



**MAJA'S Voyage**

**2014-2017**

**Book 7**

Jeannette Havskov

Juny-August 2017

Santander (Spain)-Florvåg (Norway)

Cover picture taken by Fritz on 17 th of June 2015 between Messina (Sicilia) and Argostoli (Greece)

**Sunday 28- Monday 29 of May 2017. Santander (Spain)-Royan (France)**



Calm and misty

We leave at 7.45 am on Sunday, May 28, in a very calm, rather foggy weather. The weather forecast is variable light winds, no waves of more than a meter and little swell, but a lot of rain tonight and a wind Force 3 tomorrow, from the north, so against us. I take a half Sturgeron 75 mg. I feel a little sleepy and take a nap. We think of going to La Rochelle but we have to go far enough from the coast between the estuary of La Gironde and the Basque coast, the French Navy has a large field of shooting exercises there. Everything is fine, it's still quiet at 1 pm when we eat our lunch. Then Jens takes a nap, then me. At 3 pm, a small green bird comes in the cockpit. Too bad, I don't think to make a picture. He manages to leave through the open door. We are motoring with the mainsail to stabilize. But there are almost no waves, at times it's as quiet as on a lake, and we are on the dreaded Bay of Biscay, it's incredible. Jens looks at the charts and decides to change his plan. We won't go to La Rochelle but to Royan, it's closer. We would arrive the second night, between Monday and Tuesday, in La Rochelle while we can arrive on Monday night in Royan. Dinner at 7 pm, tea at 8:30 pm and I go to bed at 9 pm.

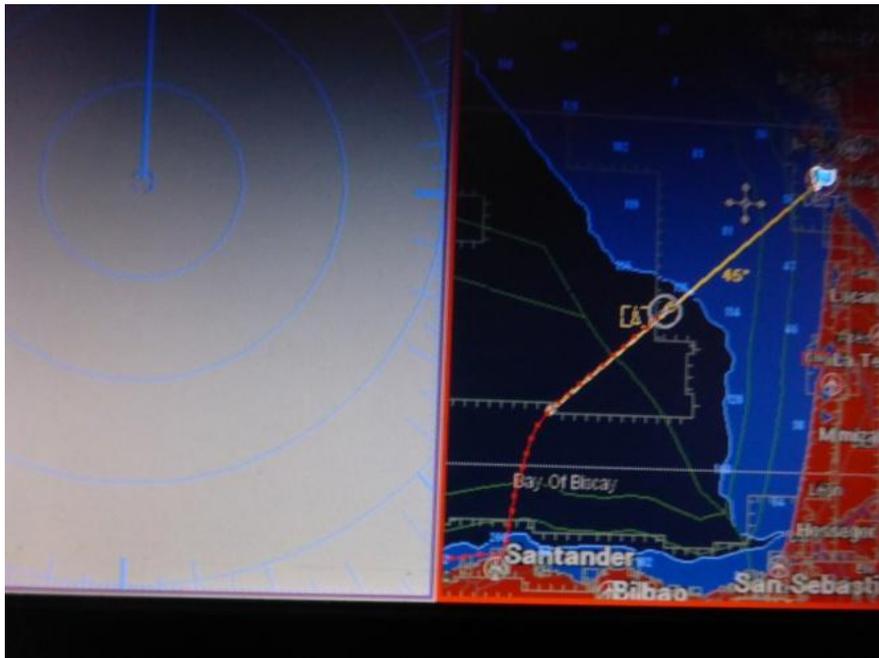


Washing the dishes without holding on

We change every two hours and it's going very well, we both sleep well. No wind, no waves but a lot of rain and thunderstorms, at times the lightings followed one after the other.



The night is dark, no moon and no stars



We don't see anything when it's raining. We put on the radar

The wind rises a bit at times but not more than Force 4 and it doesn't last. We cross fishing boats at 5 am. I listen to the radio broadcasts recorded by Laila, I kept them for the nights, it makes the time pass well. Jens is lying down, a fishing boat passes behind us, far enough, I see her name on AIS, she has a name with "blue".

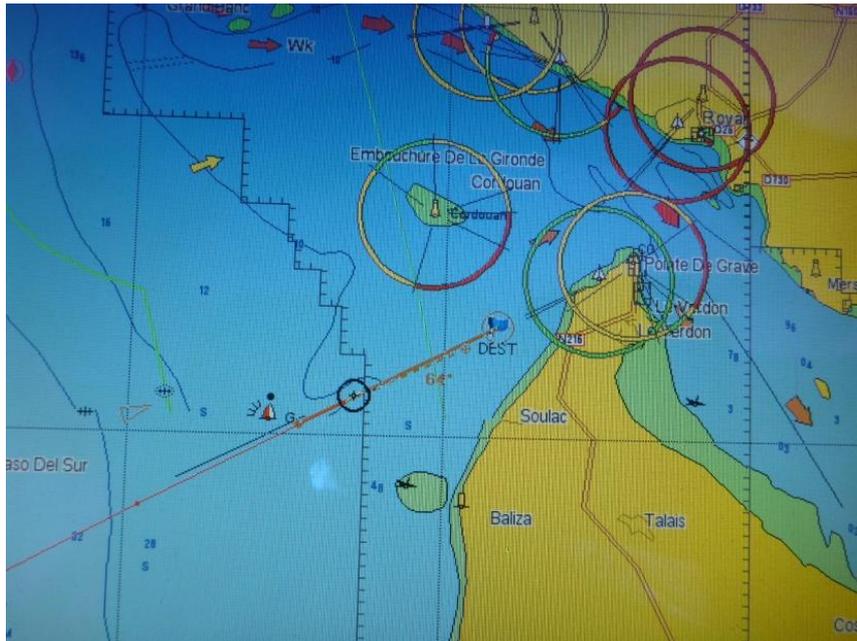
AIS NAME	
F/V LE REQUIN BLEU	
MMSI	CALL SIGN
227479000	FVDD
SOG Kts	COG T
9.3	276°
CPA Nm	TCPA
4.31	08:06

The name with blue



Breakfast. The cup is not wedged

I can do a sudoku so it's quiet. We have a good breakfast at 9:00 am on Monday. At 10:15 am, we passed the corner of the shooting range and can put a destination point at the entrance of the Royan channel. I go down and work on Saturday's blog. I write all the text of Saturday's blog and even begin the one of the crossing, Sunday and Monday. Towards noon the wind forces a little and we only go sailing. Then it turns and we have it completely from behind, force 3-4, while it was intended to face us. But it is not easy to predict such unstable winds. A few waves but it does not last and in the late afternoon it falls again. And it's good, we're approaching the Gironde estuary, where there are many shoals and currents and we have enough to do with it without worrying about the wind. But the shoals are well marked and we are at fairly high tide, so there is water.



We are going to cross the Gironde estuary

The current causes us to go as a crab. The tide goes up until 9 pm and it is 7 pm, so the sea enters the estuary and runs up against the current of the two rivers that form the Gironde, the Garonne and the Dordogne, so this makes short and sharp waves, no problem, but I don't imagine myself in this area by strong wind, we are lucky that it is so calm.



French courtesy flag

We have to pass a mark by the south but we get there by pointing very much north, we would never say we go where we should go. It is the autopilot that does the job, it has a GPS and takes us where we must go. We cross the ferry crossing from Royan to the Pointe de Grave, opposite, and she also goes like a crab. We arrive at Royan at 8 pm, the "capitainerie" is closed but there is a pontoon for visitors, well marked. Ankerdram, dinner of an omelet, a

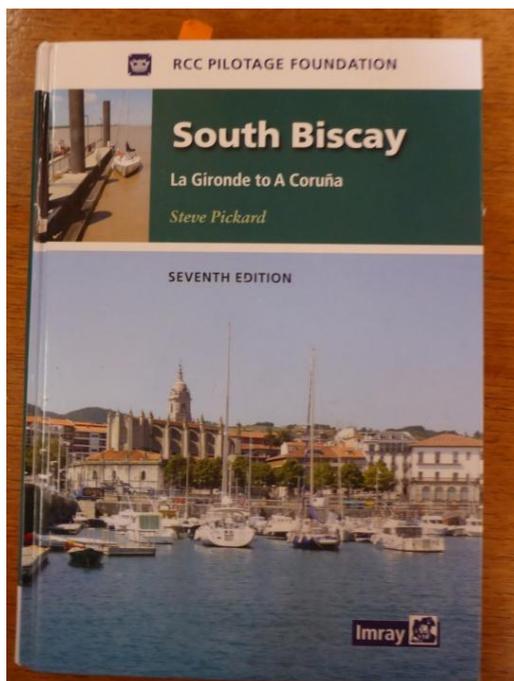
little tour in town, it's deserted we do not see a soul, and in bed. It took us 36 hours and this crossing was the quietest of all our long crossings, I think; it's incredible, on the Bay of Biscay!

Santander-Royan: 186 nm (335 km)

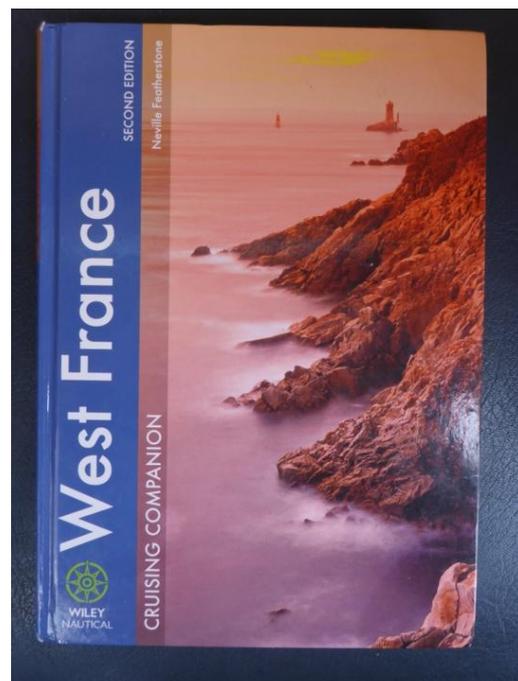
Florvåg-Royan:  $8\,723 + 186 = 8\,909$  nm (16\,036 km)



Santander-Royan



Finished with this book



Now it's this one

**Tuesday, May 30, 2017. Royan**



The round market. Royan

A little gray this morning then it clears up and the weather is nice and warm after 11 am. Jens repairs my bike, again punctured, this time he changes both tire and inner tube as I finish the long blog of Saturday and of the crossing, already started under way. Then we go to the market. The Royan market is a covered, round market. We are impressed by the choice and quality of the food, olives, delicatessen, cooked dishes, wines ...



Postmen have electric bikes

We buy a good pâté, rillettes, wine and Pineau, and an organic chicken. The chicken is sold by weight and is weighed before being cleaned, it makes it quite expensive. We are thirsty after these purchases and we sit on the terrace of a PMU café. I explain to Jens that this means Pari Mutuel Urbain and that it is a cafe that takes bets on horse racing. Jens takes a pastis and me a panaché (the French name of the Spanish clara). Lunch on the boat, newspapers (Liberation and Sud Ouest) and long bike tour to the west. We found a nice beach in Saint Palais sur Mer.



Nice beach



This house reminds me of “Caroline au bord de la mer”

Sunbathing and sea bath, the water is at 19 ° 5, it is very nice. Return to Maja after 15 km, we put the chicken in the oven and we enjoy a good meal. Jens asked if we can stay at the dock and the guy said yes, we don't want to move. We have a good place from where we see the boats coming in and going out of the harbor.

### Wednesday, May 31, 2017. Royan



Royan church

We stay here, we pay two nights and the third one is free. After a good shower and a shampoo, I go shopping at Super-U. The city is quite lively, especially retired people, many old ladies and a lot of people using bikes, the less active electric bicycles. But there is also a young population, I see a school with many children coming out. When I come back, Jens is installing a cleat on the dog-house, where the mainsail rope runs. This rope wore the edge and dug a hole. Now it's going to go through the cleat. Lunch, good baguette, good pâté ... Miam, Newspapers. Then our daily cycling tour, this time towards the interior of the estuary, towards east. We go along the great beach of Royan called La Grande Conche. Royan was very destroyed during the war and rebuilt. But on the seafront, the large villas date from before the war.



La Grande Conche



The muddy beach. Susac

We arrive at Saint-Georges de Didonne, another seaside resort. We see the harbor which dries at low tide, continue and arrive at a nice beach, the beach of Susac. The sun bathing is fine, but the sea bath not so good. The tide is still quite low and we do not walk on sand in the water, but in mud. We sink, it's slimy, berk! We come out quickly and go and drink a green mint to forget this bad experience. Returning by the interior, beautiful forests and arrival at Maja at 6:15 pm, we made 19 km. Blog, dinner of the remains of the chicken and, surprise, at 7:30 pm, we see Frilæns III, the Norwegian Åge's yacht, that we met in La Coruña and Ribadeo. But Åge is not on board, it's another crew. The sky turns black, and it begins to rain. I make a picture of a beautiful rainbow, whole, it's not so usual.



Frilæns III



The rainbow

## Thursday, June 1, 2017. Royan-La Rochelle

We had thought to go to the island of Oléron but change plan, we will go directly to La Rochelle. Entering the old port at La Rochelle between the two towers is a sailor's dream. It is necessary to count with the tide and the current. So we leave at 11:40 am, just after the high tide at 11:30 am. We take diesel and leave Royan harbor. Light northerly wind, against us, flat sea and 50 cm swell. The weather is very nice, a real summer time. Jens looked at the chart and wanted to pass close enough to the west coast of Oléron Island. But as we approach, we see that the swell rolls in one place. The swell grows stronger, becomes more than two meters and rolls with big rollers, so we don't want to go there. It is a long bar of sand that discovers at low tide and even at high tide makes the swell roll.



