



THE

SEASONAL

ISSUE 16

If you have time to read this, you probably need to

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If this summer has gotten you down and you've thought, 'the humans have failed me.' Take some time to yourself and go into the woods. Lay in some moss. Close your eyes. Feel how soft the moss is. Listen to the ravens. Why do they always sound so pissed off?

- Joey Rovinsky



Here it is: The keys to the vault.

Inside these pages you'll meet locals, Seasonals, guides, friends, scholars, and scumbags. Dive deep into all the knowledge, wisdom, advice, experience, and pro-tips this absolutely free magazine has to offer. But never forget: you get what you pay for. - Ryan Deininger



Don't just talk about it and if you're unsure, just be kind.

- Kellie Mogg

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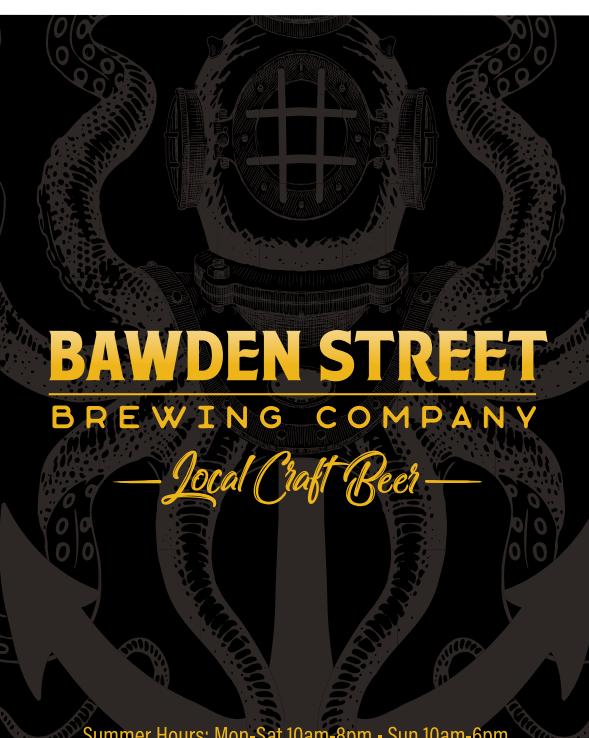


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FEATURED SEASONAL

Karl Koehler



The Seasonal: What's the most Alaskan thing you have done since you arrived this summer?

Karl Koehler: Given the magnitude and variety of Alaska, it is hard to pin down its essence, especially since I'm not from here. I think that freedom and wildness are important aspects of Alaska, so I'll say that sitting atop a mountain next to the frozen Blue Lake while the sun rolled along the crenelated horizon was amongst my most Alaska moments. The only other witnesses were mountain goats and ptarmigans.

TS: What is your biggest must-do before you leave the island at the end of summer?

KK: I would really like to SCUBA dive in a lush bull kelp forest.

TS: If you had lived in Ketchikan 100 years ago - what would Karl do for a living, ideally?

KK: I think I would have gone up north to be a river guide on the Yukon. I've heard that some folks would post up at the gnarlier rapids and pilot the boats of prospectors on their way to Dawson.

TS: Kiss, marry, or kill: Devil's Club. A bald eagle. The Disney Wonder.

KK: I guess I would kill the Devil's club because my moral code prioritizes organisms with higher degrees of consciousness. I'd kiss an eagle because it would make a great story and marry the Disney Wonder because that is what the confines of this myopic question leave available to me.

KK: ... Burn.

TS: You spend the majority of your time on the water - Tell us about the treasures you've found in the water.

KK: In a literal sense I have found 4 gopros, a full bottle of whisky, and hundreds of golf balls beneath water over the years. In a figurative sense, I have recently been mind boggled by being in the ocean with whales and orcas. They are so intelligent and large that you can't help feeling elevated after seeing them.

TS: In your two months in Ketchikan, what have you found to be the biggest burden about living here?

KK: Ketchikan is the most fun and welcoming place I've lived. Finding time to be alone in the world has been one of the only trials, but only because there are so many friends and adventures to be had.

TS: Who do YOU think put the 'bop' in the bob-shoo-bop-shoo-bop?

KK: Is that a reference to something specific?

TS: Don't listen to Oldies eh?

KK: I think I know the song. Is the next line "shoobidooobidoo bop"?

TS: Have you seen another job on this island that you're jealous of?

