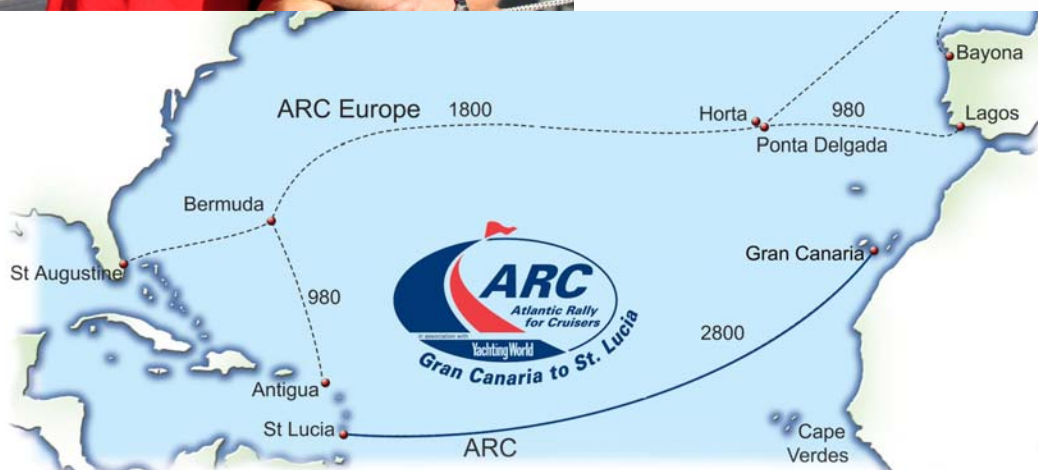


Verslag ARC 2009 a/b 'Robinson'



Inleiding

Dit verslag geeft een beeld van de oversteek met de ARC 2009 door de ogen van Bojan Michiels van Kessenich, first mate aan boord van Hallberg Rassy 39 'Robinson'. Hierbij heb ik steeds gepoogd zo accuraat mogelijk en kijkend vanuit een gezamenlijk perspectief onze ervaringen te beschrijven. Persoonlijke ups en downs en verslagen van interpersoonlijke communicatie zult u dus niet aantreffen. Wél leest u een verslag dat recht hoopt te doen aan onze gezamenlijke hoogte- en dieptepunten tijdens de oversteek.

Hoewel voorbereiding en festiviteiten na aankomst integraal deel uitmaken van deelname aan de ARC zijn deze in dit verslag buiten beschouwing gelaten. Gedurende dit verslag wordt het aandeel van het engelstalige, naar de ARC-website verstuurde 'daily log' steeds groter, totdat deze bijdragen de gehele beschrijving van de dag blijken. Dit is op natuurlijke wijze zo gegroeid; er is naderhand niets weggelaten of toegevoegd. U herkent de log-entries aan de blauwe letters.

Ik hoop dat u door het lezen van dit epistel een vleugje op kunt snuiven van de rustgevende, soms spannende, maar vooral geweldige ervaring die deze oversteek is geweest. Mijn laatste zal het in ieder geval niet worden..

Bojan Michiels van Kessenich



Zondag 22 november Start

Na alle voorbereidende inspanningen is het eindelijk (weer) zover: we gaan de oversteek starten. Onder een heerlijk warme zon en toegejuicht door duizenden vrienden, familieleden, toeristen en locals werkt de vloot zich kalmpjes de haven uit. Buiten staat een heel klein beetje wind met nét iets meer golven, zodat zeilen meer klapperen oplevert dat echte voortgang. Overal deelnemers, persbootjes, plaatselijke toeristenboten en lokale zeilers (die in weerwil van het vaarverbod dat geldt voor alle niet-deelnemers gewoon komen kijken, en gelijk hebben ze!). De sfeer is goed, geen spannende situaties als iedereen rustig de tijd uitdobbert tot de start.



Als om 1300 uur het startschot valt, liggen we midden in het veld en daardoor in de windschaduw van allerlei boten. In deze lichte condities weinig productief, dus we besluiten wat op te loeven om vrije wind te vinden. De Parasailor hebben we vooralsnog onderdeks gelaten; te weinig wind en te veel golven. We zien talloze spinnakers, gennakers en Parasailors klapperen omdat ze door de bewegingen van de boot telkens weer invallen. Na enige tijd liggen we mooi aan de oostelijke kant van het veld en hebben vrije wind. Als deze wat aantrekt is het tijd dat ook 'Robbie' omhoog gaat.



Met de Parasailor op lopen we dan enkele uren lekker rond de 8 knopen. Dan trekt de wind nog iets verder aan. Omdat we ook het grootzeil nog hebben staan, besluiten we voor de eerste nacht voor de conservatieve optie te kiezen en de Parasailor te strijken. Dit is zo gepiept en onder groot en Genua stuiven we de dag uit. Op de valreep komt een groep dolfijnen (zal nog nakijken welk type het precies was) ons verblijden met het gebruikelijke gehuppel, maar ook met

enkele fraaie sprongen. Uitgezwaaid worden door dolfijnen blijft altijd bijzonder, hoe vaak je het ook al beleefd hebt!

Het avondmaal bestaat uit simpele opgiets-en-door-roer-pasta, waarna Annika (met Robin als back-up) haar eerste wacht draait. Langzaam vult het lijstje met programma-onderdelen voor morgen zich, terwijl wij allen onze draai moeten vinden in deze 'nieuwe' omstandigheden. Ik geloof dat wij, zowel letterlijk als figuurlijk, aan het inslingeren zijn. Nu, rond 03:30 in de nacht, zijn al haast geen lichtjes van andere jachten meer zichtbaar. Met de Genua op het randje van invallen bij, lopen we een keurige 7+ knopen in een water dat steeds meer de heerlijke oceaan-deining meebrengt. Over een paar uur is het weer licht, is iedereen weer wakker en gaan we aan ons lijstje werken. Belangrijkste punt is wel het herijken van de koers, want we varen nu eigenlijk te veel richting zuiden.

Al met al een prima begin van onze trip; ik kijk uit naar de rest!

Maandag 23 november

Bij het eerste daglicht rollen Annika en Robin het grootzeil in, gijpen en zetten koers naar het westen op alleen de Genua, St. Lucia here we come! Aan het eind van de ochtend blijkt de generator vrij snel na zijn start te zijn afgeslagen. Robin en ik gaan op onderzoek uit. Er blijkt wat weinig water in het overigens smetteloze wierfilter te zitten. Eerst wordt gespeculeerd over en onderzocht op blokkade van de aanzuigleiding of een defecte waterpomp. De leiding blijkt vrij en als we wat water van boven bijvullen om de werking van de waterpomp te testen, blijken we hiermee het probleem in zijn geheel al opgelost te hebben. Kennelijk heeft de zuiging, veroorzaakt door onze surfs, net genoeg water uit de aanzuigleiding getrokken te hebben dat de waterpomp lucht hapt. Vanaf nu een standaard check bij het starten van de generator is dus het waterniveau in het wierfilter. Zo, die kan weer van de lijst.

Annika geeft aan dat ze wat last heeft van lichte zeeziekte. Uren later blijkt de verstrekte Scopoderm-pleister (zoals altijd) zijn werk goed te doen.