It's rolling over there



Chassiron lighthouse



Antioche mark

We go further off and go along the ten-meter line, so that's fine. We pass the Chassiron lighthouse marking the north of the Island of Oléron and we must go much further offshore before turning towards the city of La Rochelle, there also the sea rolls. A mark shows where one can turn towards the east, towards La Rochelle, the mark of Antioch. We have the current with us and go at the crazy speed, for Maja, of 7.7 knots, with jib and engine. We see, on the

left, the Ile de Ré bridge then, on the right the entrance of the Marina des Minimés, the giant marina of La Rochelle where we don't want to go. It is 9:15 pm, the sun is behind us and we make a majestic entrance into the old port of La Rochelle between the Saint-Nicolas Tower and the Tower of the Chainé.



Old harbor entrance between the two towers. La Rochelle

In summer is almost impossible to get a place in the old harbor, but in early June, no problem. We are welcomed by a thundering music: a ship that goes to the islands (Oléron, Ré) is transformed into a disco for one evening, and we can hear it. But it's becoming calm at around 11 pm, that's OK. Dinner of the rest of chicken and we enjoy the view of the towers and of the old town, it's beautiful.



Discotheque for one evening

Royan-La Rochelle: 52 nm (94 km)

Florvåg- La Rochelle:  $8\ 909 + 52 = 8\ 961$  nm (16 129 km)

**Friday, June 2, 2017. La Rochelle**



The two towers seen from the port

It is a real summerweather, warm and sunny. We walk to the “capitainerie”, it’s on the other side of the port, we had to go all the way round. The harbor master offers us "the passport operation". We ask what that means. A boat that releases its place in its home port is entitled to two free nights in another port. This is done to facilitate the movement of boats. But we can’t participate, we don’t have a home port in France. But we are entitled, here too, to the third night free.



La Rochelle

We walk around town, charming old town. I’m looking for Tintin books in French which will stay on the boat for Theo (and Kian when he’ll be older) and I find several ones. It’s important to give them a taste of French culture. It is hot, there are quite a lot of people and we are happy to find a shady and quiet park. Jens buys a baguette and is, again, disappointed. He says we could buy the same one in Kleppestø. He buys another one who, this time, passes the test, it’s good.



La Rochelle



We have to put up the bimini

We go back to eat lunch on the boat and have to put the bimini to make shade.



The huge marina Les Minimes



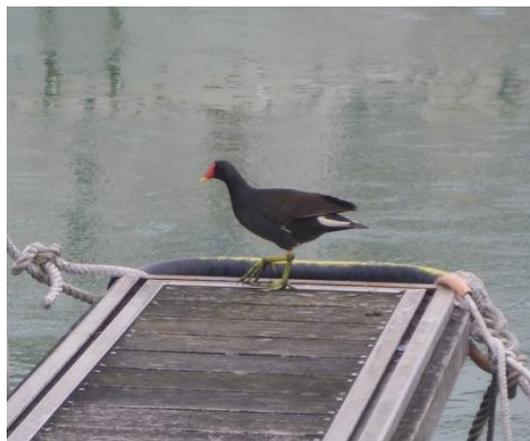
The beach Les Minimes

In the afternoon we ride to the immense marina of the Minimes (6,000 places!) and see the Minimes beach which looks good. But we continue to go further where we see another beach. The seaside is well maintained, flowered and a bike path runs along it. But, disappointment, the more distant beach is full of pebbles, so we return to the Minimes beach. It is really hot,

short sunbathing and, in the water, surprise, the sea is at 23 °, it is very nice. Back to Maja, blog and dinner outside, in shorts (Jens) and pantacourt (me) until 11 pm.



Maja. La Rochelle



A bird with a red and yellow beak and green legs

### **Saturday, June 3, 2017. La Rochelle**

What a contrast! Today, it feels like October or November. It's raining, the weather is dark, the umbrellas are out and it's "cold" (actually, a little cool). Our neighbor on Django, who has already been in Norway by boat, in Askøy, and even precisely in Strusshamn (where Nina and Kristin live) tells us: "It feels like Bergen!" We stay in the boat in the morning and then go to the market. When we leave Maja an English couple, on the pontoon, tells us that they have already seen us in Royan. I thought they had their boat here in the old harbor, but no, they're at the Minimes marina. We walk together to the market. It's raining. Then lunch in the boat, coffee and newspapers and I leave for the Minimes Marina to look for blues. Among 6,000 boats, there must be some. But the pontoons are closed, I can only go on two pontoons when a person comes in. I noticed that to exit it's enough to press a button, I don't risk to remain locked in it. I find eight, and I don't go everywhere, after a while, I think it's enough. When I come home, Jens is in conversation with a Swede. They discuss and Svante (his name)

strongly advises the crossing of Holland. He even gives us maps, he says he no longer needs them, he leaves for a long time without having decided where to go.



It's not raining now. A lot of people in the streets

In exchange, Jens gives him books on the ports of North Africa. The sun goes out and the end of the day is beautiful. Several sailboats come into the harbor and one of them comes on us. We warn them that we are leaving early tomorrow. We propose to go out, they take our place and then we could tie Maja on them. He says no, thank you and finds another place on another boat. We dine out and after dinner invite our neighbors from Django to come and have a drink. Thibault and Marie-Anne are sailing south and hope to cross the Atlantic. Their boat is no bigger than Maja, it's a First 30 (30 feet) and also 40 years old, like Maja. They are the ones who know Strusshamn. We wish them good luck.



Thibault and Marie-Anne



Saint Nicolas tower at night

**Sunday, June 4, 2017. La Rochelle-Ile d'Yeu**

We leave early, as we announced yesterday, at 6:50 am. The tide is low and there is not much water in the channel, just 2 m, but it's OK for us who need only 1.4 m. As we pass the Minimes marina, a yacht comes out, it is the English couple with whom we went to the market yesterday, what a coincidence. They go to Saint-Gilles Croix de Vie, it's the same direction as the Ile d'Yeu where we are going so we sail together for a while. We try to call them on the radio but they don't answer. At first it's calm, I can start the blog, it's a good idea because we're going to arrive late, but after a while I have to stop. Little wind against us, practically no waves but a little swell, we are motoring with the mainsail to stabilize. We pass under the Ile de Ré bridge then along this island on the east side and finally northwest.



We pass under Ile de Ré bridge



Les Sables d'Olonne

We see Les Sables d'Olonne with its thin and white lighthouse. We crossed a regatta en route. The movement of the swell doesn't suit me well and I take a long nap. Then when I come up again, Jens takes the opportunity to clean and tidy the cupboard where we have rice, pasta, tea, coffee, dried fruits and so on.



Jens is tidying a cupboard

All day we have the current against us, we hoped that it would change with the tide but not. Just before the arrival at Ile d'Yeu, finally, the current is with us but it's a little late. We had a speed of 4.3-4.5 knots, it does not go fast. We see the Island of Yeu against the light, we are dazzled by the falling sun. We enter the harbor at 8:45 pm, a long but pleasant day.

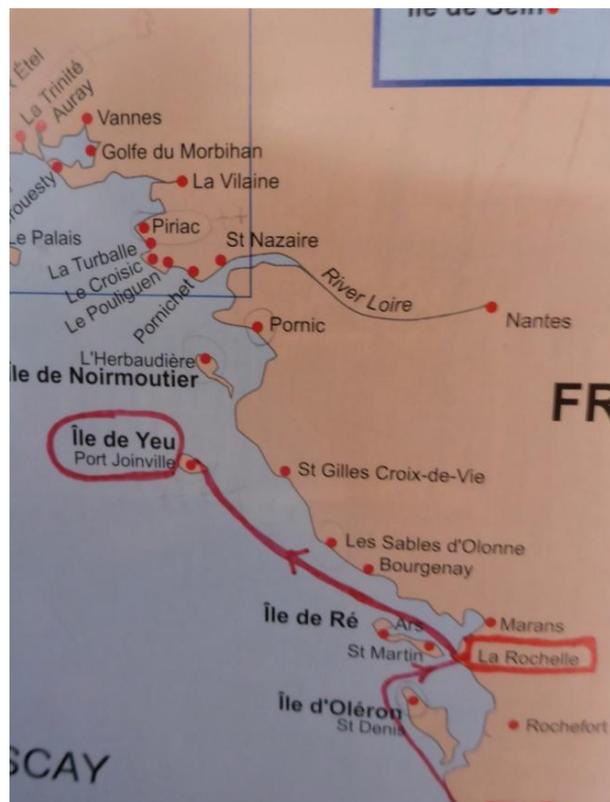


Arrival at Port Joinville. Ile d'Yeu

The marina is full, it's the long weekend of Pentecost. We put ourselves on another sailboat after asking, and the captain replied, "Yes, if you have ice cubes!" But even without ice, it's OK. A whole group of yachts sail together and it's lively, especially as it is aperitif time. We dine of ravioli and salad. After dinner, our neighbor, Gérard comes to offer us a large dish of lasagna, it has too much. To thank him Jens invites him and his crew to have a drink on Maja. Busy social life!



Gérard and his crew on Maja



La Rochelle-Île d'Yeu

La Rochelle-Île d'Yeu: 64 nm (115 km)

Florvåg-Île d'Yeu:  $8\,961 + 64 = 9\,025$  nm (16 245 km)

**Monday, June 5, 2017. Port Joinville. Ile d'Yeu**

Gerard on his "Pipistrelle" (it's the name of a small bat) leaves early, but before leaving he comes to give us more food, a potato salad that looks very good. It's really nice, we have our dinner ready for tonight. The weather forecast is not good, a gale which will begin this afternoon, so many boats leave early to arrive on the mainland before this gale. Jens climbs into the mast to fix the weather vane that moves a bit.



Jens climbs in the mast



Sea front. Port Joinville

Then we ride, but not together. I noticed Norwegian flags in town, a Place of Norway, a monument given by Norway so I go into town and go to see explanatory panels that are on the promenade. This is the story of a tragedy that occurred in January 1917, during the First World War. A Norwegian ship from Bergen, the "Ymer" was torpedoed by the Germans. The crew is divided into two rescue boats. One disappears and the other drifts for several days. They have neither food nor water, and it is very cold. This canoe is observed near Ile d'Yeu. The rescuers of the island put a lifeboat in the water to rescue the Norwegian sailors. They managed to pick them up but a storm rises and they can't get back. They try to anchor but the anchor cable breaks and they start to drift northwards, towards Brittany. The men, exhausted, begin to die. This canoe run finally aground on an island near Concarneau after several days and the survivors will be rescued. But of the 17 men, they are only 6 survivors; 5 Norwegians and 6 French men from the l'Île d'Yeu died.



Grateful Norway

Norway, grateful for the sacrifice of the rescuers of Ile d'Yeu, will help the widows and orphans and build a monument. The anniversary of this tragedy was celebrated this year, it's 100 years ago.



The houses are white and blue

I then go back and, to my surprise, a sailboat is coming alongside us while there are plenty of free berths in the marina. I protest and tell them that we tie along another yacht when a marina is full. The guy is not friendly at all ... and me neither. Fortunately, the person in charge of the marina passes just at that moment and advises them to take a place at a pontoon. Phew!



Why is he docking on us?

Then I go to "Suerte", a Scottish sailboat and we discuss Celtic flags. Jens comes back, we have lunch and we go cycling along the coast of the island. It is almost 10 km long and 3.7 km wide, these are good distances to make by bike. 4800 people live there, much more in summer.



Ride

The weather is fine but the wind is rising, very strong and tonight it is expected a force 7 and even 8. Jens has strengthened the moorings. When we come back, I go and invite Peter and Linda, the Scots of "Suerte" to come and help us eat Gérard's left over, it's too much for two. Jens makes a mousse au chocolat. They come at 7:30 pm and we sympathize well while we

enjoy a good lasagna and potatoe salad. Thanks to Gérard and his wife, the cook. It blows a very strong wind and falls a torrential rain when they leave, they must borrow rain clothes.



Peter and Lida, yacht "Suerte"

**Tuesday, June 6, 2017. Port Joinville. Ile d'Yeu**

It blew very hard last night, Force 7-8, I didn't sleep well with the noise of the wind in the masts. At 3 o'clock am I got up to put on more fenders. The wind, which at the beginning of the night, came straight ahead turned and pushes us against the pontoon. Jens is sleeping well. But we are well sheltered in the harbor. When we get up, the wind is still strong and it's raining. Jens changes the oil and when the rain stops goes to buys fishing hooks and I go to the bookstore to buy newspapers. I have a hard time limiting myself to newspapers, the bookstore has so many interesting books.



Our neighbor back is Danish

Then he goes to visit the Danes who are right behind us and there he has an attack of loss of balance, he comes back and lies down. He sleeps an hour and a half and then it gets better. We have lunch, tea and newspapers and our bike tours. We pass the village of Saint-Sauveur, go to see the small port of La Meule, nice little port, very quiet but drying at low tide and finally Le Vieux Château.



La Meule port



The Old Castle

The waves are big and no yachts are leaving but the ferry goes. L'Ile d'Yeu is very pretty, not damaged by tourism, no big hotels but many holiday homes placed discreetly behind hedges or bushes. One might think, in some places, to be in Denmark. It is ideal for cycling. We go back, blog and are invited to dine on Peter and Linda's "Suerte". Another good evening. The wind finally drops after dinner.



Jens, Peter



Linda, Jeannette

### **Wednesday, June,7, 2017. Port joinville. Ile d'Yeu**

The wind has calmed down last night and many boats leave but we stay here one more day, the weather will be even better for us tomorrow, southwest wind good for us going north. We take advantage of the washing machine in the marina and do a laundry. After lunch, our daily bike ride takes us to Pointe des Corbeaux, the south-eastern tip of the island. We meet Peter and Linda of "Suerte" who return from a full tour of the island by bike.



