



Tracy Edwards Log Book

21st November 1989

I live, eat, breathe, sleep, course, course, course. Which way to go???? I can't believe how pressured I feel. Exploding point is not far away. Even if Rucanor overtook us it would be some sort of release... something to let the steam off. My stomach is playing up and my neck is stiff – all the classic symptoms. I just wish this leg was over. I feel that if we lose we have let so many people down.

Today started off badly with the wind directly behind us. We gybed but still had a bad course. The wind kept going back and forth. L'Esprit is still going our way – south of Kergeulan. What a stupid place to put an island! I have agonised over this bloody island – do we go north or south – north or south? South is a risk but looking at the weather we have I am now more or less convinced that we should go south.

There was blue sky today and some sun, fluffy white clouds and a lovely rolling sea. These sailing conditions are a dream and the reason why we come down to this hell-hole. We had a good wind speed – just the wrong direction. Still, everyone cheered up by the day. The spinnaker tripped itself twice today – bloody dangerous – but the girls have got it down to a fine art getting it back.

Looking at the decks with this bright sunlight make me realise how filthy the boat is; it looks like a pig pen.

We got some brilliant speeds today but at the chat show I found out that Rucanor and L'Esprit have taken miles out of us. I heard Dirtball on Steinlager speaking with Freemantle Yacht Club today. Yippee, there is life out there!!!! During the chat show the Reacher went up and we went over very badly. Horror show.

Quote of the day from Jeni Mundy “Wet, Wild and Winning!”

Miles to go: 2,786