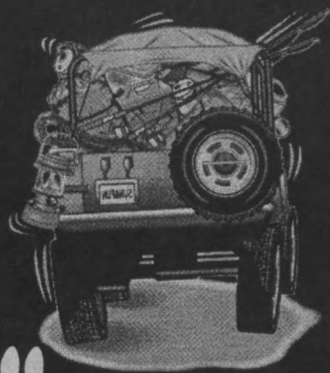


The Daily Nexus Adventure Guide....



Sunset Sail



"You gonna come out sailing with us tonight?" As we strolled down a wooden plank and into the harbor, the voice calling to us from aboard the *Sunset Kidd* was as charming as its invitation was irresistible. We stepped on board the sailing yacht, met Dennis, owner of the voice and our skipper for the evening, and were introduced to the splendid luxury of the *Sunset Kidd*. Having toured the boat, we found seats on its deck and let the breeze move us gently as we had a light conversation with our cordial captain.

Dennis explained to us that he makes a sunset cruise every night, leaving while the sun still hovers above the coast and returning after dark. The *Kidd* is a 41' Morgan Out Island Catch and, as Dennis eagerly boasts, is well suited to circumnavigate the globe.

The deck is spacious, and the cabin is as luxurious as they come. The boat is equipped with a full bar, and Dennis, doubling as bartender, will gladly run you a tab for the evening. Those attractions peripheral to the yacht itself include the breathtaking vista that is our hometown at dusk, a laughable congregation of sea lions aboard the harbor's bell buoy, the occasional surface of a school of dolphins, and, if you're lucky, a whale or two.

"Are you two romantically inclined?" Dennis asked. She smiled an embarrassed

See SAILING, p.3A

~Fly Like An Eagle~



Do you know what it feels like to fall at 125 mph? Have you ever taken a step out of an airplane traveling 11,000 feet in the air? Most people answer a firm "no" to both questions; they don't know what they are missing.

For years I have wanted to experience the ultimate adrenaline rush, but have not found the activity to supply it. I have tried river-rafting in the United States and Austria, helicopter rides in the Swiss Alps, parasailing in Greece, and numerous other extreme games, but I never felt totally fulfilled. There were only a couple more things I could think of that could supply the rush I was looking for, and skydiving was one of them. (A police car chase and bungee jumping are the others, for future reference.)

After being slightly persuaded by a co-worker (Rebecca), I journeyed up to Paso Robles (about two hours north of SB) to try the big jump. Since I was going to try this crazy stunt, I

had to bring my roommate (Marc) for some support (and so I would not turn around halfway into the drive). So now there were three of us, all about to jump to our possible demise. Rebecca was an experienced jumper, with about 35 jumps to her parachute, but Marc and I were new to the skies.

Upon arrival we were greeted by a bunch of guys who looked like they jumped out of airplanes for a living. Each one had an assortment of tattoos and piercings that would impress even the most die-hard biker gang. They were all very cool and tried to keep the experience as relaxed and fun as possible.

Step two was watching a bunch of cheesy old videos about the dangers of skydiving. That was not exactly the most comforting thing to see, but sometimes it is better just to confront the situation at hand. Nervous laughter and excitement soon filled the room where Marc and I awaited instruction from

the experts.

There was only one plane on this fateful day, and only one instructor to do a tandem jump (an instructor is strapped to the rookie jumper). This meant that a coin would decide who would go up first. As the shiny quarter fell to the ground, I didn't know if I wanted to win or lose. "Heads" was called. I would be first.

Four of us loaded into a small truck that drove us to the silver, single-engine rust bucket that they called a plane. Rebecca, my instructor Shawn, the cameraman and I all piled into the cabin of the tiny plane, and away we went.

It took about 20 minutes to reach altitude, which was 11,000 feet for this jump. The door of the plane opened and hooked to the bottom of the wing. This was when my blood began to drain from my head. A cool wind soon filled the plane and the jump signal was given by Dave, the pilot. Rebecca was the first to go and had little hesitation. She stepped out on the small platform under the wing and disappeared within seconds. Reality finally set in: I was about to jump out of a perfectly good airplane for no apparent reason.

