

“Don’t get too close.” Q cautioned. “They’ll poke your eye out.”

I arrived in time to see Bandit ruffling the last of the bare blueberry bushes trying to flush out any whom still dared hide from her. The ever-faithful Revel-hound had saved the day.

“Don’t think those turkeys will be back soon.” A familiar voice was heard to say as we continued our trek into the wiles of Revelwood. But as I paused to look back I wondered if they meant the raptors or us.

Next time on Trail Guide...Cheron Battles the Mighty Fanged Tree Squirrel – or – IB’s Iceberg

I Shoulda’ Been a Sailor...

By Cassi

The day dawned perfect in Downeast Maine. Indian summer was in full swing, 70 degrees with sunshine, and color everywhere the eye could see. Have you ever been to the perfect coastal resort town off season? You know the one, where it feels like you stepped back in time about 50 years as you walk down the tiny streets? Look past the tacky souvenirs in the windows, towards the hand carved driftwood pieces, and the pastel oils in the galleries, you remember how it feels?

The people are friendly; the breakfast is huge and cooked just right, and no one is pushing you out the door as you dawdle over coffee....remember? So come along with me after breakfast, strolling in the fresh ocean air towards the pier, and find your way to the dock where the catamaran waits for us. Did you bring your camera? Don’t worry about it, I have plenty of film. Let’s find a place on the rail on the port side, near the stern, out of the way of small children while we head out of the harbor. Bar Island, who lent its name to the tiny town, looms closer as we gather speed aiming for the open sea. On the starboard side, we watch the coast unfold in dazzling autumn colors, dotted with the estates of the ridiculously rich. Some of those mansions up there are over 100 years old, we hear, and some shrouded in tragedy...(but that’s another story).

Do you have your sea legs yet? Are you laughing with me as the cat plows through the 6 foot swells at 40 knots? (or clinging to the rail in terror with each wave?) No matter, the object of our voyage is in sight, and our fearless captain cuts the motor to an idle. “Eyes sharp,” he calls out, “scan the horizon for signs.” And then....and then....”Whale!” you cry out, pointing straight out at 9 o’clock, as the big humpback surfaces with a blow of spray. “Thar she blows!” echoes all around you as the others catch sight of the huge animal breaking the surface of the sea, but you saw her first, by gumption, this sighting is yours.

And what a creature she is....40 feet at least, maybe 50, as she turns slightly and begins to dive....but what’s that?!! Another blow, some 20 feet away, as her calf comes into sight. Smaller than Moby...er....mama....only 30-35 feet long, but coming further out of the water, as if the sun feels good on his back. As he dives, you turn to ask if I got any of that on film, because once you sighted the first whale, all other things on the ship around you ceased to exist. Of course, I did get some of it, and will continue to try for more and better over the next hour or so as the captain and crew follow the whales, and we learn about whale-prints and how to guess where they might surface next. (Whale prints: a circular pattern of calm

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