



*The Imperial
Dread Sea
Scrolls
Volume II*

Dread Pirate

THE IMPERIAL DREAD SEA SCROLLS VOLUME II

CROSSING THE LINE INTO MOTIVATION

By

[The Dread Pirate](#)



DPebooks

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**These scrolls are dedicated to those who find
motivation in everything they do.**

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THE IMPERIAL DREAD SEA SCROLLS VOLUME II

CROSSING THE LINE INTO MOTIVATION

Introduction

The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls have been called things like, “Philosophy with a nautical flare”, “Wonderful!”, “Most excellent.”, “Brilliant...absolutely brilliant...” and “inspiring and lifting”. Shipmates have written that the Scrolls are “Original and intelligent.”, “interesting, intelligent philosophy and gives the reader a great deal to think on.” and “it will entertain and challenge”. One reviewer heralds, “Dread Pirate is a name that could be mouthed with others such as Plato, Socrates, and Descartes.” [Read more reviews...](#)

The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls (IDSS) were created for a very specific reason. These scrolls serve as navigational charts for the aspiring sailor of life. The scrolls are charts of waters I have sailed, as well as inspirational musings that I have written to help me sail the waters ahead. In truth, they became a way to motivate myself. When the waters got rough, I wrote positive motivation so as to keep my spirits up and to allow me to remember that a motivated sailor is a happy sailor. IDSS Volume I was a compilation of entries that had all been posted on my personal web log prior to the release of the ebook. There is completely new material in the Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls, Volume II, Crossing the line into motivation, along with illustrations. There are scrolls in this ebook that have not been posted elsewhere, and therefore, are the true hidden treasures of this work. Unique and never before available pirate motivation can be found within!

This leads me to the reality of why I continue to write this collection of reflections. If I can spew forth a bit of rhetoric that can help both, you, and I, sit straighter or think in a positive, more productive way, then I feel that I have accomplished what I have set out to do. I will admit, my point of view is skewed for more than one reason. I will also state for the record, that others often look at my brine-impregnated point of view as completely random and disjointed. But, once they begin to *reflect* upon the words I scribe, they have often told me that they begin to see things a little differently. That shipmates, is the real purpose of the Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls.

Today, as sailors of life, we are sapped of our strength and our feelings through multitudes of daily duties and relentless negative stimuli. We have become so incredibly immune that we sail through the uncharted waters of life like unfeeling, unseeing zombies. If my words can snap something within you to see beyond the ordinary and mundane... oh' what a success I have been! One of the most motivating comments I ever received was, "I will have to think more on these things. You have held up a mirror that shows me things I don't like to see. I'm not going to lie to myself by pretending that it doesn't apply to me."

My writing may well force the mind to wander outside the normal, comfortable, parameters of the mundane, but this is exactly what I have set out to do for myself. I share these revelations with shipmates in hopes that the scroll entries within this collection will motivate and invigorate us both to greater heights. Join me today, in the world of 21st Century Piracy, and sail into the future, and the oceans of life, in a real, motivated, and positive manner!

Dread

Suggested reading of Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls Volume II.

I have compiled, what I feel are highly motivating and fun entries for your reading pleasure. This document can be read straight through. But note that you will find certain parts redundant because they were originally written over time since 2003.

I took the liberty of re-editing most entries so as to allow for more of a flowing document. However, I feel that part of the original charm of the work was that it was broken up into separate scroll entries to allow the reader time to ponder each essay. I suggest that you read the Scrolls in short sessions. This will allow you the intended flavor, as well as, time to ponder their implications in your life. I believe that motivation comes from understanding who you are, what you desire and how you intend to attain your goals. Motivation can come in the smallest package or the simplest contest. Ultimately motivation comes from within.

Additional Information

Some additional scuttlebutt that may help you understand the Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls better;

Some of this volume's scrolls were originally daily entries on my personal web log. Each essay may have been written days or in some cases, weeks apart. If they seem disjointed this is the reason. Remember too, that Volume II, Crossing the line into Motivation, contains never before released scrolls! This adds even more variety to this collection of treasure.

In the [web log community](#) I belong, they allow users to create web log rings (blog rings). These rings are for like-minded people to join, so as to build a greater sense of community. I created such a web ring and named it [Crew of Destiny's Quest](#). The name, and web ring, have become home to over two hundred highly motivated individuals. Thus, it should follow that, the name of the Dread Pirate's ship is Destiny's Quest. It will be mentioned frequently throughout the scrolls. Please consider yourself a shipmate aboard the virtual pirate ship of the Dread Pirate. So, welcome aboard shipmate! On the deck of the Quest it's all about truth, positive motivation, and the joy of living, as we sail on... sail on!!!

A final note; the Dread Pirate offers all of his ebooks, free of charge, to active duty US Military. If you are active duty US Military, for information on how to get your free ebook, visit; www.dpebooks.com and click the link "ebooks for the troops".

Prelude

It all started with three coins in the fountain. The lad had watched the wench toss them into the blue green water and close her eyes in some odd ritual. Those three coins might as well have been a gold nugget each. The rich ladies often came here to practice this behavior. Pennies from heaven the young man thought as he watched the lady slowly walk back up the path. The tender trap his friends had called it. The local street urchins and orphans he called friends had grown bored with the vigil and went to the seashore in hopes of watching sea gulls. Their stupidity was too marvelous for words he thought aloud as he slipped from behind the stone wall and hedge he had been hiding behind.

His mind fleetingly pondered the possibility that the constable would catch him wading in the pool for the precious coins. He had high hopes this evening. Depending on the value of the coins the lady had tossed into the pond, this may be his last few days in this forsaken fishing town.

With the grace of a professional thief the young man moved quickly and almost silently across the stone walk to the edge of the pond. The chilled water made his legs tingle as he swiftly waded into the center where he had seen her throw the offering. Almost ghostlike, he slipped under the surface of the water. As his fingers found the first treasure, he thought, "You're getting to be a habit with me". He even grinned underwater when he realized that it was a heavy one. A habit that I am about to break, he thought. He was to gently surface three times before he found all that he sought.

Sopping wet and still fully clothed, the lad slunk out of the pool into the shadows now provided by the setting sun. Nice and easy he thought to himself as he slipped the one gold and two silver pieces into the secret pocket in the folds of his pants. This time he had hit pay dirt. No brats to buy dinner for nor any need to split the haul with anyone. If the young at heart were here, they would have him buying them cakes and mead for dinner. The gold coin was sure to purchase him a spot as cabin boy or sail rigger on the next passing ship.

He began the slow walk back to the village. He could not go to his regular haunts. The gang would be swingin' down the lane looking for both him and dinner. "On Mary's Lap" he thought to himself. The oddly named tavern would be packed tonight. He would slip into the rear entrance and give Brigitte a coin to let him eat his fill and then sleep in the loft of the livery. He rarely spent his precious coin for such luxury but tonight was a very special night. Turning to face the setting sun, he looked out over the horizon and tried to sight a sail. His mind raced and his skin tingled. Tomorrow. Tomorrow his ship would be here to take him away.

In the wee small hours of the morning he was up before the crow of the cock. His stomach was still pleasantly full from the hearty meal of roast lamb he had feasted on. Brigitte must have known something was up because she offered him extra food and drink at the meal. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath thinking about the way she had kissed him before sending him from the kitchen. Some said she practiced witchcraft, he just liked the way she kissed. Shaking the foolish thoughts from his head he pulled down his now dry clothes from the rafters. He dressed and sprinted out of the

barn and down to the dock.

He saw the main mast rise above the seaside cottages almost immediately. His heart raced. A frigate or a ship of the line! He was sure to get a billet aboard. He pumped his legs and could not feel his feet hit the cobble stone streets. The old devil moon was full so he had plenty of light to see by as he flew through the streets toward the main dock. He never broke stride, even as he hit the gangplank. Only when he spied a dark figure standing off the side of the quarterdeck did he pull up abruptly. Through pants he managed to speak, "Request permission to come aboard, Sir". The dark figure stood still for a moment, and then slowly moved forward. Scanning the quarterdeck and the main deck, the young man realized that they were the only ones topside. Glancing at the approaching figure his breath caught in his throat. All he could do was blink wide-eyed. From all of the sea stories, and all of the tall tales, he knew this man. The voice of the man came to him from some far off place. "All are welcome here mate, permission granted." He realized that he was now holding out the gold coin that he had fished out of the pond last night to this man. Grinning, the sailor shook his head and spoke, "No mate, keep your coin. This is a working ship and you will earn your meals and rack." The man was now pointing toward the hatch to the galley. "Go get some chow, you start today shipmate."

The young man walked toward the open hatch and his suspicions were confirmed by writing on a plaque that hung over the hatch. "All who sail the *Destiny's Quest* are forever changed." Feeling the rolling motion of ships movement under his feet, he immediately glanced at the helm. Standing at the

helm was none other than the Dread Pirate, the man who had welcomed him aboard was now at the helm. The young man caught the scent of wonderful breakfast food and dove into the depths of the *Destiny's Quest* to find the galley...

Treasure Chest One

Little things...

As I stand upon the deck of the Destiny's Quest, I note that all canvas is to the wind. Looking over the side, I see the water slipping by next to the hull at what seems an impossible pace. We are tilted to port and the coxswain has the ship's wheel lashed to the deck in an effort to keep the bow on some invisible heading. We run before the wind this day. The slap and pop of the canvas is almost symphonic as we hurtle ever forward. I see the rigging and the line strung taut by skilled hands. It looks like a spider's web of confusion to the untrained eye, but to a sailor, it all serves a purpose. I can see the lines quiver when stretched. Listening carefully, I can hear the hum of the rope as the wind and tension work together to vary the pitch of the vibrating hemp. The creak and groan of the ship becomes part of the music that she makes when all out to the wind.

The dolphins laugh at us as we peer over the side at them. They race the ship and play in her bow wake in a joyous frolic. They look at us as we look at them. The flying fish squirt out from the bow when we pass too close to them. With a quick burst of speed, they launch out of the water and glide for what seems like forever on unseen wings. Quickly, but elegantly, they float away from the keel as though the bow and the dolphin are merely a momentary distraction in their world.

I feel the wind in my face and taste the brine upon my lips. The sea spray covers everything on deck with a light coat of sea salt. You get used to the salt granules being on everything. I almost dismiss the grit between my hand and the wooden rail. When on a ship, the brine is always there, just like the air I breathe, it is always there. I close my eyes and think for a moment and feel the sun warm my face. Slowly the warmth flows down my arms and through my body.

Even though my eyes are closed, I see the sun. I am warm, yet I feel the chill of the wind on my skin. I stand fast holding the rail and yet I feel movement. I feel the ship's movement as well as my own gentle swaying. I hear nothing, and yet I listen to the sonata of the ship's music combined with the oceans aquatic section to become Neptune's fifth symphony in stereo via surround sound.

The above entry is dedicated to all those who have ever taken the time to notice the little things...

Holiday for thinking...

A sailor of life must at all times stand fast in his ability to adapt to ever-changing circumstance. How often have I written this upon the Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls? Shall I recount the ways? Pen with nostalgia? Wipe off the brine from the parchment and bring forth long lost scrolls from the archives of Dread's library of wit, wisdom and redundancy? I think not. Like the cosmos around us, I would think that we should move forward into the future with a sincere desire to better ourselves, all the while leaving dead weight behind.

Might forward motion be the absolute that I seek? Might forward motion be an absolute? If an object is in forward motion, does this mean it is moving absolutely forward? Or perhaps moving forward absolutely? Absolutely moving forward? Could it be said that the only absolute is the movement of the cosmos around us? Might this be the absolute that I seek? Could this be the single constant that eludes me so diligently?

If there is one thing that I regret, it is having the inability to fully contemplate those topics that I truly desire to understand. In a world of whirlwind motion, packed schedules, continual change, and ever shifting itinerary, it is almost impossible for me to find a free hour to muse upon a single subject. Or, perhaps, it is just that I lack the mental capability to fully grasp this most simple of concepts. I know not the reason behind this inability to muse, but it is the single most regret in my life.

Perhaps a holiday for thinking is in order?

Critical Mission.

The critical mission.

What exactly is the critical mission?

What defines the mission as critical?

Can there be more than one?

Can an individual have several missions all deemed necessary and top priority?

Is it possible to move with purpose in such a manner as to insure that you are continually striving to meet this vital mission?

Must you move simultaneously toward multiple missions?

How is it possible to stay upbeat and motivated while forging ahead when it seems like the odds are stacked against you?

Are the odds really stacked against you?
If you are off course, does that mean you are off mission?
When you are running ahead of the wind, are you really ahead of the game?
Do you always put your best forward or do you sandbag?
Can you change mission critical in mid-journey?
How do you cross over into a new important venture in a moments notice?
When can you effectively 'jump ship' and still know that you did the best you could do?
Is it feasible to go down with the ship or does boarding a lifeboat make more sense?
What happens when someone else rogues the ship from under your feet?
What happens when someone steals the water from under the keel?
When do you stand and deliver and when do you fade to black?
How much do you deliver?
How far do you fade?
Is there purpose in either?
Can there be logic in one, the other, or both?

These are just a few of the musings that have struck me this morning. I realize, much to my regret that I have far more questions than answers. I realized last evening for the first time that people do not query their lives. They are complacent to sit and fester in their own pool of misfortune. They question only what they must and no more. They do not seek solutions, only answers. As I sail through life ahead of the wind, I realize that I have touched nothing, seen little and understood even less. My keel rests on an ocean of questions and my hold is vacant of answers and yet I sail on in search of solutions.

Within the simplicity...

Steam gently rises from the surface of the amber liquid. The hot liquid slowly swirls softly long after the turbulence. The light spicy scent is almost nonexistent. I sit staring at the surface of the cup and wonder what it is about a cup of tea that will set the world right again for me. Over the centuries, wine has been called the nectar of the gods. I ponder if perhaps they have overlooked one possibility.

Grasping the large bowl cup I bring the edge of the vessel to my lips. The lip of the cup is hot on my lower lip. I slowly inhale through my mouth and I taste the tea even before the liquid touches my tongue. The steam gives me a preview of the taste to come. The hot brown liquid touches my lips and the heat of it startles me. My tongue tingles and I take in only a few drops of the precious hot sustenance.

The tea flows on either side of my tongue and its flavor fills my mouth. It is a powerful yet subdued flavor. I close my eyes and enjoy the flavor linger as the warmth of the liquid gently slides down.

Tea is not like coffee for me. After the first sip of coffee I can't seem to taste it again. Tea, for me, is the exact opposite. I can enjoy the flavor of tea again and again with every consecutive sip. Each sip is like a new taste for me. If you pay attention and think upon it, you might find that each sip from the mug or cup is completely different. As the liquid cools and as the tea continues to steep the flavor in the container is ever changing. Each sip is from a completely different cup of tea. Unless of course you take the bag or ball out early and do not allow the tea to continue to change its flavor for you.

The amber liquid is often the beginning of a day, or the celebration of a day well lived. Taking a moment out of a day to celebrate nothing more than a moment for you is the key to inner peace. It might be a cup of tea, or listening to a few notes of music that you enjoy. It might be a hot bath or a long shower. Perhaps a walk or just a few minutes of sitting alone to relax will help bring you closer to you.

Attempt to find celebration is the smallest of what you do. Find understanding and enjoyment in the simplest of actions and your life shall take on a whole new dimension. It is within the simplicity that we shall overcome.

Crystal perspective...

This day, I had to be reminded of a very important goal in life. As I journey onward, I find the course is often difficult to traverse. I am not sure that it is difficult for others to traverse, I just find that I seem to have some small amount of difficulty navigating the day's events. Real and perceived difficulties have always been a duality that has taken me to unimaginable depths of musing. Today, I flat out lost perspective on what it is all about.

Have you ever become so caught up in the mundane, that life becomes commonplace? Then, just when you think you have it all together, a whale surfaces dead ahead and you hurt yourself while going hard to port? Damn the man if life is not the simplest of journeys until one loses sight. This day, I lost sight of a simple basic that we should all know inside and out. I had to be reminded to keep my perspective. Ask yourself if it will matter tomorrow. Will it matter in six months or one year? Will it be paramount in five years? This simple technique will afford a perspective otherwise lost. There are many important traits

that a sailor must possess if they intend to effectively sail the waters of life longer than a few weeks.

I have come to a crossroads methinks. I must live for the future. My dreams are as sharp and as clear as I hope one day to make them. There are times when you know things that you should not. You see these things with perfect clarity. Today, like so many days past, I lost a large chunk of the past. Mind thee, the block of time I speak of is not fussy. It is not missing, but wiped from my mind as though there was never anything there. This has become the norm rather than the exception as of late. I have heard tale that there are those that live for the past. I cannot imagine this concept because my past is almost gone. Only a hazy recollection exists where memory once lay. The past is literally gone and the present is most interesting, but the future is waiting like a chest of treasure waiting to be found.

Part of the solution...

Ever go to work and think that it is going to be just one of those days? You know the ones, full of the mundane tasks that you have become so familiar that you do them in your sleep? You get up and perform the morning ritual and then it's off to the races with the masses to get to a place that you love to hate. Arriving through the doors you have already, firmly, affixed your game face. Then, it is into the office and into the routine morning tasks. It is rather amazing how gently we fall into the habit of the day. Coworkers slowly stagger about attempting to prepare for their day of scheduled meetings and events. Life is copasetic as the smell of fresh brewed coffee and microwave breakfasts softly float through the air.

Then it happens. Something that you could not have scripted or planned for in a lifetime. For a moment, your world is going along as scheduled and then like the four fifteen express that derails... all hell breaks loose. You will often hear psychiatrists or psychologists tell you that there are certain types of individuals that fall into a variety of personality and/or motivational 'types'. You have created a myriad of groups that you conveniently place people you encounter into without hesitation. Such a plethora of group types exist that it is almost impossible to name even the basic group levels let alone the sub groups. It is my experience that there are only two types of people. I have the tendency to almost oversimplify, so it only stands to reason that I do this. There are only two types of people in my world, those that are part of the solution and those that are part of the problem. Now forward into the day...

A fellow coworker that looks like he has been doing rum shooters all night and missed his quota of sleep for a week has been sitting with one of the division chiefs, then has the audacity to quite unexpectedly, have a heart attack. Now here is where we separate those who are part of the solution (doers) from those that merely add to the problem (the standers). It never ceases to amaze me how an individual can stand and stare, slack jawed, in a situation where the chips are down and the stakes are quite frankly, high. Time, for me, slows. But oddly

enough, I have the ability to move through this murk with agility and purposeful movement. Standers are frozen in a perplexity, which is of no use to anyone.

Movement with *purpose* in a critical situation is paramount. I did not feel my feet hit the floor as I moved at speed to the bunker. In some stroke of luck, the solid metal door was *open* slightly so I did not have to ring in and wait. By yet another stroke of fate, I met the nurse at the exact moment in the hallway. I pointed to her and barked an order. I yanked open the door and came face to face with the duty officer. I gave yet one more three word order. Then it was back to the fallen shipmate with nurse in tow.

I will say that I am a strong individual. But when you have to roll over a six foot four man, you wish you were one hell of a lot stronger. You take note that the jovial fellow that you often small talk with is an odd shade of red. The nurse abruptly declares that there is no pulse. Something in my mind moves gently, almost in sync with hers as I straighten his body; loosen tie and collar, all the while tilting the head back. A uniform steps in and kneels by the man. The division chief has never left his side and helps as the process begins. The nurse says begin CPR but the officers hands are locked and already on his chest. The count begins. I count loud and steady as the arms work. I hold his head tightly but it wants to move in the wrong direction, the nurse breaths air as I say 'go'. The rhythm is steady, the nurse tells another uniform to get a machine I have never heard of. We continue on with our odd symphony of voiced numbers and stiff movement attempting to keep time with the pulse of life. A talking machine, in a black bag arrives. The nurse moves again with purpose and grace. The fifty-dollar shirt is ripped open with not a care. Fingers place sticky pads on now bare chest. The word clear is given and I release his head. The machine tells us in a hard cold voice that there is no pulse and a shock must be given. The mechanical female voice orders all clear and your coworker's chest heaves and his chest muscles twitch. I tell the man to breath. The mechanize voice says to continue CPR and we again count and work as one. The labor continues. I am covered with sweat and holding his head back is now an all out struggle.

People in blue arrive carrying bags, boards and other implements that I once knew the name of. We continue our count and they quickly unpack and move about us in the now cramped space. I am tapped on the back and a young man tells me that I can go...

* ~ * ~ * ~

I sit at my desk still soaked with sweat and become quite annoyed at the individuals in the office that come to ask what happened. These are the same people who stayed within the safety of their cube rather than get involved. I say as little as possible and send them away as fast as I can.

* ~ * ~ * ~

An hour later I hear that the worker is alive, and in stable condition. I laugh. I know the coworker that came to tell me knows the type of person I am and we both have the same sense of humor. I say, "Good. The bastard owes me a trip to the islands."

* ~ * ~ * ~

Later that afternoon we are called into a EAP brief. I say little when I am forced to speak. There are no words that can explain that you did what you did, because you are part of the solution, and not part of the problem. I listen and realize in the meeting that the EAP councilor says that some people 'relieve stress by telling jokes sometimes even callous ones.'

* ~ * ~ * ~

It is not until after a long day of trying to track down the individual's point of contact and I am in the fast lane on the way home do I realized that the EAP councilors comment was directed at me. Someone in the office had taken offense to what I had said. No. Let me restate that. Some bystander had taken offense to what I had said. I am sure you know exactly what I think about that problem. I need not say a word to an individual who would stand about and do nothing when the chips are on the table in the game is life or death.



I can remember when I was in the military and we had to sit through a CPR class. Yes, we used to goof off and perform CPR on the dummy face down or do the three stooges eye poke on the dummies eyes on the 'breath' command. I am guilty of being one of the worst offenders of practical jokes on new shipmates in CPR class. I would make sure the 'newbie' was given the dummy that had a removable head and that he was a 'breather'. On the breath command I would yank the body from the head and yell much to the delight, cheers and laughter of the corpsman and sailors, "Not so hard blowhard!".

Today, I suggest that if you have never taken a CPR class to do so.



This entry is dedicated to those who were part of the solution today.
And to a man who once said, "I am not paid to do what you say. I am paid to think."

Picking up that slack...

Ever notice that there is no time to sit about the deck when sailing? Line needs coiled, decks swabbed, sails mended or stowed, brass to be polished or something to be painted. A sailor's life, is by far, not an easy one. You realize that if you take care of the ship, she will take care of you. That realization is why sailors are highly motivated individuals.

Picking up the pace and staying on top of the game is something that is not always the easiest thing to do. As a matter of fact, for a few it is enough just to watch the game. You and I are both not that type however! Sailors of life are often outgoing movers and shakers rather than your run of the mill pier side observer. Moving forward is one of the hardest tasks you will ever face when you can sit comfortably in the galley and swill down java. Why make the future when you can relive it? Because shipmates, history is for the books. Life is all about getting up and out while moving forward into a voyage of our own choosing.

The hardest part of the voyage is self-motivation. Shipmates flounder about attempting to find the mystical magical secret of self-motivation. Look no further. The key to self-motivation is quite simply... you. Do not venture forward into life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for any other reason than... you. Take a moment to ponder the real underlying reason why you have done most of the things in your life to date. Now partition off those things that have given you the most pleasure. Odds are, if you made a list of the things you have done for yourself, the list of things that have given you the most pleasure will be very close to one and the same. The bottom line being that we derive the most pleasure from our actions when they are done for us.

Some may argue that doing for others is gratifying and I will concur. However, when it comes down to the keel, *self*-motivation has its roots in the *self*. No matter how you slice or dice the idea, concept or action, it all ultimately rests upon one single shipmate picking up the slack. You.



Port of call...

As I watched the Crew on the white sand beach, I noted an object floating in the water. It was being slowly pulled toward the Destiny's Quest by the outgoing tide. A corked bottle bobbed gently in the water. I watched it slowly make its way to within my grasp. At first, I thought that the Crew had sent me a note requesting extended shore leave. After uncorking the green bottle and gently coaxing the parchment out of it, I immediately realized that it was not what I had guessed.

In part, the note indicated, "...right now I feel in limbo." From the context of the note, I was not sure if the author meant that they were in a place or state of restraint or confinement, or perhaps the intermediate or transitional state that often feels like a sailor lost at sea. I marveled at the parchment and the words upon it. Limbo seemed to me to be a place where all rogues, corsairs, seadogs

and buccaneers purposely stay. My mind flitted from possibility to probability in attempting to ascertain exactly why living in a state of limbo was derogatory in any way. Limbo seemed like a great place to make a clean start. Limbo definitely offered a multitude of directions from which to sail.

