

Keeping Holiday Traditions:
Carving Jack-O-Lanterns
for Fun & Treats

Adventure Story

Bear Tales & Mackerel Scales

*Stories,
Poetry
&
Puzzles*

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Greetings From the Editor!



As editor of *Nomadic Life*, I would like to welcome you to the pages of my magazine.

Most people think that nomads are homeless bums, but in reality, we are just like everyone else other than the fact that we are never in one place at all times and that we don't live in houses (We live in RVs, boats, drive and use hotels, etc.). The nomadic lifestyle comes with so many opportunities and adventures.

I am homeschooled and as such, my family and I explore a lot of museums and landmarks to enrich my education. I enjoy reading and love writing. I have been keeping journals and will take you back in time to my beginnings as a nomad that is similar to Manny Cortez in "Finding Freedom," (pages 5-8) that led me to where I am today.

Thank you for taking the time to look at my magazine and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it!

Brock Seddon

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Carve a Jack-O-Lantern

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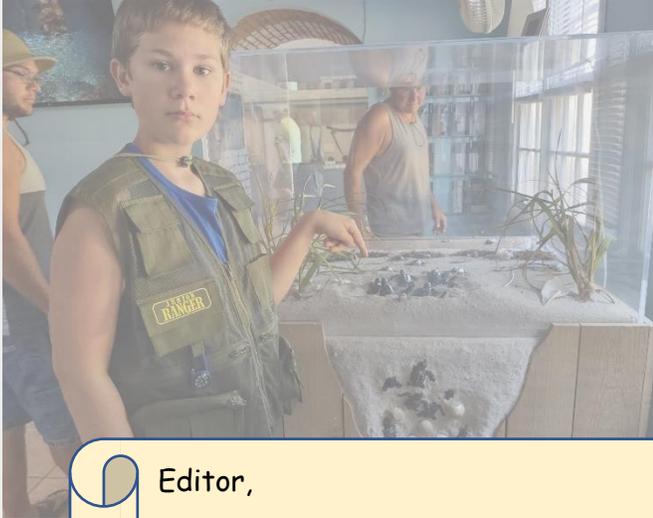
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Editor,

Why are your parents so irresponsible that they allow you to live the way you do instead of going to school like a normal child? The most you are ever going to be is a drifter and a beggar. And it's all your parents' fault!

Yours (not) respectfully,

Florence March



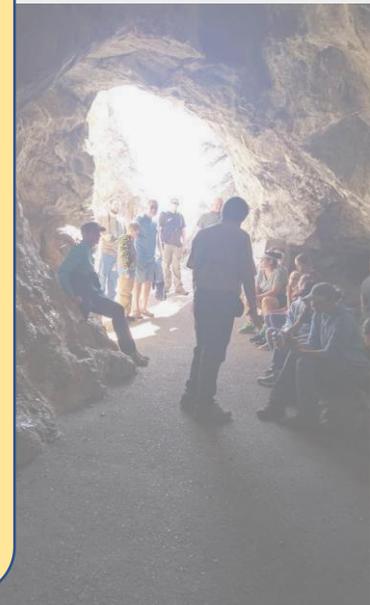
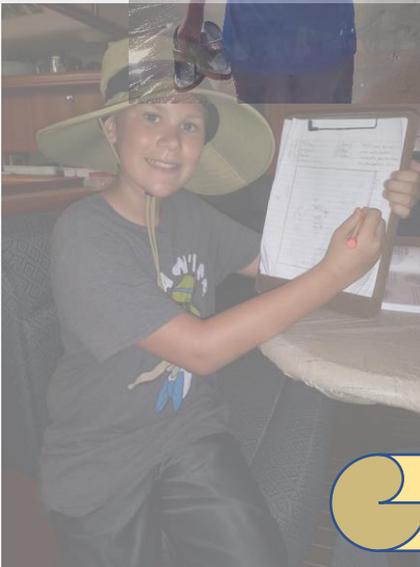
Dear Florence March,

I'm sorry if you believe it's irresponsible of my parents to raise me the way they do, but it's actually very sensible.

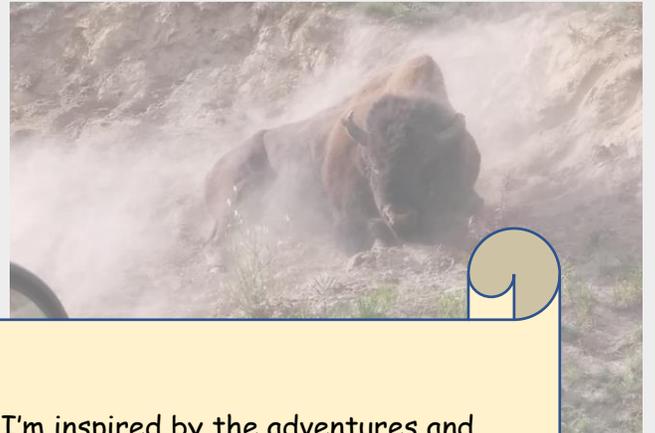
You see, I am homeschooled, and I've learned more that way than I would have in a traditional school. The world is my classroom, and my loving parents are my teachers. I learn more from my experiences, than I would while living a 'normal' life. I get my education from a multitude of resources, including hands-on experiences.