Na de generator-‘klus’ zijn de zeilen aan de beurt. De boom wordt gezet voor de Genua, het grootzeil gaat weer uit en de Gyb’Easy wordt gemonteerd. Onder traditioneel passaattuig varen we keurig 7+ waarbij het rollen vooralsnog meevalt. Tijd om Windy, onze Windpilot aan het werk te zetten. Met het onontkoombare gepruts en gerommel krijgen we Windy lekker aan het werk. Enige uren later worden helaas de golven en de wind hem iets te machtig op deze koers (hebben ook te veel groot staan stiekum) en switchen we weer naar de mechanische variant. Grootzeil gaat ook een stukje in, totdat we weer stabiel en comfortabel verder kachelen.

Alsof je de klok er op gelijk kan zetten (de zonneklok dan weliswaar, want alle andere klokken komen natuurlijk steeds meer in beweging als we er ‘onderdoor’ varen), komen rond de avondschemering weer talloze dolfinen uit alle richtingen aangezwommen en - gesprongen om ons te verblijden met hun speelse gedrag. Meezwemmen op de boeggolf en regelmatig de vreemdste sprongen houden ons wederom geboeid en mij van het koken af. Nu ja, het is niet dat we tijd te kort komen ;)

Vanavond eten we (bijna) normaal; ik maak een salade van alle zaken die ik tegenkom (sla, spekjes, eieren, kaas, bloemkool, tomaat, feta, etc.), welke kennelijk nog wordt gewaardeerd ook ;)

Inmiddels begint iedereen langzaam in de routine van het wachtschema te ‘rollen’. De klusjes voor eenieder worden steeds natuurlijker geïntegreerd in de wachten, er wordt daartussen steeds beter geslapen. Kortom, het wordt wel wat.

Met een licht afnemende wind in de nacht en het vooruitzicht dat dat zo nog even zo zou kunnen blijven, worden er plannen gesmeed om morgen Robby maar eens aan het werk te zetten. Dit gaat ons zeker weer een tijdje lekker bezig houden en leidt als het goed is tot meer voortstuwing en minder rollen. We zullen het morgen weten..

Oh ja, bij het standaard stoten van mijn tenen lijkt het er op dat ik nu dan mijn kleinste aan bakboord goed hard te pakken heb gehad. Na mijn avonddrust is deze dik en pijnlijk, mijn eerste (en hopelijk enige) oorlogswond is een feit..

Vanaf een rustige nachtwacht met gortdroge Kiwi's op de VHF, kijk ik wederom uit naar wat morgen ons zal brengen. Misschien hebben we wel tijd om een vislijntje uit te gooien..

Day 2: Almost Eventful

After a light wind start yesterday, which made us look for free wind at the East side of the fleet, we sailed a number of lovely hours with 'Robby', our Parasailor. With increasing winds and a crew still needing slight adjustments to life at sea, we decided to go conservative and sail into the night with our white sails. We took a southerly course to avoid the lee of Gran Canaria. With lovely surfs once in a while and always some yachts or cargo ships around it was quite an enjoyable first night.

Today we started playing around a little more. First a stretch straight downwind with only the genoa, still doing 8 kts. Then as the wind decreased we fiddled around more which led to us now sailing under full main with Gyb'Easy on, poled out full genoa, steered by 'Windy', our Windpilot. Apart from the sail trim we checked out and fixed a little problem with the generator and are basically getting used to the movements of the boat and each other in sailing mode. With a couple of hours of sun left we now have to decide what to have for dinner; an integral part of the decision making progress during a crossing.

The fact that all participants disappear into thin air within 24 hours of the start remains intriguing..

So much for day 2, let's see what the night and next day bring. Love to our loved ones from 'Robinson'!



Dinsdag 24 november

Ben net flink bezig geweest om in het Engels een tekst voor het dagelijkse log te schrijven, dus begin maar even met deze hieronder te plakken. Dubbel werk is ook zo dubbel..

Day 3: Parasailor Day

After the first days, which we spent adjusting to our 'new' roles, today was the day to seriously start playing with 'Robby', our Parasailor. During the course of the day we fiddled with all possible ways of sailing this beautifully stable spinnaker. Now, in the deep of night, we have settled on a somewhat complicated, but very stable, system: we have poled out the Parasailor on the spinnaker pole, which itself is kept in place by the usual topping lift and further by a forward and an aft downhaul. This gives us the freedom to ease or tighten the sheet without moving the pole. On lee, we have the boom out without the mainsail, but ready to roll the main out at any time to make a wind shadow if necessary. Then we have both luff sheets on the Parasailor from the bow plus a barber hauler on lee. Pff, if this sounds like half as much work as it is to set it up, you will know what we have been playing around with. No surprise that I describe this as Parasailor day ;) Result of our efforts is however a very stable set-up which has us merrily flying along at around 8 kts.

Enough about the sailing now, what else goes on aboard 'Robinson'? Well, we spent an hour searching for a spare impeller for the generator of another yacht, just until yet another yacht had found one. We might just as well have completed our search, because just 2 hours ago our own generator's water pump failed. This is probably due to the fact that our suction in surfs is so strong that it empties the water inlet for the generator. Without water the pump runs dry, and guess what it is that pumps generally don't seem to like? Thus we have to start a new search for our impellers the coming day and then exchange the impeller in the water pump. If no other problems play a role in the stopping of our generator, we should have it up and running again by noon. In the meantime we can of course use our main engine for power, so don't think we're sitting in the dark right now.

Atmosphere on board is great, which was even enhanced by dinner in the cockpit under Parasailor doing 8 knots and, later on, some jumping dolphins under a moonlit sky. Life can really suck, don't you agree?

Looking forward to the sun coming up, so we can start the day which might later be referred to as Generator Day..



Heb ik hier nog wat aan toe te voegen? Niet echt, behalve dan dat we al de hele dag en nacht een soort wedstrijdje op afstand met de Brindabella aan het varen zijn. Het kan ook nog wel even duren voordat daar een definitieve winnar bekend is, het snelheidsverschil is vrij klein en de koersen wijken steeds licht af. Hoe dan ook hebben zij een zwaardere rating, dus bijhouden is al winnen, maar inhalen is natuurlijk mooier! En nu ga ik dat blikje zoeken dat de hele tijd al 'bonk, bonk' doet! Tot morgen..

Woensdag 25 november

Het blikje niet gevonden, maar desondanks goed gemutst. Zit deze 'dagboek'-teksten altijd lekker midden in de nacht te schrijven, terwijl ik het water heerlijk langs de romp hoor stromen. Vannacht is het voor de wacht een drukke nacht, we hebben wel 3 andere jachten binnen een soort van zichts-afstand, dus moet ik zeker elk kwartier ff kijken of ze nog steeds van zins zijn om niet tegen ons op te varen. Niet geheel verrassenderwijs gaat dit eigenlijk altijd goed;) Ook vannacht heb ik mijn kruit grotendeels al verschoten in de dagelijkse log-bijdrage voor de ARC-website, dus hieronder deze tekst:

Day 4: Generator Day

As predicted yesterday, today was the day of generator repair. Quite a simple job if you have the water pump on your work bench on land, exchanging the impeller while surfing at 8 kts, hanging upside down in a hot and small engine compartment is a different cup of tea. Light, working position, ability to get your hands on the bolts, etc is all much more 'interesting' the way we had to do this simple job. Nevertheless, within an acceptable time frame of 1,5 hours the generator was smoothly running again. From now on we will take more precautions to make sure we don't let the pump run dry any more. All good now, batteries full and fresh bread in our automatic bread baking machine. For those of you unfamiliar with this device: you throw 1/2 a liter of water and bread mix in and push the start button. Some mixing and grinding later, the machine starts baking and within 3 hours you can enjoy freshly baked bread! Quite amazing, comfortable and easy, I must say..