Transitional states are often mistaken as a bad place. But if one takes a moment to ponder the obvious, it does not seem such a dastardly place. Limbo implies that you have arrived from a specific journey, only to be in the process of attaining your bearings in order to set sail again. There is not a ship in the fleet that can stay afloat forever. Ports of call for replenishment, repair and R&R are a matter of course. Why would it be any different for a sailor of life?

The author of the message in the bottle then goes on to state that because of their standing in limbo, they are placing stress upon themselves. I say they are placing stress on themselves. I believe that no one can place stress upon your person except you. If you feel for some reason that you are not comfortable dockside there may be good reason. All too often a shipmate can become comfortable and complacent in the 'replenishment mode'. Neptune, some sailors spend their life dockside rehashing journeys of days past rather than making new journeys! Overhaul will always be part of the life of a sailing ship, and thus, it will be to yours as well.

If you take a moment to open the ships log and survey where you have been it may well give you new insight as to where you want to go. There is no harm in scribing potential goals on a scroll. Look at the treasure and chart the course to attaining it. Timelines can be rough but should be relatively conservative and never outlandish. Pushing too hard will cause a sailor undue burnout and frustration. A schedule too lax affords the mate time to wander off course and never make it to the prize. A conservative "guess-timate" and the knowledge that all plans are a work in progress will grant you the opportunity to set sail, as well as become further motivated, by seeing measurable results.

The note crumbles to dust as a strong breeze whips over the deck. Perhaps it realized that it had stayed in the confines of the bottle long enough, and with the help of a rogue, was set free to sail the four winds... My eyes fall upon the Crew taking a breather on the beach and I know that sometimes all it takes is something as small as the removal of a cork to let us...

Sail on... sail on!!!

LATER THAT EVENING...

Her sails are struck. Anchor is dragging and the Crew is ashore. After the decks were swabbed and gear properly stowed the crew could stand it no more. Some shipmates dropped the ship-to-shore boats over the side and a few just dove into the brine and swam to shore.

I run my hand over the wooden rail of the forecastle and I realize that the wood is clean and soft. It has been cleaned by the oceans brine and thousands of sailors rubbing down the rails with soft cloths. The wood is silky to my touch. I look up and the sails are bundled and tied off with practiced perfection. Under my

bare feet, I can feel the hard yet well worn deck of this beautiful ship. The scent of land passes my nose only for a second. I look at the main deck and see that everything is in place and properly stowed. I think only a sailor can understand the need for such obsessive attention to detail.

I smirk as I move across the now quiet deck. The usual hustle and bustle of the crew, combined with the pitch and roll of the deck, usually make it impossible to walk a straight line from the forecandle to the quarterdeck. Gently climbing the steps of the quarterdeck I am not disappointed. The ship's wheel is polished and blocked. The brass gleams in the sun with a brilliance that makes my eyes find refuge. She is a beautiful ship. She is my *Destiny's Quest*.

I know that below decks are just as ship shape as topside. Bosun runs a tight Crew. And the Crew is the most motivated on the high seas. They currently happen to be the most motivated Crew ashore but that is of little matter. Motivation in one mindset, that spills over into other aspects of one's life. It is supportive, inspiring, driving, stimulating and a source for continual enthusiasm. Motivation attained in any aspect of a sailor's life can and will affect all other aspects of their life. The smallest successful task is the seed to continued motivation. Each subsequent goal reached, creates a keel from which the rest of your life will prosper.

As my eyes fall upon the rogues, corsairs, buccaneers and seadogs frolicking on the white sand beach, I know that a motivated sailor is a happy sailor.

Wave of Change...

If you are not riding the wave of change you may well find yourself sucking sand in the riptide below. We are submerged in acquiescence. No matter how still we stand the world around us is in a constant state of perpetual flux. Therefore, as sailors, we must attain a healthy set of sea legs and ride the waves with precision grace.

Life is a steadfast journey that we must take. Through no fault of our own we are thrust aboard. Like unintentional stowaways we find our self on aboard an adventure, that, at best, treats us like the King of the Sea and at worst like whale excrement! We must then learn to become the best at what we do and overcome challenges we happen upon in order to excel on this journey.

We can also presume that the ever changing seascape before us will continue to throw us a few curves on our voyage from hither to yon. Given this obvious fact we then must know and prepare for Murphy's Law to skew our course. What can go wrong will go wrong. Our ability to modify, change, and alter course, thus, adapt must be honed to perfection. Nary the most catastrophic event can divert us from our ultimate goal.

In order to always adapt to the ever-changing cosmos around us we must first accept that our existence is ever changing. Then, we must understand that we are creatures of change and, therefore, able to adapt to any circumstance

thrown at us. Furthermore, we must hone our abilities to change our mindset, our short-term goals and, perhaps, ultimately, the path we travel without compromising the critical mission.

Sour grapes and piss poor shipmates...

It is inevitable as we sail the waters of life that we will come into contact with a variety of individuals. Some of these people may pass like two ships in the night or we may actually sail with a select few for a period of time. In any case that we can think up, the basis of a comradeship, is trust. For whatever reason, in a relationship, we have felt that a certain individual has exhibited a certain amount of trustworthiness, so we have accepted their behavior and created a trust bond. This bond is only as strong as the continual give and take of the relationship. Once the trust bond has been established, we have the right to expect a mutually beneficial relationship.

As time passes and people grow and change, or not, as is often the case, the relationship becomes lopsided. Like a schooner that has a port list, one side of the craft (known as relation-ship) is out of level. Depending on the reason for the tilt, the relationship may be altered temporarily or it could be a shifting action that will change the level of the connection forever. There are innumerable stresses on a relationship with a shipmate. Everything from unique personal preferences to political and religious beliefs place the venture, known as relationship, in jeopardy. Many of these issues can be accepted or overlooked given that the trust bond is not placed in harm's way.

There is one thing that will sink a relationship like a holed freighter in rough seas. Knowing as we do, that the basis of all relationships is a bond based on mutual trust, we can say that if that foundation is broken, so too, will the relationship. If the trust between two shipmates is called into question, or the very foundation of the relationship has been altered by deception (trust broken), there can be no relationship. The trust bond is one integral and vital part of any and all relationships. If a shipmate turns seadog and shatters the bonds that hold the relationship, is at an end. What has transpired is not some minute stressor creating a leak in the hull but a keel-shattering jolt that is devastating to all aboard.

This action (the keel-shattering jolt) has placed what was once a trusting relationship into the realm of the unknown. It has also taken what should have been a mutually beneficial relationship and made it into a sham. What a true corsair needs to do is place aside the sour grapes and make the decision to abandon ship or attempt to repair the damages, all the while taking into account if the relationship is worth salvaging.

What most shipmates fear is sailing alone. They will, almost at incredible costs to their own person, take hit after hit because they fear sailing alone. They would rather crew with an individual that is as untrustworthy as Black Beard, all for no other reason than they don't want to be alone. What they fail to ask

themselves is one simple question, "Can I afford to sail through life with those I can not trust, and expect to be trustworthy myself?" Handing over trust for a short period of time is one thing, but not being able to trust a shipmate to cover your back is a whole new matter. When a buccaneer sails with those who are not trustworthy, mutiny is just a sunrise away. To continue forth with these piss poor fellows is to do nothing more than cut our own throats. If the trust has been broken, and the relationship was not highly motivated and equally beneficial, take your leave of a bad situation and...
Sail on... sail on!!!

Scrap of Treasure

**The greater the risk,
the greater the return.**

Treasure Chest Two

Crew is paramount...

There are times when a mate feels as though the entire world, dry land that is, is resting squarely upon their shoulders. It can be said that some people are not happy unless they carry some insurmountable burden upon their person. And yet, others even though they carry the weight of much, seem as though to be completely unencumbered by their burden.

The weighted down sailor is the one that looks as though his world is flat and he has found the abrupt end of it. His mind is dumbfounded and overwhelmed. Possibilities are limited and life is a torturous voyage through a twisted and dangerous hellscape. Their voyages are fraught with frustration, grief and negativity. A day with this sort of sailor is a day sure to sap your patience, strength, and motivation down to dangerously low levels.

A sailor fleet of foot looks at the world as though it is a wonderfully adventurous place that has no end of marvels to ponder. His mind is clear and ready for the next challenge. Possibilities are limitless and life is a marvelous journey through a magical mystical seascape of opportunity. Their voyages are inspiring, joyous, and positively charged. A day with this sort of sailor is a day sure to lighten your soul, build your confidence, strengthen and motivate you beyond anything you ever imagined.

The choice of shipmates is obvious. Choosing your crew is paramount. Creating a network of associates and informants will be the foremost important task of your life. Take your time and think through the endeavor from start to finish. It will ultimately decide your success on the high seas of life.

Sail a nautical mile...

How can a shipmate be internally motivated when their external example is not? "Actions speak louder than words", comes to mind here. I have realized that all too often, a good intentioned shipmate really is part of the problem rather than part of the solution. It takes a little more than a half-baked opinion in order to help out a shipmate.

Ever have one of those mates that makes a comment to a given situation that is either bleakly neutral or blatantly negative? Odds are, you have. Remember its affect on your person? I would venture to say that the wind died and your sails fell slack in a matter of seconds. The bottom line is people speak before they think. It is a rampant plague that has no boundaries in our world today. Shipmates feel that they would rather make a neutral statement rather than take the time to think about a situation or action even for a moment. You

know the comments, “Oh, o.k.” or “That’s nice.” Ask yourself what sort of highly motivated response this is if a mate feels close enough to you to share a prominent part of their life with you. Why not just grunt and shrug. Neutrality is about as motivating and uplifting as saltwater in the eyes.

How about those ever-pathetic individuals who continually respond in a derogatory manner? “Well that was dumb.” Or the old standby, “Smooth move.” Shipmates who do not think fail to take into account the impact of their words to another. These comments are in no way motivating, understanding or uplifting. These are comments you say to an enemy rather than a shipmate.

The underlying problem in this situation is that the offending individual has not taken the proposition to heart or mind. They have responded without thinking about your given stimuli. They have responded in a way that is nothing less than dismissive. These shipmates are pure poison. A mate who does not think is the most dangerous kind of shipmate in the world. Their words and actions are based on thoughtless haphazard mindless reaction that is detrimental to all around them and they should be avoided at all costs.

When a shipmate chooses to share a personal concern or challenge with you, the least you can do is attempt to think upon the situation *as if you were in their shoes*. You can not look at the given situation through your eyes. Your life, your world and your journey through time is completely different. There is no use in giving them your opinion based on your life’s experiences because they are not in the same boat as you are.

The key is to sail a mile in their skiff prior to entering their world. Curtail your desire to make comments like, “That’s not too bright.” Or “You should have...” Being part of the solution is not equated to derogatory remarks or walking outside of your realm of knowledge on a whim. Being part of the solution does involve entering the journey of an individual and doing your best to understand their motivations and reasons. Once you have sailed a mile by their side, you may find your remarks will change to reflect an knowledgeable undercurrent of highly motivated positive reinforcement.

1 – to – 3 rule.

Have you ever noticed that a shipmate will ignore three compliments in favor of one derogatory or slightly off color remark? I find that particular characteristic one of the most fascinating aspects of human behavior. A person can receive three or five of the kindest remarks known to man and they will completely dismiss them. Let a shipmate utter a tainted whisper from the crow’s nest and that person will take it as infallible truth. I dare not attempt to ascertain exactly why humanity on whole does this simply because far better mates than I have tried and failed miserably. What I note is that no matter the reason, this behavior does, in fact, happen on a regular basis.

Knowing that a shipmate will take a completely false derogatory remark to heart is part of the solution. How many compliments does it take after a mean

remark to get a shipmate back into action? Three? Four? More? Herein is where the numbers come to play. For every one slightly disparaging remark it takes at least three kind, motivating remarks to undo the damage. If you have one unmotivated, unthinking, and uncaring mate who makes a careless remark, do you then have three friends who are highly motivated, thinking and caring to back you up and work with you toward a common positive feeling? Odds are you do not.

How many of us can count the number of unmotivated and derogatory statements directed at us in a single day. Is it even possible to offset this mayhem with at least three kind and gentle comments by the general populace at large? I think not. You could listen to motivational and feel good tapes all the way to and from work, and still not receive enough positive feedback to cover the amount of negativity injected into your life by clients, coworkers, friends and even family! If you took three off color remarks to heart in a day it would take nine compliments just to help you break even. When was the last time you received nine compliments in a day, let alone a week?

What a frustrated quandary! We are continually barraged with the negative and rarely ever hear the positive. Thus we are faced with the monumental task of offsetting the negative with positive and hope for a break even at the end of the week. Or we could turn the bollard and look at the situation from outside the box. Looking at the given facts, we know that negativity runs rampant in our society. Watching the evening news is enough to drive a sane person into deep depression. The comments that are neutral or negative that are directed toward us on any given day are unwarranted and unwanted but they barrage us nonetheless. We cannot create enough positive in our lives to offset the high tide of negativity that we swim in each day. Fighting it is like swimming against the tide. You will tire and be swept away with the current.

In order to combat this foe of gigantic proportions, I suggest that you work from the inside out. The primary factor in receiving negative stimuli is its perception, in most cases that is hearing. We have heard that people "hear what they want to hear." What I propose is one and the same. Change your mindset so as to no longer hear the negative. Just as you cannot hear the positive, switch the frequency and no longer hear the negative. It sounds silly but upon contemplation, you may find that all it really takes is a positive mental attitude, a new personal goal, and a change in mindset to complete this task.

If shipmates give you neutral or negative feedback call them out on it. Say things like, "Thank you for that highly motivated and positive response. I look forward to your next brilliant deduction shipmate!" You would be surprised how many people back peddle after being told this. They immediately realize that you heard them and have noted their lack of proper motivation. If a shipmate is not one that is on your personal roster of crew, ignore and immediately void any derogatory remarks or comments from said individual. What the person says is of no consequence anyway. Why bother validating this deckhand's feedback with comment? This will create a positive mental attitude.

Make a new personal goal to dismiss the negative and only acknowledge the positive. The bilge is half full shipmate, not half empty! Creating a goal helps

you chart your progress and allows you to navigate through the journey from hearing the negative to hearing the positive over the negative.

Both creating a positive mental outlook and mapping a goal will bring about a mindset change that will afford you strength and endurance on your journey. A change in mindset may not come as quickly as you hope. It has taken you all your life to perfect notating the negative in any given situation. It is going to take longer than a med cruise to shift that mindset from negative to positive shipmate. Be patient with yourself and know that any journey worth sailing will have its challenges!



Land lovers cop-out.

Ever notice how some people would rather utilize a cop-out rather than make a decision? If there is one thing that a highly motivated sailor does is avoid the cop-out at all costs. I am speaking of a specific type of cop-out; “I really can’t say either way because I don’t have all the facts.” Or the ever popular, “I don’t know both sides of the story so I don’t know.” An individual does not want to commit to a given scenario so they pull this crap out of their bag of useful tricks and expect it to fly.

In the real world of sailors who play for keeps, the cop-out is about as useful as a barnacle on the hull of a ship. These statements and their ilk are nothing more than a pathetic attempt to white wash themselves out of making a decision. The bottom line is that a person never has all the facts. Life, as well as any given situation, is not static. We reside in a continual state of flux. Therefore, we can never have all data about a situation or action because by the time we assimilate the data, it is past current. Waiting until you have compiled all relevant data is a fool’s game. You can no more amass all relevant data about a given situation than you can be at all points in time at once.

Along these same lines comes those who claim to not to know 'both sides' of the story. Newsflash shipmate, you never will. If you can relate the above paragraph to this very topic, you are ahead of the pack. If you are befuddled, read on. You cannot, as a human being with your own morals, standards, life experiences and viewpoints, fully understand one side of the story, let alone both. We are each unique sailors. To think for a moment that you can fully relate to another individual's completely different morals, standards, experiences and viewpoints is ludicrous. Beyond this, we attempt to assemble all data about a given situation from two separate and unique points of view. To think for a moment that you will ever have all relevant data from both sides in order to make a decision is witless.

We are managers of everything from relationships to finances. We have learned to make a decision based on *available* data and move forward. We each do it every day, all day long. From the simplest task, what you will eat for breakfast, to the most complex queries in your life, you make decisions each and every moment of the day. A sailor who has issues with making choices will ultimately fail miserably in life. There is absolutely nothing wrong with a decision based on available data. What a sailor must understand is that no decision is ever final. All decisions are a work in progress and subject to alteration due to new information attained.

Playing the middle line and making a decision not to make a decision is useless. When you half step or cop-out it just makes you look unmotivated, uncaring and ignorant. Take the information you have and move forward with it. Be a real sailor and make a decision. There is no shame in making a decision on available data and later modifying your belief when new or different data come to light. Use your mind for more than just figuring out ways to walk the pathetic line of neutrality and indecision. Take charge and carry out the plan of the day.

Dismissed!

The Equation.

+ Good things happen when you choose to take positive steps.

- Nothing happens when you choose to be neutral.*

- Bad things happen when you choose to take negative steps.

* If you take the neutral path your choices will be made for you!

Being Involved

I do so enjoy when the sails are full of wind and the Crew is up and about. There is something to be said for being involved. Being involved is one of the roughest jobs any sailor will ever take on. Taking action and carrying out the plan of the day is by no means an easy task. All too often, most shipmates will slack off and do everything in their power not to be involved. I have known individuals who have worked harder and spent more time and energy getting out of involvement than if they had taken on and completed the project single handedly.

I dare not even begin to attempt to ascertain these individuals' reasons for the duck and dodge, or the bob and weave. I have no doubt that the reasons range from the extreme to the sublime. What I could never understand is why these shipmates would rather expend more energy getting out of something rather than just carry out the task and be on their way.

Becoming interested and moving toward an action is stimulating. Involvement is in part, motivation. The fuel, if you will, of being involved is motivation. To influence or affect a single moment in your day has the implications of life changing proportions. To engage the interest has sparked the motivation with you. Involvement may be the difference between turning a small ship from a floating coffin into a life raft. It may well be the missing piece of the motivational puzzle that you ponder.

What I would suggest of a highly motivated sailor is not to fear being involved. Involvement in the journey of life can give you more than you might expect. Involvement in the simplest of tasks can enlighten the most superior of minds. Participation in the complex can motivate the most stagnant of minds to great feats. Taking part in life is the key to a successful journey.

Message in a bottle.

It all boils down to one thing when dealing with shipmates. No matter how you look at any relationship with any other sailor all points converge to one single point on the charts: communication. The ability to communicate your thoughts and feelings to another is absolutely paramount if you should desire to be successful in any arena. Successfully corresponding with individuals will allow you to move forward in the game of life.

All too often shipmates get caught up in the falsity that it is their responsibility to understand another's attempts at communication no matter how confused or pathetic. When you analyze the two-way communication system, you will find that the ultimate responsibility of being properly understood falls directly on the shoulders of the individual who is attempting to convey a certain thought or feeling. If the receiver can not fully grasp the concept pitched by the sender, the process breaks down. When the keel hits the brine, it is the

responsibility of the sender, to project a proper and clear message to the receiver. It will do a mate no good to holler to helm, "Hard to port!" when he really needs the bow to cut to starboard.

A highly motivated shipmate will recognize this fact of life on their maiden voyage out to sea. Learning to properly communicate your thoughts and needs to others will afford you not only reaction but the ability to motivate others as well. Being able to be understood should not be a luxury but a mundane occurrence. A sailor will work to perfect his or her communication skills knowing that being understood is half the battle to a highly motivated and prosperous voyage!

Imperial Reverse Focus.

There are days and times when the seas are not quite as calm as you like. The seas we sail are different each day we stand watch upon the quarterdeck. Never have any two been the same. Nor, I think, will any day in the future match any day in the past, unless, of course, you are able to travel backward in time or enter one of Hawkins black holes. Within our simplistic world, we are destined to have a new and unique day each and every wake up.

There are times when the wind may not fill your sails. There are times when the wind is so strong that your sails are in jeopardy of being torn to shreds. At times, the ship's rigging is all that we have between the deep cool black abyss and us. There is a possibility that a single marlinspike stands between you and disaster. What is the crux of the matter is that *there is* a loan marlinspike between you and catastrophe. All too often shipmates get so upset or disgruntled they forget to recognize that calamity was averted and they are still on the hard and fast track.

It is interesting how we as sailors have the tendency to transfix our attention to what is not there. I am sure there is some sound logical psychological reason for this behavior. What I find myself having to do, more often than not, is the Imperial Reverse Focus. The Imperial Reverse Focus is when you focus on the contrast of your life, or in other words, contrast between what is real vs. what is not. The reverse is looking at what is there vs. what is not. An example of this might be that you have some worthless family members that are not worth whale snot. Rather than focus on their shortcomings, reverse your attention to the fact that this circumstance has afforded you personal freedom, as well as cultivated a sense of independence and confidence within yourself. Perhaps you find that your spouse is lacking and only half of what you desire. Reverse that focus and note their strengths and make note of how you have had to grow and modify yourself and adapt in order to make the relationship work. Confused about your direction in life and feel you have been shortchanged by fate? Focus on your successes, victories and completions. Then take a moment to ponder why your journey was sidetracked and make an effort to re-chart the course of your journey so that you can attain your goal as well as cheat fate of yet one more victim.

It is a difficult maneuver for any sailor. Once you learn the Imperial Reverse Focus, you will find that life is allot easier. You may also find that you will be thinking outside the box and, thus, able to accomplish a whole lot more on your journey of life than you ever thought possible. Take heart shipmate, if you can just change your mind you will find that you will change the entire world around you.

A sailor's world.

Things are rarely as we desire them to be. Have you ever noticed that when sailing along the oceans of life that the seas are not always calm and the plotted course is rarely followed? That is the reality of being a sailor. Our journey is hardly ever like that of a land lover. Our world is in a continuous state of flux that affords us uninterrupted change. This change allows us to move with the ever-changing cosmos around us.

We cannot work things out unless all parties are on the same deck so to speak. At times, we desire to create a journey that suits our goals and aspirations. There are those of us who have more crew than others. Each crewmember has their own goals and dreams they wish to journey toward. It takes great finesse and superior communication to sail toward multiple goals at once. Unless all sailors are on deck and working toward mutually beneficial goals the voyage will be fraught with course change and peril. If one shipmate is steering for hard to port and another is dropping anchor, your voyage will be a very interesting one indeed!

It is, and ever will be, a struggle to understand the motivations, actions, reactions and decisions of your crewmates. Life's journey takes us past many people and through many situations. Regarding our own thoughts and feelings is difficult enough but we must hone our ability to note, understand and act upon our shipmates' actions and reactions as well as our own. It makes sailing much easier if, when you see a member of the crew striking the sails before a storm, you understand why they are taking such a precaution.

There are at times, however, when the crew you sail with is not prepared to deal with the ever-changing oceans. Nor are they willing to work together toward a mutual goal or aspiration for a variety of possibilities. It might be the case that a shipmate no longer desires to regard your thoughts or feelings on matters at hand. The only thing that we can do when this breakdown occurs is affirm our own course and...

Sail on... sail on!!!

Threshold...

At what point do we say enough is enough? When do we determine that the point of no return has been crossed? How do we react and with what sort of protocol do we invoke when a person has offended us? I am sure that the politically correct Ann Landers has some wit and wisdom to impart but what I am speaking about is when, on the real journey of life, a shipmate crosses a line that they have been told exists and know for a fact is there. There are as many different answers as there are circumstances no doubt.

A few relevant questions may help. What is at stake? A lot of shipmates fail to look at the bottom line. We, as sailors of life, build a multitude of relationships on our journey. What happens when a shipmate repeatedly crosses a line in the sand so to speak? Moreover, what do you do with that same shipmate who crosses that line in order to attempt to manipulate the relationship? Step back Mrs. Landers, you are out of your league. This job calls for the Dread Pirate's touch.

I would like to know what it is about human nature that affords us to be such saps. I mean, look at the crap we put up with from people we meet. Then look at how we offer to befriend them and, perhaps, let this individual into a specific inner circle of friends. These individuals then take it upon themselves to acquire a 'holier than thou' attitude and throw manners, protocol and even common courtesy out the porthole. We are shipmates so that gives you license to be ill mannered, uncouth, and rude? Step back shipmate, get a grip, and stand by for heavy rolls.

