



Tracy Edwards Log Book

22nd March 1990

The wind gradually came up. The sea was getting difficult. We spent all day beating or just cracking off the wind. It still won't let us go. The weather was really hot, humid and heavy. Everyone finding it impossible to sleep properly. Then truckloads of wind and it's on the nose; what a waste.

L'Esprit took miles from us; everyone did. It is so frustrating. Horrible day and my neck has gone again - very painful - and marvellous fun when you are beating. I hope we can get round the point without tacking and the oilfields are just past that.

Finally the wind did free us in the evening. We were doing a great course at eight knots. Then the squalls started and every time one passed over us we were pushed further into the shore - just what we don't want. I just hope this dreadful weather is not a result of us being too close to the coast. It's ironic that we lost miles to get out and now we're the furthest in and losing more miles. It seems we can't win!

Will I ever do anything right ever again? I feel like a useless idiot. Beating is driving us all slowly mad. Jo is so down doing the washing up that I said we'd have a rota. Anything is awful in these conditions.

We are going round the corner of Brazil tonight if we possibly can. I can only sleep a couple of hours at a time and then getting up to do the positions - it's making me very tired. No music; everyone subdued.

