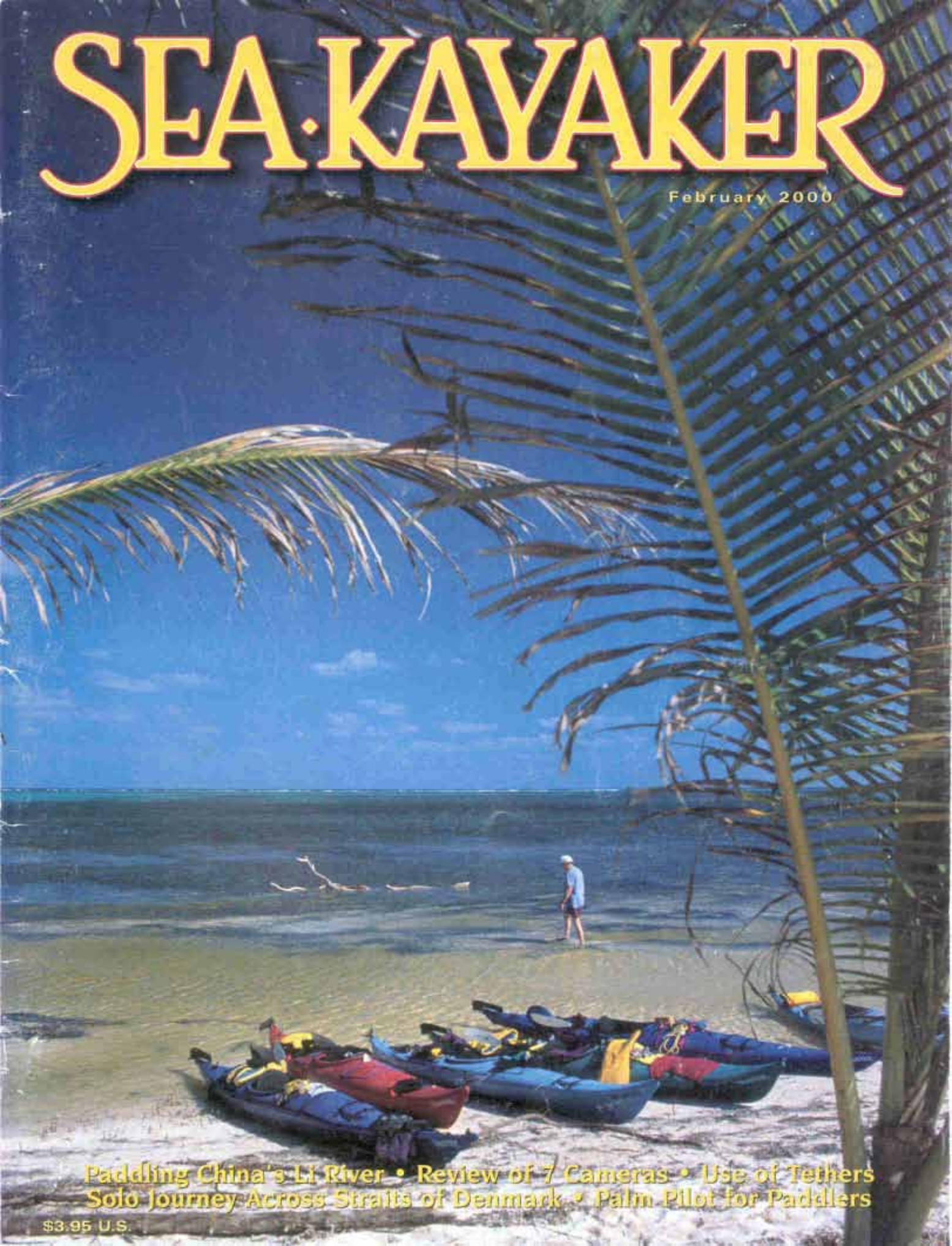


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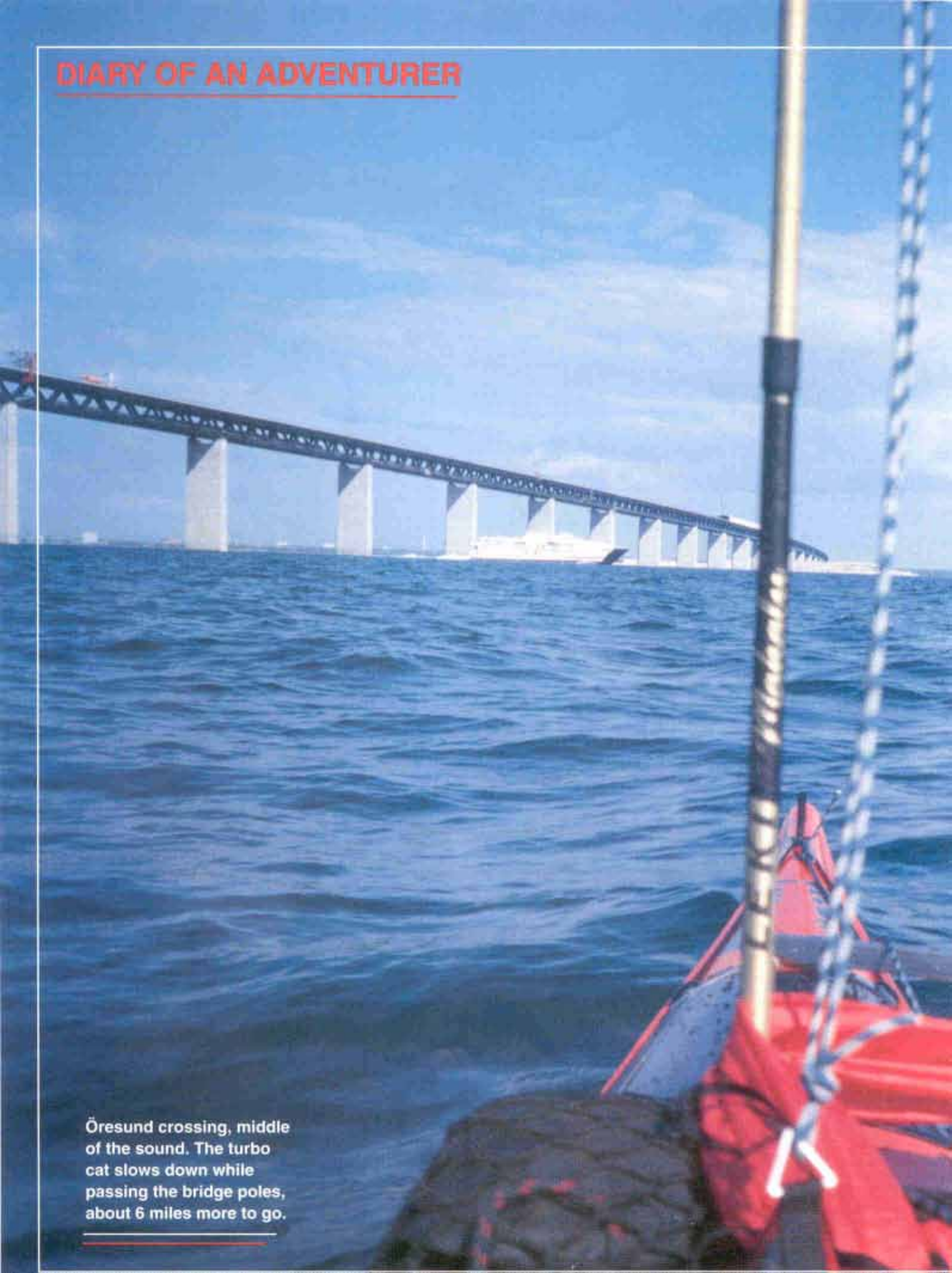
February 2000



**Paddling China's Li River • Review of 7 Cameras • Use of Tethers
Solo Journey Across Straits of Denmark • Palm Pilot for Paddlers**

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DIARY OF AN ADVENTURER



Öresund crossing, middle of the sound. The turbo cat slows down while passing the bridge poles, about 6 miles more to go.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

Crossing Danish Straits

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY "DOC" HOLIDAY

Accompanied by a gleaming sun, my partner Kathryn and I launched my kayak into the glassy waters of the bay of Flensburg, on the border between Denmark and Germany. There was no swell, no breeze. It was May 2, 1999, the first real sailing weekend of the summer, and the bay was dotted with a flotilla of brightly colored sails. Standing at the water's edge, Kathryn looked lonely and sad as I slowly paddled away. In a few minutes Kathryn was just a speck on the beach. Two long months and, for me 1,100 miles later, we would see each other in Haparanda, the northernmost point of my 2800-mile solo tour around the Baltic Sea—a long way, a long time.

