



Tracy Edwards Log Book

31st October 1989

We had the full main with the No. 4 up. I got up at 0400 for the weather chart; not a good one. I stayed up for a couple of hours mucking about in the Nav Station, listening to the girls on deck singing – yes singing! I must have the happiest crew in the race. It's good to be on our own again away from everyone else.

There is so much interest in the project now. But we are back to what we should be doing, to what we enjoy the most, where we should be – out here clear of arguments, the bitching, the aggression, the snide remarks and people stirring things up.

The only company we have out here is an Albatross constantly wheeling above us, which we have named Fred. He hangs behind the boat his wingspan as wide as the boat; he surfs on the wind that spills from our mainsail and watches us curiously.

I think of Janne and wonder if his spirit is out here with us. The voices of our friends on the other yachts are the only voices out here. It is a secure feeling knowing they are there, around us.