Before I had time to think about it, Shawn and I were on the platform, with the cameraman standing in front of us. After a quick three count, we were airborne. Our small chute deployed to prolong the free fall, and the fun began. For what seemed to be the longest and shortest 45 seconds of my life, I was falling at about 125 mph to the earth. The sound of wind was deafening, but every moment was spectacular. When we reached 3,000 feet, the main parachute was deployed and a sense of ease came over me. Total silence was all around us and I was, most likely, not going to die from this point on. We sailed around for about 10 minutes and slowly glided back to the ground. Landing right on target, my adventure was over.

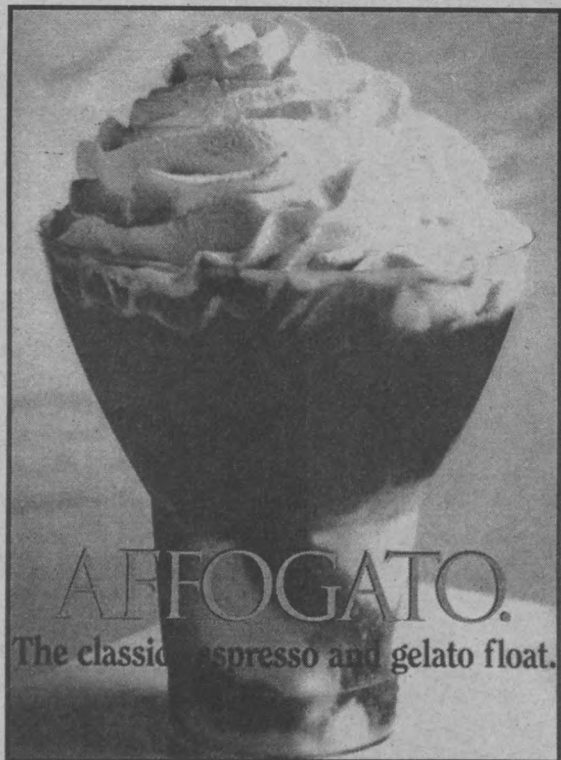
For the next day I was overcome with excitement and adrenaline. I wanted to do it all over again to feel the ultimate rush once more. The dive was everything I had hoped it would be and much more. There could not be a feeling in the world that compares to taking what could be your last step out of an airplane 11,000 feet in the air.

If you have the desire for the ultimate rush, turn off the X-Games and get out of your Lazy Boy. There are only a few places near Santa Barbara to go skydiving, but if you have the time and money, don't miss out.

— Matt Slatoff

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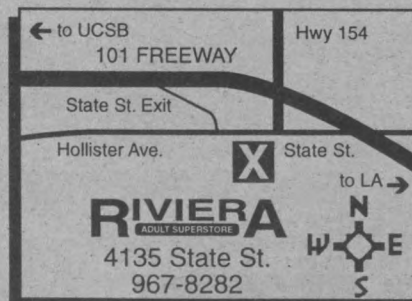
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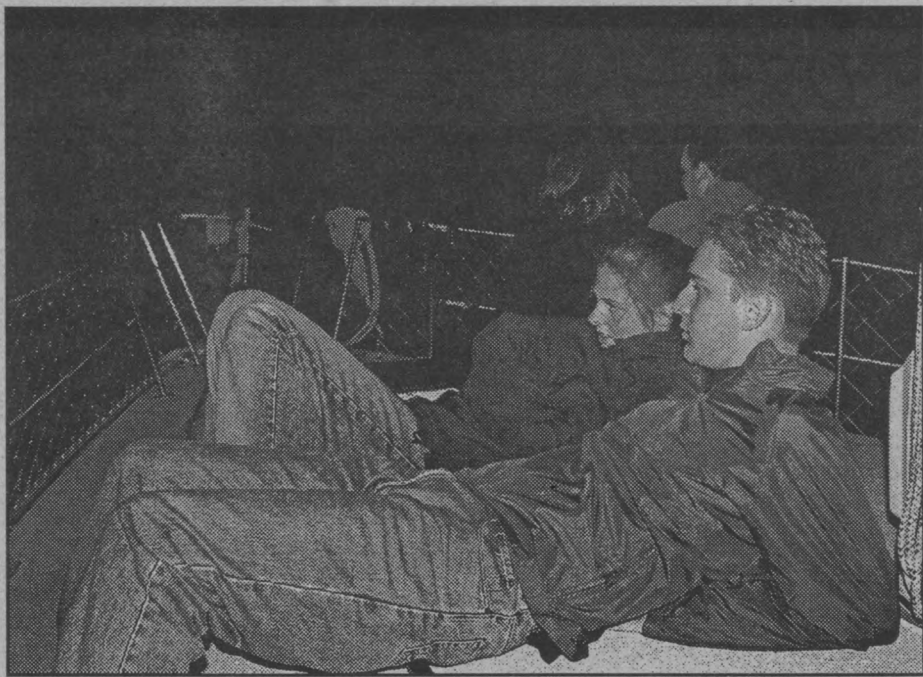
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BART AGAPINAN / DAILY NEXUS

