



# Tracy Edwards Log Book

**20th March 1990**

**Leg Five, Uruguay to Ft Lauderdale, 5,475 miles**

We had a very good start – got over the line in front of Steinlager and Merit. Then we mucked up badly at the first buoy. We didn't get the spinnaker down fast enough and Rucanor caught us. L'Esprit pulled away at that point and, by the time we were out of sight of land, both of them – through better tactics – had pulled away, so that they were almost over the horizon. That left us, Schlüssel and La Poste fighting it out.

I went too far out. We kept everybody on the radar and I went much further than any of them with the result that L'Esprit, Rucanor and Schlüssel all took miles from us. I should have edged out gradually. The whole point was that I thought there was more wind out here – wrong again! We had the same wind with a longer route. Wonderful!

The wind so far has been flukey, light variable and the weather fax information is totally unpredictable. We have been losing and gaining alternately. It is the same with the Maxis – it is just a lottery and it's likely to continue till the Doldrums.

But, everyone is on good form and sailing the boat well. It is now hot enough in the day to take some clothes off. It's great not to have to wear clothes! All the talk is of the last stop – and the end of the Race. This feels like a particularly stupid extra leg. WE want to be racing home. I certainly want to get on with the rest of my life. Only 2 months to go though. It's hard to believe we have already sailed 24,000 miles and been around the bottom of the planet.

If we were heading home now it would be perfect. I am terrified of screwing up again and losing this leg, then drawing out the agony of the last leg. I am so frightened that I will let everyone down. The twin aims for this leg are: 1. to win by lots of hours and 2. to get back into shape. All of us feel totally wrecked by the past two months.