

are lots of nice campsites at its eastern end and I picked beauty that sits high atop a flat rock overlooking the lake, 10 metres below. From here I could see the start of the portage that I wanted to take in the morning.

The downside of the improved weather was the emergence of millions of blackflies and mosquitoes. I put on my mesh bug shirt and tucked my pants into my socks, which kept all but the most voracious of them at bay. I don't like the mesh on my face but it is a lot better than having to hide out in my tent. I missed not having a fire and spent my time instead on tidying the place up, wandering around, fishing, and taking some pictures.

As the darkness closed in there was a glorious sunset, turning the sky into crimson streaks.

Friday Morning came early and was accompanied by a cacophony of bird caws, tweets, and whistles — don't they EVER sleep in? Everything was packed tight in anticipation of the long portage ahead and a five-minute paddle across the bay brought me to the start of the 1385-

metre-long path. I like to have at least one long carry on every trip and I especially like to have it on the last day when the food pack is as light as it's going to get. I estimated that it would take half an hour to make each trip and, as usual, decided to start with the boat as it was the heaviest and least convenient to carry. After fifteen minutes I wedge it between two trees, took a five-minute breather, before getting under it again and walking the remaining fifteen minutes to the putin at Dunlop Lake. It was hot work, especially in a bug shirt, but the walk back for the next trip gave me ample time to cool off.

For the two packs on a long carry like this, I use a different strategy. I carry the first pack for 10 minutes, set it down, and go back for the other one. I carry this one for 15 minutes before setting it down and then walk the five minutes back to where the first one was dropped. I then carry this one for 10 minutes and repeat the process. This way I am carrying for 10 minutes, resting (as I walk back) for five and so on. This seems to make the carry go faster and easier. But even with this system, by the time I'd had some lunch and loaded the boat, it had taken three hours to complete the portage.

There was a gentle breeze from the south and Dunlop seemed to be in a good mood. If the lake is too rough to paddle there is a nice campsite on the north shore of the big island a short paddle down the lake. Once past this island, the strengthening wind started to cause some problems. It was blowing across the lake, and its direction became variable depending on how the shoreline bends it as it enters the lake valley. Sometimes it aided my progress but then quickly changed into a headwind. As the afternoon progressed, the wind picked up speed and shifted more and more to the east, causing my progress to slow as I worked my way up the lake.

In all, it took me five hours to reach the end of the narrow channel that opens up into the widest part of the lake. The wind had churned this part of the lake into whitecaps and I decided that making the crossing would be too dangerous. There are three islands here that each have fourstar campsites on them and I landed on the biggest to wait out the wind. It took until seven o'clock for the wind to subside enough for me to make the crossing safely, and after an hour's paddle, I was at the boat launch, slowly loading the gear into my truck for the trip home.

This had been a very enjoyable trip and I was reluctant to leave. I took a long look back over my shoulder as I pulled out of the parking lot and headed south.