KK: There are a lot of cool jobs here but I told Devon I would take a pay cut if it meant I could kayak every day. I really enjoy the physical act of paddling along with the peace and proximity that a kayak affords. I also really enjoy the noise that a perfectly formed paddle whirlpool makes on flat water days. If I had to do another job I would love to see this place from the air.

TS: What's the most trouble you've ever been in?

KK: I almost got deported from Indonesia. An immigration officer came and spied on me one day while I was teaching English (for free) to a bunch of kids in the village of Rarandam. Later, he ended up taking my passport and trying personally escort me to the island of Java as a part of an extortion scheme. I called the us embassy and they just about told me I was screwed. I decided it would be better to go to jail where people knew I existed so I packed my bags and sat around perspiring that special sour sweat that comes with stress. A friend of mine who was from an important family in the city near by finally pulled the right strings and I got out of the country free and clear and I'm still allowed back. Extortion works both ways.

TS: Biggest celebrity crush?

KK: Rachel McAdams

TS: Last drunk text you sent?

KK: I generally do a bad job responding to texts which also means I do a good job not sending stupid things out while inebriated.

TS: If you were a Whiteclaw flavor. What flavor would you be... and why?

KK: I don't drink expensive things like whiteclaw. I try to keep my booze purchases less than \$1 per standard drink.

TS: Do you always dodge questions or did you learn that at CELP?

KK: To honestly answer a question sometimes I have to step outside of it.

TS: I don't think the seasonal is allowed to plagiarize Sun Tzu... speaking of: have you read any good books lately?

KK: Well played. Absolutely! I just reread "The cyberiad" by Stanislaw lem. It's one of my favorite books. It's a collection of stories about two omnipotent robots that travel the universe getting into trouble. It has the feel of a new set of fairytales that play with logic instead of trying to teach you morals.

TS: Last question: favorite food that you didn't know about before Ketchikan?

KK: I've been picking Salmon berries for hours today and they are new to me. Once you get over the fact that they are not raspberries they are delicious.



Blueberry Sauce Recipe

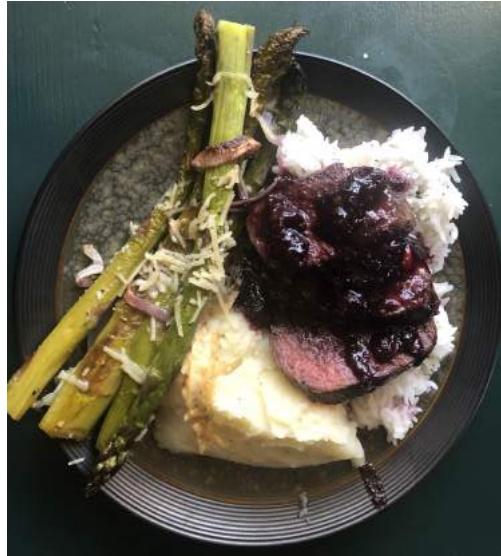


From Shelly Hill
of Wildfire & Sage



We have such an abundance of wonderful magical plants here on Revillagigedo Island. With the Blueberry Arts festival right around the corner I would love to highlight, well, the Great Wild Blueberry.

They are low in calories and high in nutrients. Wild blueberries are smaller in size and can be richer in some antioxidants. They can help improve memory function and even lower blood pressure caused by all those tourists. They can reduce inflammation which can come from all those late nights out wetting your whistle.



Blueberry Sauce
6 oz of fresh blueberries
¾ cup Sugar
¼ cup Balsamic vinegar
Juice & Zest of a Lemon
1 teaspoon of clove
1 teaspoon of cardamom

Combine all of the ingredients in a sauce pan and bring to a boil. Add an optional pinch of salt. After about 5 minutes of boiling you should be able to “smash” the berries on the side of the saucepan using a spoon. Continue simmering sauce for 5-10 minutes to thicken.
Stirring occasionally.

The sauce will thicken to almost a jelly if cooled or refrigerated.

This amazing sauce can be poured over just about any meat you like and pairs nicely with mashed potatoes. The first time I made the sauce I had a pint jar leftover and discovered that it goes deliciously on sandwiches! My favorite so far has been sliced ham and goat cheese on sourdough bread.

Maybe blueberry sauce isn't your thing. That's alright. If you leave out the balsamic vinegar you can make a tasty syrup to add to all kinds of beverages!

What's the sweetest shit you've done this summer?