We are judged by the shipmates we sail with. Like it or not that is a fact of the high seas. It is part of accepted societal mores and standards, and there is little you can do but ride the wave. If you sail with a pack of uncouth, unpolished sea-puke then, by Neptune, *you* will be judged as such. If you sail with individuals who do their best to meet their personal goals all the while being positive and motivated in a well mannered and polished way, you will not only find yourself more successful but far more widely accepted in a variety of circles. Have I told you anything new? I think not.

Further, why in the name of Neptune, would you put up with a negative, sarcastic, mean individual when you are attempting to live the life of a positive, motivated sailor? I will give you a real big hint shipmate, you can't. For every derogatory remark that is shot at you, it takes copious amounts of positive remarks to fill the gaping hole made by the negative or mean comment. Why leave yourself open to this sort of negative interaction? I can see no logical, rational or valid reason that would allow me to stay in a relationship that has negative overtones.

In conclusion, there is no reason why we should put forth effort to those around us that do not treat us in a manner that we expect and deserve. Our society and our shipmates judge us by who we sail with. Why sail with an individual that will bring the crew down instead of build it up? Shipmates that are close to us have the potential to do the most damage by rude, off-hand remarks that cut to the bone. If a mate is not a positively motivated individual, cut them from the roster. If a shipmate has hurt you or caused negativity in your life in the

past and continues to do so in the present, deep six them in less than a heartbeat.

Remember that a ship cannot run before the wind dragging its anchors.

Scrap of Treasure

The prize, no matter what it may be, to a pirate, is all.

Treasure Chest Three

Never give up.

Several days ago, I read a web log entry that really took my breath away. The shipmate who penned the entry was a tad miffed that her original plan did not come to fruition in the planned manner she had hoped. Her original plan reads:

1. Save money
2. Move out at end of summer session
3. Obtain full time job pertaining to major (psychology)
4. Graduate in December with minor in Women's Studies and BA in Psychology
5. Take Spring and Summer semesters off, work full time, save money
6. Go back to school either as a grad student or for teaching degree

Looks like our shipmate has a plan for success. She then states the following, "I don't think I'm going to graduate this December because I'm pretty sure I'm not going to pass one of the classes that I'm taking that I need to graduate." She further states, "This way I can get my teaching degree, finish up my minor in Spanish, and possibly get a minor in Sociology. I've also decided that I'm never, ever going to stop going to school. I'm going to be one of those old people who go to class for fun. There's just too much that I'm interested in..." Therefore, in light of the new information, she revised her plan as follows:

1. Save money
2. Move out at end of summer session
3. Obtain full time job pertaining to major (psychology)
4. Continue with school to get teaching degree, finish up Psych degree
5. Teach, possibly attend Grad School (If I don't like teaching or social work then I'll be a nurse.)

The great thing about looking at these two plans is her ultimate goals have not changed. The only thing that has changed is the *timetable*. The goals, and the basics, have really stayed the same.

All too often we get caught up in our own self-imposed timetable. I, for one, am guilty as charged. In my world, things cannot happen fast enough. I desire to plan, execute, and see results in hours! But alas, that is not the pace of reality. Mix reality with Murphy's Law [what can go wrong will] and you have extended your timetable significantly beyond your last iota of patience. Realizing nothing will ever go as planned is the first step to success. Trying your best to stay on course and not lose sight of the goal is paramount. Meeting new and unique challenges, with outside the box solutions that benefit you the most, is of utmost importance. And, most of all, just like our shipmate, never giving up is the key to success.



Unique experiences...

It was a 'T' intersection that really was a death trap. One lane had the right of way, and the other had to stop and proceed right or left. It should have been a simple concept. However, small town drivers tend to create their own rules of engagement when it comes to driving patterns. This particular intersection was located on the backside of Mary Washington College (Now University of Mary Washington) where College Avenue ended at Hanover Street.

The city had placed the stop sign so far back from the actual intersection that vehicles had to roll forward to ascertain if they could proceed into the intersection. To further complicate matters, the homeowners on each corner,

planted large hedge on the outside corners of their property to afford some small bit of privacy from the busy intersection. Drivers would have to creep forward and stick the front end of their car out in order to see oncoming traffic. This slowly graduated into a rolling stop, that later evolved into a fast rolling stop *merge*. Not just any fast rolling stop-merge mind you, but a 90 degree wheel squealing hold on to your genitalia anal puckering experience quasi-stop floor-it merge.

The physical plant of MWC was located on Hanover Street. I found myself traversing this intersection at least five times a day roaming back and forth from plant to campus in performance of my duties. I always wondered when the day would come that I sent the fifteen-passenger van I drove into the fray and would have the pleasure of hearing that thunderous boom that accompanies all metal-to-metal collisions.

One day I was actually stopped at the stop sign and was chatting with my then rogue-in-crime, Chris. I slowly pulled ahead looking for that speeding car and from the right a K car slammed on the breaks and slid, almost sideways, directly into the center of the intersection. The male driver started screaming profanity even before the blue smoke and sound of tires squealing stopped. Hanging out the window, he launched a barrage of profane insults at me that made me want to ask him if he was a sailor. I sat in the driver's seat of the van and patiently smiled at him. Wearing my trademark black reflective lens sunglasses, I let him ramble on a bit while I sat and laughed. Chris queried me as to what this gentleman's problem was and I just shook my head and continued to smile in his direction. The man finally ran out of breath and paused for a few precious seconds. I smiled from ear to ear and said, "Hey buddy." He opened his mouth, just a bit, when I hit him with a broadside, "Fuck you and your Mother." The man's mouth dropped open, his eyes bulged and it looked like he had something large lodged in his throat because the color of his face had rapidly changed from a shade of cheery red to an off shade of pale blue.

Chris doubled over in laughter. I gave an out loud belly laugh and slowly proceeded to make a right hand turn. I watched as the man's mouth seemed to open and close slowly but not a single syllable exited his lips. I slowly proceeded down Hanover Street with my friend in stitches in the passenger seat. I hardly missed a heartbeat when I began to speak to Chris, "Hey man, we are about forty yards from the entrance of the plant and we are in a clearly marked MWC van. When this guy gets his voice back and turns me into the Director, what I clearly stated was, You drive like your mother." Well this calm cool rational statement sent Chris into a fit of hysterics that I was to find out later left him with a sore stomach and skid marks in his tighty whities. He could not look at me for the rest of the day without bursting into laughter.

Since that time the greatest insult I toss out to a deserving individual, and by far the most humorous to me is, "You drive like your mother!" Just remember that it's not what you say, but the personal meaning behind the words you choose to speak that really matters.

Sail on... sail on!!!!

What was, what is and what can be...

We navigate through a continuous veil of swirling mist. At times we can see through the hindrance, at other times it obscures the greatest of objects. This ever-swirling cloud of mist has always been with us. The mist I speak of is comprised of perception, known and unknown, beliefs and desires, feeling and thought, light and dark, peace and chaos, understanding and confusion. Others cannot see our mist through their own haze. Only we are privy to the fog around us. It is our bane, our ultimate frustration.

I have had only a few moments in my life where my view from horizon to horizon was crystal clear. Those were the greatest moments of my life. The unobstructed view of what was, what is, and what can be, is a mind centering experience like no other. And yet, we are rarely graced with such clarity of vision. We must learn to perfect our navigation on life's ocean swathed in mind mists.

Just last evening while striding the deck after a man overboard drill, I received a message in a bottle. The message stated that a shipmate felt that we were sailing in different directions. Considering the fact that this corsair had jumped ship, was sailing free and clear for over a year, pretty much cinched the fact that she was in fact correct to the keel. Two shipmates traveling side-by-side still sail two different courses. Two shipmates, sailing alone, also sail different courses as sure as I wear a beard. While staring at the parchment, the mists swirled about me. The only relevant question I noted was if she wanted to sail together again in the future. I know the past, I attempt to understand the present, but I plan for the future. The past is history, the present is upon us and quickly slipping away, but the future is our destiny!

On a completely different subject and yet one that I will use to help make my point is yet another message in a bottle I received stating, "When I'm writing, I'm not trying to communicate my SELF, but the STORY or the IDEA. My view of the story is only half the equation. The other half is the rightful jurisdiction of the reader. A reader may say, this sentence is unclear did you mean X or Y? If it's possible to say definitely X, then I think it's important to change the wording to make the sentence unambiguous." Again, the mists swirl and the questions that are raised within my mind are many. How do you separate the story from the storyteller? If you share your story with two individuals is your view now only 1/3 of the equation? What if you tell the story to one hundred people? Does your view now become 1/100th of the equation? Perhaps, due to artistic license do you always maintain a solid fifty percent? Further, is any sentence either written or spoken ever truly clear? Have not volumes been written on one single subject and yet multitudes of questions and ambiguities remain? Moreover, is it ever truly possible to communicate an idea or a story without involving the self and the mists that cloak us?

We are each unique sailors. Each corsair draws on his or her own exclusive pool of inner motivation. The mind mists that surround us may at times

prevent us from seeing one aspect but also afford us a unique view to the course we sail. Perspective is a gale that can make or break a shipmate. What we see others may never be able to comprehend because of their own obstructed view of what was, what is and what can be. All we can do as sailors of life is hold on tightly to the ship's wheel and stay our course, maintain a positive mental attitude and fear not the darkness as we.... sail on... sail on!!!

Inkblot.

The Internet Inkblot people seem to think that after having me view ten or so funky looking shapes and answering a host of poorly phrased questions that they know me. Here is their personal revelation about yours truly;

Dread, your unconscious mind is driven most by Peace.

You are driven by a higher purpose than most people. You have a deeply rooted desire to facilitate peacefulness in the world. Whether through subtle interactions with loved ones or through getting involved in social causes, it is important to you to influence the world.

You are driven by a desire to encourage others to think about the positive side of things instead of focusing on the negative. The reason your unconscious is consumed by this might stem from an innate fear of war and turmoil. Thus, to avoid that uncomfortable place for you, your unconscious seeks out the peace in your environment.

Usually, the thing that underlies this unconscious drive is a deep respect for humankind. You care about the future of the world, even beyond your own involvement in it. As a result, your personal integrity acts as a surrogate for your deeper drive toward peace and guides you in daily life towards decisions that are respectful toward yourself and others.

~ ~ ~

Amazing how a few inkblots and a few misplaced questions can teach you something! The first sentence in the second paragraph hit me like a full canister of grapeshot ripping a canvas sail to shreds. Does the matrix really know because of my answers or perhaps because the matrix really *knows*? Either way taking tests can give us a key that we seek and afford us knowledge about ourselves that we know but are not privy to.

What? We know things about ourselves but are not privy to the information? Sounds ridiculous but how often have people said something to us that has struck home with uncanny accuracy? How often have we taken standardized tests only to find that their results do have some small foundation in truth for us? We then, upon reflection may well find that we knew the astounding

information but never truly acknowledged it. We held an answer in our treasure chest all along but never realized it was in there!

Part of growing and learning is attaining knowledge about the self. A large part of remaining positive and motivated is not only learning about the vast cosmos around us but learning about our self. Inner motivation comes from within the self. Thus it is only logical that the more we know and understand about the self the more we are able to find, harness and utilize the motivation that lies within. It is most difficult to find a positive attitude and inner motivation when one has no idea as to where to look within themselves.

There is a single step that every sailor must take when they begin the true voyage of life. They must begin an inner journey of learning themselves before they can ever begin to sail the waves of life and understand the actions and motivations of others. Using every means available a shipmate should educate themselves on what motivates them and why. Understanding the inner sailor will enable you to better work with the Crew and those around you. It also may help chart your course to the ultimate treasure you seek.

Silence.

Silence, ominous and foreboding, lurks like the Grim Reaper in the deep shadow. I find that all too often shipmates mistake silence for something other than exactly what it is, calming, peaceful, encompassing silence. Have you ever noticed that you can actually think when you enter the realm of silence?

I have, over the past several days, taken silence into heart and mind. In the hustle and bustle of everyday duties combined with work and ever-present distractions, all being driven by the currents of life, silence becomes lost in the fray. All of this distracts and drowns out ones ability to think clearly. The mind can only ponder one query at a time. So, if we add the continuous distractions of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness with Murphy's Law (what can go wrong, will.) we have created a perfect environment for not only the lack of silence but the lack of thought.

Being part of a Crew has its advantages. Of that I have absolutely no doubt. However, there are times when one must take a giant step back and think. We as Homo sapiens on whole often forget that in order to understand we must think. How often are we willing to follow the currents of life and never think upon the voyage we sail? Thinking seems to be the bane of most sailors. Silence is treated as some evil sea serpent that will surface from the abyss and rip you into chum. Both thinking and silence are often a frustration for those corsairs who sail the tides.

Silence, ominous and foreboding it is worn like a cloak by the sailor who chooses to think. Standing alone with only the ships wheel for company, he stands the mid-watch. It is within the silence that a sailor can think. Wrapped in silence he can achieve his greatest revelations.

It is through silence that we are able to think clearly and, further, it is through thought that all things become clear.

Motivation through understanding.

As the ship gently cuts through the whitecaps, you attain your sea legs. When you first step aboard a ship you feel every pitch and roll. After sailing awhile you no longer feel the continuous motion. You know you are moving but your body compensates for the movement and you no longer care that you look like a drunkard staggering down an alley as you stealthy move about deck. Your body and your mind come to an understanding in order to perform your duties affectively.

Understanding is the key to a variety of our actions. It is through reasoning that we gain an understanding of the stimuli. Then because we understand, we are able to properly react. It is through understanding that we gain knowledge as well as the ability to speculate. Perhaps herein hides a key to motivation? Might this building block act as a keel for internal motivation? Ever notice that how excited you become when you have a revelation and attain enlightenment via understanding? Might this newfound excitement through understanding be used to fuel internal motivation?

To contrast the point, non-understanding is the key to inaction. If we are unable to comprehend the stimuli, we are at best, unable to react and at worst, we react inappropriately. It is through non-understanding that we gain no knowledge, therefore, have no ability to speculate. Without understanding there can only be confusion or lack of knowledge thus leading to a very narrow path named motivation. Confusion and lack of understanding rarely spawn positive internal motivation.

If a shipmate is able to gain insight into their life and their voyage, it is then that inner motivation can be spawned. Positive self-motivation comes from within. If a sailor can find inner focus through understanding it is then that the seed of positive inner motivation is planted.

Back into the mist...

The ship gently wades forward though the swirling mist of the evening. The sea is calm and yet there is a gentle breeze softly filling the sails. The only sound is the gentle lapping of the waves against the side of the ship and the occasional snap and pop of the canvas sail as the wind puffs. You stand at the helm eyes wide and searching the mist ahead for any sign of *them*.

You cannot see the stars above, for the mist obscures their presence. Your bearings are off without the stars and yet you still gently forge ahead. Your eyes hurt and your ears pick up even the faintest of noises off the water. All your

life you have sailed through the mists. You are at home within its cloak of obscurity. As you stand behind the ship's wheel, you don't look at the wheel but feel the worn polished surface, almost soft wood against your hands. The ship is gently moving forward and you relax for just a second. You close your eyes and take a deep breath. You feel the air fill your lungs. Somehow you feel all that is around you. Instantly you *know*.

The bow of the ship just breaks the fog bank and instinctively with all your might you pull the wheel hard to starboard. The wind would sheer the sail slack and leave you dead in the water if you pulled port. There are shouts all around you now. The bow softly swings to starboard as the sails rattle and pop in protest due to the sudden shift in direction. The deck rolls and the wheel reaches the end of the line and you feel it snap taut. It is not enough.

Three of her Majesty's finest lay in wait. They are in their customary 'straight away' line. Each ship is broadside to you, their gun ports open and their cannon extended and loaded. It is the perfect trap, a perfect mishap. You grit your teeth as you hear the first and second ships' Marine Sergeants scream their commands. The small arms fire is quickly drowned out by a volley of cannon fire from both ships that rips into the side of your ship like a barracuda slamming into its prey. Your sails are parallel with the trajectory of the shot so you maintain speed. The damage to the canvas is relatively light. All around you, topside explodes into insanity. The roar of the cannon is defining and yet you can still hear the sound of the wood shattering and snapping all around you as the solid shot rips through your ship.

You push harder against the wheel as if it would do any good. The bow slowly and softly continues its arc. The volley from the first and second ship of the line ends. They are shrouded in a cloud of their own making. You lean into the wheel and close your eyes. You must pass in front of yet one more battery before you will again be obscured by the sea mist. The Captain on the third man-o-war is not as experienced as the first two but he is a patient one. He waits as your ship comes full broadside gently making its turn. You can see the gleam in the Captain's eye as he stands staring at your fine ship now turned to ruin.

Patience has a price. You had not given the order to fire your broadside because of the angle of attack and the proximity of the target as you swept past the first two ships. At the top of your lungs you scream, you hear your cannon come to life in a split second. The ship's quarterdeck explodes into shards of wood and flying bodies. Your guns are loaded with large canister shot and not a single solid large iron ball. The fist size projectiles shred the side of her Majesty's ship rendering it helpless in the water.

Almost too gently your ship slips back into the cloak of mist from which it had come. It is battered and torn. She is holed and ripped. It is almost a different ship than it was just moments ago. And yet it sails on...

What's inside.

Inner strength,

Flexibility,

Inner motivation,

Resilience,

Inner desire,

Understanding.

A corsair must turn to these in all situations in order to survive.

Every moment of every day counts.

Ever notice how as we sail forward each day and time seems to slip away from us? Statements like, "Where did the time go?" and, "Time flies when..." are the order of the day. Time is by far the most important asset that you have in your motivational arsenal. Keeping track of your day as well as effectively planning ahead will afford you the most benefit for your effort.

Time wasted is a potential success setback. How often can we look back on our day and note gaps in our schedule that could have been better utilized? This gap was time where we became complacent and did nothing rather than make that span of day useful. Now, there are times when the body and mind need a break. However, how many of us claim a 'break' that seems to last a lot longer than really needed? There is no doubt that well desired shore leave is mandatory for a happy healthy life. But how many people can really say that their time is well utilized and full up, when in fact, their schedules are full of wasted hours?

Time is said to be our enemy. I would argue that time, if properly utilized and used to its fullest, becomes a wonderful ally. All too often we overlook time that can move us from the mundane and boring into the productive and positively motivated. Creating a log and scheduling the day will often give a sailor better perspective of exactly how much free time he does have. Some shipmates will be surprised at exactly how much open space in their schedule they really do have.

Once they are aware of this potential windfall of free time a realization may come to light. This realization will lead to a more productive scheduling of their time and the ability to create success. There is a reason why every ship keeps a ships log to track the time and events that occur aboard. Proper use of a

shipmate's time may well lead to achievement of goals that they never thought possible. This in turn will lead to positive motivation. The positive motivation will then foster better use of time thus creating a self-sustaining cycle!

Time can in fact be your enemy if you allow it. However, a sailor who keeps a logbook knows that time can be a valuable asset. The corsair who desires to be successful and stay ahead of the wind will make sure that his time is properly scheduled and used wisely.



A new beginning.

The beginning of a fresh clean new week. We open the logbook to a clean page and scribe the date on the top line. Ahead of us lay uncharted waters. We have a blank page to fill. It is the course we choose to sail that will fill our day's log page with events. Further, it is ultimately our choice as to how we log our entries.

Will today be a mirror image of yesterday? Have we become complacent with our course and our life and desire to change nothing? Will this new page provide us a clean slate to start over from the moment we wake onward? Might we have the motivation to revamp our entire track charts to reflect a new course? Will the changes be drastic or minute? Could this blank scroll mean that we need to drop anchor and reflect for a moment where we have been and where we are now so that we may successfully begin a new voyage with understanding and focus?

Each new day is a completely new start for a shipmate. Decisions have to be made and the course charted. This new beginning affords us a plethora of opportunity and a myriad of possibilities. There is only uncharted water before you and the wind at your back. Take a moment to ponder the implications and then...

Sail on... sail on!!!

Treasure Chest Four

Parameters, boundaries and other nasty limitations...

Rules, parameters, boundaries and limitations exist at almost every port of call. Our society is riddled with them, they bind our life and our conscious is limited within them. We have been trained to think within these borders and we dare not step outside of them. Societal standards, laws, and rules are all placed around us like icebergs in the North Atlantic. Meaning: it is not what you can plainly see that is always the most dangerous!

We know that we are surrounded by more limitations that we can ever truly know. Some of the most devastating rules that exist come from within. We are so conditioned by society that not only do we accept the restrictions they place on us we also emulate the system that constrains us by mentally manufacturing a variety of rules of our own. We generate a variety of our own conventions that add to the plethora that already confine us. At times, these rules are the ones that cause us the most grief and aggravation.

You know these rules. They are the ones that only exist because you have placed them upon yourself. They may be things like, "I will not wear pink underwear on Thursdays during a leap year." Perhaps the personal ones like, "No kissing on the first date." or "If we don't hit it off in the first five minutes I will not expend any more energy on this individual." Other boundaries and restrictions exist in copious amounts in a variety of areas from food preferences to work ethic. These rules often become hard and fast within our own mind. They become part of who we are and how we behave.

As sailors, we must take a step back at times and evaluate these rules of our own making. We must decide if the rules we live by are restricting our person or neutering our growth. Are these self-proclaimed parameters really needed or are they long overdue for the brine bath? We have complete control of our person. By looking at our personal cargo of self-generated rules we can gain perspective of where we have blocked our self from going and growing. One may well be surprised at how parameters of our own making have held you back from being all the sailor you can be.

Motivated actions vs. motivated words.

Our actions often speak louder than words and can give us true insight to our present situation. I wrote this line today to a friend and it stopped me dead in the water. I was rather astounded to think that people can act without realizing they may be in direct conflict with their words. How many shipmates do you know

that say one thing and yet do the exact opposite? I have known more than a few sailors that have done this on my voyages hither and yon.

Action speaks louder than words. When a shipmate lends a hand when you are attempting to strike a sail you do not doubt their intentions. If a shipmate waves from the deck and says that they will be up in three shakes of a dolphin's tail you know they are not serious about assisting you in your endeavor. Action is positive reinforcement and the spoken words are nothing more than noise unless it is backed up by action. A sailor must understand this and realize that they are judged by their actions and not the course they speak.

Shipmates who talk a good cruise will end up scraping barnacles rather than on the helm. Crew both consciously and unconsciously watch a mate and make their decision about your person on your actions first and then your word second. You may think that you are pulling the watch cap over the eyes of a few shipmates but the reality of the situation is that shipmates can see through your farce of verbiage. The slightest of actions speak much clearer than the loudest of screams.

A sailor must understand this and use it to your advantage. Take a look at your actions and ask yourself if your actions are one and the same as your words. If you find a difference, you can bet that your shipmates are already aware of the discongruity. Then you must ask yourself, "Do I want to talk a course that I do not sail?" This understanding of the self and this simple question can lead a shipmate to alignment. Aligning your mindset with your actions is an incredible beginning to generating positive inner motivation.

In the long run we must realize that our actions speak louder than our words. What we do defines who we are. What we say defines little. A shipmate better serves themselves, and the Crew around them, if they take the time to coordinate their words and actions. They understand their actions define who they are and act accordingly. A highly motivated sailor sails the same course he talks.

Resistant to change?

I personally, can count years that sailors have been saying, "If it is not broke, don't fix it." Being an individual that does not like change I subscribed to this point of view whole heartedly. I believed that change clogged the gears with confusion and a need to learn new things. That time spent in confusion and learning was time I could have gotten the job done the old way I would think.

Change is something that most people disdain. And yet, it is something we do each and every day without a thought. Our bodies are in a continual state of change. We grow, mature and change mind, spirit and body each and every day. We are change personified. We are surrounded by an ever-changing cosmos and yet we balk at the slightest perceived change in our routines or life. Our lives are filled with change and motion and yet we resist the very change that keeps us moving forward as though it were our worst enemy.

I cannot begin to tell you how much time I have spent entrenched against change. I have made it my personal pass time to resist change. And for what? How much time have I wasted in attempting to swim against the currents of change rather than *ride* the wave of change? I have grown weary of the continued battle against the inevitable. I have wasted a large part of my life resisting the inevitable... change.

All too often we resist for no other reason than just to resist. At times our mind revolts for no other reason than because it would rather not look at a stable situation in a new way. And yet, we know that we must adapt and be flexible in order to survive. Change is our mantra, it is our destiny. Waste not your time in resisting change. I assure you that I have spent enough time doing that for the both of us. Become resilient and be as flexible as the jellyfish. Move with the currents and fight not the inevitable. Leave inflexibility to those who desire to go extinct. Leave resistant to change behind and become what you desire through acquiescence.