SAILING

■ Continued from p.1A

smile, and the sea breeze suddenly got a little warmer. We waited a few more minutes for another couple to come on board, for our skipper to make us a witty introduction to the evening and we set sail.

Cruising out of the harbor, Dennis told us that the sunset sail primarily attracts couples, and makes for an especially great first date. Not as awkward as that silence-over-the-table restaurant experience, yet not as distracting or monopolizing as a movie or the blasting music of I.V., a romantic ride aboard the *Kidd* provides ample opportunity to talk, while still filling the awkward gaps with an experience as pleasant as the date itself is exciting.

Indeed, there is something irreducibly pleasant about an evening aboard a sailboat, something that complements perfectly the

electric romance of the Santa Barbara sunset. In addition to an escape from the mainland and its midterms, the sunset cruise offers an energy all its own. We were in agreement, by the end of our sail, that it is a dating experience incomparable to any restaurant or movie.

Regardless, however, of the character of quality of one's company (or lack thereof), there is no experience quite like dusk in Santa Barbara.

As the sun sinks behind the palm trees and the sky softens into its pink and orange, as the twilight begins its magic and the Riviera lights up the coast, the evening delivered us a sense of profound gratitude for the opportunity to live in this city by the ocean. A gratitude that, we hope, just might conquer a midterm or two and will, most certainly, last us until our next evening aboard the *Sunset Kidd*.

— Mark Noble and
Anne Davis

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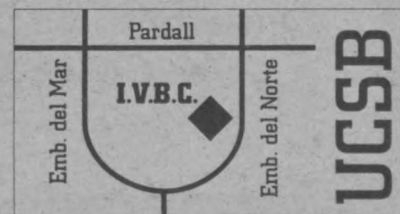
Truth About Seafood

Friday May 28

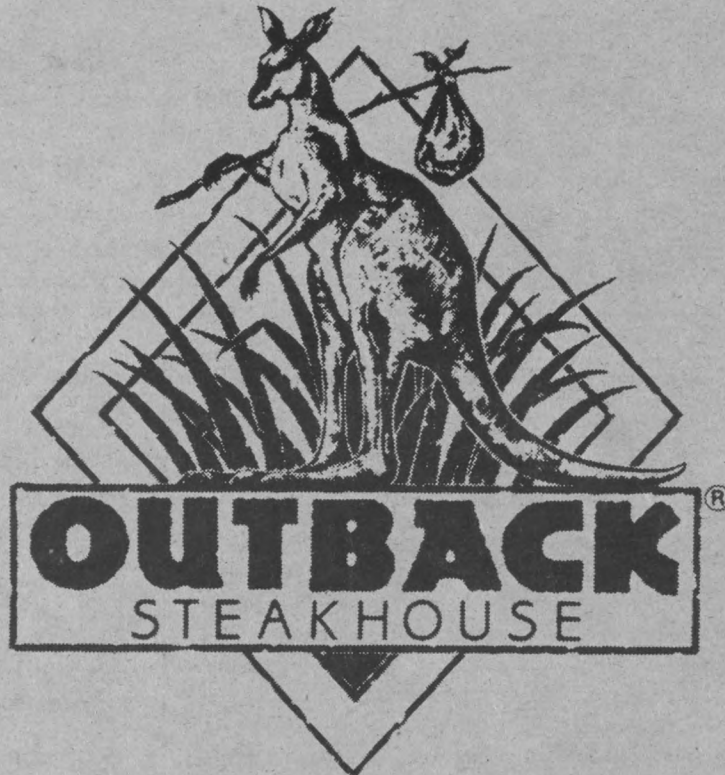
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