After noticing that the lee sheet of Robby, our Parasailor was slightly damaged from chafe, we brought it down for some added protection. Since then we have sailed under normal trade wind sail set-up. This costs us approximately 1 knot of speed on average, but does make sleeping a hell of a lot more comfortable.. Tomorrow morning we plan to go to a scheme of sailing 'Robby' during the daytime and changing to a slightly slower, but therefore more comfortable set-up with white sails for the night.

The effects of our actions and choices are by now closely monitored by comparing our own position and progress to that of about 50 relevant fellow participants. We get all positions in an email every day and use those to fill an Excel-sheet, which in turn gives us information on our relative progress. With 'Robby' hoisted, we seem to catch up with boats ahead and we are quite curious whether our new tactics will also prove to be fruitful.

Finally we started fishing today. Don't think too much of this, as it consists basically of towing a long line along with a hook attached to it. Probably we can do with some more experience in this department. Luckily we have all the time we need to build up this experience, so hopefully we will land at least one nice fresh fish during this crossing. It would for example be nice to be able to call day 5 'Fish Day'. We'll keep you posted!

PS. Linda, there were about 100 dolphins with us at dusk; way too many to greet them all personally. I hope for your understanding. Lof!

Best from all aboard 'Robinson',

Verder dringt alleen de vraag zich langzaam op of ik me überhaupt nog ga scheren of dat ik als een ouderwetse zeebonk met baard aan ga komen in St. Lucia. Zal er een dagje of 2 over nadenken, denk ik.. Tot zover, hasta luego!

Donderdag 26 november

Heb niet overdreven veel toe te voegen aan onderstaand relaas, anders dan dat het prima loopt hier.

Day 5: Yeast Day

The observant follower of our daily logs might have expected this day to have become Fish Day. As a result of two events we however have to name it Yeast Day. What's the story? First of all we stopped towing our fishing line because we hoisted Robby again for some improved speed. Since Robby likes to be flown using all of our 4 winches, the fishing line didn't have a spare winch for detection of a catch. We then basically brought in the line and simply forgot to bring it back out again after Robby was installed properly. So much for fresh fish..

Besides not having fresh fish, we were also at serious risk of not having fresh bread anymore. When we wanted to bake a nice fresh brown loaf of bread, we suddenly noticed that the specific type of flower mix we have stocked for the brown variety needs an extra addition called yeast. As it happens we didn't count on this and therefore have rather low supplies of yeast on board (rather low being a firm understatement). After going through all standard phases (disbelief, panic, laughter, silly ideas for solutions) we decided to simply see what happens if we make bread without yeast. The dough-soup eventually turned into a tough but eatable flat dark brown 'sort-of-bread'. Later today we also suddenly realized that beer also has yeast in it, so tomorrow we will give it yet another go making beer-bread. We'll keep you posted on the outcome!

Sailing wise we are doing fine with Robby and enjoying the propulsion he/she brings. Over the last 24 hours or so we are in a close battle with a catamaran that, although they should be much faster, can't really run away from us. We in the mean time ferociously try to reel them in, but continue failing to achieve this. We also communicate with them on friendly terms and sort of enjoy the company, especially when we see their Parasailor flying during the day.

Tomorrow we will probably have a new go at catching a fish from the great Atlantic stock. We will probably also do some more reading, which today slowly started, a sign of us getting into the right rhythm and state of mind. To sum it all up, we're doing just fine aboard 'Robinson'!



Vrijdag 27 november

Wat een heerlijk dagje! We zitten straf in het ritme, al vanaf de 2^{de} dag loopt de passaatwind mee, zoals uit het boekje, we doen af en toe eens een wedstrijdje (zie verslag hieronder), we slapen en eten goed, kortom, een oversteek zoals hij zou moeten zijn tot nu toe. Met een groeiend besef van de mogelijkheid tot een goed resultaat in het verschiet, groeien de ambities aan boord en wordt steeds meer gepoogd het maximale uit de Robinson en Robby te halen. Naast 'grotere' overwinningen als het inhalen van Tucanon, kan echter ook het terugvinden van de pot met mayonaise ons blij stemmen. Ieder aan boord kent zijn taken en taakjes en voert deze keurig uit en de stemming zit er goed in. Vannacht hebben we de eerste 1000 NM geklokt en als ik nu (om 0630 's ochtends) in het donker op de navigatiecomputer kijk zie ik dat we nog 1845 NM te gaan hebben. Met een dag of 3 zouden we in staat moeten zijn om het half-way punt te bereiken, waarna langzaam maar zeker het aftellen een aanvang zal gaan nemen. Kortom, er is nog genoeg te zeilen en ook altijd te doen aan boord, maar dat vinden wij geenszins een probleem ;)

Day 6: Tucanon Day

While the yeast situation continues, as does the zero count in freshly caught fish, our minds have been occupied with a little race within a race today. Notwithstanding the fact that the other yacht involved is a catamaran and therefore only distantly interesting for our own position, sailing within a maximum distance of 3 NM for over 36 hours brings to life racing spirits in the most laid back type of cruisers. 'Tucanon', a Lagoon 440, first appeared on our port quarters 2 nights ago and hasn't been out of our sight since. At first she appeared to slowly but surely sail away from us, but then we decided we wouldn't want any of that, not on 'my watch'! Therefore we upped the efforts, pulled out the main next to our beloved Parasailor and put the pedal to the metal. This then proved to be just what we needed to crawl closer, inch by inch, to the people that we didn't know before, but after a number of daily radio contacts almost consider friends. Amazing how we are both in the middle of a gigantic body of water, separated by mere miles, never out of sight and both running west at speeds of well over 7 kts, racing each other!

Tonight around 0300 AM, just when we were about to cross the boundary of our first 1000 NM of this trip, the miracle happened, our hard work paid off, they ran out of luck, or whatever caused it; we finally overtook our new friends. Hopefully they will still be around when the light of day re-appears, so we can take some nice photographs of their Parasailor in full action. Something to remind them of Robinson and a beautiful ARC2009!

So, is all we did race a cat? No, we also enjoyed the sun, read our books, cleaned out the fridge and had a lovely lunch with Frankfurters followed by an even more lovely dinner with pasta al pesto with chicken and salad. And as icing on our cake we all had a lovely shower today. All in all a day in the ARC as they all should be, so bring on the next day!

Love to our loved ones, who always sail with us in our minds, and hopefully get a little taste of our experiences reading our log entries.



