

**Marti's Mission** is to deliver her 36' Scarab offshore speedboat from Sacramento to Sierra Point marina on Aug 8-9, 2020.

It was a 24-hour mission, severely testing her confidence and fortitude as a new Captain, and gaining new awe and respect from this writer-Captain!



Marti launches the boat Saturday morning and I arrive to depart with her at 1pm from the Riverbank Marina in Sacramento. **We'll** scream down the Sacramento river to Brisbane Marina, from the upper right of the chart to the lower left, with many challenging alternative routes and nautical decisions as we seek shortcuts through the unmarked marshy Delta channels.



A "sage"-heron solemnly witnesses our departure.



We pass a 49-er era paddlewheel boat, and under the first of many bridges!



New Captain Marti smiles, and is blissfully unaware but totally adrenalized as she powers up the twin Chevy blocks and launches into high drama and adventure!



We rocket past a few other boats as Marti winds up the twin Chevy blocks to almost full power at "0" manifold pressure and 4000 rpm! We fly past a riverboat cargo building and other boats, meeting no equal! Jetskis surf the wake in glee, and all is perfect as we sink into the standing g-force cushions.





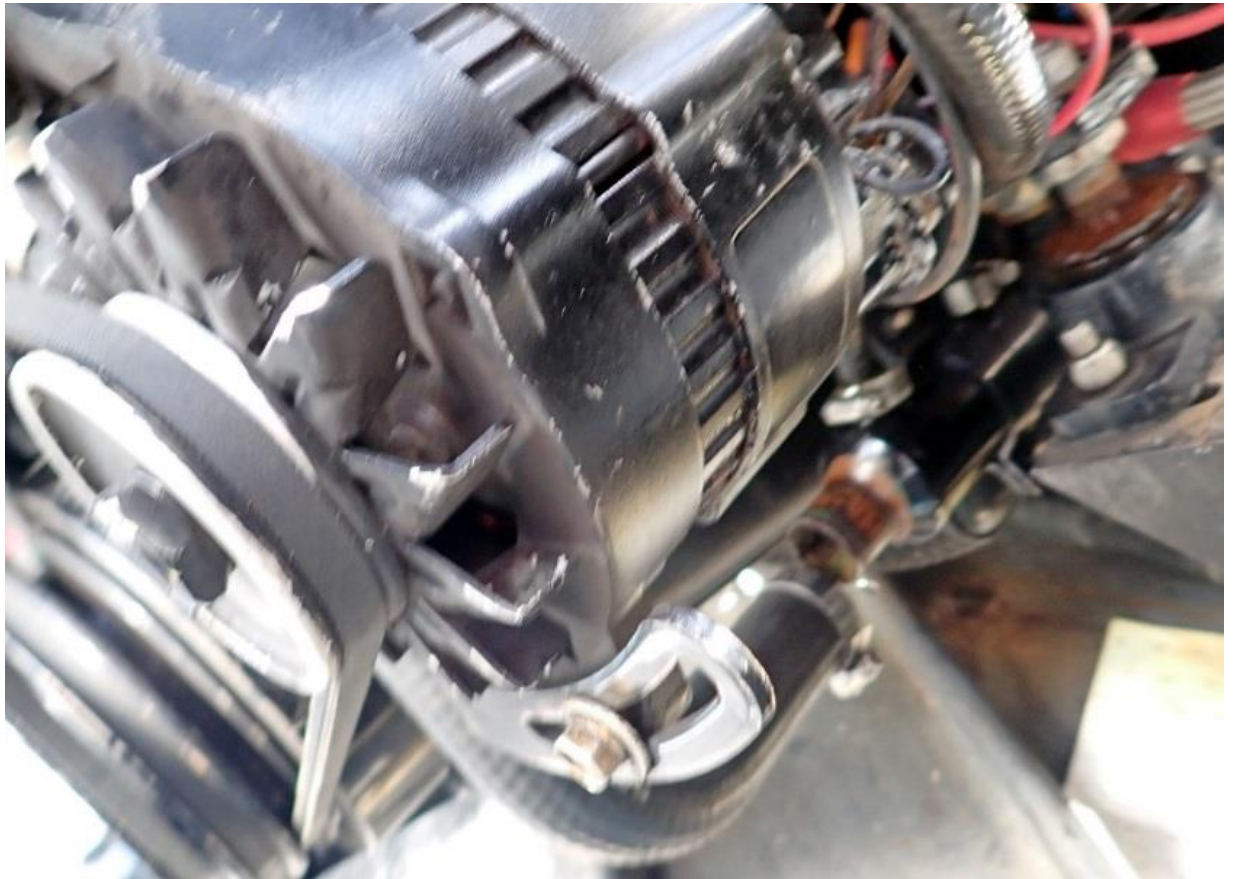
We cruise in such bliss for 15 minutes at nearly full throttle and maximum torque to the IO drives before the screaming Banshees shriek with terror and larms and cabin smoke pouring out the hatch of a boat with 200 gallons of explosive gasoline now smoking, shattering the bliss in a most violent way! The bilge is rapidly filling with water, and the sounds of a broken starboard engine are crying out to poor Marti.