In front of me the bay of Flensburg opened to the western Baltic Sea and the Lille Bælt (Little Strait). For this trip, I had rigged my sea kayak with a 2 1/2-meter-long outrigger I had built from the bow of a K1 racing kayak. I had not yet tested it under heavy conditions, so I watched the stainless-steel connections of the outrigger with hawk-like intensity. The outrigger would allow me to sail (with my 0.8-square-meter spinnaker) and to fish. This way, I wouldn't have to react with the paddle to every wave.



Top to bottom: Divine paddling: low swell, stern winds in the Danish South Sea, pushed forward by my bright red spinnaker. Working hard on cleaning the salad at a beach near Ærøskøping. Right: A good spot for a break.

Day 1

The weather was perfect as I reached Danish waters. The Cape of Kegnæs was in front of me. I had planned this as my stopping point for the day, but I wasn't at all tired. I wanted to make the seven-mile crossing over to Ærø, the first Danish island. There had been no wind yesterday, so the currents in the Bælt would be reasonable. There seemed to be no obvious risk in going so far offshore today. I felt more comfortable taking the new catamaran kayak rig across in today's mild conditions than risking rougher conditions later. I quickly put on my wetsuit and propelled my boat into the open water of the Bælt. On this often treacherous stretch of water the waves and swell were so mild that they didn't even wash over the deck. My anxiety melted away. A slight breeze rose from the stern, allowing me to hoist my spinnaker. With the sun setting at my back and a 30-meter-high sand cliff glowing red in front of me, I reached Ærø with the last glimpse of light.

The countless sailboats were gone. Loneliness hit me. The beach was paved with round stones the size of apples. It was an easy landing but, with my tired arms, it was difficult to pull the boat out of the surf zone and onto the beach. Since the beach was terraced, I couldn't use the foam rollers I'd brought to help drag the kayak up the beach. The crunching of the kayak's hull on the stones was heart-rending: "Now the boat is second-hand," I thought.

I set up the tent in just five minutes, but it took a long time to sort through the rest of my gear. On this first day I didn't know where to find things or in which order I should unpack gear.

When I had camp set up, I jumped into the icy water. To get rid of the neoprene smell from my wetsuit, I scrubbed my skin with a brush until it was bluish-red. Afterwards, I lit a candle in the tent and spread out in the cozy interior.

I had to attend to my hands. After a day on the water, they were saturated with sea water and covered with blisters and cuts. Then I lit the stove and prepared dinner: a stew of sea kale and common nettle that I had gathered from the beach. My drink for the evening was a very bitter green Japanese tea. During my frugal supper, I was so tired I almost fell asleep with my spoon between my lips. The rhythmic bumping of the waves and the clicking of stones on the shoreline lulled me to sleep.

Day 2

When I woke up at 5:00 a.m., my whole body felt like a brick. Lying in my sleeping bag, I enjoyed the murmuring of the gentle waves on this sunny spring morning on Ærø. I put my "coffee"—roasted dandelion roots—on to boil. Yesterday's paddle had left my hands as stiff as clubs. After a few false starts, I managed to place everything in the boat and outrigger.

The growing swell made it very difficult to launch the heavy outrigger kayak on this sloping, pebbly beach. My cockpit took a big icy gulp before I could tighten my sprayskirt properly.

The goal for the day was to head north first, to round Ærø's northern cape, then turn south and paddle down the other side of the island. After three hours or so, the wind blew straight over the bow. The spray hitting me felt like somebody was tearing the skin from my face. A swell of 70 centimeters was washing over the stern as I passed the northern tip of Ærø and hoisted my sail to catch the wind. I sped into a very shallow part of the western Baltic Sea where hundreds of tiny islands lie between Lille (Little) and Store (Big) Bælt. The water's color ranged from turquoise to a deep tourmaline green. I paddled

into a patch of floating eelgrass and pulled some of it out of the water. It was a welcome snack while paddling. Its sour taste quenched my thirst, and it contributed a healthy dose of Vitamin C. The sweet scent of fields of yellow rape to starboard blew across the water.