The best day of summer so far was when I was reminded of a simple truth: That as kids, we confidently asserted that when we grew up, all we were going to do was hang out with our friends and have fun all the time. Skipping across the water at over thirty knots on a retrofit coast guard pursuit boat, it packed to the gills with friends, tongues stained with wild berries, calf muscles sore from hiking, belly sore from laughing, and the smoke stained sunset better than any filter Instagram could offer. Grateful for the days in life where the adult self lives up to our childhood expectations. - Grayson Gemmell



Street performers have the secret to feeling powerful. I've never felt cooler than when painted gold for a photoshoot. - Heidi Poet
*Photo by local photographer:
Jeff Fitzwater*



The truth is, I caught my first king salmon, and everyone in the cove cheered us on because we were so excited. I was shaking forever afterwards because of adrenaline. It was incredible. - Michelle Henrichsen



I was lucky enough to get the opportunity to travel with the Ratfish Wranglers to Petersburg, Alaska for Mayfest. It was rad getting to see more of this incredible state!

We (The Ratfish Wranglers) dressed up in Viking attire and indulged in the rich history associated with the town. On the final night of our trip we played a stellar sold-out show at the Sons of Norway Hall

and it was one that I'll never forget!
- Cullen McCormick



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Distant Shores: A Seasonals in Space Story

Written by Jessy Goodman

Illustrated by Robert Kalter

“...homesickness one way, wanderlust the other, back and forth...sick to stay,
longing to come up against the ends of the earth, and climb over.”

—Galway Kinnell, “Driving West”

The sky was black enough to put a fist through. I remember that most, of the moments before I left again for Earth: wanting to reach through the glass and try.

The last time that every human was on Earth together was November 2, 2000. I was there that day, just barely. But I know from pictures that it was still beautiful then and often wonder why anyone would have ever wanted to leave during the short time between my birth and when that beauty left us.

Sometimes I dream of Alaskan bush-pilot librarians. Or two women in a forest, crying over boys. I dream of walking through miles and miles of moss that sinks like memory foam with every step. Did all those things once happen, in the world before so many people went into space, away from the wreck we've made of this tired planet? It seems unbelievable, and that makes me want it to have been true even more.

Facing away from the sliding metal doors that would soon open to admit me to the crew exit transport, I looked out

through the foot-thick glass and doubted I would ever see the sky like that again, from the inside, the way we were up in the station. I knew I'd wish for just one bright aperture in the brownish gray overhang that would stretch above me on Earth, but I just couldn't stay. There's always something you'll miss about everywhere. I forget sometimes that I've left, when I wake up in the almost-perfect blackness of my room with its light-blocking curtains, heavy enough to absorb the constant glow of the city's ricocheting neon and sodium-vapor. The buzz of city lights almost replicates the smooth rattle of the station's metallic breath, until the sound of the traffic shouts itself through the thick fabric. Almost everywhere on Earth is a city now.

When I finally come to the groggy conclusion that I really am home, whatever that means, I lie in bed and think about the ocean, which I've never seen except from far, far above. I'd always wanted to live by the sea. Growing up, I could feel the thousands of miles of land hemming me in from every direction when I just wanted to stick my face over

the side of a boat and feel a breeze the planet was no longer capable of generating.

“I've read about it,” I told a coworker at Lunar Kayak and Solar Cycle, the job which had, I first thought, saved me from a life on Earth I could no longer lead. This was right before I made the decision to leave. We were taking the ‘yaks out after work, once the space cruisers had left the station and tours were over until the next ships floated into port. He'd been trying to explain how paddling through the emptiness, he could almost understand what moving through the ocean had once been like. “I've seen pictures,” I added.

“We all have. How could you even think about giving this up?” He was paddling well ahead of me, his voice tinny over the receiver in my helmet. The strokes of his arms were smooth and confident, as if he belonged here, was born to it. On the blade of each paddle, small regular combustions kept us propelling forward. He looked over his shoulder as I fell further behind, thinking, then shrugged and moved on.

I wanted to tell him I missed sounds moving across open spaces, even the rattle of chain link over a weedy city lot. The sense of air moving over my face, even in the cloud of dust kicked up by a subway train as it sped past an underground platform. They used to make space-tourism workers go back down every four months or so, to recover from the effects of zero-G before returning to the station for another season, but now that it seemed so many would never live on Earth again, there were those who got dispensation to stay indefinitely. I couldn't never go outside again. No matter how spoiled it was.

"I guess I'm homesick," I said, instead of all of that.