Yours truly,

Brock Seddon, Editor



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



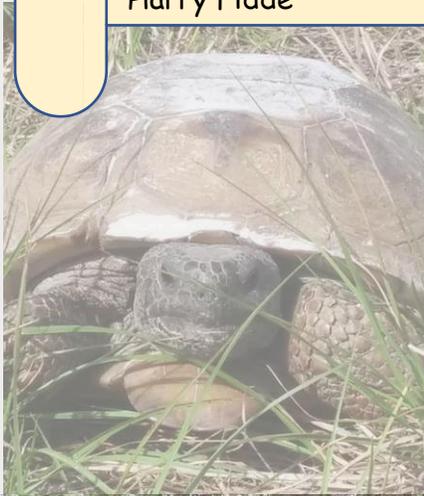
Dear Mr. Seddon,

I am an avid reader of "Nomadic Life" and I'm inspired by the adventures and stories that you share with your readers. I hope to see and experience many of the things that you do, from seeing bison in the Badlands of South Dakota, to discovering and swimming in hot springs.

I plan to change my lifestyle to that of a nomad and I'm looking at RVs. I would appreciate it if you would let me know if you ever plan on doing an RV Special Edition to help those of us who are new to the RV lifestyle.

Sincerely,

Harry Fidde



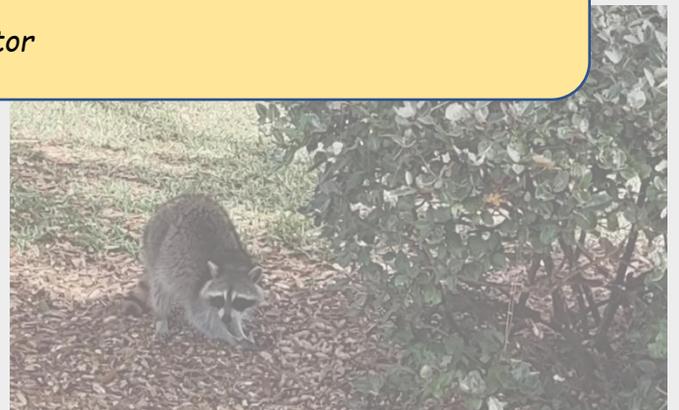
Dear Mr. Fidde,

Thank you for reading "Nomadic Life". I am happy to hear you enjoyed my stories and adventures.

Due to other readers requesting more information about RVing, it is possible that you will see an "RV Special Edition". Until then, please keep a close eye out for future announcements on this subject.

Yours truly,

Brock Seddon, Editor



SHORT STORY

Finding Freedom

Story & Artwork by Brock Seddon



As Manny sat in his berth on the boat he lived on, he fumed at the unfairness of his world. He thought about all the events leading up to his latest imprisonment.

Twelve-year-old Manuel Cortez is the eldest son of Miguel and Jane Cortez. His two younger brothers, Edwardo, and Jose are much younger at seven and five years old respectively. Manny lived and attended schools in Anchorage, Alaska, but this all changed about three years ago.

Manny went to one school after another, managing to get himself expelled from each one. He disrupted the classes, fought with the teachers, destroyed property, and bullied his peers. He even managed to get kicked off the school bus and off the youth soccer team. He felt totally justified for all his actions and his anger at being punished continued to build.

His parents were forced to homeschool Manny when the schools wouldn't take him back. Counselors were brought into his home to work with him, but this only infuriated him further. At one point, he ran away by stealing Edwardo's

SHORT STORY...continued from page 5

bike and racing off. He blindly rode into the side of a neighbor's car and hid out behind a nearby school. This was the first time the police were brought in to find him.

Manny was taken to doctors and put on several different types of medication to help control his anger and behavior issues. These medications made him depressed and tired, and often resulted in even stranger behaviors. Finally, when his parents felt he was too dangerous to have in the home around his little brothers and pets, they left him at Westgate Sanitarium, a mental hospital for juveniles.

Betrayed, drugged, depressed. Manny was now eight years old and had virtually no education, no family and lived in fear of the other hospital patients who were all much older and often more violent than he was. He wasn't very well liked and was often the target of their own problems. Being clever, Manny managed to get out of his room one night and slipped into the neighboring room to attack another patient. The police were brought in and further built-up Manny's record and reputation.

After several more incidences, Manny was sitting alone at a table in the cafeteria and realized for the first time, just how alone he was. At that moment, he decided he hated God. Hated Him for taking him from his family, friends, and home.

"God hates me so much," he thought, "He never listens to me!" In confirmation of his thoughts, the ground shuddered, and a chunk of the ceiling plaster fell on the table, missing him by only inches. Manny climbed under his table as dishes fell, patients panicked and screamed, and the lights flickered and went out. Everyone was trapped in the darkness and there was no way out because the electronic doors would not open to release them from the crumbling building.

Once the earthquake settled into a quiet trembling, emergency lights came on and dimly lit the dusty room. The patients started to quiet back down and only a few continued to whimper and cry. Manny crawled out from under his table and piles of ceiling plaster to look around. He didn't see an earthquake. He

saw God's anger. God must have been listening after all!

Life couldn't get much worse for Manny.



SHORT STORY ...continued from page 6

The hospital was so damaged from the colossal earthquake that the staff had to re-home the patients. They reached out to the Alaskan foster homes, other hospitals, and the patients' relatives. Manny watched as one child after another left, but no one was willing to take him. When he was the last patient remaining, a miracle happened!

