

Time		Water temp	Engine oil	Pyrometer	Details
0900	P 4.3 - S 7.8	38°	1.34	6	Choppy. Bearing 33 SE. Top sail rip. P. took R. J. below deck for a row. Tension rising amongst the crew.
1110	P 3.5 - S 2.4	36°	2.78	4	Dead bird floating Christ like by Threads on the rust like wind.
1800	P 6.1 - S 8.4	30°	2.56	8	Standing, upright in the sun. Cement lathered around ankles. The heads all got burnt. Itching in the hold bunks. Wincing under door posts. 55 days of blue. Running dry tobacco
1820	P 3.2 - S 6.2	31°	1.89	13	Cocoa, mud, loam would be nice. Ants trailing home to the mound dunes, quarry-lakes. Back to the salt flats. Scraping death of the shoal.
2200	P 8.3 - S 5.2	39°	1.67	18	88 knots. Ropes hitched to foresail. Fraying blasts. P. getting drunk in the rope. S. pissing in the larder. Flash flood, eh? And dry bank.
2387	P 9.0 - S 5.2	35°	1.90	24	Deck of cards missing the ace. R. J. probably pocketed it with one hand holding his breath. Coffee supply strong. Sardine canisters weak. Hear tale of the creature: squidling shark, 80 shiplengths. Teeth gnashing, 20 foot crushers. Flinging every living soul to the depths. Torn and devoured or swallowed whole, blistering, choking in the dark wet stink. Unable to end life as a white-green skeleton, rolling over the sands of the bottom, churning into bright powder, losing calcite, grain by grain. Man's death is the ocean. Everywhere remarkably around this boat. Those black black depths.
0107	P 6.4 - S 6.9	28°	2.51	15	Howlers in the boards at night. Ship-ghost creaking-wet as a cloud. Sleep below deck to avoid the horror of the moon glinting on that vast vast blackness. The planetary power of that sick, pulling light. Sucking on the water's surface.
0229	P 5.8 - S 2.3	20°	2.02	4	Swaying mast tilt. Hunger at night – a feeding frenzy. The water's choppy chewing. Silvery schools of fish darting, glinting like snake metal. Iron nails ran in.
0241	P 5.1 - S 4.6	27°	2.28	9	Stowaway snuff for when the going gets rough. Next-to-the-trashbins asylum. For the weak who cower underdeck! If I ever could cower, I cower now. From the moon's flickering dare, grinning on the shifting mirror surface of the sea whose depth is, if not unfathomable, extremely deep.