"Where even is home, anyway?" He knew where I

was from; he wasn't asking that. I couldn't articulate that the homesickness was—is—for a place I haven't found yet.

I started paddling in earnest again, trying to catch up. Of course there was no place left to kayak on Earth, but somehow it felt so familiar to me, the feeling of moving through space on my own power, stroke after stroke, arm over arm. But there was always the helmet, the insulated suit, between me and the universe. Up there, we were in some ways just as disconnected from nature as the wealthy tourists who could afford to visit from our urbanized Earth.

I could sense his attention leaving me in the silence of my receiver. He had gotten that dispensation a few weeks before and celebrated with friends in

the Brig, the station bar most frequented by tourism workers. I had been there, invited, but as I sat and watched them toast his commitment to the last true wilderness, the sense kept growing in me that no one here was real. They were kind, interesting, showed me so many beautiful things, but none of them knew me outside of this very specific context.

That doesn't mean I loved them any less.

In the kayaks, we were quiet for a long time, blasting a slow arc around the smooth curve of the station until, suddenly, our planet came into view. Still somehow so blue despite all we've done to it. All around it, dark space softened with sprays of stars like shining spores. I knew then it would be the last time I'd see the ocean.

I caught up and we hovered there for a while, just looking. He turned to me, though I knew it must be hard to see my face through the reflection of station lights on my helmet's glass.

"Well," he said, "sometimes shit just isn't right."

From my bed here on Earth, I reach over to the nightstand and flip on the dim light that sits there. I open the drawer, retrieving a glossy page I'd torn from a vintage magazine years before. It shows a small aluminum boat, fog on water.

Awake, I dream of a skiff of my own, moving through the vapor, cutting quietly through water that is smooth as a satin sheet and shines like mercury.



THE LOCAL

WHO'S GOT TIME FOR THIS SHIT

SECON Discovers Massive Trove of Tanzanite:

During Front Street road construction last month, a SECON excavator unearthed a massive cache of Tanzanite. The semiprecious gemstone has been heretofore only found in one location on Earth: Tanzania. Rumors are now circulating down on the docks of plots to crash the local jewelry store market if SECON's demands are not met. Neither representatives from SECON or from any jewelry store have agreed to comment on this development or what the mysterious 'demands' might be. Expect delays.

Local Man Buys Retired State Ferry for \$2.00 at Rendezvous:

While digging deep through the piles of "stuff" at the Rendezvous Thrift Store, local secondhand enthusiast Tim Kistner uncovered something he couldn't believe: a clean title and keys to the FVF Fairweather, the recently retired high-speed Alaskan State Ferry. The price - just \$2.00. The Fairweather is currently moored in Ward Cove but Mr. Kistner plans on moving it to a more convenient location near Pennock Reef once the barrels of fuel are also only \$2.00 at Rendezvous.

Public Tug-off Promises Old-Fashioned, Family Fun:

The infamous wooden tugboat M/V Stimson, built in 1914 and docked in Thomas Basin, is no longer the oldest tugboat in town. That title now goes to the M/V Gleaner (1908) which is anchored near Pennock Reef. When the crew of The Stimson found out they had lost their title, naturally they were devastated. They decided to finish off the feud the old-fashioned way: a Tug-Off - a literal 'tug'-o-war between tugboats. The loser has agreed to leave town forever. So bring the family down to Berth 2 at 6:00pm on August 1st to watch these two rigid wooden titans tug each other in front of the whole town.



Record Number of Tour Guides Call Off Sick:

Last Saturday an estimated 84 percent of the island's tour guides reported being too ill-stricken to come into work. The mysterious symptoms ranged from brutal headaches, dehydration, dizziness and fatigue to vomiting and extreme sensitivity to light and sound. Local physicians are desperately trying to understand the sudden plague that has gripped the guide community and that some are even calling The Pale Paw disease. They have noted that, weirdly, none of the HAP bus drivers have suffered any of the effects.

Local Geezer Longs for The Good Ol' Days:

Old-timer Kenneth Eriksson isn't pleased with the direction this town is heading. He says he despises the influx of tourism, tourists, tour guides, and cruise ships. But most of all he misses "the days when you could shoot all these damned eagles right out of the sky, cut down a 1000-year-old spruce tree because it was in your way, and the ladies on Creek Street were cheaper than a Tuesday at Rendezvous."