These are just strong words scribed upon a brine-encrusted scroll. Remember that it takes action, through inner motivation to achieve the plan of the day. We must look forward and begin a change that will allow us to relax, become flexible, resilient and accept change as we ride the waves of the ocean we sail.

I went for a walk and came back a Prince...

As the warm breeze gently pushes against the canvas, the Destiny's Quest is pushed forward into uncharted waters. Uncharted and unknown. Tomorrow is a mystery just as yesterdays adventure turns into the boredom of history. We sail forth into the unknown. As sailors of life, we are willing to sail forth into the fray of the unfamiliar. It is the draw of what could be that makes us push forward into the future.

What could be? What might be if we make the right choices and create our own future? Is it possible that all of our hard work, positive attitude and inner motivation will finally come to fruition tomorrow? Could all those calculated decisions you made and risks you took before come to fulfillment in the near future? What could be is a very powerful motivator. What waits just over the horizon may be the prize you have searched for all your days.

Days of voyages gone by have blurred into some hazy recollection of run together memories. Those events have become our history and if we are lucky, we may not clearly remember all the details but we do remember the lessons that they imparted to us. What happened on voyages of years gone by is monumentally boring. History is gone; hopefully we understood and became enlightened but moved forward into the new.

Yesterday's adventure was the prelude to tomorrow's mystery. It is just gone by, fresh and crisp like the scent before the storm. It is within the scope of

now and as flexible and malleable as the canvas that catches the wind. It is what fuels us. Yesterday can be made better by today.

Recent advances in technology have almost forced us to believe that we must have instant gratification. With a flip of a switch or the click of a mouse, we have come to expect that our desires be gratified immediately. We forget that what comes to us fast seems to leave us even faster.

Tomorrow is the mystery and the key. The mystery of *what could be* is worth the effort now. If a shipmate plans well, tirelessly works toward their goals, keeps a positive mental attitude, and remains motivated it is highly probable that he will be rewarded in like kind. Just as a voyage comes full circle so must what could be. Tomorrow will come, it is rarely easy, it is hardly boring and it is ever a mystery.

Independent on Independence Day...

On July 4, 1776, the American colonists declared themselves to be an independent nation, a nation founded upon the ideals of life, liberty, and equality of opportunity for all individuals. Since that day, we have held those exact principles near and dear to us in the United States of America down to a man. It is those ideals and those principles that spawn this entry.

A lovely rogue will become independent this Independence Day. My best friend has declared her independence. She will move into her own place and become self sufficient after a long sabbatical that has led her to enlightenment. I can say if there is one shipmate I know that has taken the time to think about her situation and make an educated decision she has to be the one. I also have no doubt that she has made the right choice for her. She is, becoming independent on the very day that we as a nation celebrate independence.

I have watched as a beautiful lady has grown into herself and into her desires. There is nothing more satisfying than helping motivate an individual to do what their heart desires. It really is all about inner motivation and positive mental attitude. This corsair could have taken the easy way out and settled for something that she did not want or desire. But she stepped back and took the time to re-evaluate her priorities, her situation and her life. Along with her evaluation she made the command decision to set sail a new course. It is not easy making life-changing decisions but this sailor has the moxie to do so. She is an inspiration!

There are times in our lives when we feel boxed in and almost crushed by the expectations placed on our person by others. We feel as though we must act, think, and respond in some specific manner that is preset by others. This is clearly not the case. We are sailors of our own destiny. We set our own course. We choose our own quest. We are responsible for who and what we are. Just as this Lady has taken the opportunity to become independent on Independence Day, so must we all come to an understanding that we are not boxed in or held in place by others' expectations. We are responsible for our own actions, thoughts, and responses. It is through the inspiring actions of others that we may find inspiration within ourselves.

Know that trigger...

I have heard that the only stress that you have upon yourself is the stress you place upon yourself. Before we move on, we must first define stress. Stress is a mentally or emotionally disruptive or upsetting condition occurring in response to adverse external influences and capable of affecting physical health, usually characterized by increased heart rate, a rise in blood pressure, muscular tension, irritability, and depression. Stress can be caused by anything from a hangnail to being hung by a nail on the main mast! What it is varies from unique individual to unique individual.

Stress is a very personal thing. Each sailor has their own personal rules and regulations for what stress is and what it is not. Our past, our journeys and our experiences have afforded us a bias as to what falls into the realm of stressful. Stress is just about as personal as musical preference, clothing choice or a discriminating palate.

Stress can and will incapacitate the most hardcore person you know. It can destroy an individual, a family unit, an entire clan or a ship's Crew. It is the most vicious of players and the most worthy of opponents should you choose to scrap with this fellow. Stress is relentless, it is flawless and it knows every move you make because it comes from right inside your brine-encrusted skull.

It takes a moment for a sailor to think about what threshold certain stressors must reach prior to having an affect upon their psyche. Most shipmates never sit back and take a moment to think about why certain actions cause them emotional disruption. Herein lay their defeat. The weak link in the anchor chain if you will. They fail to recognize the true source of their frustration!

If a sailor is to journey forth into the unknown and face new adventures it is paramount that they limit the potential dangers to themselves. The least of your worries should be if you are going to have to fight yourself in the fray! Take a moment soon to think about your personal stressors and how they affect you. Ponder your stressors, recognize the danger levels, and take stock of how and why the actions affect your person. A wise sailor will always know that the most dangerous foe is the Rogue within.

The Black Pearl.

What was the *Black Pearl* to Jack Sparrow in the movie *Pirates of the Caribbean, The Curse of the Black Pearl*? The ship's black sails were in tatters. They looked more like cheesecloth than canvas. Not a single sail was properly rigged. Topside looked as though it was in mass disarray and that not a single line had ever been properly stowed. The lovely lady had holes in her hull large enough that even a blind man could peer through. Below decks was more of a bilge than a hold. Knee-deep water sloshed about a slick black-with-rot deck.

The very appearance of the ship and Crew struck fear into the hearts of any one who saw the *Black Pearl*. And yet there was one man who saw the ship

in a completely different light. The ship was not what it appeared to be to this sailor. To this rogue it was far more than what met the naked eye.

What was the *Black Pearl* to the corsair known as Jack Sparrow? Could it be a means of attaining riches? A way for him to continue forward with his eloquent mantra of "Take what you can and give nothing back"? Perhaps it was the title of Captain he sought so diligently that played a role in this mystery. Might this man feel that without a ship that he would never attain the title he so coveted? Could it be fame he desired? Even though every man knew his name, could it be possible that attaining this ship would vault him into some further heroic status?

I think a hint of what the *Black Pearl* meant to Captain Jack Sparrow might be found in a single word that he stated while sitting on the beach, next to a roaring bonfire, making a toast with a beautiful lady. The *Black Pearl* did not mean riches or pirating to our buccaneer. It was not the title of captain he sought or fame. What this sailor saw in the *Black Pearl* was freedom.

I have, in the past written that true inner motivation comes from a journey of self on a mission. Jack Sparrow was on a mission to find freedom. The *Black Pearl* was his personal embodiment of that dream. Captain Jack Sparrow's success came from exhibiting continuous personal strength, positive thought and inner motivation through his self-imposed mission and while reaching for his dream of freedom. In the end, the *Black Pearl* was not just a ship, it was the attainment of a dream.

*The Black Pearl, Captain Jack Sparrow, & Pirates of the Caribbean, The Curse of the Black Pearl are all © Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Inc. and/or © Disney.

The muck and mire of it all...

This entry is dedicated to all those who have ever:

- Just not said
- Kept quiet
- Didn't want to rock the boat
- Felt things were better left unsaid
- Could not find their tongue
- Forgot
- Took the path of least resistance
- Failed to pass the word
- Didn't want to upset someone
- Were unaware ...
- Thought you already knew
- Had no idea...
- Assumed
- Were under the impression...

A shipmate is only as good as his word. This statement is probably one of the biggest sea stories you will ever hear. How many rogues have you met in your lifetime that talk a good story but when it comes down to towing the line, they are not to be found. I would venture to say that action speaks louder than words and we are ultimately judged by our actions and not by our words.

Further it is all too often the case that a shipmate's words are not based in truth. A lie, is defined as both a false statement deliberately presented as being true; a falsehood and something meant to deceive or give a wrong impression. It is the second half of the definition that intrigues me the most. Could it be possible that an action, or a non-action, might be meant to deceive or give a wrong impression, thus enabling the deed to meet the criteria for being a lie? By definition, I would have to say yes.

What most corsairs miss on the voyage of life is that a non-action, meant to deceive or give a wrong impression, is a lie. Silence, things gone unsaid, unspoken truth or the lack of action can in fact be a deception. A sailor who does not speak up about a situation that directly affects one of his or her shipmates is guilty of living a lie. A corsair that does not have the moxie to cover the back of a shipmate by addressing a situation with open honesty is untrustworthy at best. Loose lips sink ships but the unspoken can destroy a fleet.

A true shipmate does not balk at the difficult or the complicated. They know that action is paramount and that through positive mental attitude, steadfast resolve and positive motivation that they will work through any difficult situation. They will not hide behind silence or non-action. They will not live a lie because they know that sooner or later it will come back to haunt them in a bad way.

A person who remains silent while holding back information from a person is in no way a true friend or shipmate. Let them lie (*Nautical term* : To remain stationary while facing the wind.) while you sail on... sail on!!!



The wave that cultivates....

I think most shipmates have it bass ackwards and upside down. They are all about fostering internal motivation and positive mental attitude during the high tide. While there is nothing wrong with that per say what they seem to forget is that during the good times one does not really need a plethora of internal motivation and positive mental attitude. Good times have a way of fostering a wave of euphoria that a shipmate can ride free of charge. That wave will cultivate a sailor's inner motivation and feelings of positive attitude and allow them to forget all about Murphy's Law.

It is when the tide is low and the good times seem to be on another coast that inner motivation and positive mental attitude should have already been cultivated to a point that they have become a way of life. When a sailor is down and out he has not the energy or the mindset to cultivate self-motivation and positive outlook. It is hard to climb a new mast when you have just climbed to the crow's nest on the main mast!

Creating a new and improved mindset should be an all-day everyday objective. The last thing a corsair needs is to pile a whole new agenda on top of a full days events. Take the time to ponder your motivations and attitudes each day, both in good times and in bad. In the good times store away memories, thoughts, and energy so that you can draw on them when the weather goes south. When challenges arise draw upon your built up reserves to energize and motivate you.

It is difficult at best to change your mindset when you are at low tide. If you take the time to cultivate and motivate yourself during the up times, you may find that your low times are not quite as low as they used to be. Build your reserves by changing your attitude to reflect a positive demeanor all the time.

Foster positive motivation at all times and just not when the ship gets hung on a sandbar. Create a completely new mindset that will help you in both the high tide and low tide. Remember that positive mental attitude and inner motivation are the rogues best friend in *both* the good times and the bad!

Within the realm of feeling...

As the sun gently warms my face I can see the sun through my closed eyelids. A soft breeze, a lovers breeze I call it because it gently caresses your skin, touches my cheeks and arms. I feel the sun, I feel the wind, and I also feel the motion of the ship under me as it slowly rocks with the waves. It is amazing exactly how much we feel each day. What also amazes me is how we would rather feel than think.

I have found that when confronted with most any situation we would rather feel our way through vs. think our way through. I believe this is doubly true in a situation in which you feel emotionally hurt, attacked or manipulated. Your feelings get all askew and the rational thought process goes overboard. Right after the thought process does the deep six dive you have lost the battle because you are only able to struggle with the inner turmoil that resides within the realm of feeling. One cannot successfully fence a foe when they are also fighting inner turmoil.

Concentration is something that is rather one sided. You cannot think about a rational response while attempting to assimilate a host of overwhelming feelings. Any sailor worth his salt knows that you have to take a step back and think about what is going on before entering into the fray. Moreover, a sailor must know that others cannot do the job he must do himself. All too often when emotions are involved we want to step back and let others who can think clearly defend us. This is the biggest misjudgment that any rogue can make.

Responsibility for your life falls directly and quite squarely on your own shoulders thank you very much. Will another put the energy or the time into resolving an issue or facing a challenge that you will? I am afraid they will not shipmate. They may talk a good sea story but when the keel hits the brine it is up to you to make it all work. You can rely on one person in this lovely voyage we call life. There is only one person that can think their way out of the peril and grief of the journey you sail. Just one hardcore through and through true shipmate... and you look at the lovely chap every morning in the mirror.

Savvy?

Scrap of Treasure

Action is the foundation, the very key if you will, to taking adventures, journeys, and voyages, which fill your treasure chest with wonderful experiences and incredible booty.

Treasure Chest Five

Sun baked delusion or reality?

The ever-changing ebb and flow of the cosmos around me is nothing less than astounding. Acquiescent. Below the ships bow, I see fluid movement. The ever-changing sky above the same. Movement and fluctuation are all about me. Non-stop ever-changing flux that seems to make the very fiber of the matrix in which I reside pulse with life. The ebb and flow of everything around me is what makes sure I stay on my toes.

Things happen that defy our preset notions. Some things are simple and some things most incredibly complex. I was sitting aft one afternoon. I had taken to sitting on an ammunition box just aft of the port elevator on a short catwalk that ran to the aft port gun deck. It was my place. Because of its odd proximity it was one of the few places that was off the beaten path of the ship I called home. I would sit on this box and read, write letters to people who could care less or just stare out over the crystal blue water and ponder. As I sat on this particular day I was musing how exceedingly lonely I had become over the course of several months. I was in a melancholy mood at best, thinking of all the sailors who were missing someone... and uniquely I had no one to miss. I was attempting to ascertain why they said I was lucky having no one to miss. I was musing if I had it better or worse. I was not sure that not having someone to miss was better than having someone to miss. By my reasoning I had it worse because I was missing 'someone to miss', as well as, missing that someone. Therefore, doubling my misery. But, then again I noted that knowing someone, knowing their touch, words, whispers, happiness and being separated from that would in fact be most difficult. But did it magnify larger than the double miss factor?

Right in the middle of the entire mental mish mash I saw an apparition. Out of nowhere came the most beautiful butterflies. I was in the middle of nowhere, no land could be seen in any direction and all of the sudden... butterflies. Not just one, or even a handful mind thee but a whole cloud of floating, bobbing, weaving mass of bright color. I blinked and stared, the thoughts dropped from my mind as though they never had been. I stared at the butterflies and they took no notice of me. As sudden as they appeared, they were gone. I sat on my box staring, wondering if it had been real.

My mind could not grasp the fact that butterflies had floated by en mass in the middle of the ocean. For more than a day, my thoughts changed from my self-imposed misery, and me, to them. I forgot, due to the absurdity of the situation that I was alone. I thought about the butterflies. How their color had contrasted the world around them. How their very presence was so out of place it was nothing less than amazing. My mind worked over the idea of them even

being real. Had I had some sort of vision or perhaps I had sun baked my head into delusion? I mused if I was the type that saw butterflies rather than mermaids.

What I learned from that experience was that the world in which I live was an ever-changing tidal pool of events. That the ever changing ebb and flow of the cosmos around me is nothing less than astounding. I realized that I could find something unique and interesting in any situation. When negativity creeps in all I have to do is look around me to see there is far more to my world than just being self-absorbed. The ebb and flow of everything around me is what makes sure I stay on my toes.

Continual diversion.

Sailing alone has its merits. It can afford you peace and quite. It will also allow you complete freedom from shipmates altering your course. Course altering shipmates can prove detrimental to staying on a preset route. However, when the keel hits the brine sailing alone makes for a very lonely journey. How does a corsair positively deal with those crossings that happen with no crew? It really is a simple matter of rolling the bones.

Odds. We forget about them when life throws us into a whirlpool of tidal bliss. There are times when we must sail alone either due to our own desire or through no fault of our own. Such is the way of the sailor. Such is the way of anyone sailing through this journey we call life. There are times we must sit back and reflect upon our course, our method and our goal. In doing that, we must find the time to be alone to contemplate the course and our own actions.

It is difficult to think clearly when you have distractions all around. Shipmates, crew and dockworkers all create a continual diversion that helps us do anything but concentrate on our goals. It is when we are afforded a moment of peace that we may be able to exit the insanity we call relationships and enter a more focused state of mind conducive to self reflection. It is only when we can think clearly that we can affectively concentrate on our lives, desires, goals and aspirations.

Down time, time between relationships or time alone can be turned into a time that is productive. Free time can be used to reflect upon where we have been and what we have done. After self-evaluation we can then begin to ponder if the current course we sail is adequate in reaching our goals. It is only through the silence of being alone that we may find our true intentions.



The Lighthouse...

Scattered shot or, grapeshot? When you don't care what you hit, use grapeshot. Scatterbrain or scattered mind. When you don't care what you get done be scatterbrained. There really is a direct correlation between those who get projects done and the methods individuals use in which to accomplish those projects. We know from the study of both the human mind and human behaviors that a person can only think upon one subject at a time. Given this truth, we may find a hidden (in plain sight) advantage in its meaning!

We as sailors of life get motivated in a variety of directions and by a plethora of stimuli. If we are involved in life, and not a recluse, we cannot help but be deluged by a variety of stimulus. Life is hectic. Life is an adventure from stem to stern and life can be unforgiving for those who get swept away by the tides. The object is to chart your course, set your sail, and navigate as best you can using good judgment, experience and a careful eye on the logbook to reach your port of call.

But what if you have many ports of call that all have to be visited and revisited? What if you just leave port and have to turn back for some reason? Our voyage is not always point A to point B then on to C. Murphy's Law will rear its ugly sea monster like head at every opportunity. We know this. The object is not to go in two or more directions at once. Take a step back and note your options, review your priorities and then begin to chart your course. Chart your course with your priorities in mind. Take a moment to reflect upon this simple idea.

It is when the priorities get befuddled that the entire lineage of projects, duties and desires go askew. Regretfully we are driven, motivated and guided by our priorities. One's priorities must be consulted at every turn. Do not dismiss them while creating your charts, sailing your course or in day-to-day operations. Don't allow yourself to get scatter brained because you have lost focus of the priorities you hold dear. Let those same priorities help guide you in your selection

of projects and their completion. Allow them to keep you on course and going in one direction. Priorities should be the lighthouse that keeps you off the reef.

Within the understanding...

It stuck in my mind like a sharp pointed blade in the soft wood of a handrail. In order to be understood, we must first understand... I sat there, in the better communication seminar, staring over intently at the guest speaker. The lady was at ease in front of a room full of strangers and had no problem getting her point across. She was a very good communicator. The quote she had just given threw my thoughts into a mental tail spin that has taken me weeks to slow to a reasonable speed.

In order to be understood we must first understand. I have not heard a more profound, realistic, usable quote in the past decade. The very simplicity of it strikes me as brilliant. Its meaning is something I have searched for, for what adds up to be decades. I am not quite sure as to how I missed it. But, I can assure you that I in fact missed ship's movement on this one bigger than whale shit. When I heard the words I immediately scrambled to file them away in the most important things you have ever heard corner of my mind. In order to be understood, we must first understand.

I don't know about you but I had to sit back and ponder the implication of this statement in my past life, my present life as well as its use in the future. How much of what I have tried to convey, did I not understand? Contemplating the fact that what I know would not moisten the bottom of a thimble... throws the entire situation into a light I cannot even begin to describe. I have attempted to be understood when I know for a fact, I personally did not understand.

The ramifications of this statement, if you have been struck by its simplicity and its logic as I have, are beyond measure. I have looked into my past and I have come to better understand why I could not be understood. I have looked into my recent past and have been enlightened as to why I was not understood. I have looked into the present and understand why I have failed to be understood... is it simply because I do not understand. The simplicity of the concept is brilliant and yet the process of integrating it into my life has been one of the most complex I have yet tried to date.

It is within the understanding that we may be understood.

Random thought:

Life is exactly what we make it.

If this is the case, why are our lives not perfection personified?

I think, therefore, I am... confused.

I have a very bad habit. It is the most destructive habit on this planet, I believe. I think. Damn the man and plank the cook... I think. Thinking is just the wrong thing to add to the mix! Do you realize how much trouble you can get into by thinking? Shipmates say that stupid people don't think so they get into trouble. I say, people who think are in a continual state of disturbance and, therefore, continually in grief as well! To think or not to think, that is the question.

As of late, I have taken an introspective turn. Events that have transpired around me have given rise to self-evaluation and the asking of many questions of myself. Thus, thinking. The hardest questions we can ever possibly ask are those about ourselves. That is why 99% of all humanity flat out refuses to ponder them. Why query the self when you can be a self-absorbed judgmental selfish moron and point the finger in every direction rather than at ourselves? The non-thinkers know this ruse well, when in doubt; lie, deny, and then counter accuse. When in doubt never think about the situation, just run your chops and confuse the issue beyond recognition.

Introspection. I find the greatest achievements in my life have come from within. An example of this was when I gleaned that my mind did not work the same as others. Big surprise there ha? I did not perceive, assimilate or regurgitate data the same way as others. It took me half a lifetime to realize that my thought process was unique to me. Besides the fact I think too much, I think differently. I can't explain to you how I process information but... you can see it in my writing. The illogical logic of it all! Being that I do muse on a different level than most, I do have a tendency to think upon different genres than most. Most of my thoughts turn inward sooner or later. It is then I must answer the truly difficult questions.

Why do I allow this sort of diverse introspection to continue? Why do I think upon the self and try to better understand who and what I am? I believe the key to understanding others is in understanding the self. Therefore, seeking personal answers about the who and what we are can only help us interact with those around us. Though, with self-evaluation we can become aware of how we assimilate data and understand those involved in our voyage. Understanding why we act the way we do will help us understand why others act the way they do. So how do we understand those around us? By understanding ourselves. How do we understand ourselves? By introspection and asking the hard questions... Damn the man circular thinking!

Stress and Motivation

I have often wondered if there is a direct correlation between living a stressful life and the lack of motivation. Could an individual inundated with stress be highly motivated? Or, do they appear to be motivated only because they are in a state of stress frenzy? Can stress frenzy be equated with positive motivation? I would think that stress frenzy is more of a reaction to being overwhelmed and an haphazard response to what is perceived as frantic events and erratic stimuli. Clear thinking and effective forward movement spawn positive motivation. I don't think the two can be compared when dealing in the realm of the positive and efficient.

For quite some time I have searched for a way to reduce stress and nurture positive motivation in my life. Why reduce stress? Stress can contribute to depression, anxiety and have a diverse affect on your health. Stress can turn a pleasure cruise into the voyage into hell and back twice over. Stress will make you feel like you have sailed the globe several times over when all you have really done is back out of the slip and navigate the sound. Stress is, the sailor of life's number one enemy.

Although there is no one sure fire, all encompassing, way to reduce stress and foster inspiration I believe that I have stumbled upon at least one regimen that can help significantly reduce stress. While listening to the radio one morning on my white-knuckle drive to work, I listened intently as a radio personality explained that recent long-term studies have shown yoga can prolong your life. I did a little reading and research. The most interesting and by far the most persuasive article I found noted Fire Fighters that were involved in the September 11th attack in New York made a startling discovery, yoga can calm the turmoil within. I mused if these men and woman, who stood on the front lines of chaos personified on September 11th, and continue to stand on the front lines of daily mayhem, say yoga is a calming influence, odds are, it might be worth checking into.

On the way home one evening I decided to begin my yoga experience. Having no idea as to where to begin I turned to the videotape section of a local retail store. I picked up two basic/beginner yoga tapes at the cost of less than ten dollars each. The instructional videos were enjoyable. I started off slow, and made no attempt at matching the instructor's poses. All I attempted was to do the absolute best I could. In the privacy of my own cabin I had no one to impress and all evening to do it.

Being a rogue of means I also realized that I had to do even more to help drop the stress from my life. I made the choice to discontinue the use of caffeine. Caffeine is a stimulant and is present in most soft drinks, coffee, tea and other beverages. It is also understated on the labels of most foods. Caffeine contributes to anxiety and will also give you the jitters. Anyone who has pounded a few cups of coffee for breakfast knows the affects of their indulgence. Jitters

and a headache for some and caffeine buzz for others. Call it what you like, I call it liquid stress. I went cold turkey and had a wonderful withdrawal headache for a total of three days. My total consumption of caffeine was limited to two bottles of soda per day. Heavy caffeine users can expect side affects for up to two weeks.

After approximately two weeks, I mentally and physically recognized my stress level had in fact lowered substantially. After two months, my stress level continued to fall and I began to feel much better. After four months, my stress level has continued to remain at an all time low. I have continued to practice yoga and remain caffeine free.