Zaterdag 28 november

Vandaag niet alleen een vis gevangen, maar ook gedood en gefileerd. Morgen voor de lunch ga ik deze ook nog bakken, waarmee de hele procedure is doorlopen.. Bij succes aan tafel gaat er morgen natuurlijk weer een lijntje uit. Ondertussen doen we qua onderlinge strijd in de ARC leuk mee, waarbij we wel duidelijk heen en weer geslingerd worden (overigens ook letterlijk in deze oceaandeining); de ene dag wordt er best fanatiek gezeild en de andere dag laten we stiekem een hoop liggen door zeilwissels uit te stellen. Mij maakt het overigens niet veel uit, als we bij de bovenste 50 eindigen ben ik tevreden. Gezien onze huidige positie in de vloot zouden we dat makkelijk moeten halen en met een beetje geluk zelfs bij de bovenste 25, wat voor onze 'gelegenheids'-crew natuurlijk een prachtig resultaat zou zijn. Verdere belevenissen in de bijdrage voor het dagelijkse log:

Day 7: Fish Day!

Busy day, today.. After a wonderful 36-hour run with Robby the time had come to take our beloved Parasailor down for inspection on chafe. This inspection brought a number of smaller attention areas to light that suffered from the continuous dynamics between wind, boat and waves. While we had Robby down we also decided to upgrade our chafe protection on the luff sheet, in serious chafe-risk as it is flown through the spinnaker pole. This meant taking of the make-shift water hose cover and replacing it with a fine and sophisticated hand sawn leather protector strip.



Whilst these amendments were made, Tucanon reported their first catch over the VHF. This inspired Bojan to throw out our own line, and with succes; within 1 minute we had hooked a beautiful dorade of about 3,5 to 4 kilos! All kinds of equipment were brought onto the deck, such as a sharp knife, the fish hook and of course the video camera. Half an hour of dissecting the as yet nameless dorade later, we were left with 6 nice fillets that are prone to be eaten by lunch tomorrow. First we needed to finish the tedious job of sewing the leather cover onto the sheet. This task was completed just before dark, so we decided to take our chances with the white sails for the night. As far as we can judge at this point in time, it would have probably been better to bite the bullet and hoist Robby again to pull us through the night as weakening winds take their toll on our boat speed this night. In order to maintain our relatively good position in the field, we will just (have to) try a little bit harder from the morning onwards. We at least now know that we have taken care of all chafing areas known to us on the Parasailor, so further inspections should take considerably less time.

If we also consider that we made water, beer bread (which is still a thick lump of stone-resembling power-bread), did some cleaning and all other normal day tasks, we think it was sort of a busy day. However, we may also have simply gone lazy by now:)

Zondag 29 november

Het logboek relaas spreekt redelijk voor zich, denk ik. Kan nog toevoegen dat we net de eerste regendruppels hebben gehad en de eerste vlagen tot 30 knoop. Dit alles brengt ons en Robby echter geenszins van de wijs; en dat is maar goed ook!

Day 8: Watermaker Day

Today we have crossed the line of being over 1 week at sea. Almost reason for a celebration, if it weren't for the fact that we expect to reach our virtual halfway point (where the NM to go become less than the ones traveled so far)sometime tomorrow late afternoon. As serious sailors we couldn't possibly explain ourselves if we would have had 2 parties within 36 hours; people at home might wonder whether we are here for the beer or for the sailing. So, the 1-week-moment passed in relative calm and after re-hoisting our good friend Robby the Parasailor, we prepared ourselves for some serious reading and relaxing; all was in good order, we had light winds, so we had to divert our minds from the progress on the course to any fantasy world provided by our books. As the title of this log already gave away, we never got to fantasy land.

The only thing to do before major relaxation was at hand was topping of our water tanks with fresh water. This worked just fine, however we also noticed a strange water flow onto the galley counter top from under the microwave. This water flow had no intention to stop doing what it was doing, so investigation was needed. Since our water maker is mounted in the cockpit locker, filled with a thousand other things (bicycle, 20 lines, storm jib, buckets, boxes, etc) we had to first get everything out of there, nicely filling up the cockpit and the interior. After the locker had been emptied, we localized the problem. The pressure gauge of the water maker proved to be leaking and the cause for our wet locker, galley and stuff. Some dismantling took place as we tried to contact the supplier by sat-phone, only to be reassured of the fact that today was indeed Sunday in the place called the outer world. Thus we hung out to dry what was to be dried, refilled the cockpit locker with the rest and were ready to go back to relaxing mode, only to find out that time had gotten the better of us in the mean time and darkness was soon to be expected. In the midst of all this playing around with stuff we had luckily managed to feed ourselves on a lovely lunch of fresh fish (still nameless and probably remaining nameless forever) with



boiled potatoes and salad, so we didn't go into the night hungry. Now, at 2 AM we are back to flying over the waves with speeds between 7.5 and 8 kts, just being propelled forward by Robby life is what it should be like once more.

Tomorrow we will presumably have contact with our water maker supplier and see what we can do to solve the problem. Our guess is that the pressure gauge may be considered as a goner, so we'll probably set up an alternative configuration of some kind to keep the water away from everything we prefer to be in a dry state. Of course we also pay attention to our progress in the fleet which still seems to be adequate; you never know in these funny sailing 'races' but we seem to have a shot at a result in the upper 10-20% of the fleet. As a completely coincidental crew, we couldn't possibly hope for more...or could we?

Although always so, it can't hurt to mention that our minds do on occasion wander off to our loved ones that can comfortably sit in front of the fireplace while we struggle on the wild, wild ocean ;) We miss you and know you miss us too!



