

sliced meat, the little box continued to hold plums, cucumber slices, blackberries and smoked fish. I used it perpetually. One time I kept two slices of Hawaiian-topped pizza in it. I don't know if it was absolute necessary to put them in there, the point is: I used it perpetually!

The bread tin I placed the loaf in, to keep it from getting crushed in my suitcase. I also used this to great effect throughout my journey. I don't mention this in any of the forthcoming tales, but during my stay on The Isle of May, I had an arrangement with a man who I met that I would make bread for him if I could use his oven, his flour and his yeast to also make bread for myself as well. For him I made rosemary focaccia and for myself I made white bread. A few times I made potato bread for myself and a few times I made rosemary focaccia for myself as well. Once on The Isle of May I made bagels for the man and his friends, since they had caught quite a lot of salmon in The Sound. The white bread, the potato bread and the donuts that I make follow the style of my mother, which she taught me growing up.

The rosemary focaccia and the bagels that I make are my own, though, based on conversations I had with a friend named Hailey who was a baker and who told me roughly how to go about making these. From there, I made a slight innovation, in that I like to heat up a pot of sea water on the stove while I make the dough. Once the sea water is boiling, I stick it in the cold oven and let it steam up for a minute. Then I stick the dough in and let it rise with the steaming sea water. Then I take the bread out, punch it down, and stick it back in to rise again. I almost always forget about it and let it rise more than I should.

After buying the food, I packed it into my suitcase, which also involved cutting the baguette into halves and putting them together into a ziploc bag, I boarded the ferry to Friday Harbor. Twenty minutes later, when Obstruction Island came into view, I jumped off the side.