White Claw Now ON-TAP at The Asylum:

Last Friday the Asylum unveiled its newest tap: Ruby Grapefruit White Claw. The highly anticipated addition to the tap selection drew record numbers of tour guides to the bar for its famous "Free Food Friday". According to the bar owner, the Asylum went through approximately five kegs of the delicious, supple, spiked-seltzer in just under three hours. Rumor has it that when they ran out of the sexy, refreshing, down-right heavenly beverage enjoyed by Alaskan millennials, the tour guides held a candlelight vigil in remembrance of the fallen kegs.

Around Ketchikan

DOING DOPE SHIT? TAG US ON
INSTAGRAM! TELL US WHAT IS
INSPIRING YOU OR ABOUT WHAT MAGIC
YOU'VE DISCOVERED THIS SUMMER.

@THESEASONALS_





Tim's Top 5 Righteous Rendezvous Tips.

Dealin' and Wheelin'

Written by Tim Kistner

Know the Days

Score: Magma Stainless Steel Boat Grill and Beach Barbeque Grill Kit \$6

Sometimes you go to Rendezvous Thrift Store and find the shelves picked bare of their fruits. Other days you may walk into a space appearing like a hoarder's lair with mounds of treasures, piles of artifacts, and racks bursting with clothing. Each day of the week offers a varying quantity of treasures and junk. Monday and Tuesday-Vousday are hot days to go. The store is closed Sunday, which allows the post yard sale piles to build - but beware, much of it has already been picked over by staff. On Monday the store is ALWAYS packed with cardboard boxes and towers of tubs to rummage through. The early birds know this. Tuesday-Vousday is one of my favorite days to go as the stock is still high and there's often a sale to bring down overwhelming overstock. Thursdays and Fridays are usually good sale days but after noon excessive inventory may be purged. Saturday is certainly the wildest day with highest customer traffic, shorter hours, and sudden influx of the yard sale trimmings from all over the island. The cycle then begins all over again after the Sabbath.



Know the Sales

Score: DeLonghi Dedica Espresso Machine \$2

Once while shopping at rendezvous the lights suddenly went out. I promptly heard the manager exclaim, "This is the lights out special! Everything is now one dollar as long as the lights are off!" I hastily filled a large luggage bag with blankets, coffee mugs, kitchen appliances, and clothing that mostly didn't fit. Other common sales include 'Everything \$2 days' and '\$2 All Clothing'. It's important to anticipate these days and maybe even take notes to monitor the trends. Why buy that coffee machine now when it might be \$2 tomorrow?



Spin the Wheel

Score: USA Xtratuf Short Cuts with Point6 Merino Socks FREE

Rendezvous is sanctuary of deals in your favor. If you don't make it on Tuesday-Vousday or on a \$2 day, you're still in luck. The Wheel awaits you. The rules are simple: spend at least \$10 and you get a chance to spin and win. Mounted permanently to the

wall by the register is a prize wheel with prizes including a free basket of anything, two free DVDs or video games, five-minute shopping spree, free pair of shoes and socks, and mystery Rendezvous Dollar prizes peel-and-see. But conditions apply - you must spend at least \$10 and must claim your prize immediately, also contestants can no longer spin a half hour before closing. *HOT TIP - you can donate money with your purchase to bring the total above \$10 to qualify. If you're lucky you may just win that VIP thrift shop experience.*

Dig Deep

Score: Sony MDR V600 Professional Studio Headphones

My favorite thrift store tactic is digging deep through mountains of secondhand goods. I spend hours of my week prospecting the bric-a-brac. Like a paleontologist looking for that next new in box (N.I.B.) As Seen on TV discovery or a sourdough excavating clutter to find the shiniest cookware in Alaska, you too could strike it rich. Mondays are great days to sift through the sedimentary layers of thousands of entangled items to unearth your treasure. But even on the slowest and lightest of days there is still the possibility to move large items, push clothing heaps aside, open boxes, or fight serpent pits of intertwined wire to exhume the holy grail.

Infiltrate

Score: Set of Six Vintage Pendleton Virgin Wool Flannel Shirts

My first winter in Ketchikan granted me the opportunity to be part of this wonderful organization, which serves seniors in Ketchikan. I finally got to be on the inside and fully understand just how many great things this store does for the community. I also obtained the privilege of first dibs. Being a rendezvous employee allowed me an all-inclusive backstage pass every day from 9:30 to 5:00. This was what I now consider 'the winter of plenty'. After leaving to return to my summer guide job I maintained many good relationships with management and employees feeling happy to have been part of it. Getting involved as a volunteer or donor is a great way to establish a relationship with this generous charity and as a perk you may just get as far as the back room...