Maandag 30 november

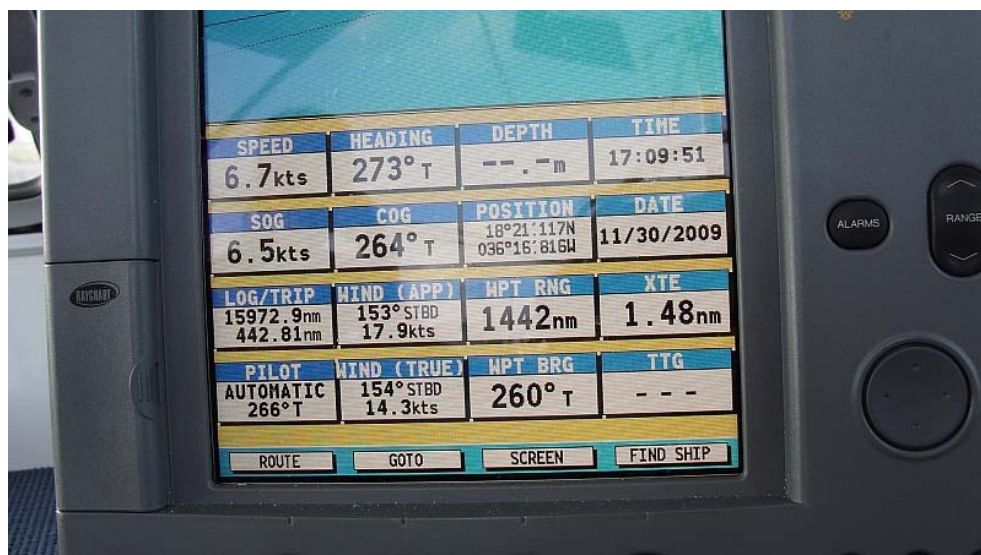
Day 9: Half-way Day

After a bumpy night in which the combined action of 20+ kts of wind, big waves and a relentlessly pulling Parasailor provided great progress at the cost of comfortable sleep, we started the day with communication with the supplier about the water maker. Our suspicion proved to be correct, the pressure gauge has broken and the way to solve this problem is to dismantle it and seal off the hose that leads to the gauge. With an idea about the way to do this we were enjoying our fast Parasailor ride when we heard a 'bang' which was followed by a broken bolt landing in Bojan's lap. Not a very comforting event, as we were not able to determine where this thing had come from. Broken bolts are rarely a good sign on a highly powered sailing yacht in the middle of the ocean. Our first thorough inspection of the rig and deck brought no answer to our questions, but all seemed stable, so we carried on. Lunch was provided in the form of bacon pancakes with syrup and we enjoyed them well. With the nagging feeling about the broken bolt in the back of our heads, we fixed the water maker by fitting a bolt with some tape around it in the hose and then clamping it off with a hose clamp. After flushing and draining the air from the system, we restarted the water maker. The result was as hoped; the water maker was back to working order, with the exception that we now cannot read the pressure off the gauge, but I guess we'll be able to cope with that ;)

As the hours flew by, another issue that had lived in the back of our heads crept forward; we were almost at the point where the distance in NM to St. Lucia would become less than the ones traveled so far; the magical Half-way point! Before we reached that moment, another 'bang' proved explanatory for the first one, as the mast top spinnaker halyard block came off the mast. The halyard itself and the Parasailor were OK, but we needed to come into action as this situation was not sustainable for a long period of time. In a smooth team effort we brought Robby down and rolled out the jib instead. We had winds of 20+ kts anyway, so we didn't lose more than 0,5 kts of speed with this sail change. The shackle of the spinnaker halyard block proved to be pretty worn as well when we had it on deck for inspection. Luckily Robin had mounted a complete second halyard this spring, so we can keep flying Robby with this spare halyard whenever we want to. All in all, only our redundancy has suffered from this equipment failure.

After this unplanned sail change, preparations were continued for the Half-way point party and at 6 PM we celebrated this event with a bottle of fine Cava, toast with cheese, chips, general happiness and good music. The sun was shining, the speed was good and the spirit was high as always. We are looking forward to enjoying the second half of our trip as much as we did the first part!

Robinson listening on 77 and 16; out..



Tja, leuk is anders als de bouten je om de oren vliegen. Fijn dat we nu inmiddels weten waar deze vandaan kwam en wat er precies stuk is. Had niet graag langere tijd in het ongewisse doorgevaren.. Wel grappig dat de 'incidenten' aan boord zich keurig over de dagen verdelen, zodat we elke dag wel iets technisch te doen hebben. Zou dit een kunstje van het lot zijn om ons voor verveling te behoeden? Met de witte zeiltjes in de vlinderstand zijn we, na een gijpje zojuist (jaja, een echte zeilmanoeuvre) weer lekker aan het rollen. Overigens lijkt het er steeds meer op dat we een mooie positie in het klassement zouden kunnen behalen; morgen maar eens van alle boten de DTF in Excel stoppen ;) Zo, ga Annika maar eens wekken, want mijn wacht zit er al weer op. Morgen nieuw nieuws.



Dinsdag 1 december

Rare dag vandaag.. Hieronder probeer ik in het dagelijkse log aan te geven wat hiervan de achtergronden zouden kunnen zijn.

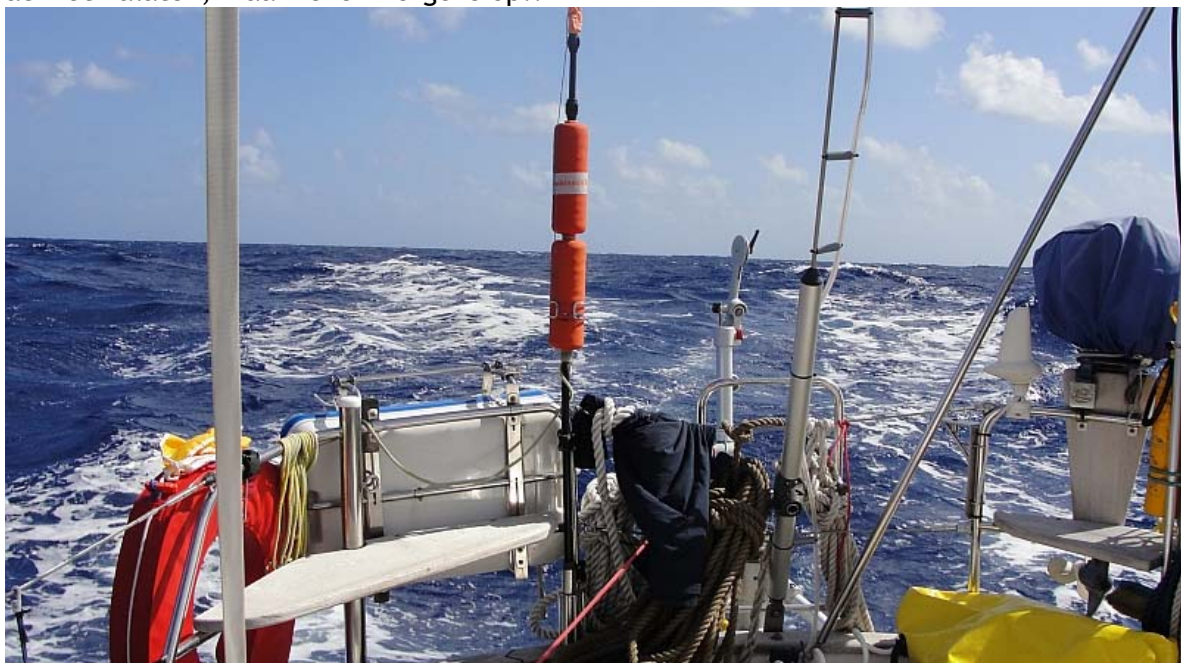
Day 10: Void Day

So far it took little effort to describe our lives and experiences on board. Partly due to the fact that we had to settle into the rhythm of our Atlantic crossing and partly due to the fact that every day brought an event with it, such as stuff breaking (down). Today is different in many ways and I'll try to give you an insight in the reasons why.

