

Saturday, June 4, 2011

Happy together

Saturday, 04.06.2011, 12:00 local (16:00 UTC), 13:49.5N, 071:40.8W (83nm north of Punta Gallinas, Colombia). "You know, it's not that bad when it's like that" she says. I laugh. It's partially cloudy, bright but not hot. The wind is light, the sea is calm. We sail with 3kn, a little over walking speed. Slow going. But yes, it's nice. Very different from the morning, where we were speeding along with 7 to 8kn and reduced sail area in 25kn of wind. We talk. We laugh. We have each other, and other than diminishing supplies there is no reason to get somewhere quickly. Not that we could go anywhere quickly if we wanted, in this wind. Later I cook dinner, something Thai-like, we call it "Pineapple delight". I know she'll miss the chicken, but with a broken fridge we don't carry any meat. I notice that the boat is going slower. We sit down to eat. The wind drops. Without pressure in the sail the boat starts to roll. And to clang and bang, my nemesis. I get annoyed, and jump from my meal. I drop the main-sail and we tie the boom down. We work on the deck with our headlamps on. I look into the sea, and see little golden reflections. The eyes of some creatures. I am mesmerized. All my anger is gone. The seas hit the stern and make more noise. I decide to start the engine. The engine won't start. Fault finding procedures kick in. It looks like the starter motor is damaged or frozen. Probably a late gift from when the oil-cooler broke and showered sea-water all over the engine. The rate in which stuff fails on the boat is just amazing. I have to laugh. We finish dinner in darkness. Despite the rolling, the non-moving, and the broken engine we are in a good mood. "This is good!" she says. "Would be better with chicken" "I know" she smiles. The stars come out. I go to sleep. At 11pm we switch. I see thunderclouds and lightning around us, but above us it's clear. No rain. I think of a lightning strike. But I'm confident it won't hit us. That would just be too much bad luck. Nevertheless I make sure that I'm not in contact with the aluminium hull anywhere. Liz is safe in the salon. I look at the sky, the stars. Still no moon, I wonder where it's gone. But this night is not as dark as the last, I can even make out the horizon. I doze off. I dream. My dad brings me plans and spare parts for my engine. I wake up, smiling. I look around. A freighter is passing us in the distance. I watch the stars. The boat sails very slowly and quietly through the night. No engine noise. Peaceful. Liz comes out at six. I am happy to see her. I sleep a bit, then we have tea and cookies. As noon approaches energy from the sun fuels the wind and we go faster. We sit in the cockpit. We read about writing and talk about it. We are happy to be together.

Posted by Axel Busch at 13:03

Nicely written ... again, I feel as if I am aboard.
Anonymous on Jun 5 2011, 06:20