

— oddly enough



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1) 1992: About 29,000 shipwrecked rubber ducks set out on the adventure of a lifetime.

2) 1997: They begin to break free of an icy Arctic grip.

3) 2007: The latest flotilla arrives, tired but triumphant, on the shores where Britannia still rules the waves.

Taking A Quack at Magellan

When we last reported on the great flotilla of yellow rubber duckies (along with blue froggies, green turtles and red beavers) in September 2003, these heroes and survivors of a Pacific storm had just made their way through Arctic ice and were heading south. Tossed overboard from a Chinese cargo ship

in 1992, the heroic toys escaped from their plastic housing and set forth on a dangerous voyage of their own. A few landed in Alaska in November 1992, but most headed into the Arctic, where it took another five years for them to make their way through the icy seas and re-emerge in the Atlantic Ocean.

There were a few Atlantic sightings in 2000, and rewards were offered to anyone who rescued one. But now more duckies have been sighted off the coast of Britain. Bleached white by sun and sea, they're reportedly alive and well and are expected to come ashore at Cornwall.