First of all it was a day on which no new events occurred; everything worked, the wind was stable at around and over 20 knots, so no sail changes were necessary and only one non-participant of the ARC popped up on the big blue plane, only to slowly disappear to port after a brief conversation on the VHF. We are all very much accustomed to the tasks at hand, so much that we today showed some little signs of sloppiness. Because the sailing was rather uneventful and nothing broke, we all read a lot and basically only did the basic things that needed to be done. It feels a little bit as if our settledness provided an overconfidence that lead to small concentration losses. Nothing major was forgotten, just minor things as not monitoring our battery status as promptly as we used to and forgetting to properly close the toilet pump. Of course, getting hung up in your books doesn't add to the general concentration, but it seems there was more at hand. Maybe it had to do with the fact that we celebrated reaching the half-way point yesterday. Having lived up to this point, we now sort of fell into the pit of, consciously or subconsciously, realizing that half way indeed is only half way on a pretty long trip. For your imagination, we now roughly still have to cover the distance between Holland and Gibraltar. My idea is that today was a day on which we got sucked into the nothingness of the day after the first major goal has been reached. Tomorrow we will have a lot more at hand, as we will probably hoist Robby again (wind is slowly weakening), bake bread, make water, have a shower and slowly approach the 1000 NM-to-go-point. From then on the real countdown will slowly but surely start. Today however remains a strange day and will not be the most memorable one; even if, from a psychological standpoint this might possibly have been the most interesting day.

I'm curious to find out what tomorrow will bring;) We invite you to come back to our log to find out for yourselves!

Mocht me morgen nog wat te binnen schieten om dit verhaal verder vorm te geven, zal ik dat niet nalaten, maar reken nergens op..



Woensdag 2 december

Day 11: Back to Work Day

After our funny intermezzo of yesterday we had a fresh start today with a hoist of Robby at the break of day. As soon as our Parasailor was hoisted the speed increased and the rolling decreased; so that's good. What else was good today? Well, we all had a lovely shower, which in an interesting way freshens up body and soul alike. We also made fresh bread and water and were generally happy during the entire day. Little jobs were done, like some washing of personal clothing, the floor in the saloon was cleaned and we had no complaints about the weather. Hold on, I hear you think, we can hardly believe that ALL was working out fine!

Indeed: we are (again) suffering from a technical device that has to meet so many demands that the basic functioning of it is jeopardized; Jenny the generator went fast asleep last night and whatever we tried today has not resulted in her waking up again to supply us with fresh battery power. Luckily we still have a simple, but therefore trustworthy, main engine which now has the task of feeding our batteries. Apart from the fact that we simply want everything on board to work, the clearly greater efficiency of the generator inspires us to keep trying to revive our little boxed friend. So, manuals are brought out and precious time (which we otherwise could have spent reading for example) was spent in the engine room, sadly to no avail.

An email with the description of the problem has now left our yacht and is hurdling towards the mechanic that installed the generator, so tomorrow we will hopefully be able to do whatever needs to be done to get the power box back to work.

Realizing that we will tomorrow also cross the line of the last 1000 NM to St. Lucia, we dropped a couple of beer cans in the fridge for us to enjoy around noon. With a little help from the warm and friendly sun I think we will manage to enjoy those 1000 NM beers to the fullest.



While other yachts have reported sightings of whales and other gracious animals, we either don't pay enough attention (how could we, as we spend so much time in the engine room anyway), or the gently giants of the world are simply not around when we pass. It would be nice though to spot some whales during the last 6 to 7 days of our trip, fingers crossed..

The closer we get to St. Lucia, the more we are also interested in the positions of other yachts, especially since we appear to still have chances of doing rather well in our division. So, Parasailor Robby will stay up for as long as possible and all position reports will be carefully monitored and analyzed, as is the weather situation. So far, we have been very lucky with stable winds all the way from Las Palmas; let's hope the last few days will not be any different!

Robinson, listening on 16 and 77, out.

Donderdag 3 december

Day 12: Power Day

Today passed by quickly, even though we basically didn't do very much, at least that how it feels. Yes, we did do some checks on Jenny, which sadly didn't result in any significant progress. We now know that a number of items is in good working order, but still don't know what actually is the problem that inhibits the starter motor to turn. Tomorrow morning we will give it another go and see if we can revive Jenny with some new tricks. Since the main engine is less efficient in charging the batteries, we have chosen to cut down on power consumption, so we only use the equipment we deem 'necessary' for our trip, ie. Autopilot, fridge, freezer, VHF, and sailing instruments. The computer and all other power consuming bits are only switched on when needed and then turned off again. This new way of conscious power consumption has brought down our hourly consumption from 20+ to around 7 Ah and it is interesting to find out more about what all items actually consume.. Of course, if/when Jenny comes back to life, we will probably play the role of modern consumers again and leave everything on for comfort, but in the mean time this seems an exercise that has its merits.

Although we actually already passed the 1000 NM-to-go-point at 10 in the morning, we didn't celebrate this event with a couple of beers until just after noon; at which time we really enjoyed our cold beers and the fact that slowly but surely we are getting closer and closer to the finish of this wonderful Rally. As I write this report, we have also just crossed the line of 2000 NM already sailed. We have decided not to celebrate this event, because we do still want to come across as serious sailors ;)

Last night yet another catamaran appeared within view, this time Kintukani, a Lagoon 500 also participating in the ARC. The entire night they sailed alongside us on our starboard side and today during the day and some evasive action to stay out of a squall, we sailed in close proximity for a couple of hours in very light winds. An excellent opportunity to take some pictures of each others yachts; if they have the same number and quality of pics from us as we have from them, we will have some wonderful shots of Robinson to show you folks and cherish ourselves. By now they have dissapeared again but now over the southern horizon, another one of those meetings where your simple position defines your 'friendships'. I'm sure we will find the crew of Kintukani in St. Lucia and share a rum or beer with them.

It does seem odd to us that we only appear to attract catamarans to come close, we haven't seem another monohull at close range since the day of the start. In the mean time we have already had close contact with 4 catamarans, although only 10% of the ARC fleet consists of multihulls. Hmmm..

Let's see what tomorrow brings, there are still some cats in the fleet we haven't seen ;)



Vrijdag 4 december

Day 13: Mixed Feelings Day

During our journey it has never taken me longer to find a fitting title for our daily log as today. Calling today generator day again seems to put more emphasis on this project than it deserves (by the way, Jenny is now running smoothly in the background again, so yes, we fixed her). So if today is not generator day II, what other significant events occurred today, I wondered. The answer to that question is that actually nothing particularly special happened today, which left me without a title again. Hmm, how to share our (lack) of adventurous, natural or technical events of today with all of you at home then? The only two things that have really been playing around in our minds today are our position in the fleet and, I cannot possibly leave this out completely, the repair of Jenny. So why does this lead to mixed feelings? Please allow me to explain..

Since our departure in Las Palmas we have had favorable conditions with steady winds of 15 to 20 knots from astern. In the first night we had lost out on most of the other yachts because we kept heading south much longer than proved to be necessary (In our defence I like to bring forward that at that point in time we couldn't have cared less about our position in the fleet; we were busy getting into the rhythm, remember?) Well then, from our not so good position after the first night, we appeared to be gradually moving forward through the fleet, especially at times when we deployed Robby the Parasailor. We passed a number of boats without too much effort and by the time we were well set into our rhythm, incoming position reports showed our surprising progress in the field. Today, and actually this already started yesterday afternoon, we experienced a significant drop in wind speed which resulted in an unsurprising drop in boat speed. Although we continued to enjoy the ride as such, a little disappointment about the less favorable conditions and speed crept into us, since we had been doing pretty good lately. The mixing of feelings followed after the latest position reports that, much to our surprise, showed that we had actually gained a reasonable number of NM's on our most relevant competitors. So, while being discouraged a little bit by our performance on the water, it proved that many other boats did even worse. Hence the first set of mixed feelings.

