

Logbook

An Adventure of a Duck Captain

By Nathan Xu

Now, in order to understand the motivations that caused us to venture on this perilous adventure, it is helpful to read this short story that our captain, Doodoodadoo, has shared with us.

64 days ago

Golden Gate National Recreation Area, California, USA

Crash! The roaring waves smashed onto the crumbly rock of the sheer cliff. Doodoodadoo watched as rocks tumbled down the cliff face and exploded into the mayhem of blue swirling below. The water was as dynamic as a sail in a hurricane. He glanced back at the low, stone mariner's club building behind him and thought about what the other captain had said. "You're so incompetent I could beat you across the ocean in a cardboard boat!" he had said, laughing. Doodoodadoo glimpsed at the snowy mountains in the distance. That's when the idea popped into his head. Maybe he should do the challenge, except he would be the one in the cardboard boat!

Day 1

San Francisco, California, USA

11:40 AM

The skies are shining, the port is bustling, and the air smells like adventure. I'm currently zooming down Halibut Street on my bike towards the waterfront. Doodoodadoo booked us reservations at a small restaurant camouflaged on a street corner. A wooden sign hangs over the doorway saying DELDON'S CAFE: BREAKFAST, LUNCH, AND DINNER. I go inside to order my breakfast, then seat myself beside Captain Doodoodadoo. The crustacean bread is delicious. After lunch, we have four hours to pack everything onto our vessel, the *Cardboard*, which is made out of cardboard. In all those four hours, it feels like there's never a time when I wasn't working. Here's a brief walk-through of our supplies. We have 16 days of food and water for 5 ducks, plus some juice and cookies to console us during the long voyage. For

entertainment, we're bringing *Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe and *Sailing Around the World Alone* by Joshua Slocum for us to share and seven copies of *American Practical Navigator* by Nathaniel Bowditch for our personal use (even though there are only five crew members!) Of course, we've got the essentials (first-aid kit, duct tape, kitchen supplies, extra cardboard, etc.) and a compass. After we finish packing, Doodoodadoo hoists the sail. 3... 2... 1... Sail! And with that, we're off! As the ship cruises through San Francisco Bay, I take some time to explore the ship. Inside the deckhouse, there's a cardboard desk and office chair, as well as a stairway down to Deck 4. At the bottom of the stairs there's a homely living space with a few cardboard armchairs and a cardboard shaving rug. Empty bookshelves made of a material that you very well know line the walls, and there are three doorways leading out of the room. One leads to the kitchen, where the engineer is busy setting up the fridge and microwave, one leads to the map room, and one leads to our sleeping quarters. I decide to plop down by my bed (not cardboard :D) and put away my stuff. Each bed has a bedside table with a lantern and a chest at the foot. After that, I run to a porthole just in time to see a very important white speck glinting against the cliffy shore: the mariners club that started it all.

Day 2

38.114053N, 123.098949W

6:33 AM

Today has been pretty dull so far. We sailed by a few islands. Doodoodadoo's map software is detecting seismic activity in the Juan de Fuca Ridge.

Day 4

Somewhere

1:34 PM

This morning we turned away from shore. Everything is going fine except for increasing seismic activity in the Juan de Fuca Ridge. We also received the news from Doodoodadoo's computer saying that one of Axial's side vents had gone boom last night, damaging an oil tanker.

Day 8

Axial Seamount

2:02 PM

The volcano erupted under us.

So now we have to patch up the enormous hole in the bottom of the ship. Doodoodadoo's already calculated that we'll have to ditch part of our existing boat. We've already cut out a section of Deck 2 to maneuver into the hole. I'll tell you how it goes later.

A little bit northeast of the seamount

9:27 PM

Things are going pretty great so far. We've cut out part of Deck 2 to drop into the hole, which we've temporarily patched up with duct-tape (it took 56 rolls.) It's really getting late, so I should probably stop writing now.

Day 10

Vancouver, BC, Canada

12:25 AM

Today we pulled into harbor to see who won the first leg of the contest. We booked a stay at a small modern inn a few minutes away from the docks. Dinner was a relaxing, cool, duckweed soup. When we drove down to the docks, a small podium had been set up and a formal duck in a tuxedo with a loud, proud voice was giving a speech about the circumstances of the competition. "IN SECOND PLACE... CAPTAIN QUACKALAK AND HIS CREW OF 12 SAILORS, COMPLETING THE ROUTE IN 9 DAYS, 21 HOURS, AND 41 MINUTES!" Captain Quackalak, who was the captain that had started the entire fiasco, stood in horror. "This... this can't be true..." We had... won? "IN FIRST PLACE... CAPTAIN DOODOODADOO AND HIS CREW OF 5 SAILORS, COMPLETING THE ROUTE IN 9 DAYS, 19 HOURS, AND 53 MINUTES!" Doodoodadoo immediately started filling his notebook with math. Cap Quackalak passed over the Axial Seamount on Day 5, and we did the same on Day 8. During that 3-day gap, the currents had shifted from northwest to northeast, the destination of our long and difficult voyage. So while Quackalak was busy refueling in Port Clements in Haida Gwaii, we were cruising past Cape Flattery on our way to Vancouver. We invite Cap Q to breakfast the next

morning at the hotel restaurant. But this is only Leg 1... who knows what will happen next? Well, it's getting late. See you in the morning!