I made camp in a tiny, sandy, protected bay not far away from the town of Ærøskøping. The wind-crooked pine trees reminded me of ancient Japanese paintings from Hiroshige. I walked from shallow water onto the sandy beach, and found my own "salad garden." I set up camp quickly and easily, then gathered plants for dinner. My routine of foraging for my meals was beginning to feel normal: dandelion, red clover, daisy and ribwort plantain for a monster salad, and "coffee," all collected from the neighborhood. The salad was a revelation of flavors. The bitter dandelion leaves and the spicy daisy harmonized with the mild ribwort plantain.

Slowly, the light was changing. Dusk—the moon rose and the Baltic Sea took on the calm appearance of a lake. I watched the stars in the clear spring sky. It was cold now, close to freezing, and I crawled into my sleeping bag. With my tent door open, I enjoyed the melodic calls of the birds and the sweeping expanse of the Milky Way in the cold, clear sky as loneliness swept over me.

Days 3-7

The next day, I pulled my boat into the calm, shallow Danish South Sea, heading for the island of Langeland. My hands were still swollen. The wounds had healed well overnight, but in this damp environment the scabs were soft again, with deep, inflamed holes in my skin. "I need to do something about this soon. This is a serious problem," I mumbled to myself, while chewing on eelgrass.

The sand dunes I was paddling along were crowded with birds: Half of the birds squawked furiously, the other half flew in tight circles around my boat and took sporadic dives at me.

As I approached Langeland, about a half-mile or so from shore, a breeze blew off the island. It immediately became stronger, changing from a gentle breeze to a fresh breeze. Ten minutes later and losing ground, I realized I wouldn't make land at this rate. I tried to stay calm. The wind was gusting up to Force 6! "Much too much wind at the end of an eight-hour paddling day," I complained to myself.

It took an hour of paddling at full effort before I approached the beach. The wind-blown sand coming off the beach stung against my skin. I continued creeping north, looking for a better place to camp. I found a sheltered place in the undergrowth of a small forest close to the beach, and set up camp.

The storm lasted three days and nights. I tried to put in some mileage in the lee of Langeland's sand cliffs, but during the storm I covered only seven miles. While my paddling days were short because of the storm, I wasn't disappointed. It allowed time for my hands to heal, and I had time to put my equipment in order.

Langeland's Hov, the northernmost part of the island, was the jumping-off point for the Store Bælt. From my camp, tucked in the lee of a sand cliff, I looked out over the seven-mile cross-



ing to Omø with mixed feelings. The storm was pounding three-meter breakers onto the beach on the other side of the cliff, and the marine weather forecast called for a continuation of the windstorm.

At 4:00 the next morning, I was astonished to awaken to the call of a cuckoo in an eerie calm. Without taking time to eat breakfast, I stowed my luggage and checked the wind: Force 1 from the west. I secured the gear on deck that I'd need for the day: GPS, watch, knife, neoprene hood, spare gloves, sunglasses, backup paddles. The "jump" over the Bælt shouldn't take more than three hours—I would have breakfast on the other side. Ferry gliding across a two-mile-per-hour current from the north, I crossed the first shipping channel in relatively calm conditions. Beyond the channel, I paddled over a 10-meter-deep shoal where I was plunged into a two-meter-steep cross chop and turbulent currents running in all directions.

I was amazed at the calm behavior of the outrigger kayak. I would have had serious trouble if I had been in a single kayak; I would have been fighting to keep from taking a dip in the icy breakers in the middle of the Bælt. My catamaran kayak rig, however, took everything with just a slow shake.

The second shipping channel had a current from the south at three miles per hour that equalized the drift of the first shipping channel, so I headed directly into the narrow Omø channel. While the swell was moderate here and there was still no wind, the whirling of the current made me really nervous, and made navigation difficult.

With less than three miles to go to reach the shores of Sjælland, I paddled hard and hoisted my little sail to take advantage of the wind, as dark clouds began to form over the eastern horizon in front of me.

I thought about what the forecasters had predicted: "Continued windy, sunny and clear weather from the east." Watching this menacing storm forming, I would have liked to have some of the drugs it seemed the forecasters were taking.