FEATURED LOCAL

Matt Hamilton



TS. You're 7th generation Southeast Alaskan. Has it always been Ketchikan for your family?

MH. Yeah for my mom's side of the family. We have like 40 cousins in this town, and I have at least 2 cousins in every town in Southeast.

When my family came here originally they lived out in the Mistys for months before they came to Ketchikan because it reminded them of Norway.

TS. You have a lot of Alaska pride. Is there a single thing you can point to that explains your pride?

MH. Finding the power in your origin story in life and having such deep roots.

When my family has needed help, this town just rallies. It's so cool. In Alaska, the currency isn't money, it's social connection. That's what the pride is based on.

When I talk to people from down south and they talk about Alaskans - they're mythological almost - that's why I did that one design that says 'Don't worship false Alaskans' and it's because those people that were coming up here were giving us a bad name, making it seem like we were selfish and that we only kept to ourselves.

It's definitely all about that social currency that we have. We play this social grace ping pong, I am kind to you because there's this

moment that we're going to need each other.

TS. That's really well put. The community here is definitely what keeps me coming back to Ketchikan. Of all of your art pieces, is there one that's your absolute favorite?

MH. One of my favorite pieces that I've done is a silhouette of my daughter looking at the wendigo, a big scary monster. It's this weird piece that I made for myself and it struck a cord with so many people over the years. The original sits outside my daughter's bedroom. It's weird to think there's a silhouette of my daughter in somebody's house.

TS. I mean it's hanging in my house.

MH. That's awesome.

TS. I interviewed Ty Rettke last summer after getting to know him a year and a half after getting here. I was doing something terribly wrong if I hadn't even met Ty who sits at the New York Cafe daily. Who's a person to know that can act as a mark for a seasonal that they've done it right if at the end of the summer they've met that person?

MH. Man. About 100. It all depends on what you want from the conversation or the experience. Man. I like that question a lot. If I was going to shoot from the

hip, I'd say Paula from the Arctic Bar. She's the mama bear for a lot of people who come to town. Best thing to do is go in, start talking, and she'll tell you how to be — she'll tell you what's not acceptable. She's been the person to get everybody rallied around other good people.

TS. What's one thing you really enjoy about the seasonal community here and one thing you think we could or should be doing better.

MH. It's participation. If you can get involved with anything the locals care about and love, do it. If you have a talent, share it with the community. You will

only get more love back. You will only be supported. A great example of that is Paul Kortemeir. He comes and does his thing and we're always sad to see him leave. He means a lot to us.

I think being engaged and being supportive of local companies and treating them with that respect that a local would have, a lack of that sometimes would be kind of my biggest pet peeve. That and respecting the water. If you come to Ketchikan and you have a job working on the water — if an elder or somebody tells you to look out for something, it's not to be blown off. They've seen people die out there, they've seen things go sideways very quickly. Be respectful to the local characters and to the ocean.

TS. What's your favorite tourist question you've gotten?

MH. My favorite one so far has been, 'Hey do you know where my cruise ship is?' And I ask which one they're on. They tell me that they're on a really big blue one. And we figure out which cruise ship it is and I tell them it's right behind them. And they go, "No, it's much bigger than that." And when I ask what time they got in and figure out that they got in at a high tide, I tell them that the tide is just much lower and that is in fact their boat, they

Don't worship false Alaskans.



won't believe me.

TS. That's incredible. I've never heard that one.

MH. Another good comment that I've heard, "It's really impressive how you guys grow your totem poles." And we're like, I don't think you understand what's happening.

TS. What's your favorite Southeast Alaskan creature?

MH. Stellar sea lion is one of my favorites. There more closely related to grizzly bears than they are seals. So, if you think about it, put a grizzly bear in the ocean, it can swim fast and has enough power that it can propel itself onto the side of a seine boat. You don't realize it but that thing is just hanging out in the ocean, minding its own business. But if it wanted to, it would be scary as hell.

TS. Damn. That's a good one.

MH. When you see one out of the water, you're like this is a freaking nightmare.

TS. Do you have a favorite community event here in Ketchikan?

MH. I do like the Blueberry Festival. That's the go to for me because I

get to see so many of my friends. Blueberry Festival is definitely where it's at. Then there's just those impromptu beautiful days where everything and everyone comes together and you're just like, this is perfect.

