

Sunday, February 13. 2011

## **Flying fish**

Day 9, Sunday, 13.02.2011, 12:00 UTC, 19:27.36N, 32:20.51W, 23.5°C, 1021mBar This morning I found two flying fish on my boat! Unfortunately they weren't even three centimeters long and not worth throwing into the pan. So instead I had bacon, eggs, toast and fruit. Sunday breakfast! Yesterday was actually a really nice day. Wind still very variable with 20 to 35kn, but very sunny and a somewhat settled sea, at least until the evening. I used the opportunity to shoot some pictures and even a few video clips, but I have to say I prefer other people than myself in front of the camera. I tried to record a video blog too, but felt so silly I quickly stopped. Most of my thoughts are on this written blog anyway, and as you can see they are hardly worth recording. But it will be a big laugh for sure when I read it again in a few years, and that makes it worth it. What I forgot to mention yesterday was that on the night from Friday to Saturday the wind had a keen edge, as did the waves. Little Gudrun was tossed about a lot, and I was reminded of the knock-down I had suffered west of Rabat last year. As a result I completely locked down the boat as an exercise, secured all lockers, hatches, and vital gear, and kept the grab bag etc. at the ready. And it's not as if I had anything else important to do here anyway. The knock-down didn't come of course, but it was a right pain in the a\*\* every time I had to go out to pee. And, who would have thought, right that night I had to go a few times. Well, this morning I was glad that everything was still stowed away so nicely from Friday, because Gudrun was actually hit by two braking waves in rapid succession and the port side was under water up to the halyard-winch on the roof. Not quite a knock-down fortunately, but not far off. Of course I had just climbed out of the companionway a few seconds before and was hit in the face by the first wave, then flooded up to my butt by the second. Nothing like that to wake you up. But in no time at all Gudrun was up and on course again, the water drained out of the cockpit, and only a glass full of water had made it down the companionway. Great boat. And I went down again to change into dry clothes, yet another time. Another thing that has a big frustration potential on a moving boat is proper cooking. It's incredibly hard to cut something up nicely when the subject is always accelerating away from under your fingertips, while your body is moving in the other direction in order not to fall over. Makes me want to throw my anchor in the evening in order to cook in all quiet. But that wouldn't work here, would it. Besides I should have brought about 12km more anchor chain. Maybe for the next crossing (haha) I should get some crew. Or even better one of these awesome cooking machines my friend Ivo has. You throw everything into a bowl and it cuts the stuff up real sweet and in no time at all. I remember reading an ad for a sailing yacht with a gimbaled salon that stays always level. Must be quite a sight, when you sit in all quiet and the whole hull moves around you like a rollercoaster. But after eight days I'm quite used to the movement now and pretty comfortable in my bunk with the lee-cloth. Which is where I'm probably going to stay most of the day if the weather stays like it is. The wind is still very variable, Bft 5 to 8, and I've reefed down a lot. The speed of the boat ranges from 4 to 11 knots, but it seems to average out at about 180nm every day. Only 1750nm left to go to St. Martin. We're getting there

Posted by Axel Busch in Vespina at 06:25

Hey Axel! I kinda feel like I'm on board with you. Love reading every update. Waiting for some pics! Grüße von Ulm - Matt and Violetta  
Anonymous on Feb 13 2011, 07:27