The doors opened and in came two familiar looking people. It wasn't until they spoke that he recognized their faces and knew they were there for him. They were his Uncle Jose and Aunt Nina! He hadn't seen them since he was five years old. Aunt Nina opened her arms and Manny threw himself at her with joy and relief.

As Manny walked outside with his aunt and uncle, he looked at the strange box with wheels that Uncle Jose was unlocking. Aunt Nina smiled when she saw his puzzled expression. "That's an RV. We're nomads, Manny," she explained.

Manny asked, "What's a nomad?"

"A nomad is an explorer or an adventurer," Aunt Nina said. "Now do you understand, Manny?"

"Yes ma'am," he answered politely, although he did not really understand.

Weeks later, they drove out of Alaska and Uncle Jose asked Manny "You going to miss it?"

"Miss what?" Manny asked.

"Alaska," Uncle Jose pressed.

"Nope!" Manny scowled blackly as he voiced his denial.

"Interesting," Uncle Jose mumbled.

In fact, Manny hated Alaska; hated it because of what it reminded him of. To him it signified the family he had been taken from, the friends he had lost, and worst of all, Westgate Sanitarium.

One of the first things that Aunt Nina and Uncle Jose did was pull Manny off the various medications that he was on. They also began counseling him to control his behavior and homeschooled him. He had to do math, reading, writing, and Bible studying. He didn't mind math or writing and enjoyed reading but hated Bible studies. He fought the idea that God was good.

Manny grabbed his journal and began to jot down what he recalled of his adventures during the time that his aunt and uncle owned the RV. (They all lived on a boat now.) He giggled as he remembered the time a squirrel had somehow managed to invade the RV and raided every cabinet. He smiled as he recalled eating popcorn as he watched a glorious sunset on the Badlands while in South Dakota. Manny loved that life, but he liked the boat better because he could be on the ocean.



Manny realized that things about him were changing. For one thing, he had learned to control his

anger which was a HUGE feat. He also gained confidence with his education, took pride in himself, and learned to love nature! He realized that only God could have created Earth and everything on it!

While Manny sat in his berth, he thought about his situation. The reason he was put in his room in the first place was because he had told Aunt Nina that God was stupid. As he thought about it, a realization came like a slap to his face. He was actually better off here than in Alaska!

Manny grabbed his Children's Bible, flipped to the story about Joseph, and quickly read it. He realized that there were defined parallels in the

SHORT STORY...continued from page 7

story to his own life. Both he and Joseph had been taken from their homes, had been angry at their brothers, and were now in a position to help themselves to be better people and serve a purpose!

At that moment, Manny wanted to be good, not just for himself, but for his aunt and uncle. "God means to help me," he realized. "I'm going to be a better person, but it's not gonna be easy. I have my bad attitude, decisions, and reputation to overcome. I can't do it by myself, but I've got help. I'm going to give it everything I've got!"

And that's just what Manny set out to do.



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The Nomadic Cat



A sailor pulled up to the dock with his boat and as I helped him to tie up, a handsome black cat strolled gracefully into the cockpit to watch the proceedings. I found the fact that the sailor had a cat living on his boat odd, so when I finished helping the sailor cleat his boat, I asked him, "Would you mind if I asked you a few questions about your cat?" He smiled and nodded, so I continued, "I noticed that you have a cat on your boat. How do you make that work? Shouldn't you have left it in a normal home, instead

of dragging it across the world?"

Again the sailor smiled. "Why, Lad," he chuckled, "I get that question a lot and I understand why you're asking. What I keep telling the people who ask is that cats are adaptable, and they can stand just about anything except being away from their owners or the people who raised them. In fact," he said grinning, "my marina neighbors tell me anytime I go anywhere for any period of time, Blackjack yowls up a storm."

INTERVIEW...continued from page 9.



"But how do you provide for *his needs* on a boat?" I queried.

The sailor thought for a moment, "Well," he said, "I go to the grocery for his kibbles, which is all he eats except for the occasional fish scraps. He uses a litter box, same as most cats, (although some people train their cats to use toilets), he is fully vaccinated, has a flea and tick collar, and I deworm him regularly because he eats the vermin and bugs that manage to get in my boat. Most importantly, I take several measures to insure Jack's safety. He wears a lifejacket and is shut up in the boat when it's storming, and he wears the lifejacket with a rope tied on when he swims."

At this point I interrupted him, "Why do you have a cat?"

"Because I adopted him from a shelter when he was just a kitten, and

when I moved onto a boat, of course he had to come with me."

I looked from the little notepad that I was jotting notes on, and inquired, "Would you please tell me more about that?"

Then the sailor said, "Well now, let's see. Four years ago, I lived on land, in a house, like most people. I got quite lonely there, all by myself, so I



INTERVIEW ...continued from page 10.



decided to get a cat. I went to a shelter and looked at a kennel that contained a few kittens. I was actually leaning towards a Siamese kitten, because I've heard that they are excellent hunters, but, when the black kitten cried pitifully, I could not stand it."

Here the sailor paused to take a breath before continuing, "I've heard that most black cats never get adopted and spend their whole miserable lives in shelters. Some are even put down, which is much worse. I felt it my duty to get him out of there, so I took him with me and named him Blackjack. Ever since then we have been living together in RVs, boats, houses, pretty much everything, and we get along just fine."

"But how does Blackjack feel about this lifestyle," I asked, leaning down to pet him. "It doesn't seem natural for a cat to be living on the water." The cat arched his back and purred as if to say he liked it very much.