Actually, I don't know how I can skip it. The solstice is just getting bigger and bigger. This year we had The Sheets play out at Knudson and I did my fish holding competition. We had 300+ people just on the dock part. It was so much fun.

TS. I think solstice is my favorite social event of the summer.

MH. I have a feeling that solstice can be Ketchikan's thing. When we were in Petersburg, I was thinking about how awesome their Viking Festival is. If you create a festival around

vikings, you're just going to have a badass time. It's just required. There's no milk drinking competition that's going to happen at that one. It's just going to be fun and people getting wild, but responsibly.

Ty and I have been talking about creating a drunk history situation but just make up stories about how the Blueberry Festival started.

TS. Like all rumors?

MH. Yeah. All hearsay.

TS. You walk into a party. Your song is playing. What's the song?

MH. Thank you for being a friend from the Golden Girls. That's my go to. Having a couple toddy's, walking in, big grin on my face, like doing finger guns at everybody. That's my go to.



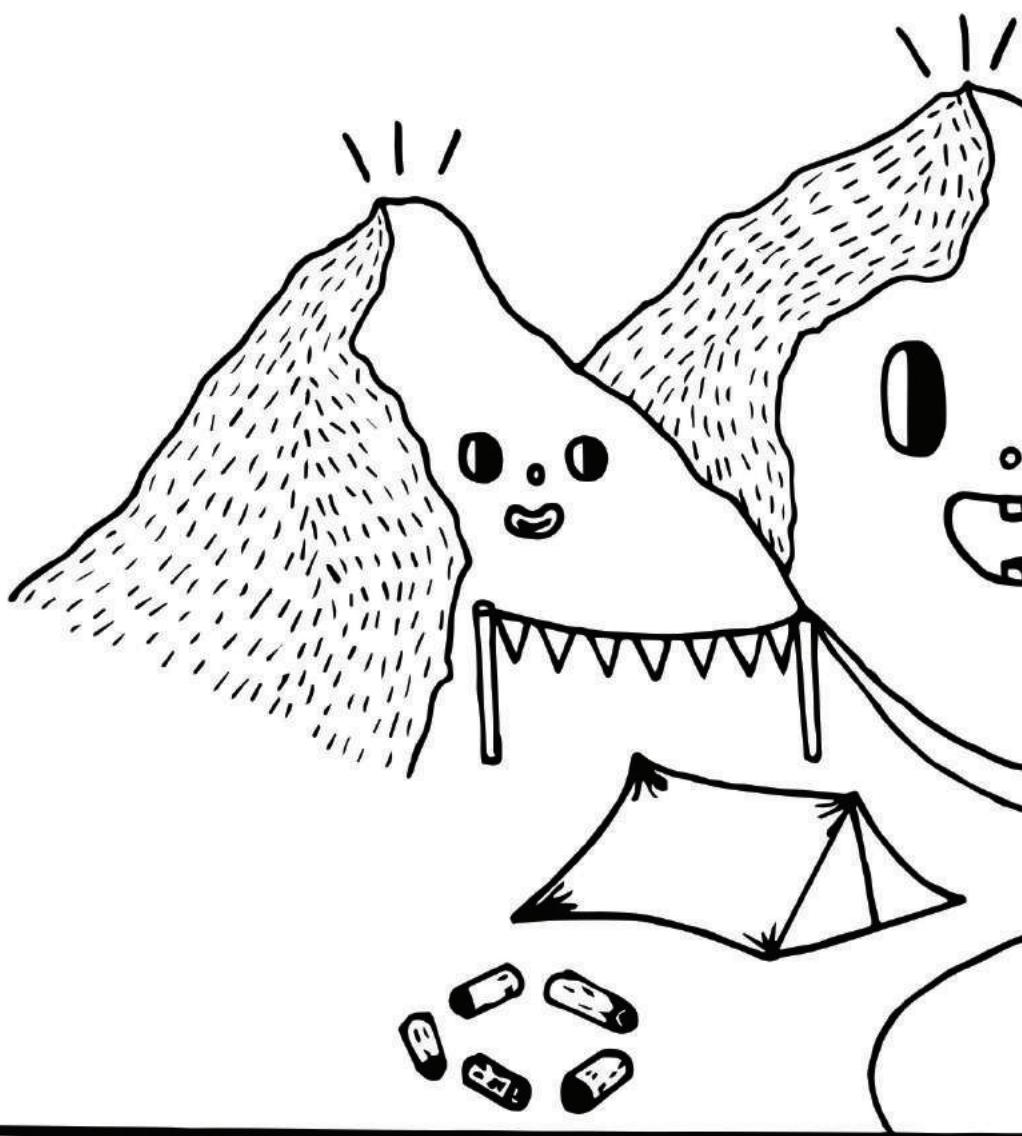
KETCHIKAN DISC GOLF WEEKLY COMP

Every Tuesday - 5pm - At North Point Higgins Disc Golf Course

Come out every Tuesday for a couple rounds of disc golf. We play a round of singles and then a round of doubles. Prizes for closest to the pin and Ca\$# Money for Aces! Don't worry if you don't have discs, we have extra for you. Fun for every skill level.



ILLUSTRATED BY
KELLY REAMER





BEAUTIFUL MISTAKES

Written by Sam Kinney

I've only been in Ketchikan for about seven weeks now. I graduated from Gonzaga University this spring and then came out here to work as a tour guide for the summer. At first I was fairly homesick, as I saw most of my friends return home to their families, and I was out here, feeling alone. But it wasn't long before I had an experience that warmed me up, allowed me to come in from the cold. It was at story night at the Creek Street Cabaret. I didn't even know it was happening until I showed up, and being the impulsive person I was, I signed up immediately. I decided I'd share a story from school, a really embarrassing, hilarious story, involving pooped pants and the declaration of such in front of a live TV camera. After a few interesting

stories, I realized there was a theme, "beautiful mistakes". The funny story I had could be spun into the theme, and it was something I've always wanted to tell to a live audience, as I've dreamed of doing stand-up comedy for quite some time. So I couldn't pass the opportunity to try my hand at stand-up, but something was itching inside. My loneliness and emotions grew with every sip of my Jameson, I realized I had more to say. The theme "beautiful mistakes" rang through my mind like the song of the Swainson's Thrush I had just learned to identify. I needed to share what I was feeling. At the time I was missing my brother who took his own life, knowing how cool he would think Alaska was. I pulled out my phone and read a poem I wrote for him to myself.