After passing Omø to starboard and Agersø to port, the weather was getting bad. I was happy to make my first landfall of the day on a small island for a late breakfast. I harvested and munched loads of sea kale before I continued paddling east. I was heading for a narrow, 15-kilometer-long peninsula where I hoped to get out of the wind. The west wind began to be very unsettled, then it died entirely. In ten minutes it started to blow strongly again, from the east, over the bow: at first at Force 3,



then increasing to Force 5. The weather worsened as I crept along the shoreline in the lee of the Sjælland cliff. The sky turned black and it began to rain. Foam and spray washing over the deck splashed in my face. I fought against the choppy, low, rippled sea of the long, shallow bay. I only had to cross the bay: one mile more to go, just across the Avnø Fjord with its masses of huge boulders, some lurking just beneath the surface of the water.

Pushed along by the following sea, I surfed through the rocks, focusing all my effort on steering to avoid bumping over the submerged rocks. My kayak would never survive a collision at this speed. With every wave, the kayak's bow dove under and the stern was pushed upward. The outrigger connections were grinding and creaking, the mast was vibrating and the boat began to buzz like a big beetle. Moments later, I was soaked and exhausted, but relieved to have made it through the boulders. Along shore, the water was so shallow that I had to get out of the kayak and tow my boat the last 50 meters to the beach.

Struggling against nearly gale-force gusts, I built the vestibule of my tent right over a patch of sea kale. "At least dinner is assured," I mumbled. My teeth began

Matt Kania

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to chatter with cold. When I tore off my gloves, I saw that my fingertips were white and frozen. I crawled into my sleeping bag to warm up. Still trembling all over, I watched the tent pressing down on me with the rhythm of the squalls.

Two hours later, I woke up hungry and bloody cold. I put on tea and kale, then fetched my scrub brush and crept down to the beach for an icy bath. Black clouds scudded toward me from the eastern horizon. The wind ripped across the surface of the bay, and threatened to push my camp off the flat sand peninsula.

In the tent, I arranged my gear and mapped out the route for the next day. I lay awake for a long time, recalling the day's paddle: 41 miles, farther than I've ever paddled in a day. My thawed fingertips began to itch, and the storm whipped salt spray against my tent.

Days 8-11

A startling calmness awoke me the next morning. There was no wind, and the air was warm—very warm. After my morning routine, I launched on a sea as flat and silvery as mercury, heading eastward into a fog bank.

With the water so calm, landing was easy, and I went ashore several times to forage for kale, sour-tasting beech leaves, foul-tasting birch leaves and bitter-tasting dandelion leaves.

The fog lifted, and I could see the entrance into the narrow shipping path between Sjælland and the two islands, Falster and Møn, which are connected to Sjælland by long bridges. Fighting a strong current that was moving east to west along the narrow passage, I slowly made my way to the bridge between Sjælland and Falster.

It started raining. The Møn bridge was veiled by the downpour. It was difficult to find a camp. In this passage the shoreline was overgrown with a wide swath of reeds, so I could neither beach my boat nor make camp. I finally found a small dune on a marshy meadow. Totally soaked, I climbed out of the kayak and pulled it through the reeds. I put up my tent on a little bit of sand surrounded by marsh land and hundreds of bright-yellow cowslips. Soaked, tired and hungry, I sat in the wet grass to collect my frugal dinner: cowslips, ribwort plantain and dandelion leaves. I thought about Kathryn's big Rhodesian Ridgeback—how he always looked so sad when the tidbits from the dinner table ran out. It must have been how I looked now.

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hungry, I sat in the wet
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frugal dinner: cowslips,
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dandelion leaves.*

I'd been suffering from a headache all day. I tore off my neoprene hood. The rain felt good, and refreshed me a bit. In the gray light of the evening I dug for roots of the common reed, which are rich in carbohydrates. I cut the roots into small pieces and mixed them in warm water. The concoction immediately cured my headache.

Now the air was warmer, but everything was damp and clammy. The salt in my clothes pulled moisture out of the air and into the fabric, chilling me. My hands didn't look so good, and the shower of rain still dribbled on the tent's roof.

The next day, I paddled along endless forests and meadows off to port. It was one of those spring days I had been waiting for: no problems, no wind, no swell. It felt good. From the bay of Fakse I could see the small town of Fakse Ladeplads about ten miles in the distance, where I planned to camp.