Les Corbeaux lighthouse



A Dyane. I had one when I was young

The island of Yeu is really pretty, wooded in places, more open in others, beautiful beaches, quiet little roads. We sunbath on a beach and bath, but quickly, the water is at 17 °. On my way home, riding, I see a blue field from the corner of my eye. I stop, pass on 4-5 m of bushes and discover this blue field. I can't believe it. It is covered with a plant that I have seen only three times in my life: once in Latvia, once in Bornholm in Denmark and the last time in Royan. And here, there are hundreds of them. For me, it is like a miracle, it makes me so happy.



Robert and Hazel "Antema"

We go back, Jens makes a ratatouille and I start the blog when we hear someone knock. It is Robert and Hazel (we learn their names today) from "Antema", with whom we sailed quite a long time on Sunday, leaving La Rochelle. They first went to Saint Gilles Croix de Vie and have just arrived here. We take a drink together then they leave. Good dinner of eggs and Jens good ratatouille. We leave tomorrow.



The blue field



Detail: *Phacelia tanacetifolia*

#### **Thursday, June 8, 2017. Ile d'Yeu-Ile d'Houat**

We leave at 7:10 am in gray weather, misty and calm, only the swell makes us roll. We motor with the mainsail, at one time the wind rises a little bit and I put on the jib, Jens is taking a nap. But it doesn't last and it must be rolled again. We can't do anything, so we take turns taking naps. Light lunch, then Jens tries fishing with his new line and he catches two mackerels, one too small which he rejects and a big one. But afterwards, the line is completely entangled. We pass in front of the Island of Hoëdic but continue a little and arrive at the Island of Houat at 5 pm.



Hoëdic

The guide says the harbor is crowded in summer, but we are not in summer. We go into the harbor and there is room.



We are moored at five moorings



We are parallel ...



but quite far from the jetty

They have a system we do not know. Three or five moorings are connected together and the visitor boat goes parallel to these three moorings and moors. All this is at 10-15 m from the jetty, so we have to use the tender to get ashore. Other boats are at moorings outside the harbor. Ankerdram then a small tour to land with the tender. We understand at once that we are no longer in Vendée, the region of La Rochelle (and Ile d'Yeu), now we are in Brittany. The houses are white but have the roof made of black slates, the old houses are of gray stones and many boats names are in Breton. Dinner on the boat of fresh mackerel and the rest of ratatouille.



We are not in Vendee anymore but in Brittany



La Rochelle-Ile d'Yeu-Houat

Yeu Island-Houat Island: 49 nm (88 km)

Florvåg-Houat Island:  $9\ 025 + 49 = 9\ 074$  nm (16 333 km)

### Friday, June 9, 2017. Houat Island

Very nice weather, it's like summer. To go ashore, we must use the tender. Yesterday, we had to moor it on a ladder of the jetty but we must think about the tide that goes down, down or up, up. Jens rows down to the bottom of the harbor and we carry it up the ramp. The island of Houat has practically no car. A tractor, a forklift and a communal minibus are sufficient. The forklift is just putting a small boat in the water.



We put the tender up



The village



The harbor

We go to buy two baguettes at the bakery, it closes at half past twelve. We leave to make a part of the tour of the island, on foot, towards east. Bicycles are hardly used here, most paths are too sandy. We find a nice beach but a little small, we continue to the large beach which is huge and empty (photo under).





And this one

We take advantage of it, sun bath and bath, it is chilly, we don't stay long. As we bathe, a seagull pulls out a half baguette from the open backpack and begins to eat it. Clever bird. We go back after 7.2 km. We find the tender, although high on the ramp, near the water, the tide is high now, but it's OK. Lunch in the boat, a little rest and we set off again in the other direction, by the coastal path to the west, the wild coast, more exposed. We have for ourselves a beautiful little beach with turquoise waters, quick bath and we continue. This is the first time that we have been bathing twice on the same day for a long time. We walk, walk, in the end I feel like the Dupond and Dupont in the desert, the only thing missing are the mirages.



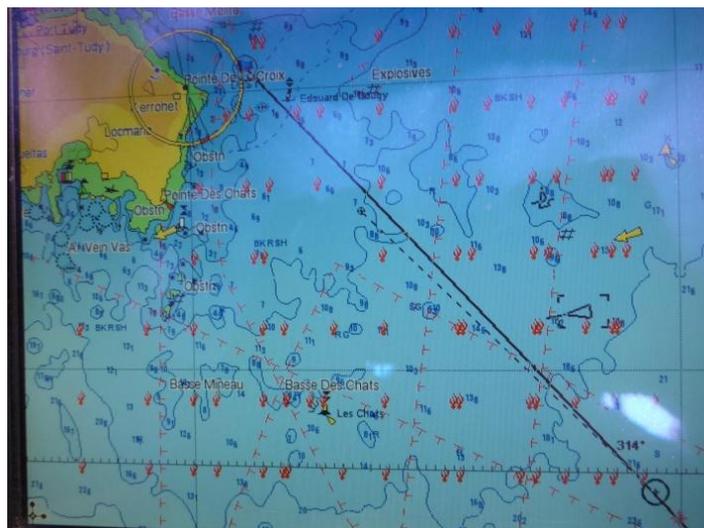
Walking in the sand, we feel like Dupont and Dupont in the desert

We arrive at the village at around 5:30 pm, do some shopping and we are in Maja at 6:30 pm. We made 7.8 km this afternoon, in all today 15 km. And we're not too tired.



Back to Maja

**Saturday, June 10, 2017. Houat-Groix Island**



Way point to Ile de Groix

The neighbor told us yesterday that if we want to go to the Isle of Groix, we had to arrive early to get a berth. It's Saturday, the weather is nice, there will be many people. So we leave at 7:30 am and it's the right time for the current too. It is very quiet but the weather forecast announces a swell of 1.5 m increasing this afternoon to 2 then 3 m. We hope to arrive before that. We pass a place with strong current, with us (and Jens had foreseen it) and many are fishing, apparently, it bites well here. The swell is 1.5 m but very long and it's OK. On the radio, many people do tests, they call the station to see if their radio is working. The guy at the station replies that he hears them "loud and clear". Poor guy, he repeats "loud and clear" many times a day. One of the yachts that tests the radio is called "Blue dream" but is too far away for me to see her. An announcement of shooting towards the point of Grave, to the south

and which does not concern us, begins with: «Today, Friday, June 9» and we are Saturday, June 10! We are approaching the Ile de Groix, there are many rocks but it is well marked.



We let the ferry go out



The front harbor. “Our” harbor is on the right

We slow down to let the ferry go out and enter the harbor. It is already full, but a boat proposes to raft on her, and we do that. We talk a little with them. The two men are part of a choir that will give a concert tomorrow in the church at 4 pm, we will be there. It's 12:30, just in time for lunch. Then, while Jens takes a nap I hoist the Breton courtesy flag under the French one. We go ashore and walk to the big beach, but it's a bit far and we stop at a small beach before. Quick bath, it's cold, 16, 3°. When we come back, a sailboat has rafted on us, a family with three children. We dine on the boat, out in the sun. The harbor is really full and many sailboats are at moorings in the front harbor.



The beach



The Beton courtesy flag under the French one

Ile d'Houat-Ile de Groix: 27 nm (49 km)

Florvåg-Ile de Groix:  $9\ 074 + 27 = 9\ 101$  nm (16 381 km)

### **Sunday, June 11, 2017. Port Tudy. Ile de Groix**

It is raining this morning, a fine drizzle typical of Brittany. We have breakfast inside. We are three sailboats at the end of the pontoon: inside the singers of the choir (in fact these are the two men singing, not the two women), we in the middle and the family with three children outside. "The choristers" (I'm sorry I forgot their names) invite us to drink a coffee, the two women left to take a bike ride with electric rental bikes. They will explain to Jens how and where to go to the Glénans Islands. Me, I join them later because I help the family with the three children to leave. The weather clears up and it's going to be nice in the afternoon. We ride, buy good bread (Jens is happy) and two chocolate éclairs for our dessert tonight.



“Au repos de la Montée » (Café to take a pause in the steep street)



Pen Men lighthouse

Beautiful bike ride to the western tip of the island, at Pen Men lighthouse. Then return by the small port of Locmaria. The island is pretty but not so "island" as the island of Houat, it is bigger and there are cars. On our way back Jens wants to swim but not me, I go straight home, it's already 2:30 pm.



Our dessert to night? No, we eat them on the way

He comes back and we ride to the concert given by the Plouhinec choir at the church. We spend an excellent time, the singers sing in French, Breton and English.



The choir

The repertoire is varied, religious, profane, sad or funny. They sing well and with enthusiasm. The conductor, Vincent, plays the electronic organ and Jean-François plays the bombard, a Breton instrument small but very powerful. Shortly afterwards, the inside yacht wants to leave, so we have to move away from the pontoon to let them go. And this is complicated. Wind and current combine to push Maja away from the pontoon. Jens and I have anticipated this and have a plan: I stay on land with the magic boathook, Jens approaches Maja and I catch her with the boathook. But this does not happen quite as expected. Jens approaches Maja but she's still too far away for me to catch her and she leaves again. He starts again twice, no way. Two Englishmen and a Frenchman come to help me. One of them succeeds to catch a rope in front of Maja and pulls, and it's not easy, we're all on a narrow and moving pontoon.



Phew! Maja is at least at the pontoon

We have the front, but Maja swings and the back is still far from the pontoon. Finally, Jens throws a rope and the other Englishman pulls. Then they take command of the operation, tell Jens to moor like this, to make a knot like that, to pass a rope there ... as if Jens could not decide alone. They were nice to help but are a bit too dominant. We thank them very much but don't apply their last advice, ha! It is now 8 pm and we go to eat galettes (salted crêpes) and drink cider to recover from our emotions.

### Monday, June 12, 2017. Ile de Groix-Iles Glénans

Last night, I felt the wind coming in through the window of our "bedroom," and I thought the wind had turned, I had forgotten that we have turned Maja. The outside neighbors leave at around 9 am and we just after them. It is calm, very little wind against and a swell of 1m-1,5 m.



Swell



The first island of Les Glénans

We go directly to the Glénan Islands. These islands are known in France for their sailing school created after the war to democratize sailing. Thousands of young people have gone through this school that still exists. The Glénan is an archipelago, a group of low islands, and the approaches a little difficult.



It looks complicated but arriving north, it's OK

But the arrival by the north, in calm weather, poses no problems. We arrive there at about 1 pm and take a mooring in the bay of La Pie, on the island of Saint Nicolas, open towards north.



Maja (brown) at La Pie bay

We are not alone, a dozen boats are already there and others will arrive. What must it be in August! We eat lunch, small rest, we put the tender to the water and walk on the Isle of St. Nicholas. A sign says to respect a rare plant, the narcissus of Glénan, but I don't see any. We return to Maja at 5:30 pm, she is moving a little, there are small waves. Jens looks at the weather forecast that predicts the wind will swing north to night and this bay is open to the north.



We move



Here too there are many yachts

So we're going to move, and we're not the only ones, several yachts do the same. It takes us 10 mn to go around the island and go in a bay oriented east-west, La Chambre (!). There, too, we have company. Dinner of a pretty and good mixed salad, made by Jens.

Ile de Groix-Iles de Glénan: 23 nm (41 km)

Florvåg-Iles de Glénan: 9 101 + 23 = 9 124 nm (16 423 km)

**Tuesday, June 13, 2017. Les Glénans**

Gray, a little windy and small waves, Maja moves a little. We have breakfast in the doghouse, it is clearer and warmer than below. But the sun appears and it will be a nice day. The guy from the capitainerie comes to get paid. I don't know why but he makes us a good price, we thought we would pay 30 € for two nights and pay only 21 €.



We go to see the fort over there



The seagulls, mothers and babies

Then we go, rowing, to see the Island of the Cigogne (stork) where we see a fort. There is no beach there and we have to arrive with the tender in algae. We are greeted by protests from seagull moms. We are careful not to get too close to them, and try not to disturb them. We go around the island, it's very small, and on the other side, a group of young people is clearing the fort. A guy cuts the grass with a machine that makes a lot of noise. The poor seagulls are frightened. They could do that by hand.



He is making a lot of noise, poor seagulls



The fort



Les Glénans



Loc'h Island with the chimney

We leave again and cross to the Island of the Loc'h. This island has a chimney, remains of a factory to make lime (used to make glass) from algae. The factory has disappeared but the chimney is still there. Nice beach, so sunbathing and sea bath, but we have to go km to get water up to the waist. We bathe in 1 m of water, that's enough. A group of children who sail in Optimists take a picnic on the beach.



The Optimists take a pause

We go back to lunch on Maja, nap and second bath for Jens, from the boat. We are going to discover the island closest to us, Bananec, which is connected to the Isle of Saint Nicolas by a strip of sand submerged at high tide. Maja, who was alone in the morning, has again company. We leave tomorrow, the weather forecast is good, calm, and we think to pass the Raz de Sein. It is a mythical and dreaded place, "Qui voit Sein voit sa fin" (Who sees Sein sees one's end) as the saying goes. The first (and only) time we passed it, to go to Catherine's in Redon in 2012, I had not slept the night before, and in fact we had passed it in a very quiet weather. To have the current with us, we have to leave very early, so we put the alarm clock at 5 o'clock.



Plouf!



Maja. "La Chambre"

**Wednesday, June 14, 2017. Les Glénans-L'Aberwrac'h**

We leave at 5:45 am, Jens has calculated that the best time to pass the Raz de Sein is at 1:30 pm, the current will be with us. After the Raz we think of going to the port of Camaret that we know from 2012. I'm sorry but I don't have a photo bye, bye, the camera battery being flat. It is very quiet but we have a current against us all morning and we accelerate a bit, 1800 rpm while normally we go to 1400 rpm.