One surprising benefit of this regimen was over the past four months I lost twenty-six pounds. I cannot say that this regimen will affect you the same as it has me. I am not a doctor, dietician, certified trainer or actor so I won't throw you a pitch backed with a line of whale excrement attached. I cannot tell you that it will work in 30 days. What I can tell you is that it worked for me. I will continue forward with this regimen because I have achieved positive results and my motivation level has slowly moved higher. Therefore, I will state, based on my personal experience, that I believe lower stress levels will afford a person greater motivation.

In a world of continued chaos and abundant stupidity a sailor must do everything he can in order to stay focused and motivated. I believe a regiment of yoga and the detoxification of caffeine from the body may help you achieve the state of calm that will help motivate you into the highly motivated and focused person you have always hoped to be.

Sailing on with fascinations...

Each voyage we make affords us new ideas, theories, and information. No matter the nautical miles traveled or the difficulty incurred, there are lessons to be learned. I have noted that some shipmates take a journey only to see the foul weather, stormy sea or substandard rations. They are only able to see the negative or the bad in a situation. We can learn in all situations. No matter what develops, we can learn from the experience.

As music floated through my cabin this morning, I heard lines from a lyric that helped me solidify this belief even further. "Those who wish to be, must put aside the alienations and get on with the fascination, the real revelation, the underlying theme."* Truer words were never spoken. How often do we get caught up in the things that don't seem right only to miss the real underlying lesson? I think this is more often the case than not with most land lovers. Why see the fascinating when you can whine, cry and complain?

It is through the voyages we take in life that affords us the learning experiences that make us who and what we are. If we are wise, we look beyond the topical and note the lessons we can learn. Even in the most insane of situations, we have the opportunity to glean some small amount of knowledge.

We can learn from everything that happens to us in the course of our journey. A smart sailor realizes this and takes advantage of every situation, the good, the bad and the neutral.

Put aside the alienations and get on with the fascination as we sail on...
sail on!!!

* Lyrics from **RUSH** : Limelight

Clear understanding.

The center of what can be, the absolute of thought, the apex of rumination. How often can we truly say we have a clear understanding of what goes on around us or *within* us as we journey forth into the fray known as life? As sailors of life, we are exposed to the elements of this lifelong voyage, day in and out, with no reprieve from its assault. Through this expedition you would think that we would gain, at the very least, comprehensible perspective of who we are.

Clear understanding. How many shipmates begin to sort the inconsequential whale excrement from the relevant only to become water logged in the attempt? Clearly, comprehending the world around us is a feat, for a hero, perceiving who and what we are should be paramount for the lowliest deckhand. And yet, most who boldly sail the oceans of life never dare to enter the greatest quest of all, clear understanding.

The bravest buccaneer and the saltiest of corsairs would rather ride out the mother of all storms than take a moment to reflection into their own person. We achieve greatness through medals, awards, accommodations, and our red badges of courage. Our understanding comes from those around us. How they perceive our actions and our feats becomes the measure of our understanding. It is through the eyes of others we attain the understanding of who and what we are.

And yet, all the medals, awards, accommodations and badges make not the being. Understanding of the self comes from a discipline, a desire and tenacity. The hardest voyage is not the one that others witness. The most difficult course to navigate are the ones no one shall ever see. It is the journey *within* that is the most complicated and the most dangerous. But the journey *within* is also the most rewarding. Any pirate worth his salt knows the greater the risk, the greater the prize.

In the center of it all is understanding. The absolute of thought is crystal clear understanding. The apex of Question Mountain is the answer. It is through understanding our self that we may then truly understand those we sail with. Clear understanding is a greater treasure than any ribbon, medal, badge, award or accommodation. It is what is most coveted by those who sail the journey *within*...

Adapt, Improvise and Overcome via thought.

Standing upon the quarterdeck, I note the drastic difference. There is no sound. The continuous slap and pop of the canvas is missing. The noise of the working ship is gone. Only a thick almost palpable lack of sound remains.

There is no movement. The sails are slack, they do not so much as ripple. It seems they have turned to stone. The ever-present pitch and roll of the deck is gone. I stare over the side and realize the sea on which I sail has turned to glass. Not the smallest of waves blemishes the perfectly flat surface. It is then I look about the deck for the crew. No one graces the decks, rigging or crows nest topside. Not a mate can I lay my eyes on. I stand alone, holding a ship's wheel.

I look around and scream to the horizon but not a sound comes forth from my throat. There is no movement, there is no sound, there is no one upon the once bustling decks of the *Destiny's Quest*. I blink, and it feels like an eternity before my eyes open and focus again. Everything remains the same. Where have they all gone I muse? When did they all leave I ponder. How did they disembark? I stand fast with a barge load of questions pouring through my mind.

Around me is dead calm.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

There are times when we have all felt like this. We have felt alone and unheard. We have come into dead calm in a world that has seemed to become a foreign place. A place so inhospitable that we can not comprehend its existence. We look about and have no earthly idea how we have gotten here or where we are. Our current location does not match up to any charts we have ever plotted or mapped. The current latitude and longitude does not correspond with any of our desired courses. What is a mate to do when the waters become foreign and all known charts are useless?

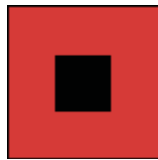
There are times we seem to awaken from a dream and realize the world we once knew is gone. The mates we once sailed with did not sign on for this leg of the journey. They sail a course of their own now. We stand at the helm with useless charts and what seems like no crew, in a place so foreign that we cannot even begin to understand our surroundings. A reality too startling that we ponder its ability to exist.

It is at times like this we must take a step back from the ship's wheel. We must close our eyes and gather our thoughts, dreams, and desires while beginning to attempt to understand. It is through understanding we will bolster our inner motivation and positive mental attitude. The ability to link events and understand the world around us is the key to our survival. Capacity to comprehend where we are and where we have been is paramount to where we are headed. All too often sailors find themselves in foreign waters only to keep their eyes wide shut. They think not of the past or of their current location, they sail blindly forward, without a second's reflection on what got them here in the first place.

Finding yourself in foreign surroundings is not unique. How you proceed is. Do you choose the path of the novice sailor or the old salt? Sail blindly on or take a moment to think upon where you have been and where you need to go.

The difference between the dead man and the adventurer is the ability to adapt, improvise and overcome. You can hardly adapt, improvise and overcome without motivation and positive mental attitude. In order to be motivated and harbor a positive mental attitude you must have an understanding. In order to understand you must take a moment to step back, close your eyes and think upon where you have been and where you need to go.

After the storm.



Have you ever noticed how different it is after a storm? The air feels so much more... alive. It smells so clean and fresh, reminiscent of taking your first breath, ever. The trees on shore look so much greener as though they had just spent the day at a boutique getting their leaves trimmed, shined and pleasantly mussed. The big water is calm and full. What was once a small creek has become a torrent of water that's making its presence known and felt. It is no longer clear and calm but takes on the color of the earth and roars to be noticed. It too has had a makeover that is hard to overlook.

Even the virus known as humanity acts differently. They wander about staring at the changed landscape. They had never noticed *that* tree until it got a haircut and lost a limb or two. The river that never changed, all of the sudden has taken on a whole new look and attitude, and now has startled them into a quasi-state of wakefulness. The gardens they never watered or cultivated all of the sudden become a paramount source of interest. Humans, land lovers, are so lost that it is almost sad.

Why is it when Mother Nature invites her friends the Winds, Jack of the Green and a few others to a no holds barred party that only then land lovers take notice? Land lovers are as blind to change, as they are the world around them. That is why land lovers are the true virus.

Sailors look about them at all times. They note the change and understand its implications even before it happens. Noting the changing tides, the movement of the moon, stars and sun, and understanding the wind is a way of life and not just a hobby. Sailors know that when The Lady kicks up her heels there is nothing to fear but the fear itself. They also know after every storm comes a calm of far more than just the weather.

Sailors understand in order to be successful they must learn the world around them. That is why they move forward and sail on after a storm when most are still staring at a tree they never knew existed instead of enjoying the new look and feeling of the freshness about them.

A deep hole.

A sailor is walking along a sidewalk and falls in a deep hole.

A doctor walks by and the sailor yells up and asks, "Hey, can you help me out?"

The doctor writes a prescription and drops it in the hole.

A priest walks by and he yells up and asks, "Hey, can you help me out?"

The priest writes a prayer on a piece of paper and drops it in the hole.

A shipmate walks by the hole and he yells up, "Hey, can you help me out?"

The shipmate looks into the hole and then jumps in.

The sailor looks at his shipmate and asks, "Are you daft? You just jumped into a hole!"

The shipmate says, "It's ok, I have been here before and I know the way out."

Scrap of Treasure

Our world, our journey, is exactly what we make it. Nothing more, and nothing less. The sailor of life realizes this and uses this knowledge to make their voyage through the oceans of life exactly what they desire. Turn the mundane into the adventurous and the ordinary into the extra ordinary as we sail on... sail on!!!

Treasure Chest Six



Spray of Life

Looking at a blank white page offers such an incredible amount of possibilities that my mind reels. I would think, however, that I would broach a subject that is none too pleasant. The realization of something very sinister has come over me lately. Non-understanding. A foreboding apprehension has washed over me like a wave that breaks the bow and continues on, in defiance to soak the deck and all hands topside.

One interesting side affect of asking questions is receiving answers. Answers are not always what we expect or desire. And yet, we muse upon a subject and are often overwhelmed when most unexpectedly something or someone affords us insight! Life is an adventure, and we had better be able to deal with it or deal with it taking us for one hell of a soaking ride.

The fine mist that has covered anyone who has ever put out to sea, is known as sea spray. You can feel it on your skin. It is a feeling like no other because it is crusty and yet cleansing all at the same time. Fine crystals of sea salt cover every inch of you no matter what you do or how you try to avoid it. In sailing, sea spray is to the skin like as in life's psychological residual is to our hearts and minds. No matter how we try to avoid letting memories, interaction,

and relations touch our mind and heart, it is quite impossible not to become covered in the spray of life. We become covered in this psychological residue from the time we are able to question our surroundings and then continue to be immersed in it until the moment of our death.

The spray of life is what shapes us into what and who we are. A fair weather sailor who yachts only on clear sunny weekends has a certain perception of the sea and sailing. The professional sailor who sails the ocean at any time and in all conditions has a completely different perception of the sea and sailing. And, thus, it is with our journey through life. If we take that soaking ride and become well coated in the spray of life, we have a new perspective of those around us and ourselves.

That perspective, at first, may be stark, and often astounding. It may be so foreign it is disorientating and discombobulating. Just like when the icy frigid wave of the North Atlantic breaks over the bow and slams into you, your world, just for a moment becomes frozen and black. So, too, can one's life become confused when a squall kicks up and throws a wave or three of life in your direction. When the sea spray of a North Atlantic wave breaks over you, it is like you die for just a short period of time. Your eyes sting from the sea salt, your exposed skin becomes rigid and becomes spiked with an indescribable chill. Your mind stops and you lose track of where you are and what you were doing. Your first thought, upon your return to the conscious world is, "Am I still on deck?" Your world is startled and confused. So too, can the spray of life act in the same manner upon your person.

We must, as sailors of life, know that there will be times that we ask, "Am I still on deck?" In asking this question, we show the strength we have within our inner being. We have a desire to be where we want to be. We have inner motivation to know if we are still on track and still moving in a positive direction. A momentary lapse into confusion only serves to assist us in ascertaining where we are and who we have become. A wise sailor knows ultimately that through confusion we find understanding.

A Second Look.

Managers use Microsoft Project. Writers create a full size notebook with index. Tradesmen create a hand held notebook. Cooks create their own recipe horde. Analysts create their database. Sailors use their logbooks and charts. MS Project does not just record today's events. An electrician's cheat sheet is not just a momentary reflection. The chef's recipe guide is not just a static volume of ingredients, weights and measures. Nor is the buccaneer's logbook and track charts just used to record the here and now. These records are not kept to create work, help you look busy or to waste time. There just might be a higher purpose to their existence.

Each day we record a plethora of facts and figures into and onto a variety of mediums. Our world has become obsessed with the documentation of just about everything from what actor is divorcing whom, to the number of stripes on

the zebra. Volumes are filled with what some may consider absolutely irrelevant data all with the intention of creating witness. Miles of film is saved and preserved, hard drives are filled and transferred onto DVD, CD or floppy, and hours of audio are stored on a multiplicity of formats. New ways of recording, compiling, and analyzing data, is a multibillion-dollar industry. We, as a race, continue to gather as much as we can for that rainy day.

Even in our private lives, outside of the job we hold where we are paid to record, compile, and/or analyze data, we carry over this compulsion. We keep records of our bills, lists of what we must do, and lists of what we have done (resume). Certain family members go through painstaking agony to research and trace family lineage all the while stealthily recording their miraculous deeds. Our PC's have become home to our own form of database. Documentation, even on the most personal level has become the rule rather than the exception. Private journals either hand written or electronic, have become common when at one time they were an exception. We record the details of our lives, the lives of others, our feelings, thoughts and ideas with great care. Every major event in our lives is given priority billeting and the mundane is scribbled or typed out with almost the same obsession. As individuals, we have become our own best recorder of events that we sail through.

With all the data we could ever want being offered up as a prize you would think that we, as a race, and as individuals, would be able to glean copious insight into our world and our person. However, this is, for the most part, not the case. How often do we stop our incessant documentation in order to look at what we have compiled? Further, how often do we take the compilation of our work and analyze the data present? While managers are often forced to revisit their data to assess progress and assign a dollar value, we, as individuals, rarely take a step back to read our own documentation in order to appraise progress. Life's insane pace has given us little memory and less time to reflect upon the events we have lived.

Logbooks are quite valuable simply because they record what was, thus, what transpired in the past is locked in a state of suspension for examination. Our lives have become so hectic, so random, so filled with data, documentation and those never-ending to-do lists that we have little memory of what happened days, weeks, months or years ago. If a shipmate was to re-examine the entries that have been documented with care in the past, they may be very surprised at what they see.

Understanding your life and its trends can be as simple as re-reading past journal entries. Patterns, trends, and tone can be easily gleaned from reading what we have documented over time. Sometimes, while we are in the bilges, day after day, we are unable to see the minute rise of the water level. It is only when we return to the logbook, take a sounding, and compare data, do we realize that there in fact, has been a change. Taking a moment to reread personal journal entries from months gone by gives us this same perspective. Memories are stirred and aligned as the entries we read remind us of the way it was versus how we thought it went. Often, a retrospective into our private records will allow us to see what we were unable to see at the time.

The corsair's logbook and track charts are just not used to record the here and now. They provide an overview of who was there, what happened at that time, where and when it occurred, and finally, why things occurred. Even though what transpired is locked in a state of suspension, it is a valuable source of data available for examination. In this ever changing world around us, a look back into our logbook can help us understand where we have been, thus, explaining how we have arrived at our current point of anchor. You may be surprised at what you can learn about yourself from reading past entries in your journal. You also may be very surprised as to what you can learn from the now obvious patterns, trends and tone of the personal records of your life in old entries. Old journals may just have more to tell than you could ever imagine, they also may be more valuable than you had ever realized.

Spirit of the Quest.

Fellowships are birthed for many reasons. Most of these reasons may be known, some unknown. But, all of these comradeships must be tested, tried and learned. Just as each sailor is unique in their ways, so too must each relationship between them be distinct. It is through the ventures of life that we fully begin to understand those that choose to sail with us. During my brief stay on land, I have, come to understand what some land lovers, more specifically, people who care for, and show, those gentle beasts known to us as horses, have come to know well. Horse people may often show these gentle free spirits in a variety of ways from horse shows, to parades, etc. etc. Prior to these events, the handler or rider will often school their charge in an attempt to gain a better bond. What they have come to say, is often what comes to pass, from beginning to end, "Bad school, good show!" or, much to their regret, "Great school, bad show..." These people have come to know that a flawless school does not mean that when the show is on all may culminate in perfect synchronicity. I have, time and again, noted that they would almost rather have a horrid school knowing full well that when the time came, the free spirit of their pride would become flawless perfection.

And so too, is life beyond the keeper of equus caballus. When a relationship is fresh and new it is, almost always, in school. More than can be recounted, from our previous experiences, must be learned and practiced. New and old must be melded, expectations and frustrations must be curbed, and known must be held close while the unknown is queried. School, from its onset, was born of necessity and nurtured into acceptance only because of the value placed on the 'show'. School is not always enjoyable. And some of the most dismal failures in school have become the best at show.

What horse people have come to know that most others have not, is one must not fear the bad school. It is, and always will be, bad. It is through the expectations, worries and frustrations that the school is ultimately ruled unsuccessful. Only when the show is on and fears and perceptions are cast

aside does the fellowship become one. What the horse people know should be passed on and understood by all sailors, corsairs, adventurers and quest seekers. Relationships on all levels must be tested, tried and learned. Just as each sailor is exclusive in their own ways, so too must each relationship between unique individuals be distinct. It is through the ventures of life we fully begin to understand those that decide to sail with us. It is, in the beginning, what we study, and through the schools that we continue to learn. It is only when we stop learning within the fellowship, that we must ponder its implication.

Gratification at the speed of light.

The key to understanding is patience. This idea popped into my head this morning as though out of thin air. Upon reflection I know I have continually sought out the various keys to understanding the world around me as well as myself. Most shipmates worth their salt have come to the conclusion that understanding their world and themselves is paramount if they seek success on their voyage through life. In some cases, understanding may not come quickly or easily. If you seek answers to the questions that really matter, odds are you are in the fray for the long haul.

Instant gratification has become the rule rather than the exception. We want it and we want it last week. What used to take our grandparents days, now takes us hours and we are still not satisfied with the turnaround time. Faster is better and by Neptune, it had better get even faster on the double! What used to take hours now takes minutes and our minds have become accustomed to this influx of information at light speed. Gratification at the speed of light is the norm.

Is it any wonder that when we sit back and muse upon life's mysteries, our own destiny or some personal dilemma, we become frustrated? We have come to think answers are at the end of a mouse click or at the tap of the enter key. Our minds have become used to not thinking. Why ponder a subject when surely, someone, has already covered this venue and is able to enlighten us via net, text or television. Why think if you don't have to? Thinking will put you in Davy Jones locker before your time they say...

All sailors come aboard with a sea bag or two. Some have more than others, but, we all carry at least one bag full of stuff. That 'stuff' is what has come to us over past voyages, relationships as well as via life. It is what jades our vision of the world around us. It is also, what affords us knowledge, experience and understanding. Sorting through that sea bag and its contents takes time. Finding out what is real, what is perceived as real, and what is fantasy is the bane of any corsair. But, it is that very bane that keeps them on their toes and thinking, processing, categorizing, analyzing and making decisions.

It takes time to think upon this venture we call life. It takes even more time to evaluate our course within the adventure called life. I find that at times I slip into the pathetic straights of wanting the answers and wanting them now. A

hurried decision is undoubtedly based on less than all the data available, thus occurring in a miscalculation, ultimately leading to an inappropriate course change. While this may not prove fatal to the overall journey, it may well have forced us around an adventure that would have afforded us much greater knowledge and experience.

I believe patience is one key to understanding. In a world where information is attained in the click of a mouse, our reasoning power is ever challenged. Taking the time to muse upon what we have learned from past experiences, takes a little more time than we are used to committing to a project. We might take a step back, and understand that all answers worth attaining are worth the effort and the time we invest in attaining them. If we seek to truly understand who and what we are, and answer the questions that really matter, we must first understand it is a life long adventure and patience is our greatest shipmate.

Manners, a matter of perception...

Let us delve into the topic that seems to draw such fervor from the crew. Let us first look at the basic definition of manner(s):

Main Entry: **man-ner**

Pronunciation: 'ma-n&r

Function: *noun*

Etymology: Middle English *manere*, from Old French *maniere* way of acting, from (assumed) Vulgar Latin *manuaria*, from Latin, feminine of *manuarius* of the hand, from *manus* hand -- more at [MANUAL](#)

Date: 12th century

1 a : **KIND, SORT** <what *manner* of man is he> **b** : **KINDS, SORTS** <all *manner* of problems>

2 a (1) : a characteristic or customary mode of acting : **CUSTOM** (2) : a mode of procedure or way of acting : **FASHION** (3) : method of artistic execution or mode of presentation : **STYLE** **b plural** : social conduct or rules of conduct as shown in the prevalent customs <Victorian *manners*> **c** : characteristic or distinctive bearing, air, or deportment <his poised gracious *manner*> **d plural** (1) : habitual conduct or deportment : **BEHAVIOR** <mind your *manners*> (2) : good **manners** **e** : a distinguished or stylish air

synonym see [BEARING](#), [METHOD](#)

- **man-ner-less** /-l&s/ *adjective*

Given this premise, let us further probe into the topic of what 'manners' really are. Looking at the definition, we see that under the subtitle 'custom' the most widely accepted and the generally understood meaning of manners, put in layman's terms, is a way of acting. Under 'fashion' we see further that it extends to the mode of presentation. In the 'style' section we begin to see manners are extended into the social fabric of society and regulated by a specific set of rules.

We begin now to understand manners are in fact a specific and board set of mannerisms that create a characteristic mode of acting. These mannerisms span such areas as, but are not limited to, manner of speaking, manner of acting, and manner of dress, (thus incorporating the concept of *mode of presentation*.)

Due to societal shift, ever changing and degrading mores and standards it is no wonder some only attribute manners as the former, manner of speaking or acting while forgetting about the latter, manner of dress and manner of presentation. We are, after all, a society that purchases clothes, purposely weathered, torn and holed at top dollar to be in fashion. It is no wonder the younger generation of shipmates, who had just spent no less than \$350.00 on an outfit of clothes can not fully comprehend they do not fit into a black tie affair who's participants outfits cost, at most, \$250.00! What a clash of social mores and standards!!!

Being well mannered is far more than a please and thank you. It is more than opening a door for a lady and continuing to hold the door for her escort. It extends into a **complete presentation** of the person you are. An example of this is what happens to a person in the military. You take a back woods country bumpkin and put him through boot camp. Sure, he knew his 'pleases' and 'thank you's' before the fact, but the military distills in him something he did not have before, attention to detail. This lad now polishes brass buttons, keeps his clothing in top notch repair with no arrant threads hanging about, and makes sure they are clean and pressed at all times. Attention to the detail of his wardrobe becomes part of his arsenal in his overall presentation. Thus, you have taken an individual that is semi-well mannered in speech and stepped it up one notch to create a human closer to one representing excellent manners by polishing his overall presentation in the area of dress.

You might have a fellow of impeccable mannerisms in speech and action but dresses out of sorts or is lacking in good personal hygiene and he will not be *perceived* to be of good manners. In our definition of manners, we note that a rogue with good manners exhibits 'a distinguished or stylish air'. One certainly cannot exhibit a distinguished air if he smells like ass, has not shaved in four days, refuses to brush his teeth and/or wears soiled, out of date, torn or holed clothing. (Unless of course, he has been sailing for a week non-stop in an attempt to evade pirates!!) This also extends to not wearing clothing par to the standard of the event. Even if you wear spiffy new clothing that cost more than what any two people spent for their outfits at the event you are attending, you have exited the prevalent custom of dress code, thus making the appearance of being ill mannered.

Manners cover a wide berth of mannerisms. Manner of speaking, manner of acting, and manner of dress are all incorporated in the overall venue of a well-mannered individual. Social standards, mores, customs and rules all play a part in the ever-changing world of manners. Manners are far more than just words, they are a set of distinguished mannerisms that touch all aspects of a shipmate's life, that all work in tandem to create a well-refined perception.

Arrogance...

the folly of man. History has shown us, time and again, arrogance is the lynchpin to the downfall of great empires, countries, and men. And yet, for some incomprehensible reason man continues forth with a blind ignorance that is nothing less than astounding when it comes to arrogance. I have a few personal examples that may help illustrate this beyond what our history books tell us. These examples are events that I have watched unfold before my one good eye. The first short sad tale is about a shipmate I used to sail with. After we signed on to different ships after having sailed together for over four years this lad came into a cool million dollars. I watched in absolute amazement as this fellow's head grew a minimum of two hat sizes. I also watched this person grow self-important and so arrogant he could not see that he was being used and abused by those around him. Number one lesson about arrogance, it skews your reality. His reality became so distorted that he is now living in a second-hand trailer after losing his four thousand square foot home on one hundred acres. Arrogance can hide the reality of what really is and leave you caught with your sail full out in a storm.