I set up my camp on the dunes near Fakse Ladeplads. A warm breeze helped to dry my equipment. I fell asleep on the warm sand. When I awoke, I found that I had gotten my first sunburn of the season. Night fell as I lay in dry clothes that still stored the sun's warmth of the day. I felt content. I watched the stars through the open entrance of the tent before I dropped off. In the middle of the night, I woke up with a start to the crashing sounds of a massive thunderstorm. The tent stakes had been pulled out and were already gone. The tent was flapping in the storm and pressing down on top of me. I rushed out naked, even though the temperature had dropped to 6°C. (I wanted to keep my clothes dry.) Armed with an ax, I crawled to a bush to cut

long stakes to secure both the tent and the kayak. The wind was unbelievable. I had been too complacent when I had set the tent on top of the dunes, not nestled between them. A swell was pounding on the beach and spray was smashing on the tent. After I had secured the tent, I crept back in and tried to get back to sleep, without success. I had to get up two more times that night to secure my equipment.

Day 15

After three days of roaring winds, I awoke to an unsettling calmness and an oppressive fog. The previous evening's weather forecast had been some drivel about the gale continuing for the next few days. I hurried to load my boat. I wanted to get out of this exposed bay, which seemed to catch the biggest breakers from the central Baltic Sea. I paddled along Sjælland's chalk cliffs. Only ten miles to the east lay Sweden's Falster peninsula. If it weren't for the fog, I could have done the crossing, saving myself six days of paddling around Øresund to Sweden. I could hear thunder rumbling through the fog. Soon, I was overtaken by a torrential rain. I was afraid my mast might act as a lightning rod in this sudden thunderstorm, so I hurried out of the water and ran into a forest, leaving my boat behind on the beach. Lightning illuminated the fog, and loads of rain washed down. The thunder was earsplitting.

When the fog cleared up, I took the opportunity to move before the next thunderstorm arrived. My spirits were down. Shivering and sad, I kept on paddling.

Hearing another peal of thunder, I again rushed off the water to seek refuge in the woods. As I ran, something pierced through my neoprene shoe and into my right foot. I was so numb and cold that I felt no pain. I sat on the grass shivering and shaking. "This had all been planned so carefully!" I whimpered.

The last of the thunderstorms passed, and I got back on the water. Paddling along the base of a 30-meter-high chalk cliff, I paddled straight into an enormous oil slick. The stinking, slimy brown stuff stuck to the boat and paddle like glue, and the kayak slowed down. I began to vomit, and everything swirled before my eyes. Instead of drifting into panic, I tried keeping calm by thinking about something pleasant, which wasn't easy, under the circumstances.

Slowly, I moved out of the slick. A short time later, I passed a huge chalk

quarry with a half-mile-long jetty sticking out into the sea, coloring the water milky green. "This can't be true, this is the end of the world!" I swore out loud.

After ten hours of the worst paddling I had ever endured, I pulled ashore for the day. The sun was peeking between the heavy clouds. On the horizon I could see the buildings of Copenhagen. I set up camp and changed into my dry clothes. My feet had gone dead with the cold. I felt no pain from the bloody hole in my right foot. Only when I tried to clean the fingertip-deep wound did the feeling come back.

I made some hot tea and watched the birds around camp while I surveyed Copenhagen's skyline. I felt exhausted, yet the pain pounding in my foot reminded me that I was still alive. Just ahead lay the town of Dragør and, beyond that, to the east, lay Sweden.

An icy wind from the northwest forced me to stay in camp for two days. I badly needed the rest, especially for my foot to heal.

I started the next paddling day at 5:00 a.m. I had had a hard night; for two days I had been anxious about the Øresund crossing. I wasn't frightened, I just had an uneasy and uncertain feeling about it. How would the weather be, the currents, the swell, the waves?

Across the mirrored surface of the water, the first ten miles of the day were a piece of cake. Horn pikes were feeding just under the surface, around my kayak. In the morning haze, I paddled along the shoreline near Copenhagen. Dim, futuristic industrial complexes rose above granite boulders flanking the shore. With no wind and no swell, the industrial buildings seemed like a mirage, fragmented and detached from the world. Perhaps I was the one who was out of place.