The second set of mixed feelings involves the generator (I do hope that I will not be needing to mention this machine after this log anymore). After our set of tests yesterday, trying to find out why the starter motor wouldn't turn, we decided to give the manufacturer a call and ask for advice. Mind you, we had studied the manual extensively and performed all tasks and tests mentioned in the "If the generator fails to start"-section. The gentleman on the other side of the line and the world listened to our description of the problem (the starter motor won't turn) and said one thing: "Exchange relay K1 with relay K2 and call me back if this doesn't work, but usually that's the problem." Within 5 minutes after that Jenny was happily spinning again, but the happy feeling of having fixed her was overcast by the realization that this one minute phone call had solved this (apparently often occurring problem) while the entire 80+ page manual didn't bother to mention this situation. For example it could (or SHOULD) have mentioned: "The starter motor relay sometimes breaks and if you exchange it with the glow-plug relay found next to it you get the machine running again in such a case." Apart from a slight embarrassment that always pops up after the answer to the problem proves to be relatively or very simple, we were quite frustrated that this short sentence hadn't made it into the Troubleshooting section of our manual.

Today is therefore mixed feelings day, showing that disappointment can turn into joy and relief into frustration. With Jenny and Robby doing all the hard work at the moment, I think it is time for me to enjoy the beautiful moon and stars and salute you all!

Zaterdag 5 december

Day 14: Squall, not Sinterklaas

Wow, what an interesting day we've had! It all Started just an hour or two after I finished the last daily log. At 5 AM we were all in the cockpit with life-jackets on and Secured with life-lines because a Squall had decided to hit us. In winds of 30+ knots we Steered by hand to follow all funny wind Shifts and keep our Parasailor full of wind. Racing forward at just under 9 knots in the pouring rain, we rode out the squall with just one little broach without any consequences.

Relaxing a bit in the more normal conditions behind the squall we noticed another one building and approaching on the radar; the Second squall. Closely monitoring its path we came to the conclusion that it was looking for us as well. The closer it came, the darker it became and the bigger the reflection on the radar also grew. By the time we had realized this was a Seriously big one, it was too late to bring down Robby before we got hit. We tried, but it was really (only) just too late.. The hand steering in winds of 35 knots began again. For 2 minutes all went relatively fine, then we broached and Stalled 2 to 3 times within a minute. The last stall was the final one, were we had to let the Sheets of the Parasailor go. Two of us went forward to see if we could bring it in. To cut a long story short, we managed and stayed safe and in one piece ourselves as well. It took us a good 20 minutes before we could, soaking wet, find our way back to the cockpit where the ice cold numbers on the wind meter showed that we had been having fun on the foredeck in gusts of up to 42 knots! When clearing the deck of left over Sheets, riding out the squall under bare poles doing 5 to 6 knots, we also noticed that one sheet was behaving rather unpleasantly; it was Submerged and Stuck behind Something. Investigations and expeditions to bring it in, conducted in daylight, Showed that it was (and in fact still is) stuck around our propeller. Happy about bringing the Parasailor down , Seemingly still in one piece (we checked as well as we could in the boat today, but will not know for sure until we hoist Robby again), and a bit disappointed about the sheet, we then turned our attention to the inside of the boat. I know people that love coffee, but not like that! We knew that we had taken some Seawater in because of our broaches, but not yet that it had found and dispersed our garbage container that HAD a number of used coffee filters in it. The entire galley and nav station looked liked somebody had thrown in a combined coffee-residue-and-Salt-water-bomb.

We immediately cleaned up the messiest bits and then got a couple of hours Sleep. After waking up again in the Sunlight we had breakfast and Spent most of the day cleaning the boat. Every drawer and locker in the kitchen including the fridge was Speckled with little black coffee dots. I'm pretty Sure some will even pop up months from now.

With winds from 18 to 23 knots we have sailed all day with our white sails in the (old) Standard trade winds configuration; a bit Slower, but needing less sheets. According to the weather forecast we can expect to have these conditions all the way to St. Lucia, so maybe it's only then that we can free our sheet since it is a bit deep to anchor where we are now. In the mean time our under water sheet rumbles along the hull at any speed over 5 knots and that's about 90% of the time, as we happily Swerve and Surf along in and off the big Swell at 7 to 8 knots now.

At the end of today, the day we had planned to celebrate the birthday of the old Dutch/Spanish/actually-Turkish bishop Sinterklaas, we were glad that everything was back to working order and decided to postpone this traditional fest until the man's real birthday, which is tomorrow.

So long for today, a day to remember.



Zondag 6 december

Day 15: Sinterklaas Day

With (almost) everything back to normal on board except for the stuck sheet, we had a leisurely day with the celebration of the birthday of Sinterklaas as the main event. In Holland this is a very special event for many people. Gifts are given to your loved ones and with the gifts come interesting exhibits of personal craftsmanship or loving, but also slightly ironic poems. It is the time of year when people can settle scores in the nicest way possible and, at the same time, spoil their loved ones. Without the rain, storms and other facilities Holland offers (such as rental Sinterklaasses) for this event we had to improvise today. We used the long blond hair of Annika to construct a beard on her chin and gave her the boat hook as the 'staf' for those who know. With a dark voice and a slight Swedish accent Sint Anniklaas entered the cockpit, where both Robin and Bojan had to come sit on his/her lap to hear what was written about them in the big book. Luckily, we both escaped a deportation to Spain (which is what happens to children that behave badly) and all three of us were even rewarded for our good deeds with gifts. Annika received a momentum to remember her first crossing in the shape of the number '1' in Delfts Blauw (a famous Dutch pottery-painting style), Robin got a reminder of Holland that shows typical Dutch items, such as windmills, wooden clogs and cows. If you turn the little cylinder upside down you hear a sound that supposedly should be a cow, but could just as well be a sheep or a water maker for that matter. Bojan got a very original self-cut 'chocoladeletter' B, after which we heard rumors that Sinterklaas had eaten the cut outs himself and enjoyed them very much. Good for him!

We read the poems that had been made, sang Sinterklaas songs and had a jolly good time. Next year Annika can import this Dutch tradition in Sweden as she now knows the songs and of course has been able to get her hands on the big book with all children's behaviors in it. All in all a great way to celebrate this lovely tradition in the middle of the Atlantic.

Just after we finished the celebration we passed the 500-NM-to-go barrier and started slowly to count down the remaining miles. If all goes well and the weather does what is predicted, we should arrive early on Thursday the 10th. Hopefully we will have found a good opportunity to hoist Robby again in the mean time, so we can go forward even faster but more importantly, more stable. First we however would like to remove the sheet that is still stuck on the propeller. Besides, with winds averaging 20+ knots, we do make an acceptable speed of 6,5 to 7 knots; not as fast as with Robby, but not slow enough to take any drastic measures.



Last night has been very calm in the squall department for a change; just one rain cloud emptied itself upon us without bringing any additional wind. With the larger part of the night still ahead of us, it would be nice if the serious squalls could pass us without too much hassle tonight as well.