The next fellow was a graphics artist and a fledgling writer when he hit it big and made a few bucks. After being the man on top of the world, the IRS knocked on his door and politely explained to him that all the money he had made was taxable and proceeded to slap him with back taxes, penalties and interest in the amount somewhere near infinity. What did this staunch fellow do? Live like a pauper in an attempt to pay off the incurred debt. After years of behind the scenes business deals and a watchful eye on other artist's collections this fellow again hit the big time. Not only did his boat come in, it came in again, and again and again! I cannot begin to explain to you how arrogant this man became. He went from a guy who would stop and chat with you about anything to a arrogant snob that would not recognize you in any fashion... even if you ran into his new car! Even though this man was making money on his endeavors, do you think he would pay past debts? This man uses models, at their expense, promising them the world only to renege on every promise uttered. Arrogance oozes from this chap. Recently he has been denied speaking engagements, guest artist spots and has been reduced to back seats at conventions that once heralded his name on the front marquee. Arrogance can sink any chance to ride the wave of success that you make for yourself.

Recently, I was in contact with a renowned author. This lady was one of the first women to build her reputation by selling electronic books over the Internet. She has even co-authored a very popular work on the subject. I contacted her quite accidentally while attempting to market my ebooks on a certain dot com. Her emailed response contained no greeting line or salutation of any sort, nor was there any complimentary closing or signature. (This from a person that states openly on the site that if you are not a "polite nice person" do not bother to contact her! Not to mention this lass has entire websites as well as books dedicated to being well mannered...) The only sentence that graced her return email stated that she did not deal with publishers. I composed a reply

explaining that I was in no way a publisher. What did I receive for my efforts? Another email that stated that she does not do business with publishers. (You think that she really read the first two emails?) My third and final email (all quite polished and very professional) explained to her that I was, in fact, not a publisher and gave her additional information. What did I get for my endeavors? An email that stated that she had no desire to “do business” with someone that had an unprofessional and condescending attitude! Of course you cannot see the words that transpired between the parties but I can assure you that I just about fell overboard laughing when I received her final note. It is amazing how arrogant some people become when they feel they, in some manner or another, hold power over a person. Her arrogance blinded her from seeing what was being offered. Moreover, her arrogance precluded her from seeing a very valid opportunity existed that would afford mutual benefit. Arrogance gets in the way of good judgment.

Arrogance is defined as, ‘a feeling of superiority manifested in an overbearing manner or presumptuous claims’. It is something everyone has had the displeasure of dealing with. A well-balanced, highly motivated sailor does not have time for such folly. Overbearing mannerisms are an invitation to getting yourself into a nasty situation. There is always someone out there that is faster, stronger and just plain meaner than you are. Self-motivation is contagious and shipmates would rather sail with a well-mannered highly motivated individual than an overbearing clod any day of the year. The latter, making presumptuous claims, is just as bad if not worse. We all know what happens when someone presumes to know. Presume is defined as assume. When you assume, you make an ass out of u!

Arrogance can hide the reality of what really is and leave you caught with your sail full out in a storm. Arrogance can sink any chance to ride the wave of success that you make for yourself. Arrogance gets in the way of good judgment. A sailor who looks for a successful passage keeps his mind solidly focused in reality. He also builds his successes consecutively and tracks progress so as to be able to move forward at all times with purpose and dignity. A highly motivated sailor knows to steer well clear of the destiny known as arrogance.

The weak and the delusional...

Looking at who we are, where we are, and what we have become is more than just a day trip in the dingy. I, for quite a few weeks now, have been pondering why people lie. What do I mean by ‘lie’? When a person chooses to speak a falsity, or make an untrue statement with intent to deceive, this is a lie. To create a false or misleading impression is a lie. To be untruthful, is a lie. An assertion of something known or believed by the speaker to be untrue with the intent to deceive is a lie. Given this premise, I moved forward on my journey to understand this desire to deceive.

My first musings were, people act in this heinous manner because they fear. Most people are self-absorbed and have an internal almost insurmountable need to be accepted. They do not, in any way, want to be perceived in a manner that is not acceptable. Therefore, they attempt to meet these preconceived notions by any means necessary for fear of not being accepted. The fear of alienation, rejection, and/or dismissal drives people to act and speak in ways that are untruthful, misleading and deceiving.

While continuing on my voyage I met a wise man. This man explained to me in no uncertain terms that, "If you believe the lie, you live the lie." At the time of this meeting, I was not exactly sure what this sage advice meant to me in my quest for the answers I sought. Deep in thought, I dutifully recorded this information upon the pages of the ships log and sailed on for waters unknown.

As I sailed forward I mused and confused. (I am known to do that once in a great while you know.) Then, much to my good fortune, I came upon an intelligent woman with the ability to communicate her thoughts into words that I could understand. While speaking of topics, tropics and other various things I was able to glean yet one more bit of insight into the query of my quest. This bold lady simply explained to me, people lie to themselves because they are weak. Therefore, because of their lack of personal *inner honesty* they lie to others.

Upon return to my ship I compiled what data I had and began to make some direct correlations. People fear they will not be accepted. Therefore, this becomes a weakness in their character. Their weakness, their ultimate fear, the internal overwhelming desire to be accepted, drives them to act, speak, and *believe*, in any way that will, in their own mind, steer them away from the sea of solitude and isolation and into the oceans of acceptance and inclusion. As the wise man told me, "If you believe the lie, you live the lie." People begin to delude themselves so as to think they are not, in fact, fearful. Because of their inner failing, lack of inner strength and personal honesty they are willing to create misleading impressions, speak untruths and deceive in any way necessary to maintain the grand façade.

I have, in the past, noted that inner strength, positive self-image and positive motivation are a sailors best friend. A shipmate who takes the time to ask the tough personal questions, build inner strength, bolster positive self-image and remain motivated may well be on the path to both understanding *and truth*.

Navigate from the middle...



[Navigate from the middle, copyright Dread Pirate]

Navigating our life is not unlike navigating our beloved mode of transportation, be it a car, truck, motorcycle, boat or ship. As we move forward to some predetermined destination, we plot a course, move forward, and make various adjustments as needed to safely arrive at the objective. If navigation were this simple, never would there be an accident or a grounded ship!

Knowing the destination is only a very small and sometimes insignificant part of the journey. We must move forward from a place we have already arrived at. As we move forward we have a fixed point from where to navigate. Thus, we have a point of origin. The origin of any journey is of the utmost importance because it gives us a point of known reference on our charts. This point is the basis of our venture and, therefore, a known point of reference from which to voyage forward.

When we venture forth into the fray, all sorts of things go on around us. Others, on their life's travels, continually navigate all around us. It is up to us to move forward while ensuring we do our best to arrive at our destination. This is done by continually checking all around us in an effort to make sure we are on course and steady. We look where we have been as a point of reference. We peer into our blind spots to make sure nothing, or no one is where they should not be. We glance about both port and starboard, local and at a distance, so as to recognize any potential threats to our bearing.

And more commonly, we gaze ahead in hopes of seeing our destination.

And so, it must be in life. We, as sailors of life must use these same techniques to navigate our way through the waters of life. If we do not take proper precautions, we cannot boldly strike forward into uncharted waters without expecting to become lost, disoriented, and frustrated. We must know our point of origin, understand our present situation, (in both the now and in the near future) as well as speculate about future objectives. We must do all this as well as keep an eye out for potential disasters and pitfalls that riddle this place called life. It is no easy task.

One must navigate from the middle in order to see what is all around. It is only when we know what is around us can we safely maneuver to our destination. One of the most difficult challenges sailors face, is seeing the prize and staying a true and steady course. Most rogues see their desire and blindly forge ahead to claim victory only to be blindsided by some ill-fated quandary. The sailor who remembers the basic's of navigation and holds a steady and true course will claim the prize every time.

Metamorphosis.

Within the parameters of the mind all is possible. The reality that exists within our mind is real to us. We have the liberty to harbor our own thoughts, fantasies and life within the confines of our psyche. It is a freedom that no one may ever take away. Our mind is our own. Our intellect is ours for keeps. What we harbor, be it delusions of grandeur or the bargain basement variety of mundane reality is up to us.

Each day is one more chance to build up our image of who we are. Some people need the acceptance and validation of others. Some people must do without the continued benefit of validation from their peers. A sailor, when alone at sea, must find the inner strength to move forward no matter the situation. One must, at times, look into the inner depths of their person and find strength to carry them forward into the world they sail.

A sailor must always remember that he is who he thinks he is. The self-image within the inner sanctuary of our mind is who we truly are. The inner being of our psyche is who and what we really are. We must, at all costs, accept ourselves all the while self-validating who we are. We are not, much to our benefit, what others perceive us to be.

Each sailor sails his own course and that journey is unique. Therefore, we must by necessity, harbor our own positive thoughts no matter how hard it may seem. Our self-image is what really matters and what must be fostered, cared for and understood. It is when this mental image becomes crystal clear within our psyche that a metamorphosis occurs that allows us to be reborn into the sailor we really are.

Double Speak?

What does everybody else know that I don't? is the title of a book by Michele Novotni, Ph.D. I just finished reading it for the second time. I have the habit of reading a text once for flavor and then once again for content. {I do not do this with all books just the ones I hope to learn something from.} I was going with the flow and understanding most of everything the author was piping out. Then, on the second read, page 172 hit me like a falling yardarm. Excerpt: Look at the choice of words the person uses. For example, there are several possible responses to the question, "Do you want to go to the movies tonight?"

<i>I'd love to.</i>	Probably means yes.
<i>I could.</i>	Probably means they'd rather not.
<i>If you want to.</i>	Probably not, but I want to be with you so I'll go.
<i>Sure</i>	Maybe yes, maybe no.
<i>Maybe</i>	Probably not.

End Excerpt, page 172, *What does everybody else know that I don't?* Michele Novotni, PH.D.

This entire paragraph threw me for a loop. In my wildest dreams I never figured that "I'd love to." **probably** means yes. Probably? I would have taken this response to be iron clad and as solid a "yes" as you can get.

"I could" really tells me that you are an idiot and have no idea how to properly answer a yes/no question so I would rescind my offer immediately.

The next response ranks right up there with "I could." I have only heard this response from one person to her husband. The only way this lady could make a decision was if she felt she was getting the short end of the stick. Other than that, she could not make a decision on anything. "If you want to." says to me, "I don't have any interest in anything shipmate but being that you want to go, I don't have the moxie to stop you..." Again this is one of those answers I dismiss because it really only requires a yes or a no and if you are adding more than that, you are a twit.

"Sure", the author says this is maybe yes, maybe no. I am, at the very least astounded by this concept. The word to me, as well as Webster, means; marked by or given to feelings of confident certainty, admitting to no doubt, bound to happen, destined. How in the name of Neptune can anyone say sure and mean "maybe no"? This definition has baffled me to no end since the first reading. The only rational reason I can come up with for using 'sure' as no response is that the individual is a pathological liar or does not understand the definition of the words they use. Thanks to Michele, henceforth every time someone who responds with a "Sure!" I am going to squint my eyes and ponder, is this person a pathological liar or just stone stupid?

Last, but by no means least, is the infamous "Maybe" answer. I have come to understand this is a gender specific answer. This means that it means something different if it comes from a man or a woman. If for example a woman says to me "Maybe" I know that there is not a snowballs chance in hell anything is going to happen. If a male shipmate says this, I know there are extenuating

circumstances in the mix and the odds are the answer is no but there is at least a chance that it may happen. I personally never put much stock in the answer maybe. If a person did not have the ability to make a damned decision I pretty much dismissed them.

I must admit I have thought about these responses and how they have played out in my past. I realized people rarely say what they mean. I figure society and the general populous at large are just a bunch of game playing twits that have no clue. I was just about to dismiss the entire text based on the insanity of this paragraph when I looked closely at the next section. The author launches into something I have been scribing for as long as I can remember, "Actions speak louder than words." She vindicated herself with rational logic and I have to respect that about a shipmate.

So, the next time you ask a friend if they want to do something and they head to the shower and say give me a minute you are in. Lay out your plans and plot your course because you are about to partake on an adventure. If that somebody plops down on the couch and starts to watch TV, grab your coat and...

Sail on... sail on!!!

Scrap of Treasure

Pirates Wisdom:

Take what you can get and give nothing back.

Never mess with a man who has nothing to lose.

Keep it real, keep it motivated and keep it positive.

Treasure Chest Seven



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Quagmire of Why

The day is at an end. You have fought the good fight. Upon reflection, you come to the brutal conclusion that nothing is as it seems and you are nowhere near where you want to be. You feel your efforts are in vain and you cannot see the goal you have set anywhere close. Your life is not what you want. As you sit in your cabin you feel exhausted, alone, and no closer to the prize today than you were last month. You muse as to why you are in this wearisome position.

We, as sailors of life, ask why. It is what we do. We query our goals, our course, the reasons behind it all. It is second nature to us, akin to breathing. I would venture to say at times like this we become entrenched in the 'Quagmire of Why'. Our ship sails full speed ahead into a place that is nothing more than a dilemma of our own making. We must as corsairs of life remember there is far more than the 'why' of it all.

As we sail forward into the fray known as life we must always remember there is much more than the why of it all. We must keep the queries of who, what, when and how in mind as well. Each adventure is unique and, therefore, has its own set of circumstances that are different. The predicament we contemplate can, and will have answers in the who, what, when and how questions we pose. We cannot become bogged down in the windless marsh of why.

We have a battery of questions at our disposal in order to attain the answers we need along this journey we call life. It will do the sailor no good to become entangled in the nets of just one of these queries. We must use all the resources available to us in our quest. Keeping motivated, and maintaining a positive mental attitude is the foundation of our existence. Asking all the right questions and gaining understanding of those queries will lead us to the treasure we seek. Remember, when you are in the muck and mire of why, raise the sails of who, what, when and how. Odds are you will catch a fresh breeze and your journey will move forward yet again.

At the core of self-motivation and positive mental attitude...

I have sailed long and hard in search of what is truly at the center of self-motivation and positive mental attitude. You see shipmate, I know for a fact that self-motivation will propel a sailor faster and further than your average land lover. I also discern that keeping a positive mental attitude is paramount in maintaining self-motivation and a forward direction in life's journeys. What I have been searching for has been ever elusive and quite the challenge to pin down.

Looking for what sparks motivation and positive thought may sound silly, but think for a moment about what it would mean if you knew the key to both of those wonderful attributes. How often have we been at ropes end, in a most inconceivable situation, or the wind in our sails died and we had no idea as to how to create even the slightest of breezes to move us forward.

What would it mean to you to have a magic key that would extend that rope for as long as we needed it? What would happen to your life if you had the ability to make the inconceivable, conceivable? What might it mean to your voyage to be able to control the wind in your sails? Yes shipmate, just imagine how valuable such a piece of knowledge would be.

I have come to believe there is something that stands at the center of it all. A specific something at the core of each and every positive thinking highly motivated individual. This something can generate and maintain self-motivation beyond reason. This same center can also foster positive motivation beyond all fathomable understanding. I believe if you strip away the layers of highly self-motivated individuals with positive mental attitudes you will find a single similar center in each and every one.

If you break it down to its most finite granule, I think you may just find a pure, shining, particle of absolute hope at the core of it all.

A Sailors Mantra...

I have hopes and dreams. I must never give up. The more that goes awry the stronger I must become. Tenacity and resolve must be paramount. Defeat is not possible for me. I have in the past, always met, fought and overcome. And thus, I must battle everything and anything that comes at me that is not positive and enlightening or that intends me, my mates, or my way of life, harm. Victory is the only option and defeat is not acceptable. Through self-motivation and positive mental attitude I will remain alive, well, and moving forward into the fray!

Let it go...

There is a difference between knowing the path and walking the path.

Let it all go...
The fear
Doubt
And
Disbelief

Free your mind.

'Let it go' expanded.

Let's take a look at the parts and then I will come to a sort of sum, if you will. The first part of the last entry reads, "There is a difference between knowing the path and walking the path." The path I walk is unknown to anyone else but me. (Just like I cannot know the path you walk you, therefore, can truly never know mine.) I have a very bad habit of walking the straight and narrow for no other reason than principle. Do I know the exact path that I am supposed to walk? I would say, in all honesty, that I have no idea as to what course I am supposed to sail.

Furthermore, I would say that the only destination I know for sure is death. What the journey entails between now and the moment of my demise is beyond me.

But, that is not really the crux of the query is it? There is a difference between knowing the course and sailing the course. I concur. There is one thing that gets under my skin faster than hemp splinters and that is those who talk out their ass. You know the ones, the mates that stand there telling you how the good book will save your soul while they throw back a beer and huff on their cancer stick. Or those who adamantly tell you that money has no place in life or relationships. You know the ones, they tell you that money is not important in a relationship but let their significant other get laid off, broke or sick and can't bring home the bacon and they are over the side as though the power magazine is about to blow. Those that are all about lip service and not about action do not know the difference. Knowing is of value, action is *the* value. Actions speak louder than words and that is the bottom line. I know the difference between knowing and doing.

The second part of the motivational entry reads, "Let it all go...the fear, doubt, and disbelief. Free your mind." As I wake each morning I know the day will hold a certain amount of stimuli that may cause fear, doubt or even disbelief. Yet, I get up, and after chow steer headlong into the fray. I have at one time or another met and faced the worst of each and have survived. I have been incapacitated by fear and yet had the ability to let it pass through me. I have had so much doubt within my mind and soul that I never thought it possible to

overcome and yet I overcame and moved steadily forward. Something tells me you have, too. Disbelief is the easiest of all waves to ride. What truly is real? We come to our own conclusions about what is real and what is perceived and sail forward into the truth of our own reality each and every moment of our life.

The second part of the suggestion reads, "Free your mind." This is as simple as learning something new each and every day. It is through knowledge (It does have value remember!) that we come closer and closer to understanding even more, thus, freeing our minds to move forward and not become stuck in the quagmire of our own self made mental prison. By letting fear pass through us, by overcoming self-doubt and by understanding reality is what we make it we give ourselves the power to learn and experience. This knowledge is what ultimately frees the mind.

Every sailor knows these things. Some understand these ideals better than others. It is the shipmate who puts them into practice and makes every effort to sail forward into the unknown who is truly a sailor of life.

Fear not the darkness...

There are times when we get in so deep we feel consumed with our venture. With so much on the docket, our life seems to enter a never-ending whirlpool where we feel overwhelmed beyond capacity. Our voyage moves from the realm of adventure into the genre of nightmare voyage from hell. All the while, we stand fast, gripping the ship's wheel with all of our might trying to stay a course that has long been lost.

We have all been there, and no doubt, will be there again. During this period of our life's adventure we feel alone, fearful and unsure. Our nightmare is our own and we must handle it ourselves. This is what separates the thinking sailor from the unthinking land lover. A sailor of life knows some very important secrets that will keep him afloat in times of duress.

First and foremost, we know that we can always feel alone. As a matter of fact we have probably mastered feeling absolutely abandoned standing in the middle of a crowd. Feeling alone and being alone are two completely different entities. We as humans have the ability to feel absolutely mentally and physically isolated at the most inopportune times. The experienced sailor knows he is not alone. Yes, he may be standing the mid-watch alone, but the reality of the situation is that his mates are just below deck and with a single call they will respond in numbers. A seasoned sailor knows that the feeling of facing a new challenge is daunting but remembers, 'alone' is nothing more than a state of mind.

The new and the untried always bring about the feelings of fear. The unknown implies unrealized perils and pitfalls. Our minds become over stimulated with what might be and our world becomes that which is not real. And yet, we know from countless past voyages into the unknown that our imagination

is always more colorful than the reality in which we encounter. The experienced seafarer lays aside the fantastic images of thought and deals with what he is given in the real world. Fear is a part of our psyche and the voyage we call life. The successful sailor faces the fear and lets it pass through. As Franklin D. Roosevelt said in his Inaugural Address, on March 4, 1933, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Finally, we come to the burden of being unsure. Being unsure is the hallmark of those who never leave the dock. Land lovers for life. They are so unsure that they never take the opportunity to set sail on the journey of a lifetime. It is unsure what will happen in the next hour of our life. What we must do is make sure we live that hour to the fullest of our ability and damn the torpedoes. Life is too short to half step and keep the canvas neatly packed and stowed. We must, weigh anchor, throw every inch of canvas we have to the wind and... sail on... sail on!!!

All around me...

I stand in my candle lit cabin. I stare at the golden flickering light dancing over the place I have come to call home. Even though I know that 'home' is wherever I lay my head... I have grown fond of this place. Its scent, its feel and its way. Yet there is a restlessness in me that wells up and demands recognition. There are feelings and thoughts that say I have been sailing in circles for years. Part of me screams in frantic frustration, I have stayed this course, these ports, too long. There is a deep-rooted wanderlust in me that I cannot deny. It has always been my way, the way of the sailor.

I have felt these feelings growing over the past months stronger than ever before. I know it will be time soon to feed this insatiable craving. But as I pace upon my well-worn deck I realize there is so much I have not done *here*. There is so much I can think of that I desire to do that my mind reels. Even though part of me says that I have done all there is to do, and this place is a bore, I can see, perhaps, this is not the case at all.

I close my eyes and attempt to recall what little I have done in comparison to the mental list that scrolls through my mind of things I desire to do. All of the sudden my desire to leave gently shifts to the desire to stay the course and head for the next destination of my hearts desire. As my mind shifts, I realize that even though I have traversed the same course for longer than I desire... I have not really begun to understand all there is to learn about this port of call. From the local flora and fauna, to the local customs and beyond, I have yet to scratch the wealth of treasure I have waiting undisturbed, all around me.

How often I muse, do we get caught up in the journey for the sake of nothing more than just the journey. Do I desire to travel for the sake of travel? Can I not find uncharted waters within the expanse I sail without making a non-stop straight line for the horizon? I believe my lust for a change may be nothing more than a desire to see things anew. I know there is a wealth of treasure all

around me, and no self respecting pirate would pass up the opportunity of riches so close to home and ripe for the picking! What I must do is see this place, my place, and my adventure in a new light. The adventure I seek is not leagues away. It is not in foreign waters or on foreign soil... My adventure is all around me.

Free for the taking...

The world around us can move from a serene symphony of gentle movement and soft sound to manic spastic insanity in a millisecond. As sailors of life our world is prone to be affected by stimuli around us because we are always sailing forth into the fray. An adventurers life is never a bore and an explorers world never dull. But there are times when the past seems to catch up with us and the present seems to be the combination of Murphy's law gone bad and a ship wreck. Your journey all of the sudden takes on all the attributes of nightmares rather than the highly motivated and positive charged charm that we wish it to possess.

The scenario reminds me of a scene in the movie, Matrix Reloaded. Neo (played by Keanu Reeves) is minding his own business attempting to quietly save humanity when all of the sudden his day turns into a nightmare. Agent Smith, this nemesis, steps out of the program at the exact wrong moment. Neo has places to go and things to do and has no time to spar with this once defeated foe. Then, much to the chagrin of our hero, a few more Agent Smiths enter the scene. Just like in our journeys, when we encounter one bit of the past creeping up upon us, others of like kind inevitably seem to follow. It's never just one 'agent' that brings us down, it's usually a whole gang that attempts to rudely adjust our course. Just as Neo is faced Agent Smith's exponentially multiplying quasi-self so do we face multiple agents attempting to slow and stop us on our journey.

What are these agents that seek us out? We encounter business left unfinished both past and present, agents from the past waiting for the most opportune moment to strike, ghosts from the past, combined with present challenges, hurdles and opportunities that all tax our person to the maximum. Neo, who becomes overwhelmed by never ending agents, becomes slowed, then stopped and ultimately covered and pinned by an unending horde of agents. What does our hero do? Quite simply, he stands up.

We allow these agents to block our view, hold us down, and pin us to the ground. Sailors often forget the secret to success and survival when in a dire situation. The secret to success is, quite simply to follow the prime run-time script of twenty first century piracy. The syntax is simple: There are things that a sailor can do, and there are things that a sailor can't do. It's up to us to figure out what we *can* do. Neo realized the agents all around him were simply agents. He

realized the agents were neither his equal nor his *future*. The agents were simply part of his past and his present, so he stood, and moved forcefully toward his future.

This is what we as twenty first century pirates must learn to do. When the odds seem overwhelming and agents and challenges are piled so high on top of and around us we are no longer able to move, we must stand up. Then we must, boldly and forcefully, move toward the future that we desire, in one swift implementation of action. Why the future? Simple, because it is there and free for the taking. No corsair can ever pass up a prize so precious at such a bargain price! As sailors of life, our past and present can be the motivation we need to sail forth into the future.

Scrap of Treasure:

Reality:

A hand full of nothing = A hand full of nothing.

