

# Please don't wade across the Strait of Juan de Fuca

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 [devblogs.microsoft.com/oldnewthing/20130812-01](http://devblogs.microsoft.com/oldnewthing/20130812-01)

August 12, 2013



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I dreamed that I was visiting a scenic location near the Canadian border. A central large body of water had the mainland to the south and east. A river ran southeast, spanned by a footbridge. To the northwest was another land mass, which had gained the nickname “Alaska” even though we were nowhere near Alaska. There was a gift shop on “Alaska”, and from there you could either travel further northwest to hike the snowy terrain, or you could take a shuttle train east over the water to the mainland. I had finished a hike on pretend-Alaska and was planning my return. The ringleader of my group was a friend of mine known for his sense of adventure, and he decided to wade south across the water back to the mainland instead of taking the shuttle. The posted signs warned against this action, for while it was shallow most of the way, there were pockets of deep water, and the wind made the water surface choppy. But he went in anyway, and the group followed him. (To be fair, there were dozens of others who made the same decision. It appears that the warning signs were largely ignored.)

I waded back to shore, having concluded that the time savings was not worth getting cold and wet, and because I didn't want to risk water damage to the books I bought from the gift shop.

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