Yellow and black mark, that we must pass south ...

And the real one

At 8 o'clock, I note that the wind is 2 m/s (it's insignificant) and the swell is 50 cm. Ideal for Jeannette. We can read, write, make a sudoku ... At 9 o'clock we pass the lighthouse of Eckmül, very powerful lighthouse that marks the Pointe de Penmarc'h.



Eckmül lighthouse



Way point: Le Raz de Sein



Our spider ate well: a mosquito and a fly

We see dolphins but they are too far away to make a picture. All is well, so I tell Jens: "And if we continued after the Raz de Sein, we could pass the Chenal du Four today?" The point of Brittany has two difficult passages, the Raz de Sein and Le Chenal du Four, further north. Jens looks at the weather forecast, tides and currents and concludes that it would be a good idea, rather than stop at Camaret and leave in one or two days to pass the Chenal du Four. The weather is exceptional calm, we must take advantage of it. We approach the Raz de Sein when we hear a radio call: "Motorsailer with red sails at the Pointe du Raz". First we don't believe it's for us, but the message is repeated twice and there are no other motorsailers around. So I reply, "Here motorsailer Maja". The guy says he has a service to ask us, he has engine problems, there is no wind and he asks us if we could tow him to pass the Raz de Sein. I look at Jens who is nodding. So we approach this boat that has orange sails and take a rope that they have prepared and start our rescue operation.



We tow a yacht while passing the Raz de Sein!

It goes well, it is a light boat and the current pushes us, we go at 6 knots. The timing is perfect, we had to be here at 1:30 pm and we are there. It's not common to pass the Raz de Sein towing another boat.



The two lighthouses at Le raz de Sein: La Vieille and La Plate

And another unusual fact, we meet an English Fisher 37 just when we pass the Raz. We wave at each other.



The English Fisher

We drop our tow after passing the Raz, there is a little bit of wind and he can sail. He thanks us, we exchange our cards and we continue north. I go downstairs and do the blog, I can write, no problem. We pass the Lighthouse of Pointe Saint Mathieu which marks the entrance by the south of the Chenal du Four.



Pointe Saint Mathieu lighthouse



The current



Maja's speed: 8,1 knots

This channel is long, 12 nautical miles (21 km), but the current is very strong only where the channel is narrowest, about 20-25 minutes. And that's quite enough, because even with this quiet time, we feel like being taken by a river, Maja goes at more than 8 knots. The water bubbles up, makes (small) eddies, it reminds us of the currents in the Irish Sea. I go down to my blog, this rough water doesn't suit me too much. When we pass the lighthouse of the Four, which marks the end of the channel of the same name, it is all calm but we still have a reasonable favorable current. We dine en route at 7 pm and arrive at l'Aberwrac'h at 9 pm. We are very happy with this long but good day and are relieved to have passed these two delicate passages so easily.



Le Four Lighthouse, end of the channel



Les Glénans-L'Aberwrac'h

Iles des Glénans-L'Aberwrac'h: 82 nm (148 km)

Florvåg-L'Aberwrac'h:  $9\,124 + 82 = 9\,206$  nm (16 570 km)

#### Thursday, June 15, 2017. L'Aberwrac'h

It drizzles, this little fine rain that one hardly feels but that is wet. A lady from the capitainerie comes to offer us a place inside, at a catway, the "French" word meaning finger pontoon. So we're moving. At 11 o'clock, the sun is coming out and it will be a fine day. A long bike tour, we get lost and come to L'Aber Benoît, an aber (fjord) parallel to L'Aberwrac'h, but a little further west.



Before



After



L'Aber Benoit (aber means fjord, ria)



Breton names

We return home, lunch, rest and then leave along the coast to the west. Beautiful countryside, small fields, hedges and blue sea. We did 12 km this morning and 12 this afternoon and I did my BA (bonne action). See photo.



L'Aberwrac'h entrance with all the rocks



My BA: I picked up garbage

### **Friday, June 16, 2017. L'Aberwrac'h**

Good weather. Another long bike ride, without getting lost this time, Jens has his GPS. We go to the end of L'Aberwrac'h, cross the bridge and arrive at Plouguerneau, a big village but not by the sea. A sign indicates "Plage Saint Michel", so we go there. Nice little harbor and beach in the harbor. We are three to bathe, a lady and us. We encourage each other, it's cold, 15,2 °, brrr. And we return to Plouguerneau for lunch at a restaurant called "From word of mouth" (Le bouche à oreille). Nice, good and cheap.



The end of L'Aberwrac'h



Port Saint Michel



Beach in the harbor

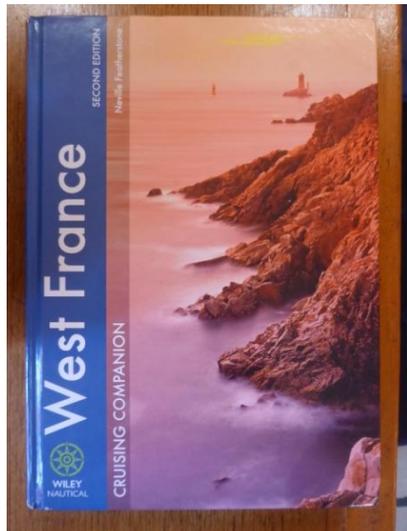


No, it's not ours

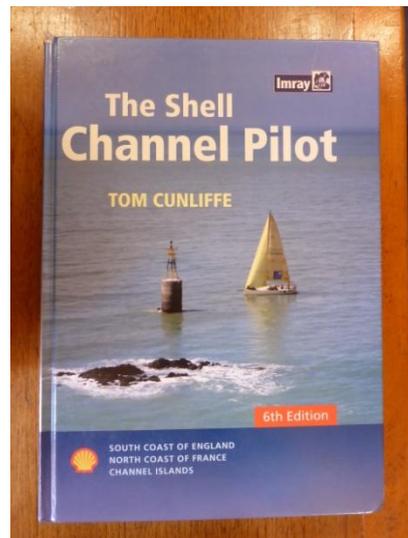


Recommended

We return to the boat after 26 km. Jens looks again at the weather forecast, the currents and we decide to leave at 5 pm for the Channel Islands, these islands which are near France but are English: Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. We think we're going to Sark, the smallest one. We take diesel and leave at 5:15 pm in good weather, calm sea, little wind and favorable current.



This one is finished



Now it is this one

**Friday, June 16 (evening), 2017-Saturday, June 17, 2017. L'Aberwrac'h-Sark**

We leave at 5:15 pm, exit of the aber without problems, it is necessary to follow the channel especially since the tide is low. We take the main channel that takes us west even when we shall go northeast. There is another channel to the east but it is narrower and we don't see the marks well. After getting out of the channel, we turn to the northeast. On the screen, I see a yacht with AIS, and she will pass close enough to us. Jokingly, I said to Jens: "I'll look at the name, maybe it's a blue." And yes, it's a blue, I take a picture when she passes. Good sign ...

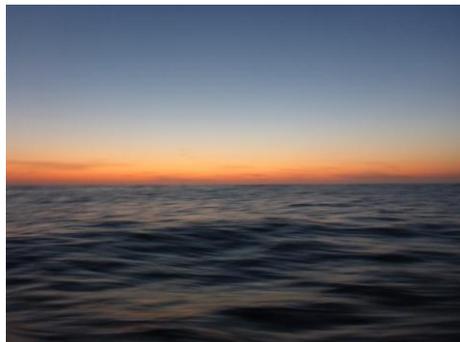


Yes, it's a Blue



The swell, but it's far away, no problem

I try to make pictures to show the swell that is about 2 m (but that will drop) but it's not easy. Everything is going well, we are well, the current pushes us, calm sea, swell high enough but long.



Sunset

We dine at 7:30 pm, stay together until 9 pm and I go to bed.



At night

We change well, sleep fairly well and we have the moon and stars. I listen to the latest podcasts that Laila has recorded for me, it's really help to pass the time. Jens sleeps from 7 am to 9.30 am on Saturday 17th and then we have breakfast.



We are dazzled by the rising sun

We go to Sark who has no harbor for yachts, we have to take moorings in a bay. In the guide, it says there are 20 moorings, there must be room to us. The weather must be quite calm, the bay is open towards the south-west and the swell can enter. We pass the island of Brecqhou, a small private island near Sark, we are not allowed to go there. Two very rich brothers bought the island and built a castle, ugly but immense.



Brecqhou Island



British courtesy flag

We arrive in the bay at 2:15 pm, it's called Havre Gosselin, and all the moorings are taken except one, it must be said that there are only eight, six yellows and two reds. The last one is red. We ask a neighbor and he is not sure but thinks the reds are private. We take it anyway, we'll see. A small swell goes into the bay and our dear Maja is rolling. I'm not very happy with that, if the swell increases, if ... Jens tells me we're going to lunch and we'll see later. OK. Good lunch, little rest and Jens wants to go ashore. Again, I'm not enthusiastic, but Jens convinces me. Let's go. The other tenders are inflatable boats and are moored down a staircase.



The stairs



We go to the small beach over there

But it bothered us to let our wooden tender bump against the wall. So we're going to put her on the beach, it's better. We pull the tender on the beach, and she is safe. But to get on the plateau, there is no path, or rather there was a path but no longer used. Remains of steps are still visible in some places. It is extremely steep, long and bushy, ferns (that's fine), brambles, thistles and, worse, nettles. Here we go sometimes on all fours. We manage to reach the top and walk to the village. No cars here, only bicycles, some tractors and horse-drawn carriages. Many trees make shade, many flowers and beautiful gardens, beautiful large houses.



From the beach we must climb this!



Havre Gosselin

We do some shopping at the shop, and Jens will see to buy a SIM card: mobile and internet here are overpriced for foreigners. He finds one at the hardware shop which sells everything. Fortunately, otherwise we would have been ruined just making the blog. There we pay five pounds for a week, that's fine. We walk a little and go down our slope. It's even harder to go down, even Jens goes on all fours clinging to the plants ... that sting.



Main street



Going down

We have our legs all scratched on arriving at the bottom. Back to Maja, the swell dropped and it is calm, we stay tonight. We are three boats now. We take up the tender on Maja, we remember the island of Berlenga, in Portugal, going south, where it had to be taken on Maja in the middle of the night with good waves. Good dinner and nice evening.



L'Aberwrac'h-Sark

L'Aberwrac'h-Sark: 106 nm (191 km)

Florvåg-Sark:  $9\,206 + 106 = 9\,312$  nm (16 762 km)

### Sunday, June 18, 2017. Sark

Quiet night. Two French yachts leave early, one a little before 7 am and the other one a little after 7 am, surely to have the current with them to go to France. We are alone for a while and other yachts arrive after 10 am and soon all the moorings are taken. We're still on our red mooring and nobody told us anything. We go with the dinghy to land and this time moor it at the bottom of the stairs, it's very quiet and it will not bump against the wall.



We leave the tender near the stairs

We take an orange juice at the café "Fleur du jardin" which, as the name suggests has a beautiful garden.



Fleur du jardin



Public transportation. Sark

We walk a bit and go to the harbors. One is the ferry harbor, just a wharf, that we reach by passing under a tunnel, and the other one is the old harbor. It is a nice little harbor but dries at low tide. Its name is Le Creux.



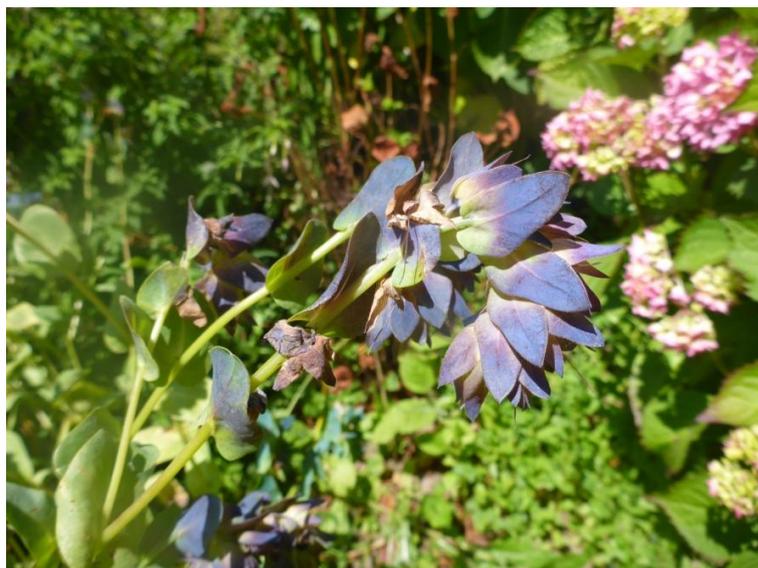
Le Creux, old harbor

We swim there, the bottom is a beach. We return to the "Fleur du jardin" for lunch. I take crab cakes. They look like like Norwegian "fiskekaker" and have little taste of crab, but it's good. Jens takes scallops, and they're good. A couple at the table next door drinks a clara (Spanish) or a panaché (French). We ask them how it is called in English. It's called shandy, we knew it. From thread to needle, we find that they too are sailing and are in the same bay as us. We invite them to come and sit down with us and we discuss well. They come from Cherbourg and have stopped at Alderney (Aurigny in French). They advise Alderney. They will go to Guernsey tomorrow, and so will we. We walk a little after lunch, and they ride, they rented bikes. We see La Seigneurie, the office of the Senechal, French terms of another time.



La Seigneurie

A private garden is open to the public and this is where I find my first flower of the day. I put another one: a blue flower, rolled up, and that I had seen in a field during a bike ride near Barbate, our first stop after passing Gibraltar on our way home. It was April 6, 2017.