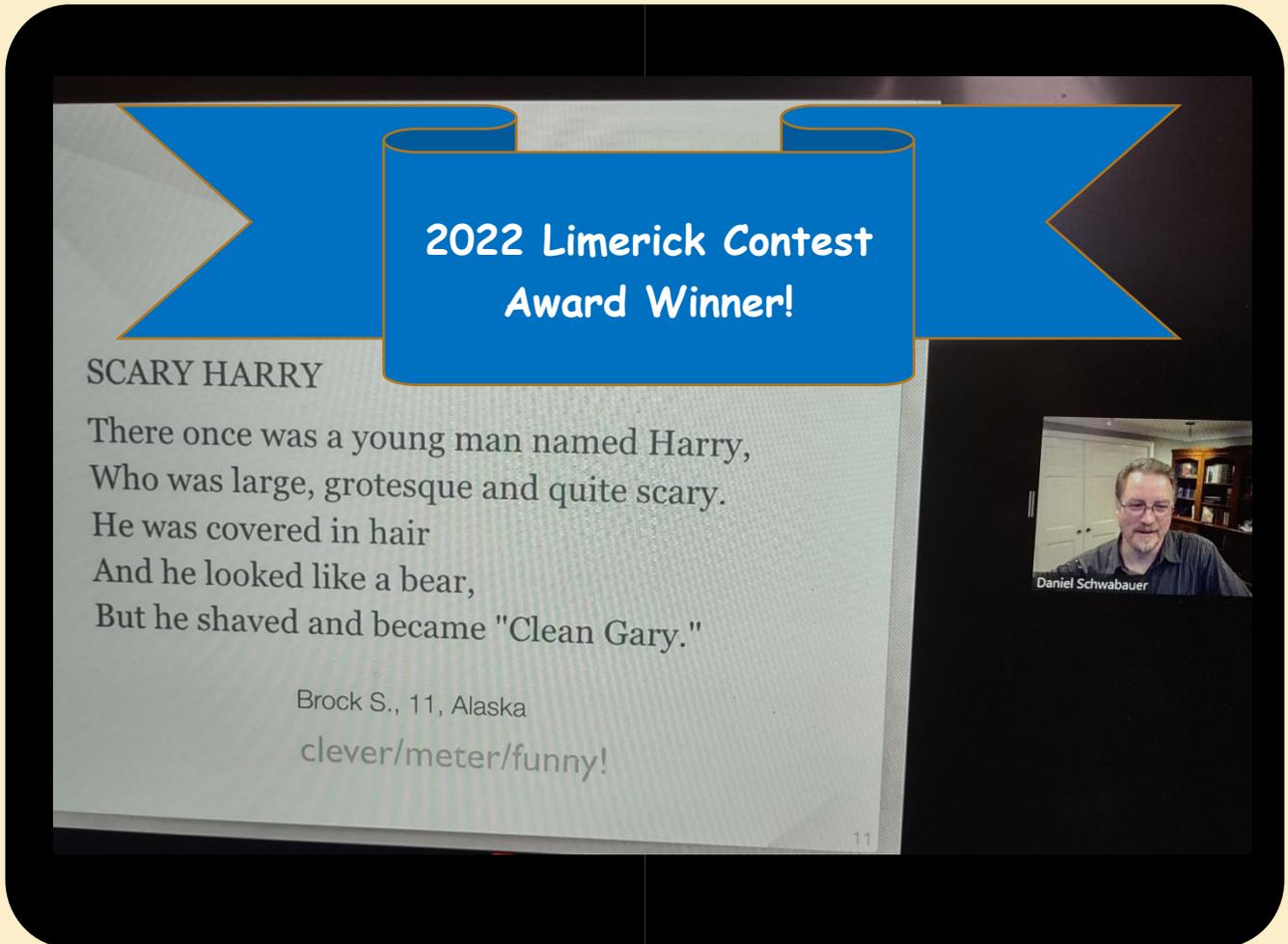
"Aye," the sailor said, observing Blackjack's reaction, "Jack just summed up the whole thing." Then the sailor threw back his head and roared with mirth. Wiping the tears from his eyes, he said, "Blackjack loves this life. We both do."

As I walked away, it suddenly occurred to me that an animal's happiness doesn't depend on the home they are in, but in their stability and security. Like children, animals are adaptable, and they get both their happiness and security by staying with the ones they love.



POETRY COLLECTION I

(Limerick)



I would like to thank Daniel Schwabauer and Tineke for taking the time to read all the entries and doing the difficult job of judging the poetry. Most of all, thanks for explaining to all of us what qualities in writing you are teaching and looking for.

...Brock S.

POETRY COLLECTION I

The Badlands

(Line break Poetry)



Of all of the places on land or sea,
The South Dakota Badlands are the place for me.
There are awe inspiring plateaus
Where mountain goats lay in rows.