*My love for thine was a surging river
ceaselessly moving with force conforming
Gushing over the earth, my love is forever
Yet here I sit, dreaming, longing, mourning*

*You ended your life, your gentle face is gone
I miss you my brother, my river still moves
Your soul I still feel, sing me your song
My river will join your ocean, life is not long*

*Each day you move in me, and I with you
You are always by my side, in all that I do
Be with me, surge through me, glisten in the sun
For I never lost you, we have always been one*



For me, the loss of my brother was a beautiful mistake. The reason I find beauty within the loss itself is something I like to share because I think the perspective can help others. This perspective is that I don't take anything for granted anymore, I am grateful for each and every breath I have left in this world. Taking one's own life is always a mistake, but the beauty comes from the world it opened up for me. The pain I carry makes me recognize joy, and appreciate the beauty within every waking moment.

I shared this poem and some of my thoughts, and I felt a warmth and recognition that filled my cup till it spilled. I followed it with the comedy, to return to a lighter mood. But for a moment, the people of Ketchikan allowed me to pour myself out into their atmosphere, and when I drew my breath back in, it was less heavy. I knew I would be okay here, I felt welcome, listened to.

Most of all, I felt love.

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Is that you, Rod?

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Hey Rod - it's been a while. How have you grown over the past year?

Mostly out south an an abandoned ran-ashore tender... but this drought has been a bitch.

Any secret recipes you want to share with us, Rod?

Yeah. A 1:1 ratio of Trash Grounds and 2-stroke oil will clean the injectors on your kicker.

Rod, what do you make of all these Trump-Russia accusations?

I'm a bath man. Not much into showers.

Do you remember the first time you heard the Backstreet Boys?

No. But the best carni act I ever saw was in North Carolina. Three brothers, trapeze artists that went for the triple Lindy over a pride of lions at an NFL half-time show. But their feet got caught by the fly cam and zipped 'em clean off. Now they circuit around the border going to tamale competitions and do some low-to-the-ground acrobatics. If you ever want to see them, just google the Lack-feet Roys.

Rod, are you more of a suspenders guy or a belt dude?

I got suspended from a Men's warehouse for belting a guy who said he hung to the left. But I could see right through that and didn't cut him any slack.



Meet Jimmy Duncan!

(Shown on the right)

He cooks you dinners on Monday nights at
The Asylum, he loves his country, and he
also prints this zine.

Thanks, Jimmy!

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