

Date: March 9, 2009

Location: N83° 23.071', W074° 05.560'

Time Traveled: 8 hours

Distance Traveled: 3.6 nautical miles

Distance to North Pole: 398.53 nautical miles

AM Temperature: -34°F

PM Temperature: -34°F

{play}images/stories/3909fishd8.mp3{/play}

Audio Transcription (NOTE: this was a 3/10 morning call reporting for the day of 3/9):

Good morning. This is Tyler calling in the update for the 9th of March. The temperature in the morning was -34 degrees Fahrenheit. Temperature yesterday evening was -34 degrees Fahrenheit. We traveled for 8 hours and achieved 3.6 nautical miles. There was a variable breeze most of the day, a little warmer in the morning, a little calmer in the evening.

The last 2 days have been pretty exciting for me and John. After our very, very slow day 3 days ago, yesterday, the 8th of March, we crossed a lead. It was very frozen and had so many frost flowers on it, it almost looked like it had been snowed on. So we knew that it was very safe to

cross - the more frost flowers, the longer it's been there. We crossed that and then over a little ridge and it seem like all a sudden the ocean had changed.

The environment had changed; we crossed into a new place. The terrain was much gentler, much less rubble, and we were able to make good time. So that 2 days ago, we were able to make 3.9 nautical miles. Now yesterday was a little bit slower. We traveled longer and made 3.6 nautical miles, so we still had pretty good terrain. So we're really quite happy.

Now some of you may be wondering how do they make it through that rough day, when they only went 1 nautical mile in a day? Don't those pulks make them angry? How do they stay optimistic? It's not enough to stay be positive, be optimistic. You actually have to set yourself up to do that. One of the things that I've done that is I've named my pulks. I have one pulk named "Shadow" and another pulk named "Bud", not "Buddy", "Bud". I named them after dogs. Shadow is an old Alaskan husky that we used to have. He was a very sweet, old wise dog and his is my bigger pulk. Bud is a playful, curious German shepherd, who loves me very much, and he is the smaller pulk. So it impossible for me to be mad at them when they jolt me to a stop or they are difficult to lift over or they tip over. I look back at them and say, "OK, you're turn, Bud," or "OK, Shadow. I'll help you," or "Let's go, boys," as I see their names on the front of the pulk and my attitude changes. I am much more able to stay positive. Sometimes you have to set yourself up to be optimistic.

On a funny note, it is kind fun compared to my mushing days; now I am the dog and the sleds in essence are the mushers, in some ways. That's it. We looking for a good day today. We are switching to skis today which should be exciting. You will hear more from us soon. Goodbye.