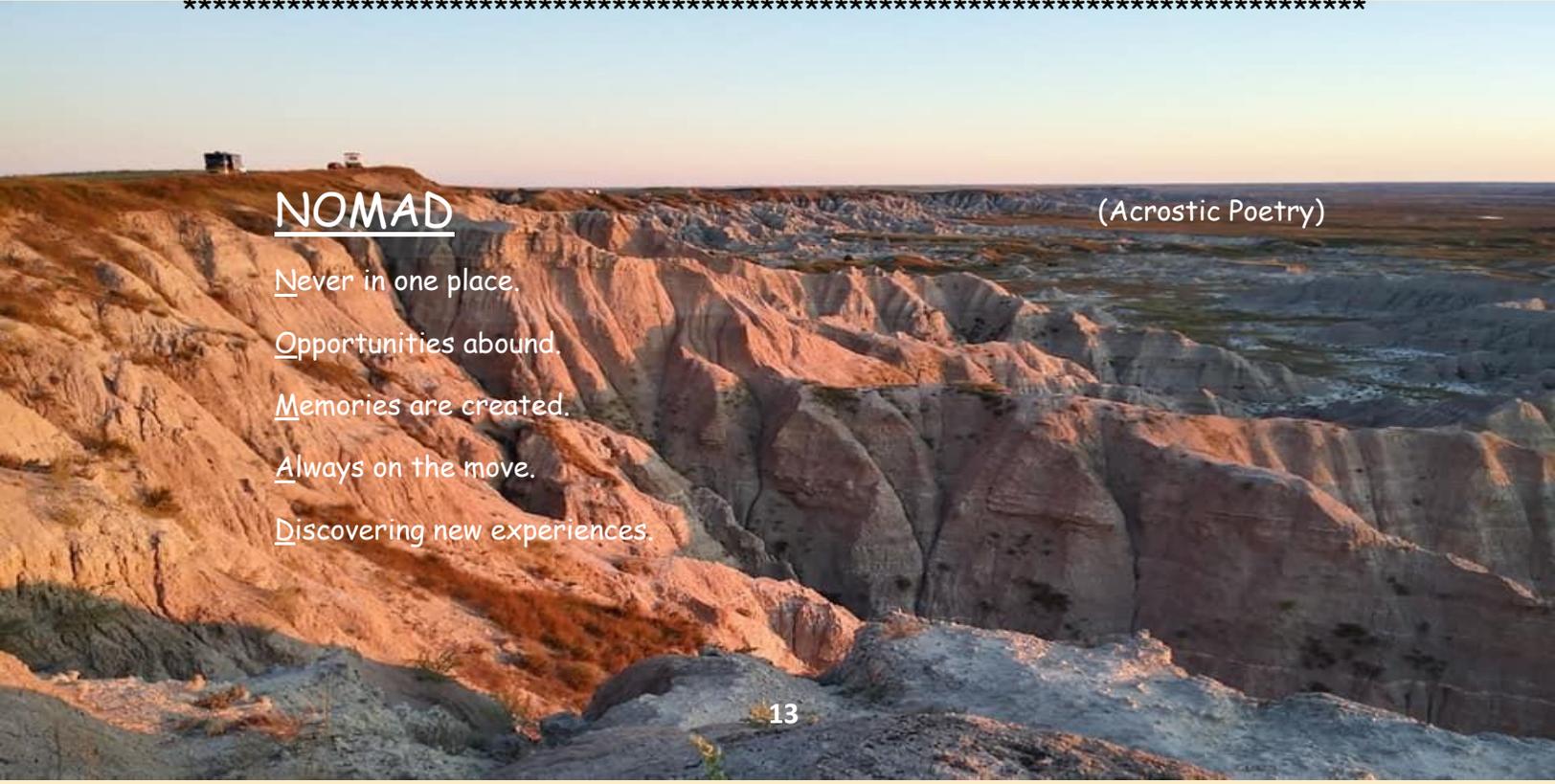


Breath taking views on the sunny side,
Hot at day and cold at night,
The Badlands aren't a very good place to bide,
Although they are an amazing sight.

In the Badlands there were magnificent sights
And lots of heavenly delights.
Whenever I see rugged terrain
To the Badlands, memory brings me back again.

NOMAD

(Acrostic Poetry)



Never in one place.
Opportunities abound.
Memories are created.
Always on the move.
Discovering new experiences.

POETRY COLLECTION I

(Cinquain)

The Corals

Coral

Reefs are awesome

Bright homes for fish and eels,

Like sharks, sea urchins, starfish, crabs

Reside.



(Line Break Poetry)

