



Tracy Edwards Log Book

October 3rd, 1989

We spent the morning slicing through grey seas under a heavy grey sky that seemed to wrap itself around us. The wind came forward again. The temperature has really dropped. It was a horrible day. The mood on board was not good. Frustration and the need to get into port. The wind battered us again during dinner from 4 to 35 knots in a few scary minutes. Our environment is not a happy one and it feels as if the sea is telling us to get into port.

It is so bloody miserable beating our brains out and not doing course. If you have not spent this much time battling the wind you will never understand how it is possible to HATE an 'element' as if it is a living being.

Equity & Law got in this afternoon – we can still beat them on handicap but it is galling. Punta del Este Yacht Club is really good at keeping us up to date with news. Rucanor is now 60 miles ahead. This is my fault. I have screwed up on the weather routing. L'Esprit ETA 1000 whilst out ETA is Friday.

My punishment? Doing the bilges!! Kristen helped. My mood was foul.

We have GOT to get this bloody weather fax sorted out when we get to Punta.

Miles to go: 641 GROAN!