Tomorrow we will do our daily things and start looking towards the finish line even more; after all, what are the last 400 NM when you have already sailed 2400 of them? Should I also tell you about Jenny, who seems to have died on us once more? Mwah, I think you can figure it out for yourselves. So, with the sound of the main engine running for power (we have every intention to cross the finish line without a single engine hour used for propulsion; nice and pure), we salute you all from the swelly surface of the big Pond.

Maandag 7 december

Day 16: Almost Almost There Day

After two days of rolling under the white sails today was the day that we hoisted Robby again. Not completely sure whether he had indeed survived the violent attack of the Second Squall, we prepared and hoisted our lovely Parasailor. Immediately we noticed that Robby was oblivious and couldn't have cared less about our stormy adventures. He opened nice and stable and immediately started pulling away, meanwhile taking with him the heavy rolling we have come to loath so very much over the last few days. So, all was good and everybody was happy. Normally the story turns bad at this point, but today proved an exception on that rule. Everything stayed in good working order and we merrily counted down the miles. By now we expect to cross the finish line in St. Lucia in the night from the 9th onto the 10th, with still a good chance of achieving a very satisfying position in the results. We think we could possibly end up anywhere between position 20 and 35 of the Cruising Division containing 155 yachts. The nice bonus might be that we have not yet used the engine for propulsion at all, which in itself is cool enough, but which gets better if other yachts have used their engines during the crossing. We already know of a number of yachts that have and we know that there will be a penalty to pay for using your engine in the conditions the fleet experienced during this crossing.

By now we have brought down Robby again as a result of intensified squall activity on the radar. Of course, if you bring the umbrella it never rains, so tonight they so far have all missed us. Tomorrow at dawn we will put Robby back to work on the last day that the only thing around us will be water, sky and an occasional other yacht. We believe that the day after tomorrow a shout 'Land in sight!' will be heard over the big blue plane..

So far, so good, all good things come an end at one point in time; we look forward to making the best of the last days of our journey!



Dinsdag 8 december

Day 17: Especially Uneventful Day

Today was a day on which on the surface nothing special happened. With enough wind (20+ kts) to maintain a good speed during the day with white sails, although rolling, we didn't do anything slightly interesting except finally getting the trim of our Windpilot sorted out to a fine level. 'Windy' has been steering us reliably through the day and first hours of the night. What else? Well, we had lunch and dinner, read a lot, slept a lot and generally did what needed to be done on automatic controls. We are now so well used to the daily routines on board that all this has become completely and utterly normal. But there's a catch to all of that. Everybody will have memories of certain (new) tasks they did when encountering an almost unavoidable phenomenon. When you first start doing something new or different you're normally not very good at it. As the task progresses you notice that you become better and better at it, just to a point when you're convinced that you are really getting the hang of it. Very often this point is reached near to or at the end of the task. So just when your skills have reached the peak level, you can then stop using them. This is what is happening to us in a nutshell, I believe. With the routines and practices we've grown to develop, we could go on sailing for a month without any hassle. And just now, we are slowly coming to the end of our task, so we will have to change into a new routine all over again in a short while. This knowledge also colors the way we experience things today and especially tonight. This night is going to be the last night at open water without interfering things as rounding an island, crossing a finish line and anchoring ahead of us; just plain ocean sailing. And although nothing is special about this night itself, it becomes special for us simply because it will be the last. Very confusing for you? Well, it is for us as well! Tomorrow we will go through this process all day, being juggled between doing the now most ordinary of things, while having the feeling of them being special at the same time.

Tomorrow we will be counting down the last miles and start seeing many more boats, all finishing very close to another. During the greatest part of our journey the fleet has been spread out from North to South just as much as from East to West. Now, all aiming at the same northern tip of St. Lucia, the differences in northing dissipate and a nice string of yachts will form keeping the committee vessel very busy for the next 48 hours or so. Looking forward to completing our voyage, but already regretting the end of it, we will join this parade on its way to St. Lucian rum and hospitality.

If you'll excuse me now, I still have a couple of hours of enjoying the stars to do. We'll be in touch..



Woensdag 9 december

Day 18: FINISH Day

Although I originally had planned to start writing our daily log only after we had finished, a sudden urge to share our feelings brought me to the keyboard. The lights of St. Lucia and Martinique are beginning to be visible on the horizon, a clear sign that a transformation is about to take place. In a few hours time that will rush by faster than expected, we will leave the routines we have grown so accustomed with and start a new chapter in the story of our crossing. Things will be very different tomorrow than they were for the last 18 days. Some will not be missed, such as the rather annoying rolling under goose-winged white sails (these days of rolling will have their impact on our first day(s) on St. Lucia as well, as we have totally forgotten how firm and stable ground works; everything will seem to be continuously moving around and under us). Others things, such as the simplicity of life on board, the beautiful stars at night, fast, smooth and stable sailing with our Parasailor Robby, and the magical simple beauty of the ocean itself, that is always but never the same, will be difficult to leave behind. Luckily, we have made a number of new friends over the VHF that we urgently need to see to exchange our mutual stories while sipping rum or cold, cold beers. The mere fact that we are going to see, speak to and touch all kinds of other people again tomorrow is something special in a funny way in itself. For our land-based audience: when was the last time you haven't seen another human being except your 2 travel companions for almost 3 weeks? Hard to imagine, I guess. Parts of our minds reluctantly see the end of our micro cosmos on the big blue plane coming nearer and nearer, while other parts can't wait to start partying and exchanging stories with old and new friends. Probably the latter feeling will soon take the dominant position as changing our course (for the first time in 2 weeks) and preparing 'Robinson' for the finish photo will undoubtedly over shout all melancholic feelings of longing for this trip not to end, and probably for the better. Earthly things like, emails, arranging repairs, customs, etc. await us as well and we might as well (try to) look forward to them.

With 27 NM to go to the finish I will now step back into the cockpit and slowly say goodbye to the ocean that has been so kind to us during this voyage (minus the Second Squall of course). Atlantic, you're an enormously powerful, yet mostly friendly, creature of beauty that we have enjoyed immensely and highly appreciate; thank you and we'll be back! Our mostly silent, but therefore not less crucial 'Robinson' also deserves our gratitude and respect, you've been a great and trustworthy friend!

UPDATE:

Finished at 02:02:50 local time on Thursday the 10th of December, 17,71 days after a start that seems (and is) weeks ago. Have now laid anchor close to the finish line in Rodney Bay and are going to have a couple of beers. In the morning we will have a swim (not in the least to free any remains of the sheet from our propeller) and a shower before we will finally make landfall in the morning. Most likely this story will also be the last log entry about our trip, so we would like to take this opportunity to thank everybody who has shared our experiences from a distance. Any comments are welcome; please email to arc2009@bomarine.nl

Earlier and future adventures of 'Robinson', soon starting in the Caribbean, can be monitored on www.robinsonexpeditie.web-log.nl

We thoroughly enjoyed this ARC and will carry many beautiful memories from it and we hope you enjoyed our trip as well. So long and thanks for all the fish! "Robinson, out"

Finale UPDATE: Bij de prijsuitreiking blijken wij 2e in onze klasse en 25e van de gehele Cruising Division (155 jachten) geworden te zijn. Voorwaar niet slecht dunkt ons ;)