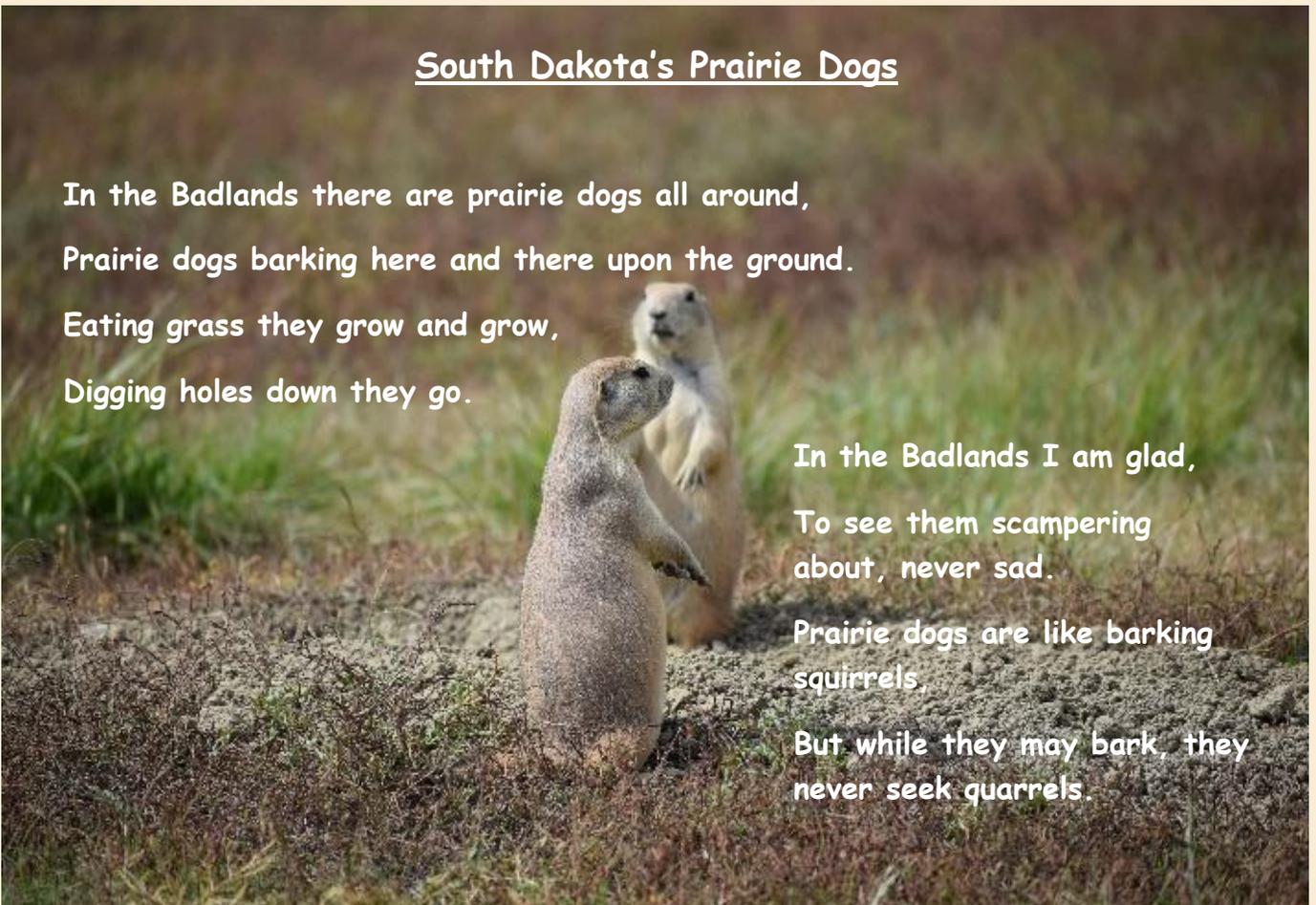
South Dakota's Prairie Dogs

In the Badlands there are prairie dogs all around,
Prairie dogs barking here and there upon the ground.
Eating grass they grow and grow,
Digging holes down they go.

In the Badlands I am glad,
To see them scampering
about, never sad.

Prairie dogs are like barking
squirrels,

But while they may bark, they
never seek quarrels.



REVIEW

Jellyfish Chowder

The life of a nomad is wondrous because it is a life of constant learning and exploration. Experiencing other cultures and new foods are just a small part of what it means to be a nomad. Today, I will be tasting a new seafood dish.



Jellyfish are extremely good for you. They have low calories, virtually no fat, contains important minerals and is a great source of high-quality protein and collagen. Asians have known this for years and make several types of dishes from selected varieties of jellyfish.

The only jellyfish I've ever ate is the Cannonball Jellyfish, which is so low in toxins that they have very little, if any effect on humans. Cannonballs are the third largest commercial fishing industry in Georgia as these sea creatures are found in great numbers on the southern Atlantic coast of the U.S.

Although I did my research, I still had my reservations. The idea of eating such a weird-looking creature was not appealing. However, when a bowl of hot Jellyfish Chowder was placed before me, my hesitations evaporated!

The delightful aroma hinted of smokey bacon and seafood. I could see bits of chopped and vegetables and meat in a creamy broth. I dipped my spoon in for my first taste.

What an amazing flavor! This soup tasted just like Clam Chowder. If no one told me I was eating Jellyfish, I would have never guessed. The bits of Jellyfish were chewy just like clams. This chowder quickly made it to the top of my favorite food list.



Most Americans don't realize that while they are buying over-priced and over-processed collagen, the Asians are eating jellyfish that is rich in high quality

REVIEW...continued from page 15.

collagen that is inexpensive and 100% natural, not mention unprocessed.

I highly recommend:

- Do your own research before consuming Jellyfish.
- Properly clean and process the correct types of Jellyfish to avoid complications from toxins.
- Incorporate Jellyfish into your diet for important nutrients such as omegas 3 and 6, selenium, and polyphenols to name a few.

Here are a few online resources to read and learn more about Jellyfish:

[Jellyfish by Wikipedia](#)

[Health Benefits of Jellyfish](#)

[Benefits & Recipes](#)



POETRY COLLECTION II

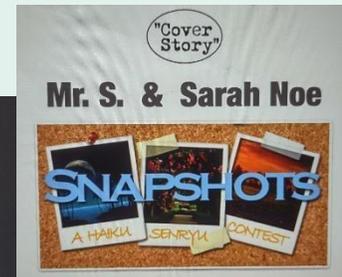
(Senryu)

2022 Contest Winner!

Brock S., age 11, in Alaska

Man blows out candles
On birthday cake and his false
Teeth shoot from his mouth.