I grab a fire extinguisher and Marti, most elegantly, lifts the engine compartment covers to a wave of smoke, but no flame!!! Time dialates as we slowwwwwly power to a private dock **while I'm** barking at Marti for "more speed **cause she's gonna blow, Captain**". Even as I watch the bilge filling and the engine crackling and smoking.



All smoke, no obvious fire, and so we wait 30 minutes to cool both the engine,,, and Marti's sad dissapointment in hurting her new boat during a moment of ecstasy.

But all turns out well when Marti, with my encouragment <whatta guy>, crawls under the still very warm starboard engine, with gloves and towels to prevent burns, and reattaches a hot raw water pump hose to the heat exchanger in 97 degree temperatures!



Marti found the parts and repaired her own boat under challenging conditions, and that is so important for a newbie Captain of a boat surely to break often in future, haha! Totally impresses this Captain and so he decides not to jump ship and remains aboard!







The engine repaired and the crew properly composed after an hour of hot sweaty work, we power off in search of a right turn off the river and into Steamboat Slough, passing under our second bridge!







We note many small patches of homes, some appear off the grid, many tiny hidden marinas, and boats of all sizes tied to branches in the river or on the small marina docks, some for many months/years.





This house is directly adjacent to a channel marker as we approach the Sacramento River and into the bays.





We power on down the river while watching for floating debris and boats tied to trees.



We happen upon 1 of 3 cable ferries, transporting cars across the river. Their red lights demand compliance until dropping their cable and allowing boaters to cross.



Suddenly, we've lost the port engine, the one that didn't overheat!!! Dang, now we are motoring at 20 mph but, at least, we can wear hats in the hot sun! We have an electrical problem, and a time to sunset problem, and so we keep running in search of shelter before sunset in the bogs and Delta marsh!

Limping on one engine, we're searching for shortcuts as we enter the Delta maze 5 hours later, and notice a very very low bridge on a dog's leg shortcut. Looks dangerous and we give it a pass until noticing 2 speedboats passing beneath, and so we lowered the boat's antenna and followed the leader.



We entered the delta region, with mud bars, bogs, reeds, sea grass, and small openings everywhere for miles and miles. So many choices to turn left or right as the depth sounder indicates only a few feet of water beneath the props. And so we meander and navigate by asking for directions along the way.







Boaters advise best passages while we meandered with NOAA charts and Google Earth through the reeds and small ponds and past mud bars and floating debris. We pass our third cable-ferry and have been underway or on fire for 6 hours when we finally spot a line of marinas along Bethel Island.



Lots of hand waving and shouting regarding wakes introduces Marti to the community as she powers through the aquatic hamlet. We suspect many people, families even, sit down with a beer on their boats just to curse at anyone passing in the morning and evening boat rush, as if it were a local sport!



Gypsy was abandoned at a dock when her Captain moved ashore, and now curses passing boats.



Six hours without a toilet break, Marti secures the docklines as we tie up at the Sugar Barge restaurant!



We overnight in Antioch and then repair an electrical problem the following morning, enabling the second engine to run. We depart at 8am, amid even more no-wake sport-cursersing by hungover boaters, for a 4-hour flight to SF, passing industrial eras of eons past and operating skeletons of present.



We pass under bridges and more bridges and past light-industrial areas with tiny towns in tiny bays until at the mouth of the delta. Both of us are pilots, and so we follow other boats successfully speeding through unmarked 6 feet deep channels.









We pass a small isolated hamlet, nestled in the hills along Suison bay.



We pass the C&H sugar ship offloading and storage facility.



We finally sight the foggy Gate and Sutra Tower while still in 90-degree weather!





We pass the Two Brothers BnB on a small island in San Pablo Bay, and another bridge!



Raccoon straits on the right as we rocket around Angel Island and across the Slot at 40mph in 4' chop north of Alcatraz, initially airborne until hull violence is acknowledged.



Instruments are looking good as we tie up behind "Between the Sheets" at Gas House Cove! Most impressive that we needed 130 gallons for 150 miles of fun and adventure!!!



We fuel up, power up the Chevy blocks, and zoom past South beach Marina, home of Cetacea, a Military port, and the new Chase Center Stadium!





We finally arrive at Sierra Point marina, Marti's boat's new home, exactly 24 hours after our departure from Riverbank Marina in Sacramento on such a major adventure!