Motivated Reality:

A hand full of nothing = an opportunity to fill an empty space with anything you desire.

Acquiescence...

Life is brutally short, especially for the highly motivated sailor of life. It seems that no sooner have we become aware, set course and unfurl sail that its time to sit about the pub reminiscing about the good old days back when... We, as highly motivated individuals, do not have the ethical or moral duty to waste our precious time. Is there any greater sin than to squander the time we have been granted here on these tidal waters of life?

We cannot, as individuals with a purpose, accept or comply tacitly or passively with those situations or individuals that waste our time. Thinking back over past adventures, how much time have we wasted in an attempt to deal with a certain situation we know is a complete waste of our time? The wasting of our time infuriates us at our place of work. It sends us over the edge in family matters and yet when it comes to personal or free time we make a rather large acceptance to this crime against us. Why is it we will allow individuals who waste our time to take charge of our time for even the briefest of moments?

Wasted time is not a learning experience. Wasted time is not fun time or time for relaxation. Simply put, wasted time is lost time. As positively charged individuals on the journey of life we have very little time to waste. Every moment of every hour is more valuable than the next. A sailor who has time to lose is not a positively charged highly motivated sailor of life. As sailors of our own destiny, we are not inclined to acquiesce to any situation that wastes our precious time!

21st Century Piracy

Twenty first century piracy is all about motivation and understanding who we are, what we desire and how we intend to attain our goals. Motivation can come in a variety of forms but ultimately motivation comes from within. We must educate ourselves on as many subjects as possible. Knowledge is power. As sailors of life we must learn what we desire in life. We have to take more than a moment to look inside ourselves to learn what is truly important to us as well as our true desires. It is paramount that we ascertain if our latest motivation is just a flight of fancy or is it a true desire that is worthy of our time. Then, we incorporate all of our skills to determine our goals. Carefully charting our course and laying plans all must happen prior to us packing our sea bag.

21st century piracy is about keeping it real, keeping it positive and keeping it motivated. When the ever-changing winds sweep you off course do not drop anchor, stow the sails and wait for the right conditions to sail again. Remember, as a sailor of life, you are aspiring to continually move forward. The ship you sail is designed to move forward at all times. Sailors of old used to let the winds find them a prize. You, too, can use their tried and true strategy to attain the treasure you seek. Leave the canvas to the wind and let the winds of change take you where they will. One never really knows what is just beyond the horizon awaiting! Keep your heart light, your feet on deck and your eye to the horizon.

The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls have the ability to foster positive mental attitude, self-motivation and accountability. They are, truly a treasure without equal. The question is, are you strong enough, brave enough, and adventurous enough to be a 21st century pirate?

-- THE BEGINNING --



Aft Ships Locker

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■ Additional Resources:

For additional Dread style motivation, please the official source for news and information on the Dread Pirate and his works.

Dread Pirate's Secret Cyber-Island

[DreadPirate.info](#)

The Dread Pirates Personal Motivational Web Log;

[The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls](#)

The Authors Site;

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About the Author.

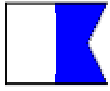


The Dread Pirate is a seafaring fellow that sails the oceans of life. Needing to motivate himself and the Crew, he began to scribe motivational musings years ago. Upon realizing that his nautical writing style and motivating nature afforded shipmates insight to their own lives, he chose to share a little of his experiences, philosophies and revelations via his motivational web log, [The Imperial Dread Sea Scrolls](#).

He furthered his efforts by self-publishing IDSS Volume I and Volume II, Crossing the Line into Motivation. Being the Chief Motivational Officer of the Destiny's Quest and [DPebooks](#) is a full time billet but he finds time for star gazing, writing, fishing, and fencing.

Visit [Dread Pirate's Secret Cyber Island](#) on the Web for the latest information on the author and his works.

Nautical Terms



ALPHA

US Navy Flag Meaning: I have a diver down; keep well clear at slow speed.

ABACK	Condition of sail when the wind pressure is on the leeward or forward side, with sails backed or trimmed to windward.
ABAFT	Behind or further towards the stern, behind the boat.
ABAFT THE BEAM	Any direction between the beam and the stern, more behind a vessel than in front of it. Bearing more than 90 degrees on either side from dead ahead.
ABEAM	The direction between the beam and the stern, at right angles to the length of the boat.
ABOARD	On or in or into a boat.
ABOUT SHIP	The order to tack ship.
ABREAST	Opposite or right angles to.
ADRIFT	Not being fast to a stationary mooring.
ADMEASURE	Regulation measurement of a vessel for documentation.
ADMIRALTY LAW	The Law of the Seas, often debated by Sea Lawyers.
AFT	Towards the stern. Back of the boat from amidships.
AGROUND	A vessel that is resting on the bottom or the rocks is said to be "aground".
AID TO NAVIGATION	Used to establish position, a fixed mark such as a buoy, landmark, radio beacon, lighthouse, GPS satellite, etc.
ALEE	Away from the direction of the wind, referring to the helm or the tiller.
ALOFT	Above the deck, overhead in the rigging.
AMA	Outboard hull of a trimaran.

ANCHOR	1) the act of anchoring. 2) a weighted object designed to hold a boat in position that is lowered into the water, usually "catching" on the bottom.
ANCHORAGE	A suitable place for anchoring.
ANCHOR	A chain attached to the anchor. The chain acts partially as a weight to keep the anchor lying next to the ground so that it can dig in better and better absorb changes in the boat's position due to waves. Chain holds up better than line when lying on rocks.
ANCHOR BEND	A knot used to fasten the anchor to the anchor line.
ANCHOR LIGHT	A white light, usually on the masthead, visible from all directions, used when anchored.
ANCHOR LOCKER	A storage area, usually in the bow, to store the anchor, rode and line.
ANCHOR ROLLER	Also called bow roller. A fitting with a small wheel that allows the anchor and chain to roll over when dropping or raising the anchor. Some anchor rollers also have a provision to store the anchor.
ANCHOR WINDLASS	A windlass used to assist when raising the anchor, can be manual or electric.
ANEMOMETER	An instrument used to measure wind velocity.
ASTERN	Backwards, somewhere behind, towards the stern.
ATHWART OR ATHWARTSHIPS	At right angles to the centerline.
AUTOPILOT	A device used to steer a boat automatically, usually electrical, hydraulic or mechanical in nature. A similar mechanism called a self-steering gear may also be used on a sailing vessel.
AUXILIARY	A yacht propelled by both sail and power or a support group, i.e., Coast Guard Auxiliary.

AVAST A nautical command to stop or cease. Date: 1681, perhaps from Dutch "houd vast" hold fast.

AWEIGH To raise the anchor.



BRAVO

US Navy Flag Meaning: I am taking in, discharging, or carrying dangerous cargo.

BABY STAY Secondary forestay supporting the leading edge of the mast and used to flatten the mainsail in building winds. Usually hydraulic.

BACK 1) The wind shifts its direction counterclockwise.
2) To trim a sail to windward.

BACK SPLICE A splice formed when a crown knot is made in the end of a piece of line and the ends are woven three times or more into the standing part of the line.

BACKING & FILLING Alternatively letting the sails fill then spilling wind, to keep a boat in one place.

BACKSPRING A spring line from the stern of a boat to mid ships to stop forward movement.

BACKSTAY Standing or running (adjustable) wire rigging that supports the mast from the aft stern.

BACKWIND Wind that is deflected from it's normal course by the sails.

BACKWIND A SAIL Causing the wind to fill the back or low-pressure side of the sail, used to slow a boat.

BAGGY WINKLES Tassels of unraveled line that are lashed around chafe spots to minimize chafing on the sails.

BAIL To remove water from the boat.

BAILERS Bilge troughs in a small boat to funnel water overboard when underway.

BALANCE	Set up and trim of all equipment and the sails so that there is a slight weather helm.
BALE	Metal ring on a boom, pole or mast used to attach blocks.
BALLAST	Weight in a boat to give it stability and prevent over-heeling. Crew on the high side may be called movable ballast.
BALLOON JIB	A reaching headsail that has a big draft and is usually light-weight.
BARBER HAUL	A block and tackle set-up used to change the athwart ships lead of the jib sheet.
BARE BOAT CHARTER	Chartering a boat that you skipper yourself, no paid captain.
BARE POLES	A boat under way with all sails furled.
BARGE	To force (be high) your way illegally between another boat and the starting line.
BAROMETER	An instrument that measures atmospheric pressure in inches or millibars of mercury.
BATTENS	Light, thin strips of wood or plastic inserted in batten pockets in the sail to stiffen the sail and extend the leech.
BEAM	The greatest width of a boat.
BEAM REACH	Point of sail when the apparent wind from directly abeam.
BEAM WIND	One which blows across a boat's side.
BEAMY	Wide, a wide boat is a beamy boat.
BEAR	To approach from windward is to bear down, to bear off is to sail away to leeward.
BEARING	Direction of an object from another in compass points or degrees.
BEATING	Working to windward by a series of tacks A point of sail also known as sailing close hauled.

BEAUFORT SCALE	A number system used to describe wind forces and sea conditions from 0 for a flat calm to 12 for a hurricane.
BECKET	An eye in the end of a block in which to secure a line.
BEFORE THE WIND	Having the wind coming from behind or aft the boat, going the same direction as the wind is blowing.
BELAY	To make fast a line to a cleat or belaying pin.
BELOW	Beneath the decks, ie, inside a cabin or in a hold.
BEND	To fasten one line end to another using a knot.
BERTH	A narrow sailor's bed or the slip where a boat is moored.
BIGHT	Any section a line between the ends.
BILGE	The area of the hull below the waterline. The lower internal part of a boat's hull, adjacent to the keels. The place where water collects.
BILGE PUMP	A pump to drain the place where water collects.
BIMINI	A weather protection covering, usually mounted on a frame over a portion of the cockpit. Can be of fabric, i.e., canvas or hard material, i.e., fiberglass or plastic.
BINNACLE	The pedestal usually where the wheel is mounted that holds the compass and navigation equipment.
BITT	A vertical post extending above the deck for securing mooring lines.
BITTER END	The end of a line or last link of chain.
BLANKET	To block the wind from the sails of a boat that is to leeward.
BLOCK	A piece of hardware consisting of a shive inside a frame, which a line is run through. A line through a block forms a tackle.
BLOCK & TACKLE	Combination of blocks and line to afford a mechanical advantage.

BLOOPER	Light-weight fore sail similar to a spinnaker but set without a pole.
BOARD	A leg or tack when sailing close-hauled.
BOAT SPEED	Speed through the water, not over ground.
BOATSWAIN	Crew member responsible for upkeep on the hull, rigging and sails. Pronounced bo-sun.
BOBSTAY	A wire stay from the bow to the end of a bowsprit to counteract the upward pull of a forestay.
BOLLARD	A strong post securing lines.
BOLT ROPE	A rope sewn to the edges of a sail for additional strength and along the luff of some mainsails to insert in a track on the mast in order to raise it.
BOOM	A spar at the foot of a sail attached to the mast.
BOOM CRUTCH	A notched support built off the deck for the boom when the sail is furled.
BOOM PREVENTER	A block and tackle attached to the boom and the deck to prevent the main from flopping over when sailing downwind.
BOOM-VANG	A block & tackle secured to the boom to flatten the sail and to prevent it from lifting when off the wind by a downward pull on the boom.
BOOT-TOP	A painted stripe along the waterline delineating the topside from the bottom paint.
BOSUN'S CHAIR	Canvas or wood seat attached a halyard to raise and lower a sailor to work on the mast.
BOTTOM	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) The underside of the hull that sits in the water. 2) The ocean floor. 3) The buttocks of a mermaid
BOW	The forward end of the boat.
BOWLINE	A knot used to form a loop in the end of a line.

BOWSPRIT	A spar attached to and extending forward from the bow to provide additional sail area.
BRIDGE	The area from which a vessel is controlled, usually applied to engine powered vessels.
BRIGHTWORK	All wood that is varnished or polished metal.
BRING ABOUT	To reverse directions, to turn around.
BRISTOL FASHION	Keep in a seaman-like manner.
BRIGHT WORK	Wood trim and any metal needing polishing on a vessel.
BROACH	To go over violently toward the wind and lose steering , a "knock down".
BROAD REACH	A point of sail when the wind comes from either quarter.
BULKHEAD	Vertical partition in a boat, the "walls".
BULWARK	A railing around the deck of a boat to keep things from going overboard and the seas from coming aboard.
BUOY	A floating mark or mooring anchored in place sometimes with whistles or bells.
BUOYANCY	Degree of floatability.
BURDENED VESSEL	The vessel without right-of-way that must keep clear of a vessel that does have the right of way.
BURGEE	A small flag , usually triangular, flown from the starboard spreader on a sailboat or the bow on power vessels to denote yacht club affiliation.
BY THE LEE	Sailing with the wind coming from the same side that the sails are trimmed on.
BY THE WIND	Sailing close-hauled.



CHARLIE

US Navy Flag Meaning: "Yes" or "affirmative".

CABIN	The room in a small boat, sleeping quarters in a larger boat.
CABLE	The line or chain that is secured to the anchor.
CALKING/CAULKING	Forcing material into the seams of the planks in a boat's deck or sides to make them watertight.
CALM	Little or no wind and flat seas.
CAM CLEAT	A spring-loaded cam that clamps a fed line in its teeth.
CAMBER	The arch of the deck sloping downward from the center towards the sides or of a sail under load.
CAN BUOY	A cylindrical green, odd numbered buoy used in US waters to be kept to the left when returning from one body of water to another.
CANVAS	Sails or sail area or the sail cover, dodger, etc. usually made from cotton, linen or hemp, as opposed to modern sailcloth.
CAPSIZE	To turn over, either a boat or a knot on itself.
CAPSTAN	A machine for moving or raising heavy weights that consists of a vertical drum which can be rotated and around which cable is turned, much like a windlass or winch.
CAPTAIN	The person in charge of the boat and having legal responsibility for it and its passengers and crew.
CAR	The slider on a track to which blocks or other hardware is attached to allow adjustment.
CARDINAL POINTS	The compass points of north, east, south and west. Intercardinal points are southeast, southwest, northwest and northeast.
CAST OFF	To let go of a line, to be free of one's mooring.
CATAMARAN	A craft with two hulls joined by crossbeams.

CAT BOAT	A small boat with the mast stepped far forward, carrying a single sail.
CAT RIG	Rigged to carry only a mainsail, no jib.
CATENARY	The curve of a rope hung between two points such as the anchor rode or towing line.
CELESTIAL NAVIGATION	A method to determine a position using the sun, moon and stars by measuring with a sextant the apparent altitude of one of these objects above the horizon, recording the sightings with an accurate clock and calculating using the Nautical Almanac.
CENTER OF EFFORT	The center of wind pressure on the sail plan.
CENTERBOARD	A board that is raised and lowered in a watertight box called the trunk or well to increase the draft and lateral area of the hull.
CENTERLINE	The imaginary line that runs down the middle of the boat from bow to stern.
CHAFE	Abrasion or wear.
CHAFING GEAR	Canvas, rubber or other material around a line or cable to protect it from wear and abrasion.
CHAIN LOCKER	Similar to an anchor locker, storage area for the anchor chain.
CHAIN PLATES	Metal straps or rods bolted to the hull structure to which the shrouds are attached.
CHANDLERY	A marine hardware store.
CHANNEL	A navigable waterway, usually marked that is charted as to depth.
CHART	A nautical map.
CHARTER	To rent a boat.

CHEEK BLOCK	A block whose sheave is mounted against the side of a surface such as a spar.
CHINE	The line of intersection between the sides and bottom of a boat, where the deck joins the hull.
CHOCK	Deck fairlead used to direct anchor or mooring lines.
CHOP	Short waves at rapid intervals.
CHUM	A fishing term for animal or vegetable matter (as chopped fish or corn) thrown overboard to attract fish.
CIRCUMNAVIGATE	To sail around the world.
CLEAR	Free, not entangled.
CLEAR FOR RUNNING	A sheet or halyard coiled so that it will run out quickly without becoming tangled.
CLEAT	A device of wood or metal with two horns around which ropes are made fast. Tripping hazard!
CLEW	The lower, after corner of a mainsail, jib, mizzen, and both lower corners of a spinnaker.
CLEW OUTHAUL	The tackle used to adjust the clew in and out on the boom.
CLOSE ABOARD	In close proximity to...
CLOSE-HAULED	Sailing as close to the wind as possible - "beating" and "on the wind".
CLOVIS PIN	A pin that secures one fitting to another.
CLOVE HITCH	A knot to fasten a line to a spar or another line.
COAMING	The low wall around a cockpit.
COCKPIT	The lowered area in the after deck housing the tiller or wheel and for the use of the helmsman and crew.
CODLINE	Small line laid up with eighteen threads. It was originally the line used in fishing for cod, but also has a variety of uses on board ship for purposes where small rope would be too large and clumsy.

COIL	To lay a line down in circular turns or to arrange in loops so it can be stowed. Line is sold by the coil, which contain 200 fathoms.
COME ABOUT	To tack.
COMPANIONWAY	The area leading down from the deck to the cabin., usually with steps (ladder).
COMPASS	A glass dome containing a magnetized card indicating the direction to magnetic north.
COMPASS COURSE	The direction of a ship's heading based on the ship's compass.
COMPASS ERROR	The amount the compass is deflected from the true direction by variation and deviation together.
COMPASS ROSE	A circle graduated in points, or degrees, or both, from which courses are laid.
CORDAGE	Any line or rope.
COTTER PIN	A small double-pronged bendable pin used to secure a clovis pin.
COUNTER	The underside of the overhand of the afterpart of the hull.
COURSE	1) The compass direction steered by the vessel. 2) The sequence of marks rounded in a race.
COURSE PROTRACTOR	An instrument with a movable arm to plot a course on a chart.
COURTESY FLAG	A smaller sized flag of the host country flown from the starboard spreader.
COWLS	Scooped devices to direct airflow into a boat.
CQR ANCHOR	Coastal Q uick R elease anchor, also known as plow anchor designed to bury itself in the bottom.
CRADLE	The bridles on a spinnaker pole which attach to the topping lift and the downhaul or the framework that supports a boat when hauled out.

CREW	Everybody who helps sail a boat but not the captain.
CRINGLE	A large eye of line around a thimble worked in the leach and clew of a sail, ie, the reef cringle and clew cringle.
CROSS BEARING	Two or more bearings are noted on the chart in order to determine the ship's position at the intersect.
CUDDY	A small shelter cabin in a small boat.
CUNNINGHAM	A block and tackle system invented by Briggs Cunningham and used to adjust the tension on the luff of the mainsail.
CURRENT	The horizontal movement of water which may be periodic caused by the tides or seasonal winds.
CUT	The shape of a sail.
CUTTER headsails	A sailboat with one mast, rigged with a mainsail and two headsails

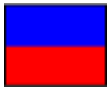


DELTA

US Navy Flag Meaning: I am maneuvering with difficulty; keep clear.

DAGGER BOARD	A centerboard that is instead raised and lowered vertically in a trunk.
DAVIT	A hoist that projects over the side of a ship or a hatchway and is used especially for boats, anchors, or cargo.
DEAD RECKONING	To plot a future position based on travel from a known position using speed, time and course.
DEVIATION	The errors of a compass' reading due to the effect of magnetic forces on board the boat.
DEVIATION CARD	A listing of a particular boat's steering deviation on each point of the compass.
DINGHY	A small rowboat or inflatable, usually used for transport.

DINK	Nickname for dinghy.
DISPLACEMENT	The weight of the water displaced by a floating boat which is equal to the its weight.
DITTY BAG	Canvas bag for a sailor's personal tools.
DOLPHIN	A spar or buoy for mooring boats. Also a cluster of closely driven piles used as a fender for a dock or as a mooring or guide for boats.
DOUSE	To take down a sail quickly.
DOWNHAUL, BOOM	Tackle attached to the gooseneck which pulls down the boom when the sail is raised to tighten the luff.
DOWNWIND	To leeward.
DRAFT	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) How deep the water must be to float a boat. 2) The belly or chord depth of the sail, its fullness 3) The depth of the boat below the waterline 4) The amount of water the boat draws from the water line to its greatest extremity below the water line.
DRIFT	Speed or velocity of current



ECHO

US Navy Flag Meaning: I am directing my course to starboard.

EASE	To let out a line or sail <i>slowly</i> .
EBB	The time when the tidal current is flowing away from the land.
EYE SPLICE	A loop spliced into the end of a rope.



FOXTROT

US Navy Flag Meaning: I am disabled; communicate with me. On aircraft carriers: Flight Operations underway.

FCC RULES	Federal Communications Commission rules and regulations governing radio equipment and operation in the United States and its coastal waters.
FAIR WIND	Wind coming over the beam, quarters or stern, abaft of the beam.
FAIR LEAD	Deck hardware, usually with an eye used to lead line.
FAIRWAY	The "lanes" used for passageway in a harbor, the channel way.
FAST	To secure, tie off, cleat, knot or fasten.
FATHOM	Six feet of depth.
FENDER	Protective devices placed alongside the freeboard to protect the hull. Old tires, sponges, rolled nets, hawsers were all called defenders, thus "fender".
FETCH	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1) Making a mark or location when sailing to windward without tacking.2) The distance wind and waves can travel toward land without being blocked.
FIBERGLASS	A construction medium using layers of woven glass mats that are bonded together with glue (epoxy).
FIGURE EIGHT KNOT	A knot made in the end of a line to prevent its backing through a block.
FIN KEEL	A keel that is narrower and deeper than a full keel.
FISHERMAN'S BEND	A knot used to fasten a cable to the anchor.
FIX	The charted position of a boat made by taking two or more bearings on known landmarks.

FLAKE	1) A complete loop in coiling down a line so that it can run free. 2) To fold the sail in layers on the boom.
FLARE	1) Safety equipment-an unsteady glaring light produced by an incendiary device. 2) The rise of a boat hull that "flares" out from the water line to the deck, usually at the bow.
FLATTEN IN	To trim the sheets in.
FLAW	A gust stronger than the prevailing wind.
FLOOD	The time when the flow of the tide is toward the land.
FLOTSAM	Debris floating on the water surface.
FLUKE	1) The broad flat parts of an anchor that are designed to grab and hold in the bottom. 2) The fin on a whale.
FLY	The wind direction indicator on the masthead.
FOIL	A wing-like surface below the hull that, when moving through water, lifts the hull out of the water allowing greater speeds.
FOOT	The bottom edge of a sail.
FORE	The part of a boat or things forward of amidships.
FORE AND AFT	Following the line of the keel, from bow to stern.
FORECASTLE	The crew quarters on a traditional sailing ship forward of the main mast.
FOREDECK	The deck area forward of the mast, to work foredeck is to change the headsail or tack or jibe the spinnaker.
FOREFOOT	The point where the stem joins the keel.
FOREMAST	The mast nearest the bow.
FOREPEAK	The compartment at the bow of the vessel.
FOREREACH	The headway a vessel makes when luffed in the wind.

FORESAIL	The sail set from the foremast on a schooner.
FORESTAY	Also known as the headstay, a line running from the bow of the boat to the upper part of the mast, designed to pull the mast forward. A forestay that attaches slightly below the top of the mast can be used to help control the rake of the mast.
FORWARD	Towards the bow.
FORWARD OFF THE BEAM	Any direction less than 90 degrees off the bow.
FOUL	1) To be tangled (line) or in turmoil (air). 2) In racing, a rules infraction.
FREE	1) To sail with the wind from the quarters of stern. 2) In racing, when not sailing close-hauled.
FREEBOARD	The distance from the deck lip to the water.
FULL AND BY	The point of sail when all sails are full and drawing and the course is close-hauled.
FULL KEEL	A keel that runs the length of the boat and having a shallower draft than fin keels.
FURL	To lower a sail or bring it in partially furled to reduce the amount of sail area in use without completely lowering the sail (reefing). A self-furling rig winds the sail around the stay or into itself.



GOLF

US Navy Flag Meaning: I require a pilot.

GAFF	A boom or spar that supports the head of a fore-and-aft sail.
GALLEY	A vessel's cooking area, kitchen.
GANGWAY	Boarding ramp.
GASKET	A sail stop.