Airplanes approaching Kastrup Airfield hung beneath the rising morning sun like sparkling pearls. As I rounded the Dragør peninsula, I saw the as-yet unfinished bridge across the Øresund in the midday mist. By lunch time, I had reached the place where I intended to camp in preparation for crossing the channel. To go on from here would have made for too long a day. From the top of the dunes, I scanned the channel with my binoculars. I wasn't tired. There was little wind and only one-meter waves. On the spur of the moment, I decided to paddle the 11 miles after lunch. I slipped into my immersion gear and climbed into the cockpit, tightening the sprayskirt. I took a sip of walnut oil and

*Then I saw the wake
of the ferry: the biggest
wave I have ever seen,
some four meters high,
rolling toward me
like a boxcar.*

the last gulp of my sweet violet syrup for energy, and dipped my paddle into the swell. The sun burned down from the sky, but the water and the wind were still icy. I made sure everything was fixed on deck.

Locals call the channel the "Maelstrom," because of the unpredictable and dangerous currents, the steep cross-chop waves and the short but sizable swell—all this even when there is no wind. Through this "eye of a needle" between Denmark and Sweden passes most of the trade of the entire Baltic Sea, carried on ships of all kinds. Ferries move across the shipping lanes, connecting the cities of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, and Malmö, the third largest city in Sweden. Weaving through all of this traffic, turbo-cat ferries blast along at 42 knots. As I neared the shipping lanes, I watched the ship traffic, trying to discern if there was any pattern, but the erratic behavior of the ships looked like the unpredictable Brownian movement of molecules. The crossing would take at least four hours. Four hours of adrenaline, I thought. The midday breeze was about Force 3 from the north; this would help me, since the current would carry me south down the Øresund, and not north into the Kattegat, the vast open strait between northern Denmark and Sweden.

The first shipping lane I had to cross was just off the Danish coast. Paddling into it, I felt the current carry me north, against the wind: exactly where I didn't want to go. A big tanker was closing in on my port side. I drifted, waiting to see how close she would pass. As I sat at water level, watching the immense ship

coming toward me, a disturbing realization came over me: I was well aware that I might not have the speed to avoid the tanker, but I had no idea if the ship would have the maneuverability to avoid running into me. As she passed within 50 meters of me, goose bumps rose on my neck. I waited for the ship's wake. It was around 1.5 meters high. Fortunately, it was no longer cresting by the time it reached me; I rode the waves without having any water wash over the deck.

Then I saw one of the high-speed ferries from Sweden roaring toward me. When I glanced through my binoculars, I couldn't believe my eyes. The wake from the turbines was at about the same height as the ferry: eight to ten meters high! My courage suddenly went into hiding. A few moments later, a sailboat paralleling my course gave me a vague feeling of safety as the swell approached. My GPS indicated that a current was pushing me north at two knots. I was only a half mile from the safety of a little island in the middle of the Øresund when I saw a second ferry, a turbo catamaran, closing in on me at tremendous speed. In blind fear, I hoisted my bright red spinnaker. I could only watch helplessly as the vessel crossed my path only 250 meters away. "Jerks," I thought. Then the wake of the first ferry arrived. It was the biggest wave I have ever seen, some four meters high, rolling toward me like a boxcar.

I had only 20 seconds to turn into the wake. The first wave was the highest—at least four meters, maybe five—speeding in like a race car. It lifted me up with a jerk and dropped me into the first trough, then heaved me up one second later...and again. Adrenaline swept through my body, and goose bumps sprouted on my skin. A sailboat paralleling my course was rolling so violently that its mast hit the surface of the water. After the wake had passed, they shouted to me: "Never thought you were going to make it!" "Neither did I!" I replied.

As I paddled toward the island, I could hear the breakers pounding on the artificial granite beach of the island. There was no way to land, but it was good to be close to land and out of the current for a while.

I paddled to the next shipping route, afraid as I looked left and right, fearing I would see more turbo ferries approaching. The wind was blowing from port and the waves were growing steeper, but I crossed the shipping lanes without incident. In the shallows beyond the shipping lanes, the current was running southward at three miles per hour, creat-

ing steep, confused seas. Choppy overfalls loomed neck-high. My throat was parched, but I was afraid to reach for the water bottle in the cockpit. Waves without a lull were coming from all directions over the deck, threatening to flood my cockpit in a second.

When I finally reached the calm water along Sweden's shore, I sat motionless for ten minutes, wilting in full paddling gear in my kayak, exhausted, and fried by the first day of blazing spring sun. I was drenched in sweat and unable to lift my tired body out of the boat. My arms felt as heavy as lead and my mind was numb, repeating a single thought as if on an endless tape: "I made it. I made it. I MADE it across the Øresund to Sweden!" Slowly, I realized that after 11 hours and 25 statute miles of paddling in the sun, I was on the verge of exhaustion. I estimated that I had reached 98 percent of my capacity, so my timing was fortunate. "If I'd had to fight against a little land breeze at the end," I mumbled to myself, "that would have been it for me—fish food, stuck in the strong currents of the shipping lanes."

