

The A** Kicking Adventure club presents....

Event #21:

21st May, 2005



**UP TO OUR NECKS IN
PISCATAWAY***

Actually, we went *Kayaking*...

*"Piscataway" is NOT a dirty word... it just *sounds* dirty.

Kayaking

The gods beamed down with favourable weather on Saturday as nine intrepid A** Kickers (and two dogs) went off in search of a large body of water that would accommodate them.

Despite the setbacks, despite the drought, we headed out to lush Maryland where the Lakes of the Potomac and surrounds served as the backdrop for another awesome A** Kicking outing.



Timeline of Events:

- **8.30AM:** Some people wake up on time.
- **8.55:** **Megan** calls with the bad news. Despite the drought, there is TOO much water in the Rappahannock, and Clore Brothers Outfitters won't take us out on the river.
- **8.56:** **Megan** assures **Dean** there is no drought.
- **9.01:** Our enterprising and highly-experienced organiser, **Megan**, saves the day by finding a Kayaking company that will take us out.
- **9.10:** People start arriving at Dupont Circle. There is no Plan B. **Dean** starts lobbying to go and get bagels. Mmm...bagels.
- **9.23:** We have all gathered. We have bagels. We have a Plan B. Our leaders, **Megan** and **Lee** work out the passengers and **Lee** tells **Megan** where to go.
- **9.49:** We finally head off for Piscataway Creek, Fort Washington, MD.
- **10.15:** **Megan** (License Plate: TED-6969), runs an amber light.
- **10.27:** **Megan** (License Plate: TED-6969), graduates and runs a *red* light. **Lee** (License Plate: BIGDOG), follows suit.
- **11.06:** **Camilla** shares with the group the secret of her unerring sense of direction – smell the grass. Unfortunately, this time she was mistaken as we pass the DC Sewerage Treatment Plant.
- **11.51:** We arrive at AKC – not our club headquarters, but Atlantic Kayak Company on Piscataway Creek, Maryland. **Dean** finds “Piscataway” amusing. We fit up and hit the water.
- **12.05:** **Dan** can't control his kayak.

Timeline of Events, cont'd:

- **12.19AM - 1.35PM:** The hardcore A** Kicking Kayaking group stops for a well-deserved lunch after 30 minutes of kayaking. The following events occur:

Jack gets naked and goes for a swim. **Annie** tries to save him.

Dean loses a leg in the sludge.

Lee contemplates a preparation of *escargot Piscataway* for lunch.

There was much frolicking in the sand.

Jesh learns how to launch a Frisbee.

Poor **Leslie** avoids a near-hit (or is it a near-miss?) to the head by an errant Frisbee.

Camilla was adamant she wasn't playing Frisbee (when really she was).

Somebody eats my Snickers Bar.

Fortified, **we** head out to the water once again.

- **2.21:** We raft up in the middle of the lake and there is a complex changing of paddling partners.
- **3.02:** **Dan** still can't control his Kayak. He blames the Kayak. The **Kayak** gets offended and sulks.
- **4.33:** We leave Maryland and head to DC – another awesome day with the A** Kicking Club.
- **4.41:** We stop at Hovermale's for ice cream, Chili dogs and Malt shakes.
- **4.46:** **Jack** learns a lesson from the Chili Dog.
- **6.01:** Despite the maddening DC traffic we finally make it home.



Outwit, outlast, overdone. The group poses just before fitting up. There was no fishing in the lake, which was convenient since no one brought any fishing gear.

So, you're telling me this stick will allow me to navigate those waters...without an engine? Brilliant!!!



Does my bicep look big in this??



Megan. Totally in charge.



It's so nice
just to sit in
the sand.

Sandwiches. The group relaxes over lunch, which was followed by an intense game of Frisbee.





Look, Megan, could you at least try to keep up with the others?! I feel like I am doing all the work!



Its all in the wrist...

Mm, there's nothing like a summer breeze on my skin.



Our über-trendy Camilla.
Why kick-a** if you don't look good doing it?



Doggy Day out.
Annie-mariner
takes her spot in
the Kayak.



Could it be? Dan and Leslie paddle in unison. In the wrong direction.



Trees

Annie, bemused.

Jack



Escargot!

Ew.

Just leave me alone!

Mmmnmnmn,
Peanut Butter and
Jelly. Mmmnmnmn.



Sniffing Around. Thankfully,
curiosity only kills cats.

To China, and step on it! Sally finds treasure.





The Plane, the Plane! Dean formulates a rudimentary escape plan for leaving the island.

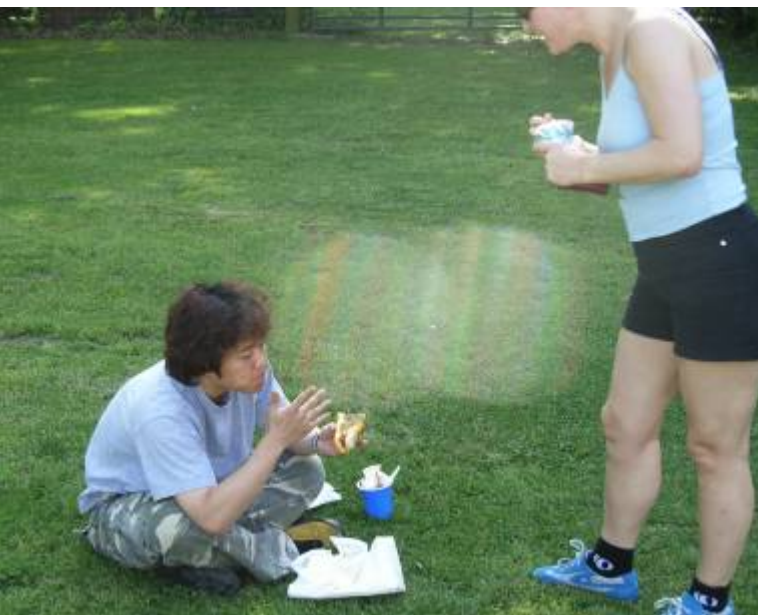
So, what are you wearing?
Our romantic gathering in the lily beds where the finer points of telephonic communications are discussed.





Ice creams and Malts
at Hovermale's.

The Philosophers
Contemplating Life, the
Universe and Everything.
And they get answers!



Chili, interrupted.
Jack assures
Camilla he can eat it
on his own.





Out-paced, out-stroked, over-cooked. One big, happy, saturated, exhausted, a-kicking group.**

Notable Quotables

- "Smell the Grass!" - Camilla the Navigator, in response to Megan's urgent directional query while driving to Piscataway.
- "Look, you've got to get your ass out of my face." - Jesh, politely, after Annie tried to make herself comfortable in the back seat.
- "My Grandpa spoke like that." - Jess, randomly.
- "Don't put my face in your ass!" - Jess, in the car to Annie, we think.
- "My kayak wasn't working properly." - Dan, blaming his equipment.
- "Sure, you can take two dogs in a kayak..." - Megan, helpfully.
- "ANNIE, SIT!" - Lee, bellowing from the back of the kayak.