



Tracy Edwards Log Book

1st April 1990 - 02'12"S 38'21"W

I got up every two hours during the night to check our course, as the current is intermittent and no longer pushing us as hard as it was. Just as I was getting up for the last time, absolutely exhausted (now I know why most boats have a Skipper and Navigator), I noticed we were no longer doing course.

Tanja had been steering 5' high as the course had been passed along like Chinese Whispers – no-one's fault I should have noticed. Then I tried to trace back to when the course had changed and to log between the two fixes. What a crazy waste of eight hours. I just sat in the Nav Station and burst into tears. It felt good – as if I should have done it at the end of the last leg. If the guys could see me now I know they'd say, 'I told you so, women can't handle it.' Well, I am glad I am not a guy and don't have to pretend that I am not emotional occasionally. It was the final straw that broke the camel's back. The last leg, the failures, the last stop, our loss of these precious miles, my own stupidity, everything all bundled into one. Of course if I was a guy I would just be focussing on all of our wins – therein lies the difference I think.

We started taking miles back from Rucanor and L'Esprit today which was some consolation. It looks as if my taking a more northerly course compared with them has paid off. Bruno still talks on the radio to Juan about how wonderful it is to be racing each other, and how they'll get drunk when they get in. They talk in French so Michele translates whilst rolling her eyes!

L'Esprit is the real problem – trying to beat them on the last leg so we can win overall. We are still ahead of everyone else on accumulated hours. The last leg is too short to put too many hours between us. I shouldn't fixate on it because it just makes me angry with myself and negative.

We should have won the last leg there is no excuse; can't even blame nearly sinking. At least on this leg there is a good reason. The girls are all enjoying this leg and there has been some excellent sailing. It's like being in heaven, reaching with the spinnaker up and doing 9-11 knots. Music blaring out, there's blazing sun, deep blue sea, light blue sky and white puffy cloud racing against us. The sea is such a deep, deep blue and there's white horses all around and tropical sea birds skim the tops of the manes. Perfect – seriously what could possibly be better?