep in the worst weather and always happy to jump onboard. On my second trip to Snettisham, Cailey learned to swim after I left her on shore when I went to anchor the boat; she wound up on the kayak with me on the way back, ever after refusing to be left behind for kayak adventures of any length!

So the summer was ever so much more joyful through sharing it with a dog; Cailey leaps around the woods with uncontained joy whenever we go to Snettisham and is endlessly entertained by the mudflats and wildlife. I made it to Snettisham ten times over the summer, including the earliest opening ever. I continued to focus on enjoying myself, but managed to make progress in a few key areas. A work party over Memorial Day and during close up resulted in the beginnings of a log bridge over the freshet gully, which will transform navigation across the property. We also built a nice shed where all the tools and gear can be stowed away from the lodge, I added a layer of clearcoat to all the cabins to maintain the stain, repainted all the floors (cabins, lodge, and outhouses), progressed on the interior trim, put up some firewood, etc.

Chris and I also went on our usual assortment of adventures. We returned to Pavlof Harbor for the third year where we found the coho run just beginning to arrive (like many salmon runs around the state, this run was late). We persevered and fished for two days in the beautiful bay, coming home with eight coho. On the way home I pulled in four halibut in an hour, all of which I released. Fishing, in fact, consumed my energy through the summer, this manic desire to fill the empty freezer for the winter overriding many other desires. In the end, we wound up with 27 salmon—a combination of Pavlof coho, Sweetheart sockeye, Taku coho, and one Sweetheart chum! Chris and I also experimented with smoking salmon for the first time with fantastic results.

I also fulfilled a camping adventure I've had on my mind for many years—a trip to Tracy Arm in my skiff. After overnighting at the homestead, Chris and I and our friends Rob and Katie cruised up the fjord, visiting both glaciers before camping in the first u-shaped valley, a truly spectacular campsite that rumbled with avalanches. The next day we headed back down Tracy Arm and a little ways into Endicott Arm where we camped at the mouth of a large stream and spent the evening in a downpour on an exposed gravel spit. In fact, it rained on us most of the time we were in camp (though less often on the boat), but we were undaunted. In the morning we explored the old town in Sanford Cove before heading back to Snettisham for the night. On the

way out the next day we visited Doc Fuche's cabin at the entrance to the port and found the beginning of the corduroy road to the Crystal Mine. We met up with resident orcas in Gastineau Channel, the crowning end to a spectacular trip.

I also explored another part of Alaska; my mother and I met up with my cousin and two aunts (all the girls on my mother's side of the family) for a four day adventure in the Kenai Mountains. We rode horses 16 miles into the mountains and stayed for three nights in 100 year old trapper cabins, riding and hiking during the day, and being endlessly entertained by the antics of the horses around the campfire.

After summer ended, Chris and I took a spontaneous trip to Washington so I could go to my first fair—the Puyallup. It was a giddy experience—a full day of rides, games, barns full of cattle and llamas, draft horse driving shows, piglets, and fair food. I can't imagine a better time.

Back at home, Squeak and Oscar returned to the bird feeders over the winter, joined by a new recruit with a curved snout named Gus. As winter sank in, Chris and I were invited to join a game night group which I joined religiously each week for beer and games. I'm sure much else of interest happened over the year, but I'm afraid I never finished this in 2012, so this will have to do!