

Cap'n's Log:

Type A B + / A Titanic ego, 96 years broadcasting from the bottom of the Atlantic... / 25cents obo

PORT ANGELES, Washington, March 29, 2008—

It almost rained that day. Sea salt wafted on the air like perfume and crusted itself into the waves of my hair. The reflection of a Japanese paper mill sparkled on the rippled surface of a small frigid pond.

This impoverished little town lay sandwiched between the Olympic Mountains and the Strait of Juan de Fuca in Washington State. A bum walking past me on the street of the quaint little downtown said, "You can depend on me," and flashed me the thumbs up.

I happened to be whistling an old tune from that classic Lee Marvin movie, *Fidel Castro has Spiders in his Beard*, and right at that moment, I could have had a thousand bucks in my pocket and not felt any happier—and it's moments like those which get you through the not so enjoyable times.