Senryu
Human / Humor
From Sarah to Everyone
ya



BE A NOMAD

Word Scramble Puzzle

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1) ANALOTNI PARSK _____ | 9) TREESDS _____ |
| 2) SAVEC _____ | 10) NTIIGVSI _____ |
| 3) ASOSTLBIA _____ | 11) OCNTOCU ETSER _____ |
| 4) TSREOFS _____ | 12) HSTLEO _____ |
| 5) HGFIINS _____ | 13) MSSUEUM _____ |
| 6) ERRVIS _____ | 14) IGCYLNCIB _____ |
| 7) REBYR GKICPN _____ | 15) NKAYIAGK _____ |
| 8) DAYNS CSHEEBA _____ | 16) INSIWMMG _____ |

Answer Key in Nov./Dec. 2022 Edition of NOMADIC LIFE MAGAZINE

POETRY COLLECTION II

(Senyru)



Nomads do more with
Less, but some people have less
To use than nomads!

(Haiku)



Warm sunshine...blue skies
Clouds approach on horizon.
A storm's coming fast!

POETRY COLLECTION II

(Ballad)

Faith Shines Through

The Ship rocked and rolled on the rough sea
And the captain barked orders because he cared.

So, the crew struggled to keep it afloat,
While pretending that they weren't scared.

The winds howled and the waves crashed
Against the hull of the huge boat,
While the captain cursed and sent prayers
To the Lord to keep his ship afloat.

The whole crew labored and cried,
But it seemed that it was in vain,
Still, they didn't lose hope and clung to their faith,
Though the deck was flooded with waves and rain.

Just when the captain had given up hope,
The clouds parted, the sun shined through and beamed.
The winds slowed, the waves abated,
And a rainbow appeared with colors that gleamed.

HOW TO

Carve a Jack-a-Lantern



Even nomads need traditions to keep themselves grounded. Holidays provide some favorite traditions like pumpkin carving. I am going to show you how to make your very own Jack-A-Lantern, plus a tasty pumpkin seed treat as a bonus!

To pick the perfect pumpkin, choose one that has very few (or no) bruises, and a clear, bright orange rind. (You'll want your surface to be appropriate to

whatever design you're using!). You might also want to get a pumpkin-carving-kit. To cut off the top of the pumpkin, use a sharp butcher knife and cut downward at a 45* angle, or else the top will fall right into the pumpkin. If you are a child, please get an adult to assist you in this project. Also, cut at least $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch (preferably more) away from the stem all the way around. Then scrape out the soft insides of the pumpkin. (A kitchen spoon will work just fine). Scoop soft insides into a separate bowl, but don't throw them away until you separate the seeds. (You can roast them later for a tasty treat.).

Draw the design for your pumpkin on paper. When you're finished, either draw your



HOW TO...continued from page 20.

design on the pumpkin, or, using a pumpkin piercing tool, make the basic outline of your design. Then, cut out the pumpkin's rind pieces with a fine-edged serrated cutting tool. Take off the top of the pumpkin and insert electric candles, then put the top back on. If you want, you can even decorate your pumpkin with paint.

These are instructions on how to roast pumpkin seeds for a delicious snack.

Items Needed for Roasted Pumpkin Seeds

- Sandwich bag
- 2 teaspoons olive oil
- 2 teaspoons fine sea salt
- 1 1/2 cups pumpkin seeds
- 2 teaspoons of your favorite spice



First, heat the oven to 350* F. Clean all the muck off the seeds. Then, throw them in a pot of boiling water with two teaspoons of fine sea salt and let them simmer for 5 minutes. When that's done, take the seeds out, pat dry with paper towel, and fill the sandwich bag with the olive oil and your favorite spices. Then, put your seeds in the bag and shake it making sure that every seed gets thoroughly coated. Spread the seeds in a thin layer on a baking sheet. Put it in the oven and bake for

15-25 minutes or until the edges are golden brown. After that, enjoy hot or cooled!



PUZZLE

How to Make Nomadic Life Carefree

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
8				17				12				

N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
	16						26					

21 19 8 25 7 12 11 17 19 4

7 12 18 22 8 11 18 2 16 25 14

11 8 24 12 25 14 11 8 15 15 16 26 25 18 ,

12 25 11 26 2 8 25 15 17

8 25 9 5 17 9 12 15 8 19

21 19 8 25 .

Use the decoder box above to solve this crypto-quote.

Answer Key will be in the Nov./Dec. 2022 Edition of
NOMADIC LIFE MAGAZINE.

SHORT STORY

Bear Tales and Mackerel Scales

While I have biked many of Florida's trails, there is one in particular that I remember because of something very frightening. This, my friend, is my tale.



In The Beginning

I sat in the RV doing my homework when Papa, deciding to go for a bike ride, asked me if I wanted to go with him.

I looked up from my math and said with relief, "Sure, anything is better than doing math on a nice day like this." Then I filled up my water bottle, got my bike, put on my helmet, and declared that I was ready. I might have chosen to do

my math instead if I had known what was going to happen that day.

Riding on the Trail

The wind cooled me off and the trees shaded me. It was a perfect day except for the mare's tales and mackerel scales on the horizon. These are cloud formations that precede high winds and storms. "Look at the sky, Pop, aren't you afraid that it's going to rain?"

"Nope, it isn't likely. The weather forecast showed full sun all day." I wanted to say that I hoped he was right, but I didn't.

Then we stopped. We saw a boar. "Do you see that?" Papa asked in a quiet whisper.