The blue, rolled up flower

We return to Maja and spend a quiet evening. About the Internet, Jens calculated that if we had paid the price charged here, we would have paid 22,500 kr for yesterday's use. I can't believe it, but the rate is 75 kr for one MB and we used 300 yesterday evening. It's crazy.

**Monday, June 19, 2017. Sark-Saint peter Port. Guernsey**



Bye, bye Sark

It's a beautiful day, calm and we like it here, at Sark. We hesitate to leave for Guernsey, but eventually we go. We say hello to a young Danish couple arrived last night, they also go north after a long journey, they went as far as Madeira. We say goodbye to Graham and Chris, the couple we met yesterday at the café Fleur du Jardin. We'll see each other again in Guernsey. We leave at 10:30 am, a short crossing without problem. But we have the current on the side and we are advancing like a crab. The autopilot does its job well, but it feels like we're not going where we should go. A cruise ship is anchored in front of the port where we go, Saint Peter Port. We have the impression that we are going to pass far from her on her bow side, but it is not true, we pass behind her.



Strong current. It looks like we are going on the right of this ship, but no

The harbor has a marina which is accessible only a few hours at high tide, but there are also pontoons in the harbor. But in the guide, they are marked without access to land, you have to go in tender or water taxi. But now we see gangways, no problems. A mariner shows us a place along a pontoon.



Maja. Saint Peter Port



Sea front

It is 12:30, there are plenty of places which will soon fill up. Ankerdram and a short walk. We are going to swim in a very nice seawater pool but the water is cool, 16 °. Lunch, short rest and bike ride, we have to remember that they drive on the left side of the road here. Intense traffic and houses everywhere. Second swimming at the end of the afternoon. Jens goes shopping at a COOP, well-stocked shops, blog for me and dinner at the boat.



Sea water basin



Pure Therapy and Sanity!



French names



Cars have only one number, no letters

Sark-Guernsey: 7 nm (13 km)

Florvåg-Guernesey:  $9\ 312 + 7 = 9\ 319$  nm (16 774)

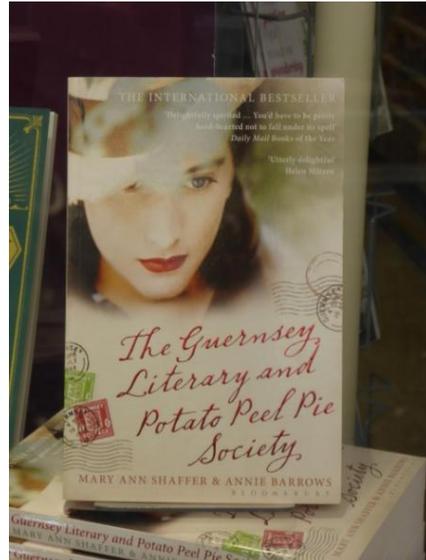
### **Tuesday, June 20, 2017. Saint Peter Port. Guernsey**

Still beautiful and warm, it's like to be in Spain. Two yachts leave early at 5:30 am, surely to have a favorable current to Raz Blanchard and pass the Cap de la Hague. It is also a place renowned and feared for its currents which can be extremely strong and make big waves, especially when it's a tide with a high coefficient or if there is bad weather.



French?

Jens buys rolls and newspapers and we have a relaxed morning. I go to the pontoons to look for blues and then we go for a walk in town. On our way back we see Graham and Chris's yacht which is in the marina. We pass to say hello and they invite us to drink a coffee. We discuss a little and decide to dine together tonight. Then we go by bike to the saltwater pool, a nice stroll and a refreshing bath. Lunch in the sun, it's so hot that I go back inside the boat to drink coffee.



Good book about Guernsey during the war



Cobo beach



Saint Peter Port

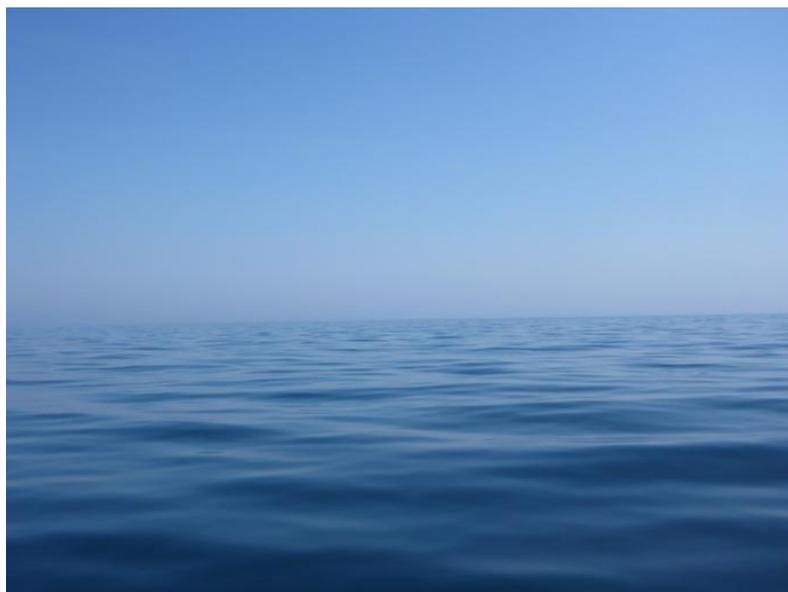
We do our daily bike ride, we cross the island, about 7 km. The port is to the east and we go to the other side on the west, to the beautiful beach of Cobo. We bathe, come back, I make the blog then Graham and Chris come to see Maja and we take an aperitif together before going to dinner at the nearest restaurant, The Boathouse. Nice evening and good dinner. Of course we are talking about boat- live, Graham and Chris are tempted by a long trip too.



Graham and Chris

**Wednesday, June 21, 2017. Guernsey-Omonville-la-Rogue (France)**

Very beautiful day, quiet. We are going to leave and pass the dreaded Raz Blanchard (Race of Alderney in English), but not before 3:30 pm. Shower, shampoo, last shopping to spend all our pounds, swimming, lunch and coffee. I'm a little nervous, but I know that the weather is good, no wind, we can't wish for better.



The sea is calm

Three yachts leave at the same time as us, it is the right moment, but two of them go to Alderney and the third one passes us. The current increases and our speed also, 8, then 9, then 10,6 knots (19 km / h), double our normal speed.



The current is pushing us



Maja's speed: 10,6 knots!

The sea is calm, sometimes small waves in all directions but nothing very nasty. And it goes very well to Cap de la Hague. We believe that the hardest is done and are all relieved, there was nothing to be afraid of. The guide says the current will turn at 8 pm, but it will be pretty low at the beginning and will increase afterwards. We moved so fast that we think that we're going to arrive before 8 pm. It's 7:10 pm and Omonville is only at 6 nautical miles, we have time. Error. Just after passing the Cape de la Hague the current turns and becomes strong immediately and the sea becomes quite agitated. Our speed is falling, we must accelerate, we are not advancing.



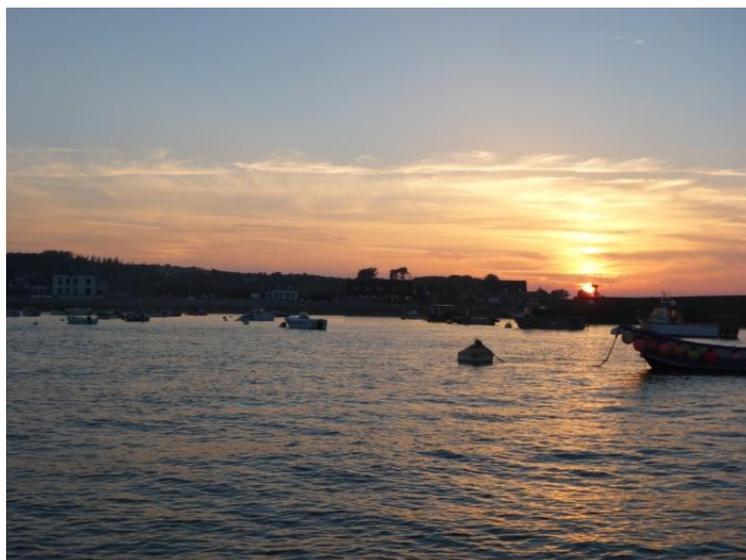
The strong current is against us now

We go from 1500 rpm to 1700 then to 2100 and we get to 3 knots (5 km / h). But in some places the current is even stronger and the waves slow us down, the speed drops to 1.3 knots (2.5 km / h, less than a pedestrian).



We stay in front of Cap de la Hague for a long time

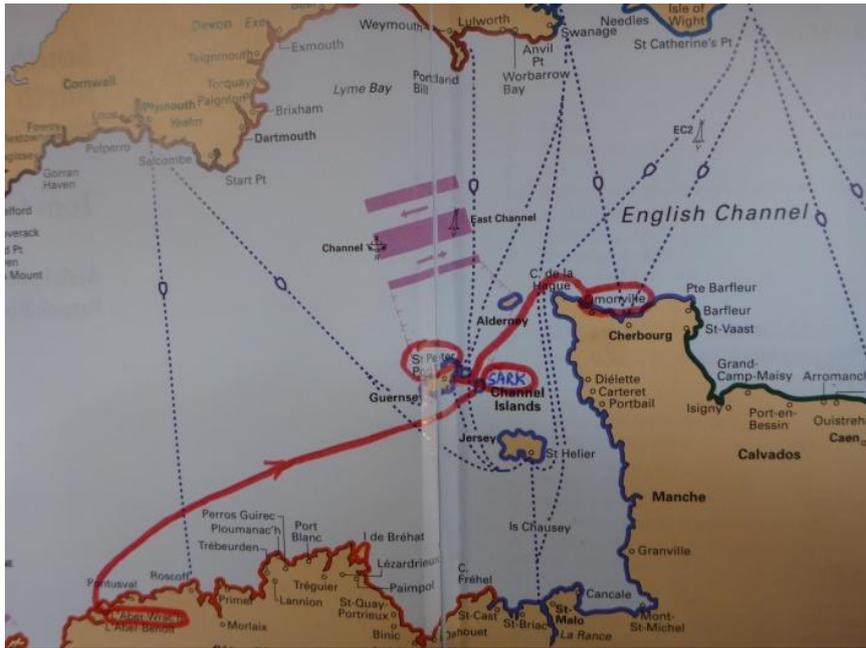
If we accelerate more, the propeller vibrates and makes a funny noise, we can't do it. We're almost stopped, it's not funny. Jens will tell me afterwards he considered the possibility of turning back and going to Alderney, the current would push us there in no time. At a time when we don't advance much, we see a little further that the sea is calmer, if we get there it will get better. We get there and our speed goes up to 3 knots, the hardest part is done. We reach Omonville la Rogue at 9:30 pm, very happy and relieved. We take a mooring, it is 9:30 pm. Quick dinner and in bed.



We reach Omonville-la-Rogue. Pew !

Guernsey-Omonville-la-Rogue: 36 nm (65 km)

Florvåg-Omonville-la-Rogue: 9 319 + 36 = 9 355 nm (16 839 km)



L'Aberwrac'h-Sark-Guernsey-Omonville-la-Rogue

Thursday, June 22, 2017. Omonville-la-Rogue



Omonville-la-Rogue



The harbor



Maja on the right

Gray and misty this morning but the weather clears up by 11 am.



The village

I must introduce Omonville: it is a very pretty village that I know since the sixties, we had come to spend holidays here when I was a dozen years, my brother got married there a little later on and lived here for several years. And I still have a cousin here, Jean-Louis, whom I tried to phone to say we were coming, but apparently he isn't at home. A French feature: when looking for a phone number on the white pages you only find the fixed phone, no cell phone numbers. We row to land and go to his house, a neighbor tells us that he has been absent for about ten days. We (Jens came here in 2006) find again Omonville with pleasure, it is a pretty village of gray stones, flowery and well maintained.



Walk

We walk a little on the customs path to the east. This customs path runs along the coast and the customs officers walked there to catch smugglers. We go back to the harbor at 1:30 pm and a restaurant is just there... During the meal, I call one of my nieces who has Jean-Louis' cell phone number and I phone him. He is in Brittany and returns Saturday afternoon, we agree that he will come to dine on Maja Saturday night. Then, to burn the calories of the meal, we walk a long tour on the customs path towards west. We would like to go to Port Racine, the smallest port in France, but it's too far. We go back to Maja which is rolling a little, a small swell enters the harbor. So we move to take a mooring a bit more inside the harbor. Blog for me, change of the fresh water pump at the sink for Jens, light dinner and quiet evening.

### **Friday, June 23, 2017. Omonville-Cherbourg**

A small swell enters the harbor and Maja is rolling. Jens looks at the weather forecast and the wind will become stronger this afternoon and even more tomorrow, so we decide to leave Omonville for Cherbourg, big harbor well protected.



We follow the coast



The long seawall. Cherbourg



It's not for us

I try to warn my cousin Jean-Louis but can't reach him. We leave at 9:30 am hoping to have the current with us, but a counter current runs along the coast and slows us down, but we move forward anyway. It is gray, mild and we have a little wind behind us. We pass the great seawall of Cherbourg, enter the Grande Rade then pass the second dyke and arrive in the Petite Rade. Cherbourg is a large military port with two seawalls, the first one immense. We go to the marina and find a place at one of the visitors' pontoons, drink our ankerdram and go to register at the marina office. We go to town looking for a bakery and find ourselves having lunch (again!) in a restaurant. Jens wants to enjoy good French cuisine, but is actually quite often disappointed, its meat is tough but my fish is good. It's hot now. We buy bread and newspapers and I read in "Ouest France" that the Queen Mary II will leave Cherbourg this afternoon. This ship has not been here for decades, and its arrival marks the 100th anniversary of the US entry into World War I in 1917. She will cross the Atlantic to the US by racing with three catamarans. I go to see her, there is a crowd on the quay. Before airplanes, Cherbourg was an important harbor for the crossing to America. The rich people took the train in Paris, and here passed directly to the steamer waiting for them.