"Come on," I pushed myself, "time for the evening routine." I struggled out of the kayak. After such a long crossing, I was too tired to feel proud of my accomplishment. My feelings were more the gratitude of a shipwrecked person happy to wade up the beach and kiss the ground.

My camping spot was at the base of the Øresund Link, a 16-kilometer roadway with bridges and a tunnel that will span the Øresund, joining Sweden and Denmark. The setting couldn't have been nicer: a beautiful, shallow, protected bay, a white-sand beach, marsh meadows and tons of seaweed and mussels in the mirror-like water. I stripped out of my PFD, Gore-Tex, fleece and neoprene wetsuit. With so many layers on, I had roasted in the sun, but I had needed the protection from the bone-chilling water of the long crossing. The "aroma" that came out of my paddling gear after 16 days of paddling scarcely seemed human, so I hauled myself into the icy water armed with soap and a scrub brush to get rid of this unearthly odor. My daily bathing ritual symbolized the end of a hard, lonely and hungry day in my kayak.

After washing up, I tried to drag the loaded boat up the beach, but I had left most of my strength somewhere in the channel. Unable to budge the kayak, I unloaded the tent from its dry bag and set up camp. After I had emptied and cleaned the kayak, I set it on the beach, ready for the next day.



Coming ashore near industrial buildings by Copenhagen

I scanned the shoreline and walked along the shallow water of the bay looking for food. The menu for today: black mussels with a seaweed, eelgrass and dandelion salad, and a side of fried greater burdock roots that I found near my tent. I quickly cut the eelgrass and dandelion for the salad and spiced them with some walnut oil and birch tree vinegar. I cut the burdock into very thin slices and fried it in walnut oil, and I roasted dandelion root for breakfast coffee.

Eventually, I relaxed. The "work" was done, and I stretched out on the warm sand. The mussels were cooking in sea water, the roots sizzling, and the heavy red French wine was breathing. I enjoyed the shimmering view of Copenhagen and the European mainland across the Øresund, in front of the eight-mile-long section of bridge.

Satisfied, I ate my dinner. The fried burdock root's taste was caramel-like, and its texture made my jaw ache from chewing. The salad was, unfortunately, well "salted" with sand. Just once on a kayak trip I would like to eat without a gritty, sandy crunch.

The long, white nights of midsummer were almost here, I thought. A flock of seven eider duck families with more than 70 youngsters gabbled down on the shoreline, looking for food in the glassy water. As I was eating dinner, a great skua circled over the phalanx of eiders, which suddenly circled like musk-ox, protecting the youngsters in the middle. But the skua was successful: stealing a little chick, it flapped away. I watched with my binoculars, and saw the skua swallow the little duck whole. Saddened, I worked

my way through the huge salad, while mussels and roots simmered on my stove.

By the time the mussels were ready, I was weary of chewing through the huge salad. I hauled myself to the pot and ate mussels and fried roots until I felt bloated. After walking down to the shoreline to clean up my cooking equipment, I sculpted a sort of recliner chair in the warm white sand in front of my tent.

The weather forecast on my short-wave radio predicted that the weather would be "fine again tomorrow," but my experience of the last 16 days had led me to believe that the forecasters were not of this world. SX

On June 24th, after 700 miles, Detlev's journey ended in the Hammarby lock in Stockholm, Sweden, when an errant motorboat pushed his kayak against the stonework, causing major nerve damage to Detlev's shoulder as he attempted to hold the boat off.

The author's kayak was an Arctic, by Lettmann, in Moers, Germany. The home-built outrigger was created from the forward 2.5 meters of a Lettmann Hot Cat sprint kayak.

"Doc" Holiday, of Bremen, Germany, loves extreme environments and its inhabitants. He holds a Ph.D. in marine sciences, and conducts biological research in the field of phytoremediation. He has worked in the Arctic, in Sweden, Japan, Hawaii and Namibia. He paddles extensively on the Baltic and North Seas. He can be reached at: threeX@t-online.de