

Thursday, June 2, 2011

## **Waiting**

Thursday, 02.06.2011, 12:00 local (16:00 UTC), 16:01.2N, 069:15.6W (165nm SW of Punta Aguila, Puerto Rico). I look at the logbook. What happened yesterday? Ah ja, the wind increased in the afternoon. We put in the first reef, later the second. The seas get bigger and Liz gets her first salt-water shower. We celebrate with a rum-punch. The sky is overcast and it's not so hot. Liz likes that, she doesn't seem to mind so much that the going is rougher. But the wind is strong and I take down the Bimini. Even though it's only protection from the sun and rain, without it the boat feels much more open. More vulnerable. We talk of McDonalds Cheeseburgers, and how cool it would be to have a McDonalds in the middle of the Ocean. It's a popular demand, I've had this conversation with other sailors before. But no big yellow M in sight. Instead we have pancakes. Liz sees dolphins, but in the distance and going the other way. The sun sets and it gets pitch black. No moon, no stars, a thick cloud cover. It's Liz' turn to watch. Then it starts to rain. I go to sleep while Liz sits underneath the sprayhood. She says she's alright. I'm amazed. For a bloody landlubber she's doing exceptional. At 11pm we switch, my turn for the rest of the night. The rain has stopped. I sit outside. I hear birds flying around us, and I see bioluminescence as Gudrun ploughs through the waves. Other than that it's pitch black. Eerie. The rain returns. I go inside. Suddenly a loud Bang on the hull! And again Bang! from the keel. We must have hit something. I go out with a flashlight, check out the boat and surroundings. But there is nothing to see. I'm so glad for my aluminium hull. The rain leaves again. I lie in the cockpit. Thinking about my friends, my family. Sailing is waiting. Waiting for the weather to change. Waiting for the arrival. Today the sea is rough. The boat rolls a lot, seas come over the side. I notice that the front hatch leaks. I fix it, but the bed is wet. Now it's wet inside and outside of the boat, haha. Awesome. Suddenly the tiller pilot jumps off the tiller and the boat turns into the wind. We tape down the tiller pilot. We sit. We talk. We sleep. We wait. I check the charts. We've sailed 175nm, almost a third of the way. Have I mentioned that sailing is waiting?

Posted by Axel Busch at 13:01