Queen Mary II



The maritime station

On my way back, I pass the Maritime High School where we were lodged, Catherine and I, when we were having a sailing course here in Cherbourg. The old high school disappeared but they left the gate. The Queen Mary II departs at 7:30 pm with siren and jet of water thrown by a fire boat. We dine light and go for a walk after dinner.



Napoléon on his horse

Omonville-Cherbourg: 11 nm (20 km)

Florvåg-Cherbourg:  $9\,355 + 11 = 9\,366$  nm (16859 km)

### Saturday, June 24, 2017. Cherbourg

Wind, rain, the weather is not nice today. We stay in the boat for most of the day. Jens goes to the market; I ride to buy postcards, that's just about all our outdoor activities. I go on the pontoons late in the afternoon when it's no longer raining, I find five blue, plus the two I saw the first day, that's seven, good harvest.



A 420, the dinghy we used to sail, Catherine and me



At 7 pm, Jean-Louis arrives, we are glad to see each other again and spend a good evening together. Jens made us a nice meal: salad (that's me), lamb rack and new potatoes in the oven, fresh French beans, cheese and strawberries with cream. We enjoy the meal and the company. Jean-Louis has a boat in the port of Omonville and is fishing a lot. With all the strong currents there, I would be afraid of being carried away where I don't want to go.



My cousin, Jean-Louis

After dinner, taken inside it started to rain again, I do the dishes while Jens takes the bikes on board, fills up with water and throws the trash, then we go to bed, we leave early tomorrow morning.

Sunday, June 25, 2017. Cherbourg-?

It's 7 am, we are leaving going north-east, a long leg, so no blog today.

See you soon



City flowers. Cherbourg

**Monday, June 26, 2017. Cherbourg-Dunkerque**

We have safely arrived in Dunkerque, in the north of France, after a 36 hours trip (we left Cherbourg Sunday morning at 7 am and arrived here in Dunkerque Monday evening at 7 pm). We did 184 nautical miles (331 km). A good crossing. More details later.

See you soon.

**Sunday, June 25, 2017. Cherbourg-Dunkerque**

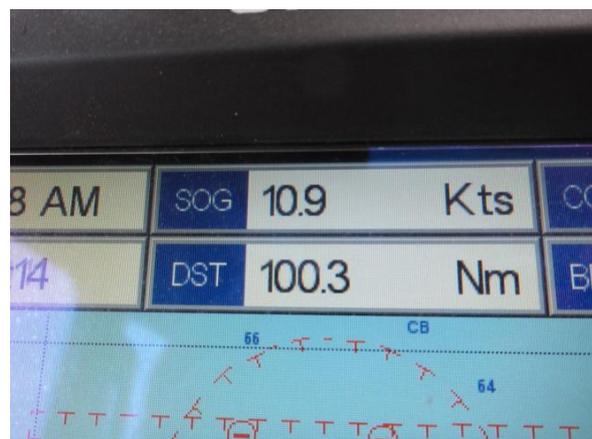
It's our fortieth wedding anniversary today! We were married the 25 th of June 1977 in Edmonton, Canada.



It takes a long time to go out of the Grande Rade



25.06 at 9 am. The current (red arrows)



The current pushes us. Speed: 10,9 knots

We leave at 7:00 am to have a favorable current. At the exit of the Grande Rade, we accelerate quickly, 6 knots, then 7 then 8, up tp 10 knots, the sea is quite confused, but all is

well. We can't do anything, so we take turns taking naps. The current remains in the right direction until 4 pm then turns.



25.06 at 4 pm. The current has turned

It is now against us. Speed: 2,9 knots

And there the speed drops, and yet we have the sails and there is a good wind, F 3-4, but we have to help with the engine. At 6:30 pm, the speed is 3.2 knots, not much. But as long as we move in the right direction, we are happy.



Our spider

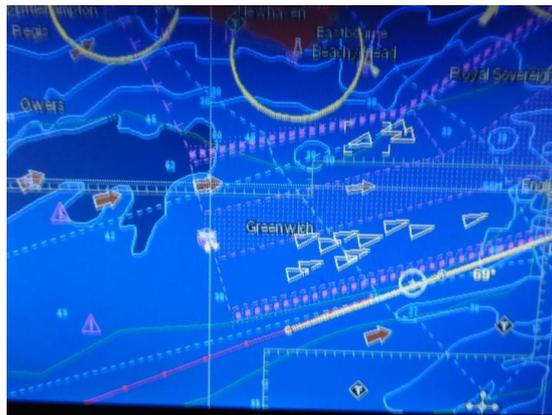


The sea

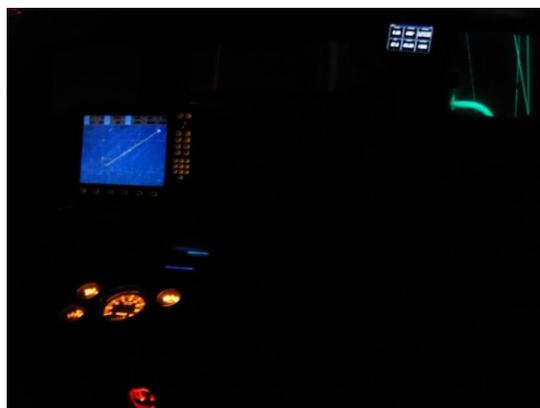


25.06 at 8 pm. I'll break the tea pot in a few minutes

We dine a box of lentils and after dinner, when I want to serve tea, I am unbalanced, the teapot strikes the edge of the sink and breaks. The carpet, which has already suffered quite a lot, receives all the tea. Fortunately, I am not burnt. The night is agitated, or rather the sea is agitated and we have the wind force 4-5 just behind, not a very comfortable position, the sails wanting to pass from one side to the other. Finally, we roll the jib and keep only the mainsail that Jens fixes, so that she can't jibe (pass to the other side brutally). We progress well when the current is still running.



26.06 at 00 am. We follow the Separation Zone, a kind of highway for big ships



26.06 at 3.30 am



26.06 at 4.30 am. It's clearing up

We change every two hours and the night passes quite quickly. During my watch between 3 and 5 am, I want to go out to take pictures but I can't go out, the door is blocked. I don't want to wake Jens so I imagine a plan if we have to go out in an emergency: I would find a hammer in the toolbox and break the door. Not a very happy thought. At the end of the night, we go alongside the lines reserved for large ships.



A lot of traffic

At one moment I see nine of them, in a single file by AIS, I barely notice their lights, they are far away. At one moment I see, still by AIS, a boat that is perpendicular, as if she were going to cross. I think it's a sailboat and her captain is crazy. But in fact, it's a fishing boat, he knows what he's doing. But it is fishing in the area of passage of large ships. Jens sleeps from 7 am to 9 am when we approach Boulogne. I would like to stop there: we have the current against again and do not progress much, 1.6 knots! And in addition, a french weather report announces strong wind, F 5, northeast, so against us in the afternoon. But Jens looks at other meteos that announce no more than F3. He says, and it's true, that to enter Boulogne harbor would make us make a detour. So we go on, and that's the right decision.



26.06 at 10 am. Current against us again. Speed: 1,5 knots (2,7 km/h!)



26.06 at 12.15 pm. Cap Gris nez



Many ferries are crossing

We pass the Cape Gris Nose in slow motion, at 2 knots and we remain to admire the entrance of the Boulogne harbor, from a distance, a long time. I have a good nap and it's good, I did not sleep well last night. The current turns and becomes favorable again, but the wind is also turning and is against us, but not strong, not more than F 3. We pass Calais, see the cliffs of Dover opposite, in England. Many ferries pass and intersect. The water is brown in places, like full of sand or mud. After Calais, reasonable people follow a marked channel, but not our anarchist Jens. We're just outside the channel, checking that there's enough water and there is no problem. And the channel is mostly made for large ships. By AIS we see a yacht called "Utsira", the name of a small island in the south-west part of Norway, but when she approaches, I see that she is German. We enter the port of Dunkirk at 6.30 pm, the weather is fine. We go to a marina at the bottom of the harbor, the Nautical Club of the North Sea which has places for visitors. Utsira is also there. The guy tells us that he never went to this island, but that he always liked the name when he heard it on weather forecast during a trip north. But he plans to go there. Ankerdram, walk in town to find the train station: I go to Paris tomorrow by train to visit my elder brother and his wife.



26.06 at 6.30 pm. Arrival in Dunkerque



Cherbourg-Dunkerque

Cherbourg-Dunkerque: 184 nm (331 km)

Florvåg-Dunkerque:  $9\ 366 + 184 = 9\ 550$  nm (17 190 km)

### **Tuesday, June 27, 2017. Paris (by train, alone)**

So I went to Paris by train and visited my brother and his wife. In the train I made the blog of Saturday 24 and started the one of the voyage Cherbourg-Dunkerque, June 25 and 26, but could not finish because I had not transferred all the pictures from the camera to the computer. I left at 10 am and returned at 10 pm. Meanwhile, Jens repaired the door, went shopping, rode

along a huge beach and even went swimming, water at 20 °. He spoke with the Canadian neighbor and the Dutch neighbor.



He is charging his mobile phone by pedaling!



He is playing in this noise



Paris. Gare du Nord

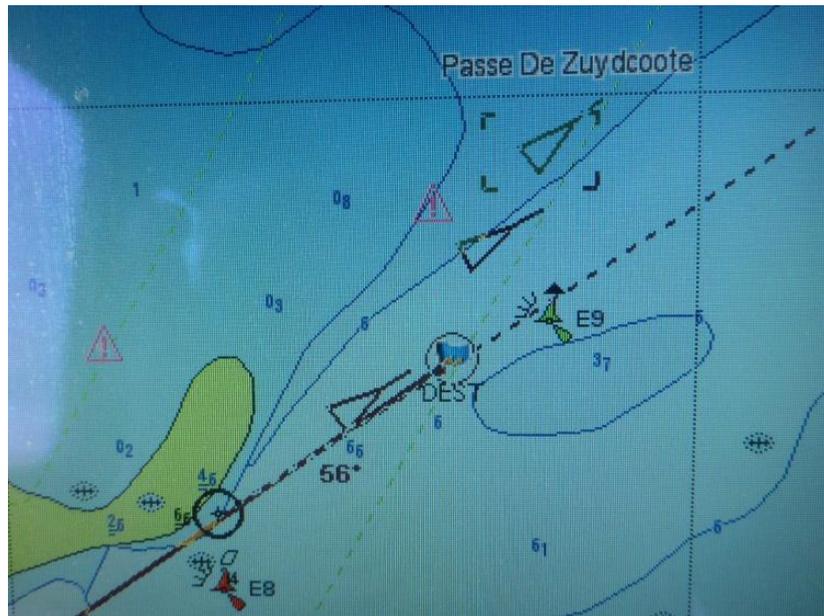
**Wednesday, June 28, 2017. Dunkerque (France)-Ostend (Belgium)**



Jens visits the Canadian neighbor

I finish the blog of the 25-26 of June, the trip from Cherbourg to Dunkirk, in the morning, it's gray and raining. We take diesel and leave at 1:30 pm. We are five yachts to leave, all in a

single file: "Ghost" (German), "Chouchou", "Voilà !" (Canadian), "Maja" (Norwegian) and "Carissima" (German), and a little later "Utsira" goes out, but goes further north.



Ghost, Chouchou, Voilà and Maja

Light wind from the back and Maja is rolling. We are following a channel along the coast. We're sailing with a little engine, try to stop it but we're really going too slowly and start it again, so we're going at 6.5 knots with the current.



Flat and constructed coast

The coast is flat, long beach but very constructed with many high buildings. In the guide they say that we should call Ostend port authorities before entering, but we hear a yacht calling and

the answer from the port is: "As long as you see two green lights over a white one you can enter". We see these lights, don't call and everything is fine.



I hoist the Belgian courtesy flag



Yachts are sailing out. Ostend

We arrive in Ostend (Oostende in Flemish) at 6.30 pm and when entering the harbor we cross many sailing boats going out. Later we see them from land, they are sailing a short regatta and return at around 9:30 pm. We enter the Royal North Sea Yacht Club and are welcomed on the pontoon by a nice man who shows us a place and gives us right away the code for the gates. The Canadian is here too. Ankerdram (Schweppes and lemon) and walk in town. We are lucky, the sun makes a late appearance. Ostend is a large city and, surprisingly, a popular seaside resort: long beach, buildings along this beach, wide promenade along the sea. We dine in town and take ... guess ... mussels and French fries with a Belgian beer, of course.



Ostend



“Moules-Frites” and Belgian beer

Dunkerque-Ostend: 28 nm (50 km)

Florvåg-Ostend:  $9\,550 + 28 = 9\,578$  nm (17 240 km)

**Thursday, June 29, 2017. Ostend (Belgium)-Vlissingen (Nederland)**

It is gray, sometimes a bit of rain, so we stay at the boat until 11 am and then go for a walk in town. Our goal is to find a new tea and coffee pot to replace the one I broke. Ostend is busy this morning with a large open-air market that spans several streets. We enter a luxury kitchenware shop and find a teapot as we want but at 70 € (nearly 700 crowns), we go out

very quickly. A little further, we try in a shop that has everything and there we find one at 12 € (115 crowns) and we buy it.



The new rea-pot

Then it starts raining hard and we take refuge in a cafe. The rain stops quickly and we return to eat our lunch on the boat. Jens goes to speak with very nice Dutchmen on their boat "Happy Sailor".