"Yeah," I whispered back, "look how fat that porker is. Imagine if that was a Christmas ham..."



SHORT STORY...continued from page 23.

Papa nodded, "Yeah, and look how sharp its teeth and tusks are. It's a good thing that it is more afraid of us than we're of him. Wouldn't want to tangle with that boar," he ended.



The Hill of Sandstone

After we had biked long enough to get tired, we stopped for a lunch break.

While Papa sat on a log to eat, I munched on a food bar as I climbed up a mountain of sand and rocks. It was almost like a fortress built for defense in a war. I imagined there were turrets, towers, and guards.

Scrambling up the vast wall of sheer sandstone, the piece of rock I was clutching broke away. I careened down the side of the hill, scraping my hands and knees, which made it very uncomfortable when we started riding again.



Wild Weather

"Hurry!" I yelled as the merciless rains beat down on us. The winds had picked up, the air had changed, lightning was striking everywhere. I was constantly fearing that it would strike us. Futilely Papa and I ran and biked against the fierce wind. I was panting, and cold...and wet! I could hardly move from fatigue and the stiffness of my joints.

Finally, the storm became so bad that we had to park our bikes and huddle on a bank under an old wooden bridge, hoping for the best.

After what seemed like hours later, the weather abated enough for us to mount our bikes again. Soaked to our skins, we set off at a dogged pace for the RV.

SHORT STORY...continued from page 24.



Wildlife

Just when I was thinking that I had had enough adventure for one day and that nothing more could possibly go wrong, a black bear emerged from the bushes ahead. Papa and I did everything we could to avoid direct confrontation. We stopped our bikes waiting to see if the bear would move off the path. Instead of leaving the path, the bear charged towards us. We both knew that the likelihood of outrunning or out biking the bear was very slim., but Papa had prepared for this emergency. Whipping out his can of bear spray, he shot a jet of it at the fearsome creature.

The spray hit the black bear on the muzzle and went right up its nose. With a roar of rage and pain, the bear raked the air with its claws and then disappeared into the bushes again.

Needless to say, this incident kept our nerves on edge for quite a while. Even to this day, I never go bike riding on any trails in Florida without can of bear spray.

Home Sweet Home

It was dark by the time we got back to the RV. We were drenched, so we dried off, changed clothes, ate a cold supper, and went to bed.

I was very tired and was almost asleep, when all of the sudden...Boom! The storm returned! Lightning flashed, thunder roared, and the storm battered the RV in its fury.

But I didn't care. I drifted off to a well-earned sleep, knowing that my home would keep me safe and sound.



PUZZLE

Nomadic Word Search

B B B X D S H O W E R S C C P A S G
H O S A V Y D B M B I K E C M G Z R
O K O Z D N P I E A G C L H Y W A E
M P P N D V A R E A P A L A Y E N C
E R Y A D W E T O S C S S R M A C R
S O K Q R O Z N U V E H E T A T H E
C P E C Z K C L T R I L R S R H O A
H A N F I W S K R U E S V Q I E R T
O N I V N Y J J I Y R N I H N R I I
O E L A U N D R Y N F E C O A W N O
L L E U M L V E U L G B E L N C G N
W S E A S O N A L B C C A Z M S G Y

Find the following words in the puzzle.

Words are hidden → ↓ and ↘ .

ADVENTURE
ANCHORING
BEACH
BIKE
BOONDOCKING
CELL SERVICE
CHARTS
DIESEL

GAS
HOMESCHOOL
LAUNDRY
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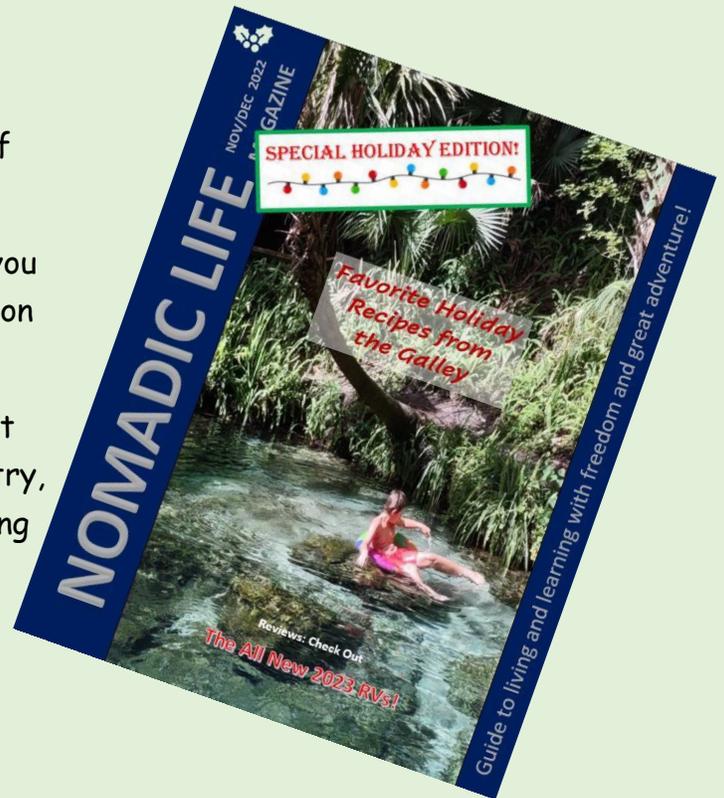
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