

## Hi-Tech Tripping

Having passed his whitewater instruction  
And thinking of wilderness trips  
B. Fuddle went looking and shopping  
For equipment and outfitting tips

His instructor suggested a C-1  
In slalom it “couldn’t be beat”  
It was shaped like a flattened banana  
With just enough room for your feet

The boat had “Class Four” as its rating  
For running through haystacks and holes  
With toe blocks and leg straps and bracing  
And a cover for Eskimo rolls

His bent paddle cost over a hundred  
Made of graphite and Kevlar and such  
But “Designed for Class Four Competition”  
Surely made it worth even that much

The food was of course in foil packets  
So neat—you just stir in some water  
With chemicals added for flavor  
And gas blowtorch for making it hotter

His tent was an icosahedron  
Designed by a math Ph.D.  
With the look of a radar antenna  
And the odor of fresh PVC

With a helmet to guard God knows what  
And a wetsuit to swim like an otter  
With throw rope and winch and flotation  
He was ready for class four whitewater

But alas there was still something missing  
When equipment procurement was done  
For although it all had Class Four rating  
His brains were still only Class One!