“Happy Sailor”

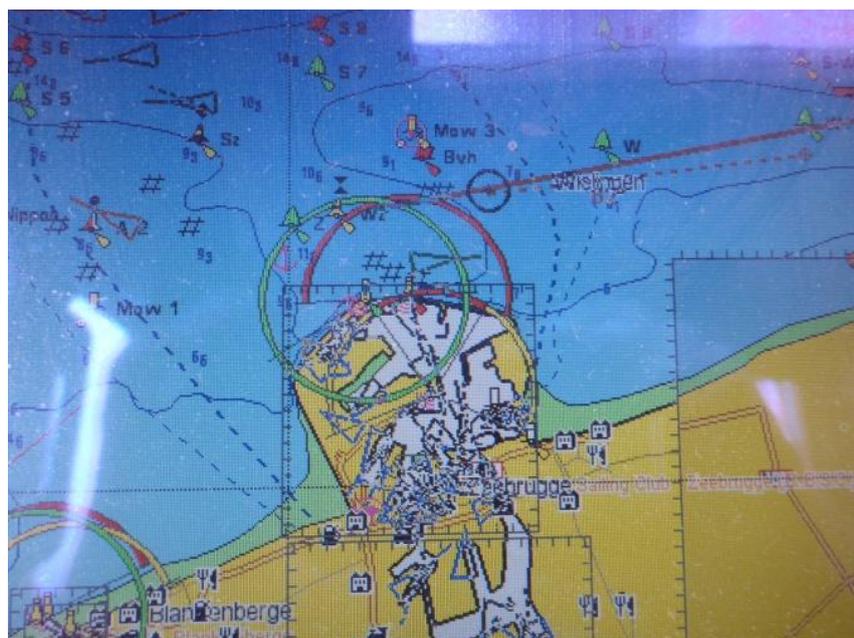
They give advice on the canals, where to go and advise us to go to Middelburg, a lovely old town. We have to leave at around 3:30 pm to have a favorable current. At around 2:30, a gust of wind rises, then it calms down, then it starts again, I don't like that much. But when we

leave, at 3:45 pm, it's pretty quiet. But the wind will be very unstable, going from F 3 to F 5, and coming from behind so not easy to negotiate. Jens finds the solution: he puts the jib on one side and the mizzaine (the back sail) on the other side.



Grey, grey

The waves are a meter but short and "nasty", Maja moves a lot, I'm not happy, happy and to distract me, I make the blog clutching my computer so that it doesn't fall. That's fine and I don't become seasick. Everything is gray, the sky and the sea. We pass Zeebrugge, a large industrial port, and then we turn a little more east and the wind goes down a bit, and it gets much nicer.



We pass Zeebrugge



I hoist the Dutch courtesy flag

I hoist the Dutch courtesy flag, I look first in a guide not to put it upside down, but it is indeed the red at the top. A zodiac from Customs comes to see us, they ask us a few questions (where do we come from, where we go ...) and then leave. We then enter the "fjord" which goes as far as Antwerpen, a very important Belgian port. The big ships follow a special zone and we, the small ones, have to be outside this area. The ships follow one another and some go fast.



We have seen "Hav Pike" in front of Gijón (Spain) on May 19!

We see a pilot approaching a large ship and getting on board. We have to cross the "highway" and we have to do it right. But with AIS (automatic identification system), no problem, we see the speed of the ships and when they will overtake us or cross us. We wait for two vessels going east and one going west and we go.

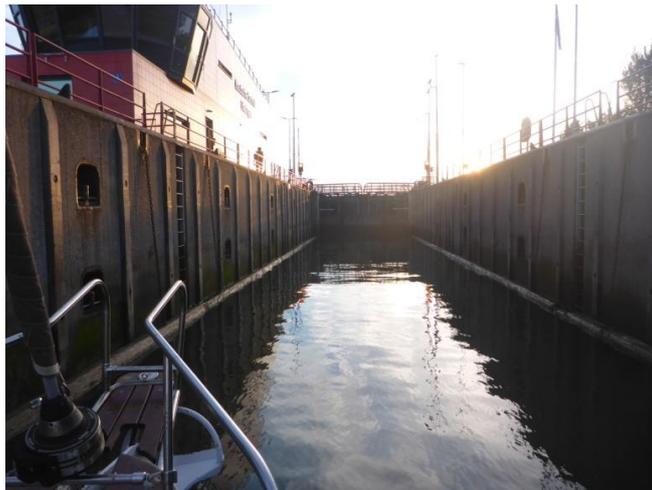


We must cross the “highway” (dotted line)



We go

In fifteen minutes we arrive on the other side and almost immediately enter a lock. Jens called and the guy opens it for us. There are two locks, one big for large ships and one small for small boats like us, and both operate 24 hours a day. The marina at Vlissingen is ten minutes away. We find a small place in a corner, it is 9:45 pm. Late dinner contemplating a family of hares and a family of seagulls close enough.



First lock



Hare



Baby seagull



### Ostend-Vlissingen

Ostend-Vlissingen: 31 nm (56 km)

Florvåg-Vlissingen:  $9\,578 + 31 = 9\,609$  nm (17 296 km)

### Friday 30 June 2017. Vlissingen-Middelburg

The weather is quite nice. We go to the marina office, it's a small sailing club that has a few places for visitors. The "office" is actually a club-house-café in a small house. They even have a 6.5 € lunch and it looks nice. The bridge that we have to pass will open at 10:40 am, so we have time. We are five boats to pass together. Everything is going well and we are off in single file. We do not go far today, just in Middelburg, 4 miles (7 km).



First bridge



Second bridge

The successive bridges (three in all) open when they see us arrive. Everything is automatic, we see no one. Beautiful countryside, trees, sheep, cows.



Forbidden to anchor. I would have put the anchor the other way

We arrive in Middelburg where we have to wait a little for the opening of a bridge, we raft on an elderly English couple yacht. They like to sail in Holland with four other yachts. Jens goes to the office and the harbor master assigns us a berth. The bridge opens and we go to berth 28. Here, we have to put the boat's nose on the dock and moor the back between two posts. This marina is downtown, it's nice. Ankerdram and city tour.



City Hall

The Flemish-style monuments are impressive. Pretty city with many canals, animated and flowered. The houses behind us are dated from 1736 and are well maintained. Lunch on the boat, we eat smoked mackerel bought in Guernsey.



I thought it was finished to climb on Maja like that



A sailing yacht in the county side

Short nap and bike ride in the countryside. It's a joy to ride a bike here, it's flat. We go as far as Veere, another pretty old town where we are going tomorrow by boat. As we go we take small roads and even paths but on our way back we follow the main road. Back on Maja, blog for me and shopping for Jens. We dine from a hachis-parmentier (a French dish of ground meat and mashed potatoes) bought at L'Aberwrac'h and salad.

Vlissingen-Middelburg: 4 nm (7 km)

Florvåg-Middelburg: 9 609 + 4 = 9 613 nm (17 303 km)

**Saturday, July 1, 2017. Middelburg-Sas van Goes**



Bye, bye Middelburg



Maja is in the country side

It is raining. We leave at 9:15 am when the bridge opens, we are the only ones leaving. We follow the canal and pass Veere where we went by bike yesterday. On the canal we feel the strong wind but there are no waves. But a little after Veere, we go out on a maritime part, open towards the sea. The wind is a good force 6 and the waves are short and "nasty". I am not happy, I feel cheated, the canals in Holland must not be like that! We have to go first south-east, with the wind (which is north-west) but then we have to go northwest, so just against the wind. No way. We see a fairly large blue motor vessel that struggles against wind and waves and we don't want to do that



I want to complain: Dutch canals are not supposed to be like that!

As long as we're with the wind, it's okay, but even this is to the limit (for me). We have a little bit of jib and go at 4 knots. Fortunately, the marinas are numerous here and a few miles to the south, we can get out of this exposed part and, through a lock, enter a canal. And that's what we do. And just after the lock, a nice little marina awaits us. We stop here. We dock along an old abandoned lock and Jens goes to the office. There is room in the smallest basin inside, pretty, well enclosed among the trees, and especially well protected, we no longer feel the wind at all, and we are very happy.



Maja under trees



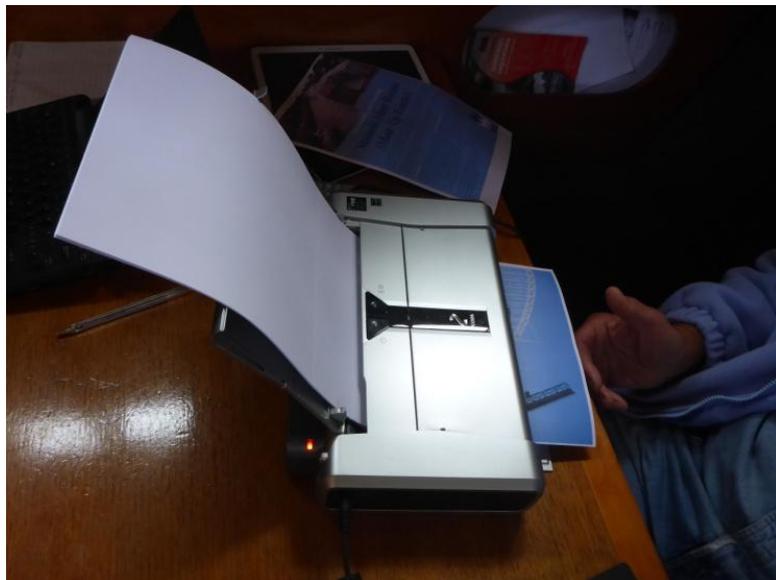
Bike land

We have to go to place 5 and we go wrongly to the place 6. No problem, we move Maja with the help of the wind and ropes. We are lucky to have a fixed step on the pontoon between 5 and 6, what a luxury. We eat a good lunch well deserved and after a short rest, jump (!) on our bikes to go to the town of Goes, another old town at 6 km.



Goes. Boats and bikes

The road runs along a canal and the wind is on the side. Nice town, but it is gray and cold, we walk a little and ride back to Maja. Blog while Jens is looking for information in English on canals, locks and bridges. All the information given in the marinas is in Dutch. He finds some and prints it.



Jens is printing information

We want to eat Dutch tonight and go to the nearest restaurant. It's good, my dish of lamb with gnocchi and vegetables is delicious but the portions are huge and the prices are close to Norwegian prices, finished the small Spanish or Portuguese prices. Walk along the dyke after dinner, the weather is fine now and the wind has calmed down.

Middelburg-Sas van Goes: 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Sas van Goes:  $9\ 613 + 17 = 9\ 630$  nm (17 334 km)

## Sunday, July 2, 2017. Sas van Goes-Strijensas

Gray, rain, not really a nice July weather. We are about to eat our breakfast when Jens proposes to leave: the lock starts to work from 8 am, so we take the chance. We set off and dock at the waiting pontoon before the lock. At 08:10 am, the light changes from red to green and the lock opens, just for us.



At 8.10 am, we pass the lock

We pass and have breakfast on the way. And here we come out on the open and exposed part again, but it is much quieter than yesterday.



A mark: red for a direction and green for another one

What a traffic, between barges and pleasure boats, we are Sunday, but it's OK, there is room. We don't go fast, we have the wind and the current against us. I start the blog. We pass Krammersluizen, a large lock with a fixed bridge of 18 m, Maja's mast is only 10 m, no problem. We are going down about 2 m. Then new part open and busy. It is necessary to look everywhere, the barges go fast and arrive from front or from behind and some sailboats are tacking, so follow the wind and don't go in a straight line. But it is okay. Another lock, we count 14 yachts waiting, we think that maybe there won't be room for everyone. But the lock is large and it could take many more boats.



The lock where we are 14



Many boats, big and small

We take advantage of this break to take an anticipated ankerdram (Iced tea). The big ships have their own lock, on the side. Jens found in the guide a small marina in Strijensas and as it is already 4 pm, we decide to stop there. We take a small canal of about 500 m and arrive at this pretty marina. They have a good system: places are marked either green (free) or red (occupied). We find a place marked green and voila.



Strijensas marina



Nice ride



It's very quiet



We buy them by putting money in a box

The guy at the marina gives me a plan for walks to see the flora and fauna around here. But first, we go by bike to Strijen, the small town at 6 km. Strjensas means the Strijen sas, meaning Strijen lock, I think. Nice bike ride, it's sunny now. The small town is very quiet, especially as it's Sunday afternoon. Returning, we buy "self-service" in front of a house, red currants and a zucchini, which we pay by putting 2.5 € in a box. We make a feast tonight: quesadillas (crêpes bought in France stuffed with cheese), fried courgettes, salad and dessert is a crêpe filled with crushed and sweetened red currants, accompanied by fresh cream. We enjoy it.



Our dinner

Then we go for a walk recommended by the guy of the marina, first in a small forest along the "fjord" then in flat islands connected by bridges. And it is true that there are many wild plants, especially in the forest. The other walk, on the islands, is very sonorous, we can hear loud cries. We don't know what it is until we see the geese, hundreds of geese screaming, it's really noisy. Very nice evening and we come home at 10 pm.



