



# Tracy Edwards Log Book

**24th November 1989**

I have been like a cat on hot bricks going round Kergeulen, knowing that at any time we could lose the lead. The whole boat was like a time bomb. In the end it was me and Michele. She told me this was not a race around the bouys and to calm down. Well, after the second leg of the last Whitbread on Atlantic Privateer, when we finished seven minutes in front of NZI Enterprise, I had to disagree. So, we had a screaming match.

Everyone agrees I get Grump of the Leg award. But when we got round Kergeulen there we were still in the lead and now with a massive advantage. I got more stressed as I realised we could actually win this leg.

I have been awake for three days now. What is the wind doing, what weather is coming, what is the sea doing, what course are we doing? Am I doing the right thing? Am I making the right decisions? I am confident but my nerves are raw. The Maiden bravado is cracking up right now. It got better when we found out we have taken more out of the other boats. The weather is better and we are surfing with a poled out Reacher.

It was perfect Southern Ocean stuff so it's a shame we are going to start coming out of it and head north. The wind dropped again tonight so I am gritting my teeth waiting for the chat show. L'Esprit is beginning to overtake Rucanor; in general I can feel them both willing us to make a mistake.

Miles to go: 1,739

