

“There is no sound except for the waves quietly lapping on the rocks, a dog barking onshore beyond the boat, and the quiet purr of a small outboard from the boat.

“Hmm,” he thinks, “the outboard motor engine’s still running, it appears the boat has hit a rock and that no one is aboard. I’ll take a closer look.”

Experience warns him not to get any closer in the tug for fear he too might hit a rock. He passes control of the tugboat to his first mate, Rod and unloads the dinghy. He starts the outboard, and motors slowly to the side of the boat. As he gets closer, he realizes the sound from the dog is not coming from the shore but from the boat itself. He ties up to the stern cleat and is welcomed by a furiously barking and snapping brown, medium-sized Australian Ridgeback dog. He talks quietly to the dog for several minutes before the dog allows him to climb aboard. He is welcomed by the stench of dog urine and feces. He quickly searches the boat, finding no one aboard and turns off the outboard engine.”