GATE VALVE	A valve with a faucet handle used to restrict the flow of water in a line.
GEL COAT	The outer resin surface of a fiberglass boat, usually colored.
GENOA	A jib that overlaps the mainsail.
GHOSTING	To make headway when there is no apparent wind.
GIVEWAY VESSEL	The boat that must give way to the right of way vessel.
GPS	Global Positioning System. A navigation system using satellite signals to fix a position.
GO ADRIFT	To break loose from a mooring, anchor or docking.
GOOSENECK	The fitting which secures the boom to the mast.
GROUND	To touch bottom.
GROUND SWELL	Long wave formations during calm or light air formed by waves running into shoaling water.
GROUND TACKLE	The anchor and associated gear.
GUNWALE	The rail or upper edge of a boat.
GYBE	To change direction before the wind onto another tack with the boom coming over by the force of the wind.



HOTEL

US Navy Flag Meaning: I have a pilot on board.

HALYARD	A line attached to the head of sail and run up the mast to lower and raise the sail.
HARD CHINE	The abrupt intersection between the hull side and the hull bottom of a boat, not a rounded edge.
HATCH	An opening in a boat's deck fitted with a watertight cover.

HAWSER	A heavy line or cable used for towing, or mooring or anchoring a large vessel.
HEAD	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) A marine toilet (The term comes from the days of sailing ships when the place for the crew to relieve themselves was all the way forward on either side of the bowsprit, the integral part of the hull to which the figurehead was fastened.) 2. The upper corner of a triangular sail.
HEADFOIL	A channel fitted on the forestay into which the bolt rope of the sail is inserted, used instead of shackles.
HEADING	The direction in which a vessel's bow points at any given time.
HEADWAY	The forward motion of a boat. Opposite of sternway.
HEAVE TO	To back-wind the jib and luff the main to hold a position especially in heavy seas.
HELM	The wheel or tiller controlling the rudder.
HELMSMAN	The person who steers or drives the boat.
HITCH	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) A knot used to secure a rope to another object or to another rope 2) To form a loop or a noose in a rope.
HOLD	The compartment below deck in a large vessel used solely for carrying cargo.
HOLYSTONE	Teak, and other wooden decks, were scrubbed with a piece of sandstone, nicknamed at one time by an anonymous witty sailor as the "holystone."
HULL	The main shell of a vessel.



INDIA

US Navy Flag Meaning: Coming alongside.

International Flag Meaning: I am directing my course to port.

IN IRONS

With the bow of the boat directly into the wind so that neither side fills, this will stop a boat.

IN STAYS

see IN IRONS.

INBOARD

Inside the boat, ie., an inboard motor is one installed inside the boat as opposed to an "outboard" motor that is mounted on the outside of the hull.

INLAND RULES

Navigation rules governing waters inside designated demarcation zones.

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE The line of longitude 180 degrees opposite Greenwich, England. Located in the Pacific that marks the date change.

ISSINGLASS

The clear, soft plastic material used for dodger window panels



JULIET

US Navy Flag Meaning: I am on fire and have dangerous cargo; keep clear.

JACOB'S LADDER

Rope or line ladder.

JACK LINE

Lines that running along the deck between the bow and stern used to attach a safety harness tether.

JACKSTAY

1) an iron rod, wooden bar or wire rope along a yard of a ship to which the sails are fastened.
2) a support of wood, iron, or rope running up a mast on which the loop or collar of a yard travels.

JAM CLEAT

A cleat with two toothed jaws that hold a line in place.

JAMING	Particular method of taking a turn with a rope.
JAWS	Retractable levered fitting through which a line runs, ie., spinnaker pole jaws.
JETTY	A breakwater or other rabble built up to protect a harbor, anchorage or other area from the open seas.
JIB	A foresail, smaller than a genoa.
JIFFY REEF	Usually a series of lines used to catch the main as it is lowered, or reefed so that it doesn't spread out all over before tying down.
JUMP (A LINE)	To stand at the mast and pull down on a halyard as another crewmate winches it in.



KILO

US Navy Flag Meaning: I wish to communicate with you.

KEDGE ANCHOR	A light anchor used for kedging off.
KEDGING OFF	Freeing a grounded boat by hauling in on an anchor line that has been secured in deeper water by a dinghy.
KEEL	The fin attached to the underside of the hull. It is filled with lead ballast to provide upright stability and prevent side slipping by countering the lateral force of the wind.
KEEP HER FULL	To keep the sails full and drawing.
KETCH	A two masted yacht with the smaller after mast stepped ahead of the rudder post.
KNOCKDOWN	When a boat is knocked on her beam-ends by a sudden gust or squall, especially under spinnaker.
KNOT	A measure of speed in nautical miles per hour.

KUMATAGE

A bright appearance in the horizon, under the sun or moon, arising from the reflected light of those bodies from the small rippling waves on the surface of the water.

**LIMA**

US Navy Flag Meaning: You should stop your vessel immediately.

LAND BREEZE

An evening wind coming from the land.

LANDLOCKED

Surrounded by land.

LANYARD

A short line, often with a clip, used to fasten things together.

LASH

1) to tie something down or together with line.
2) a strike of a whip or cat-of-nine.

LASK

To sail with the wind on the quarter, i.e., well abaft the beam

LATERAL RESISTANCE

The use of a keel, centerboard, daggerboard or leeboard to keep a boat from being pushed sideways by the wind.

LATITUDE

East and west circle lines running parallel to the Equator at 0°, measuring distance north and south at 90°

LAUNCH

1) a small boat used as transport to a larger vessel.
2) to set a boat or ship afloat.

LAY

1) Lay the course, able to fetch a given point when close-hauled.
2) The twist of a line's strands, if twisted left, it is left laid.

LAZARETTE

Stowage lockers in the cockpit.

LAZY SHEET

A line attached to a sail but not in use when the boat is on the opposite tack as opposed to the working sheet.

LEAD LINE

A weighted line, knotted at fathoms, lowered from the deck and used to determine water depth.

LEAGUE	Three nautical miles.
LEECH	The trailing edge of a sail.
LEECH LINE	An integrated line in a sail used to tighten the leech to create the proper shape in various wind conditions.
LEE CLOTH	Usually a piece of canvas attached to a berth and fastened so as to keep one in bed when heeled.
LEE HELM	Sailing with the tiller over to leeward by force of the wind.
LEEWARD	Toward the lee side, away from the wind.
LEEWAY	The distance a boat slips to leeward by force of the wind.
LEG	The distance sailed on one tack. The course from one mark to another.
LIFT	A sudden wind shift away from the bow.
LIGHT SAILS	Sails, such as the spinnaker, reacher and reaching staysail used when running or reaching.
LIMBERS	Holes in the bilge cross frames to allow bilge water to drain to the lowest point.
LINES	Ropes.
LIST	When a boat leans to one side.
LOA	Refers to Length Overall, the measurement from the leading edge of the bow to the end of the stern or any overhang.
LOCKER	A closet or stowage compartment.
LOG, LOG BOOK	A record of all activities of the boat and conditions. In the early days of sailing ships, the ship's records were written on shingles cut from logs. These shingles were hinged and opened like a book. The record was called the "log book." Later on, when paper was readily available and bound into books, the record maintained its name.
LONG-SPLICE	Joining ends of two lines in so that the splice will pass freely through a block.

LONGITUDE	North and south circle lines pointing true north, measuring distance east and west 180 degrees from the prime meridian at Greenwich, England. The International Date Line is longitudinal.
LOOSE-FOOTED	A sail not attached to a boom or secured to a boom at the track and clew only.
LORAN	A positioning systems using broadcast radio waves from a known positions to determine your location. Is being replaced by GPS.
LUBBER LINE	A line on the forward side of the compass bowl representing the bow of the ship and used to steer a course.
LUFF	1) To alter course more nearly into the wind. 2) The forward edge of a sail.



MIKE

US Navy Flag Meaning: My vessel is stopped; making no way

MAGNETIC BEARING	The direction of a point figuring no deviation.
MAGNETIC COURSE	The boats heading based on the magnetic compass.
MAIN MAST	The forward mast of a yawl or ketch or the tallest mast on a schooner.
MARLINE	Two-stranded twine of tarred hemp.
MARLIN SPIKE	A pointed steel tool for opening line strands for splicing or to loosen an over-tight knot.
MARLINSPIKE SAILOR	One who is adept at splicing, knotting, and working with line and canvas.
MAST BOOT	A canvas or rubber sleeve or boot around the mast at the deck to keep out water.

MAST HEAD	The top of the mast.
MAST STEP	The structure on which the mast rests.
MAYDAY	The internationally recognized voice radio signal for ships and people in serious trouble at sea. Made official in 1948, it is an anglicizing of the French m'aidez, "help me".
MILE	A nautical sea mile is 6080 feet.
MIZZEN	The sail of a ketch, yawl, or three masted schooner on the aft mast.
MOORING	Heavy cement blocks on the bottom or anchors with chain, mooring lines and usually a buoy placed permanently in position.



NOVEMBER

US Navy Flag Meaning: No or negative.

NAUTICAL MILE	The International Nautical Mile as proposed by the International Hydrographic Bureau in 1929 and adopted by the United States in 1954 has a length of 1852 Metres (approximately 6076.11549 International Feet). This length is from the French Sea Mile in use in 1929. The Nautical miles is 1.15 greater than a statute mile and is directly related to the 360 degrees of the circumference of the earth. All navigation is based upon the Nautical Mile.
NAVIGATION RULES	The maritime rules governing navigation.
NOAA	National O ceanographic and A tmospheric A dministration (United States of America), keeper of nautical charts and the weather.



OSCAR

US Navy Flag Meaning: Man overboard.

OFF SOUNDINGS	In blue water beyond the 100-fathom curve.
OFF THE WIND	To sail with sails trimmed off.
OFFSHORE WIND	Wind blowing from off the shore.
ON THE WIND	Close-hauled.
OUTHAUL	A line on the end of a boom or gaff used to adjust the tension in or out on the clew of a sail away from the tack.
OUT-POINT	To sail closer to the wind than another boat on the same tack.
OVERLAP	The distance the bow of a boat is forward of another's stern.



PAPA

US Navy Flag Meaning: All personnel return to ship; proceeding to sea (Inport).

PAD EYE	A round eye attached through the deck used to fasten a line or block to some part of the boat.
PAINTER	The line attached to the bow of a dinghy for towing or tying up.
PALM	A leather glove with a thimble built into the palm for sewing canvas.
PARALLEL RULE	Tool used to transferring course and bearing to and from the compass rose on a chart.
PAY OUT	To ease out on a line.

PEA COAT

Sailors who have to endure pea-soup weather often don their pea coats but the coat's name isn't derived from the weather. The heavy topcoat worn in cold, miserable weather by seafaring men was once tailored from pilot cloth, a heavy, coarse, stout kind of twilled blue cloth with the nap on one side. The cloth was sometimes called P-cloth for the initial letter of "pilot" and the garment made from it was called a p-jacket, later, a pea coat. The term has been used since 1723 to denote coats made from that cloth.

PINCHING

Sailing too close to the wind.

PIPING

Boatswains have been in charge of the deck force since the days of sail. Setting sails, heaving lines, and hosting anchors required coordinated team effort and boatswains used whistle signals to order the coordinated actions. When visitors were hoisted aboard or over the side, the pipe was used to order "Hoist Away" or "Avast heaving." In time, piping became a naval honor on shore as well as at sea.

PIRATE

From the Latin "pirata" meaning marine adventurer.

PISTOL SHOT

Pistol shot is an inexact term used for a distance, 20 meters or less. Long pistol shot may be forty meters.

PITCH

Fore and aft movement (up and down) as the bow and stern rise and fall with the waves, also called hobby horsing.

POINT

Being able to sail close to the wind.

PORT

The left side of a vessel when facing forward.

PORT HOLES

An opening in the structure of a vessel with a closable section. The word "port hole" originated during the reign of Henry VI of England (1485). King Henry insisted on mounting guns too large for his ship and the traditional methods of securing these weapons on the forecastle and aftcastle could not be used. A French shipbuilder named James Baker was commissioned to solve the problem. He put small doors in the side of the ship and mounted the cannon inside the ship. These doors protected the cannon from weather and were opened when the cannon were to be used. The French word for "door" is "porte" which was later Anglicized to "port" and later went on to mean any opening in the ship's side, whether for cannon or not.

PORT TACK	Sailing with the wind coming over the port side.
PRAM	A square-ended dinghy.
PREVENTER	A line and two blocks or the boom vang used to keep the boom over when reaching or running and to prevent an out of control swing during an accidental jibe.
PROP WALK	Sideways force created by the spinning of the prop. Cat 36's back to port because of "prop walk".
PROW	The bow, stem and above the waterline.
PURCHASE	A block and tackle with multiple passes of the line to give power ration increase.



QUEBEC

US Navy Flag Meaning: Boat recall; all boats return to ship.

International Flag Meaning: Ship meets health regs; request clearance into port.

QUADRANT	The circle piece attached t the rudderpost on which the steering cables ride.
QUARTER	The section of a boat behind the shrouds and in front of the stern, the aft sides. "Off the quarter" is in a direction 45 degrees behind the beam.
QUARTERS	The cabin, staterooms, galley and salon.
QUARTER BERTH	The bunk under the side of the cockpit.
QUICK FLASH LIGHT	60 or more flashes per minute. Strobe.



ROMEO

US Navy Flag Meaning: Preparing to replenish (At sea). Ready duty ship (Inport).

RAKE	The angle of the mast with the deck.
RANGE	1) Sighting two objects in a line to indicate a course to be steered. 2) The distance a boat can travel using the fuel stored aboard.
RAP FULL	A little off the wind, with all sails filled.
REACH	On a tack with the wind coming from the side (abeam).
READY ABOUT	The call to tack.
REEF	To reduce the sail area.
REEF POINTS	Short pieces of line set in a sail for reefing.
REEVE	To pass a line through a block.
RIGHT OF WAY	The right to maintain a course according to the Rules of Navigation.
ROACH	The curve of the trailing edge of the sail.
RODE	An anchor line or cable.
ROLL	The sideways motion of a boat.
ROLLING HITCH	A knot.
ROUND TURN	One complete turn of the line around a cleat, spar or another line.
RUDDER	A board-shaped piece attached to the rudderpost or stern for steering and maneuvering.
RULES OF NAVIGATION	The laws of navigation written to prevent accidents and collisions, including right of way, lights, pennants, and whistle signals.

RUNNERS	Detachable backstays set for the tack.
RUNNING	Sailing with the wind coming from the stern.
RUNNING RIGGING	All control lines used to adjust the sails.



SIERRA

US Navy Flag Meaning: Conducting flag hoist drill.

International Flag Meaning: Moving astern.

SALVAGE	To save or recover a vessel or cargo.
SCUPPER	A hole that allows water to run off the deck.
SCUTTLEBUTT	A nautical term for a drinking fountain, or rumors. Derived from the cask containing drinking water in the days of sail, around which the crew used to gather and talk shop.
SEA BREEZE	Cool air pulled ashore by rising thermal air currents caused by the air inland rising as the land heats up.
SEA ROOM	A safe distance away from a shore, jetty or other boat.
SEA LAWYER	An argumentative crewmember.
SEACOCK	A valve in a line that restricts the flow of water operated by a handle.
SEIZE	1) To bind with thread. 2) To freeze up, as a valve.
SET	1) To raise a sail. 2) The direction the current is flowing.
SHARPEN UP	To come up more into the wind.
SHEAVE (Shiv)	The roller in a block.
SHEER	The upward curve in a deck.

SHEET	A line used to trim a sail.
SHEET BEND	A handy knot for joining two ropes' ends.
SHIPPING LANE	Path through open water used for commercial vessel passage and so noted on chart.
SHORT-SPLICE	To permanently join two pieces of rope. It will not pass through a block since it increases the diameter.
SHROUDS	Rigging which supports the mast from the sides.
SLACK AWAY	To let out a line.
SLACK WATER	Absence of current. The time between flood and ebb tides when there is no current flow.
SLOOP	A one masted vessel carrying a mainsail and a jib or genoa.
SNATCH BLOCK	A block which opens on the side so that the bight of a line can be led into the block and closed without running the whole length through.
SPARS	Booms, gaffs, masts yards and spars that attach to the mast.
SPINNAKER	A light-weight, spherical sail used in reaching and running.
SPLICE	To join two ropes by tucking their strands over and under each other in various manners.
SPLIT TACKS	To take the opposite tack when sailing to windward with another yacht.
SNUB	To stop the running out of a line by taking a turn around a cleat.
SPRING LINE	A dock line leading forward or aft, to prevent a vessel from moving ahead or astern.
SQUARE KNOT	A knot consisting of two overhand knots used for tying reef points.
STANDING PART	The part of a line that is made fast.
STANDING RIGGING	The shrouds and stays that support the mast.

STAND ON VESSEL	The one having the right of way.
STARBOARD	The right side of a boat when facing forward.
STARBOARD TACK	Sailing with the wind coming over the starboard side.
STAYS	Rigging used to support the mast from forward or aft.
STAYSAIL	A triangular sail set from stays or 'flying' on halyard.
STEERAGE WAY	Sufficient forward movement for the rudder to affect steering.
STEM	The upright post or bar of a boat.
STERN	The after part of a boat.
STOPS (or ties)	Pieces of line or canvas strips used to secure a sail when furling it.
STOW	To put stuff away.
STRUT	Metal support attached to the hull and propeller shaft to align.
STUFFING BOX	The fitting that seals and lubricates the propeller shaft where it passes through the hull.



TANGO

US Navy Flag Meaning: Do not pass ahead of me.

International Flag Meaning: Keep clear; engaged in trawling.

TABERNACLE	A hinge in the mast near the deck used to lower and raise it.
TACK	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) The course sailed with the wind on one side of the boat. 2) To go about and change direction. 3) The lower forward end of the sail.
TACKLE	A purchase composed of blocks and lines.

TAFFRAIL	Originally the railing around the poop deck (officer's deck) on sailing ships. Now being applied to the railing at the stern of a sailboat. Also called a PUSH PIT.
TELLTALE	A length of yarn or other lightweight material attached to the sails, shrouds and other parts of a boat, used as a wind flow indicator of the apparent direction of the wind.
TENDER	1) A boat that lacks stability. 2) A small dinghy or launch carried aboard a larger vessel.
TETHER	The line, usually with shackled ends, used to attach a safety harness to a secure part of the boat.
THWARTS	Seats set across the beam in a small boat.
THWARTSHIPS	Crosswise of the deck following the beam.
TIDAL RANGE	The range between high and low tide in feet.
TILLER	The stick that the boat is steered with as opposed to a wheel.
TOPPING-LIFT	A line from the upper mast supporting either the boom or the spinnaker pole.
TRACK	The course traveled over the ground.
TRAFFIC SEPARATION ZONE	The area between opposing shipping lanes, restricted to most navigation except for crossing with caution.
TRANSOM	The flat area of a square ended boat.
TRAVELER	A track that allows side to side adjustment of a main or jib sheet.
TRIM	Trim is to adjust. It does not just apply to sheets. You can trim the boat or ship (ie improve it's balance).
TRIP LINE	The line attached to an anchor used to free it when fouled.
TRUE COURSE	A course steered by the compass that has been corrected for variation and deviation.

TURNBUCKLE An English bolt, a threaded adjuster to tension stays and shrouds.

TURNING BLOCK Horizontally mounted block used to re-direct lines.



UNIFORM

US Navy Flag Meaning: You are running into danger.

UNBEND To cast adrift.

UNDERWAY Untied and on your own, not attached to land or a mooring.

UNDERWAY REPLENISHMENT

Two vessels rig a line between themselves while underway to pass a basket between themselves containing supplies.

USCG United States Coast Guard

USN United States Navy

USSA United States Sailing Association

USYRU United States Yacht Racing Union



VICTOR

US Navy Flag Meaning: I require assistance.

VANG A combination of short lines, a locking cam and a pulley attached to the lower part of the mast at one end and the cabin top or nearby area at the other end. The purpose is to keep the boom tensioned so that it doesn't lift. Also tensions the leach of the main sail.

VARIATION The difference between true and magnetic north found in the compass rose and expressed in degrees and minutes.

The difference in degrees from magnetic north and true north.

VEER

When the wind changes direction to the right, it is said to veer.



WHISKEY

US Navy Flag Meaning: I require medical assistance.

WAKE

The track of disturbed water boat leaves as it moves

WATCHES

A watch is somewhat akin to a work shift. Traditionally, a 24-hour day is divided into seven watches. These are: midnight to 4 a.m. [0000-0400], the mid-watch; 4 to 8 a.m. [0400-0800], morning watch; 8 a.m. to noon [0800-1200], forenoon watch; noon to 4 p.m. [1200-1600], afternoon watch; 4 to 6 p.m. [1600-1800] first dog watch; 6 to 8 p.m. [1800-2000], second dog watch; and, 8 p.m. to midnight [2000-2400], evening watch. The half hours of the watch are marked by the striking the bell an appropriate number of times.

WAY

A boat's movement through the water

WEARING

When a sailing ship sails "into" the wind, it necessarily has to zig zag, since it cannot sail directly upwind. The "zigs" and "zags" are called the port or starboard "tack", in relation to the wind direction. Changes of tack through the eye of the wind are called "tacking". If the ship changes "tack" by falling off from the wind, making a downwind turn, and coming back up on the other tack, that is "wearing". Wearing is easier on the ship, though slower, but needs more sea room.

WEATHER

The side of the boat from which the wind blows.

WEATHER DECK

The uppermost deck of a ship; any deck that does not have overhead protection from the weather.

WEATHER HELM	The tendency of a boat to come up into the wind. The helm must be held over to keep the boat from coming.
WHIPPING	Winding twine or heavy thread around the end of a line to keep it from unraveling.
WHISKER POLE	An adjustable pole connected to the clew of the jib and the mast to hold the sail away from the mast when going downwind.
WINCH	A mechanical device used to pull in a line or chain that may have a heavy load on it, ie, an anchor line or a sheet attached to a sail under pressure, using a gear ratio winding movement.
WINDLASS	A revolving machine with a horizontal spindle used to raise or lower an anchor.
WIND SHADOW	Dead air in the lee of another boat or obstruction such as a jetty.
WINDWARD	The side of the boat from which the wind blows.



XRAY

US Navy Flag Meaning: Stop carrying out your intentions and watch for my signals.



YANKEE

US Navy Flag Meaning: Ship has visual communications duty.

International Flag Meaning: I am dragging anchor.

YACHT A boat over 65 feet in length

YARD Spar from which a square sail is hung

YARDARM	The outer end of a yard
YARN	A tall tale sea story
YAW	To move from side to side
YAWL	A two masted boat with a smaller mast stepped abaft of the helm.



ZULU

US Navy Flag Meaning: I require a tug.

ZEPHYR	A gentle breeze; the slightest movement of air
ZINC	Sacrificial anodes attached to the underwater section of the shaft to prevent electrolysis of metals aboard the boat from currents inherent to salt water

Additional Flags and Pendants



Code/Answer

Code or Answer

US Navy Flag Meaning: Flag that follows is from the International Code of Signals.

International Flag Meaning: Message is understood. Also, numeric decimal point.

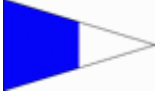


First substitute

First sub

US Navy Flag Meaning: Absence of flag officer or unit commander (Inport).

International Flag Meaning: Substitute for the first flag in this hoist.



Second substitute

Second sub

US Navy Flag Meaning: Absence of chief of staff (Inport).

International Flag Meaning: Substitute for the second flag in this hoist.



Third substitute

Third sub

US Navy Flag Meaning: Absence of commanding officer (Inport).

International Flag Meaning: Substitute for the third flag in this hoist.



Fourth substitute

Fourth sub

US Navy Flag Meaning: Absence of civil or military official whose flag is flying on this ship.

International Flag Meaning: Substitute for the fourth flag in this hoist.



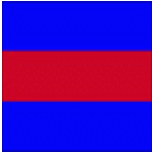
One

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral one.



Two

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral two.



Three

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral three.



Four

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral four.



Five

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral five.



Six

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral six.



Seven

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral seven.



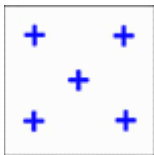
Eight

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral eight.



Nine

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral nine.



Zero

US Navy Flag Meaning: Numeral zero.



Pennant one

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant one.

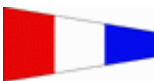
International Flag Meaning: Numeral one.



Pennant two

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant two.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral two.



Pennant three

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant three.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral three.



Pennant four

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant four.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral four.



Pennant five

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant five.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral five.



Pennant six

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant six.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral six.



Pennant seven

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant seven.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral seven.



Pennant eight

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant eight.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral eight



Pennant Nine

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant nine.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral nine



Pennant zero

US Navy Flag Meaning: Pennant zero.

International Flag Meaning: Numeral zero