The flat islands



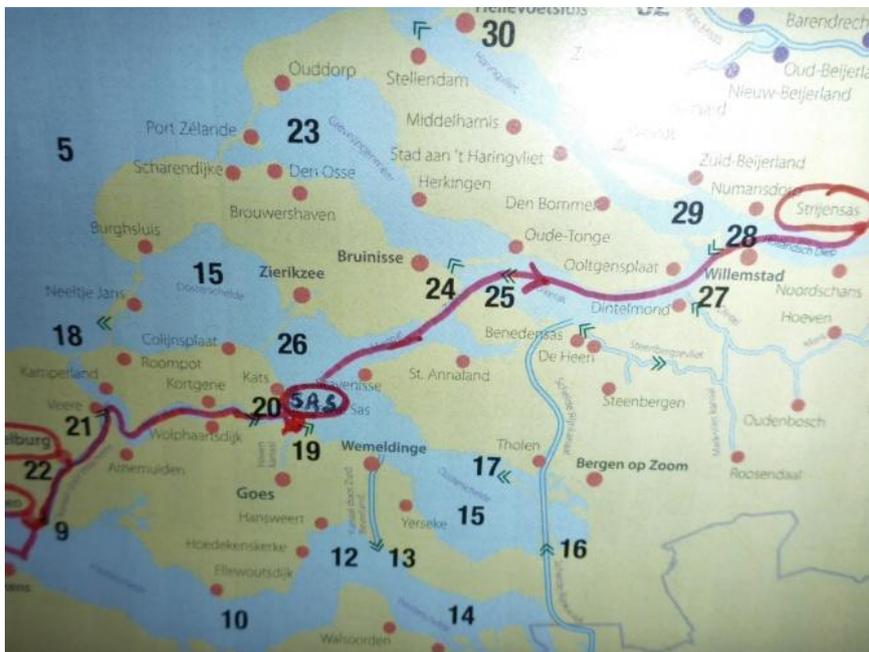
The geese



The canal is higher than the road

Sas van Goes-Strijensas: 32 mm (58 km)

Florvåg-Strijensas:  $9\ 630 + 32 = 9\ 662$  nm (17 392 km)



### Monday, July 3, 2017. Strijensas-Gouda

Beautiful weather, a little wind. Jens cuts his hair, I help him with the difficult parts and he goes to take a shower. Then he asks the young lad at the marina at what time the next bridge, the first bridge in Dordrecht, opens. We have contradictory sources. The English guide says it only opens once a day, at 12:12 am! The other guides, in Dutch, say it opens six times a day.

The guy reassures Jens, it opens at 8:12 am and then at 11:12 am. He advises Jens to buy a new guide with the bridges schedules, it is in Dutch but with the name of the bridge and the time, we can understand. So we leave a little before, wait at the waiting pontoon and it opens at 11:12 am. While mooring Maja at the pontoon, I hang on and make a big hole in my pants, now I'm following the new fashion. The second bridge at Dordrecht opens at 11:45 am and we arrive at 11:48 am. But we are lucky, it stays open longer to allow a huge crane and its tug to pass.



The first bridge at Dordrecht



Second bridge. The crane is passing

And we will sail long parallel to this crane, the tug goes at about the same speed as us. Lots of traffic, especially barges. At one point, a guy from the crane whistled to me and makes me understand by sign that they had to be doubled by the left. And indeed, the tug slows down and goes to the right bank. Guys on the crane throw two anchors to stop this mastodon. Everything goes well and we say goodbye to them.



The crane stops



A little ferry which crosses the canal

We continue on a narrower and quieter canal. A bridge has just closed, it is 1:20 pm, it will open at 2:20 pm. We moor at the waiting pontoon and eat our lunch here. But we have the wind coming directly into the cockpit so Jens wants to turn the boat. But there is current and it must be done with the engine. And it is true that we are more sheltered from the wind for lunch. At 2.20 pm, the bridge opens for us. We continue towards Gouda. There, a bridge will only open at 8:28 pm and it is only 4:30 pm. So we decide to stop at Gouda; according to the guide the marina is nice.



Gouda Marina

And it is true, it is a small marina, narrow and in the middle of the city. We go to the bottom and there, not only is it narrow but boats are moored on both sides and there is hardly any place to turn if there is no place. But, fortunately, we see two places marked in green. Phew!

Even to get back into the berth, it's difficult, especially since there is wind, fortunately we have the bow thruster, thanks to it we manage to get in place. Ankerdram, then registration at the marina office. The harbor master is an older woman who speaks little English, but she is friendly, and the marina is cheap, 13 € for one night.



Sand volley ball in front of the City hall

Jens goes shopping while I do the blog. A boat arrives to get to the other free berth. It is a flat boat called "pénichette", a kind of small well-equipped barge that people can rent. The crew is French and they have a hard time maneuvering their boat. They bump into a Dutch boat and I watch that they don't touch Maja. In the end they manage it, not without curses and disputes. Dinner at the boat and bike ride in Gouda, beautiful old town.

PS I know my story lacks a map but I will put one tomorrow.

Strijensas-Gouda: 26 nm (47 km)

Florvåg-Gouda:  $9\ 662 + 26 = 9\ 688$  nm (17 438 km)

### **Tuesday, July 4, 2017. Gouda-Kaag Island**

We slept badly, we were attacked by mosquitoes and to take revenge, I catch two that I put in our spider web. Action more positive, I give bread to a mother water hen and her baby. She takes the bread and gives it to him/her. Then a second adult arrives and he also gives the bread to the little one, I think it's the dad.



The water hen and her baby

We leave for the first bridge which opens at 10.28 am. We arrive a little before and wait with two other yachts. Then two container ships arrive too and they are the ones that pass first. The last train passing before the bridge opens is a little late, so the bridge opens a little late too.

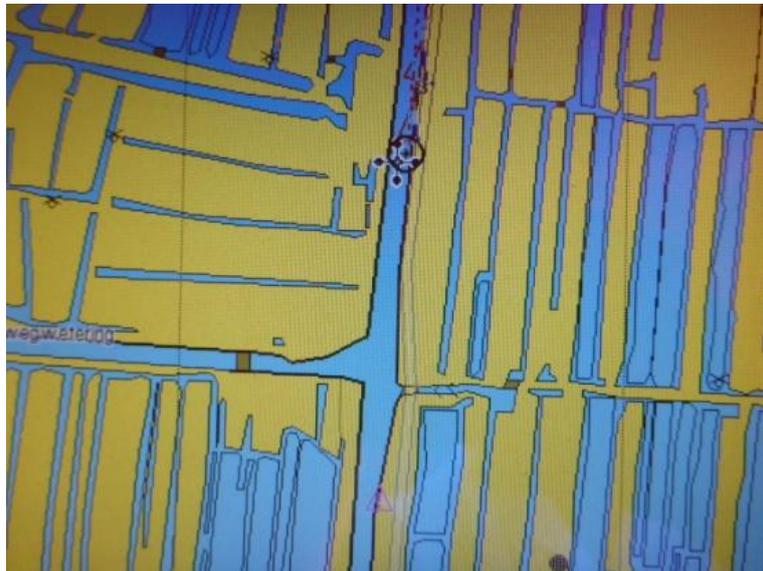


Houses along a canal

The story of the day can be summed up as: "We reach a bridge, the bridge opens and we pass" or "We arrive at a bridge, we have to wait a little and we pass". We pass pretty villages, see greenhouses, cross towns and a beautiful countryside ... We must decide which way to go at crossroads (or crosscanals). Finally, in the early afternoon, we arrive on a lake that we cross by following a channel, it is not deep everywhere. Re-canal, it's 3:10 pm, we stop at a marina.



Kaag Lake



Maja on a canal



Canals crossins ahead

We enter the marina, Jens calls but no one answers. But, outside the marina, one can dock at a long pontoon, some boats are already there. We ask them if we can moor there and they say yes. It's nice, along a lawn that borders the canal and we can see all the boats that pass. It is a quiet canal, sometimes a barge passes but not often. It is a beautiful evening and many small boats pass, it looks like people take a boat trip in the evening. We are on a small island, the island of Kaag, bordered on one side by the lake and the other three sides by canals. A small ferry crosses the canal where we are in two minutes. On the island, an old village and large fields with cows, but now it is mostly a neighborhood of beautiful houses. Our marina "Jachthaven Kaagdorp" is cooperative, managed by the members. I finish the blog started on the way as Jens climbs into the mast to unhook the sail that can't be rolled completely.



Jens climbs up the mast

He struggles, goes up and down four times before realizing that he is pulling the wrong rope and in fact he can fix it from down, without getting into the mast. To comfort him, I make him a good dinner. Then our evening walk is the discovery of the island. The main road is 1.7 km long, we can't get lost. It is pretty, very orderly, flowery and calm. Before going to bed, Jens puts two homemade mosquito nets at two windows, he wants to sleep well tonight.

PS: We passed eleven bridges today.

Gouda-Kaag Island: 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Kaag:  $9\ 688 + 20 = 9\ 708$  nm (17 474 km)

### **Wednesday, July 5, 2017. Kaag-W.V. IJmond**

We slept well, no mosquitoes last night. We leave at 9:00 am, the bridge, quite near, opens at 9:32 am, we have time. We are three, a recreational barge, a Dutch yacht and us. We follow each other but they go a little too fast for us, and at around 10 am, we let them go and when a bridge closes after them, wait for the next opening. We are moored in front of a bicycle store, several floors of bikes. The bridge opens after 10 minutes and we pass. We go at 4.5 knots (8 km / h) and even grandmothers on bike pass us. We follow a small canal very quiet, with little traffic.



The canal is higher than the land

We arrive in Haarlem, a big city. At the town entrance a bridge is closed. We moor under trees (and actually at a tree) and wait. The traffic of cars and bikes is heavy and to think they will stop this just for us ...



Maja tied to a tree. Harlem

But a barge arrives and then the bridge opens, we take advantage of it and follow closely. It is a large barge, the canal is narrow and winding. The guy is expert, he maneuvers his boat very well. We follow him and pass two bridges, but on the third one, the bridge closes just behind the barge, we have to stop and wait. We leave again after half an hour and a voice announces, in Dutch and English, that we must stop after the bridge, to the pontoon to the left and pay.



Not much room on each side

The city of Haarlem asks 10 € for a boat of our size to cross the city, it's OK. Jens pays at an automaton and we put a sticker on Maja to show that we have paid.



Plouf!



Maja

We continue and stop again before a motorway bridge. We are two, the yacht "Susanne" and us. Jens balances on a beam to talk to Susanne's people. They confirm that the bridge will open at 7:45 pm and it is only 3:15 pm! But, to cheer us up, they say it's great for swimming here.



We go swimming while we wait

So we go swimming, the four of us, it feels very good, it's hot today. Although it is close to a highway, it is quiet, green and the water is not cold, 22.3 °. Then I make the blog and we dine of eggs with onions and peppers. Another yacht arrives and raft on us, "Golden Key". At 7:45 pm the bridge opens and we pass. I don't know what motorists think of being stopped like this, but according to the Golden Key guy, it's well accepted. It must be said that many Dutch also have a boat. We stop just after the bridge at a friendly cooperative marina. We moor

again along a long pontoon on the canal, as yesterday. Small walk, following a bike path, in the shade in a forest, not very funny, but we need to move a little.



Maja. W.V.Ijmond

Kaag- W.V. Ijmond: 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-W.V.Ijmond:  $9\ 708 + 17 = 9\ 725$  nm (17 505 km)

#### **Thursday, July 6, 2017. W.V.Ijmond-De Woude**

The weather is nice. I repair the flag, which is falling apart. We leave at 9:35 am, but aï, ai, no flag to make the photo bye, bye. Jens has the solution, he holds the flag so I can make the picture.



Jens is holding the flag to make the bye, bye picture

First bridge that takes us into a large canal, but we quickly turn left on a small and very quiet canal. It is quite shallow, 1.7 m in places, but for us who need 1.4 m no problem. We stop at a little lock and talk a little with the lock-keeper.



The old dock and the nice lock keeper

He is nice, interested in our trip, has a Portuguese wife from Porto and wants to go to Norway. He tells us that this lock dates from 1632. He puts documentation in a clog at the end of a pole and Jens puts a few Euros in the clog. He warns his colleague of the next bridge that we arrive and this bridge opens as soon as the guy sees us. We do not see much the countryside, we are higher and the canal is bordered by reeds. We arrive on a lake, it is the lunch time so we anchor, we bathe and lunch.



Pause on the lake

Jens takes the opportunity to clean the propeller with a metallic sponge. We leave at 2:10 pm after this pleasant break. After the lake, the canal is straight to the town of Alkmaar where we arrive at 3:15 pm.



Zaanstad welcomes us

The first bridge in town is under repair, Jens phone and the guy can say nothing, he says to call at 4:15 pm. Same answer at 4:15 pm and he tells us to call at 6 pm.



The bridge under repairs ...



and we turn around

We moor Maja to a sign and a container on the other side of the canal so that Jens can go ashore. I start the blog, Jens goes shopping by bike and at 6 pm, same answer, so we decide to turn around and go down south. We reach the lake but this time we take a canal along it. Shortly after the lake, a restaurant on the shore has a few pontoons for visitors. It is late, we decide to stop here. Jens asks if we can spend the night at the pontoon and the lady answers that yes but that in principle it is reserved for the clients of the restaurant. It's like in Turkey, where the pontoon was free if you ate in the restaurant. So we dine on the terrace, good dinner but it starts to rain. We move under a large parasol and spend a good evening, it is not cold. The poor waitresses are soaked, they do not remain under the parasols like we do.



Maja at the restaurant pontoon



It's raining

W.V Ijmond-de Woude: 19 nm (34 km)

Florvåg-de Woude:  $9\,725 + 19 = 9\,744$  nm (17 539 km)

### Friday, July 7, 2017. De Wiude-Ijmuiden

I wake up at 6 am and Jens has already started the engine! I just have time to do the photo by, bye in pajamas. We leave at 6 am and have breakfast on our way. It is gray, calm and foggy. We pass the first bridge at 6:15 am and at 8:20 we have passed nine bridges and a lock! It is the whole royal family that we meet: Beatrixbrug, Prince Clausbrug, Julianabrug, Alexanderbrug but some don't have royal names.



We did a loop and see again this sign

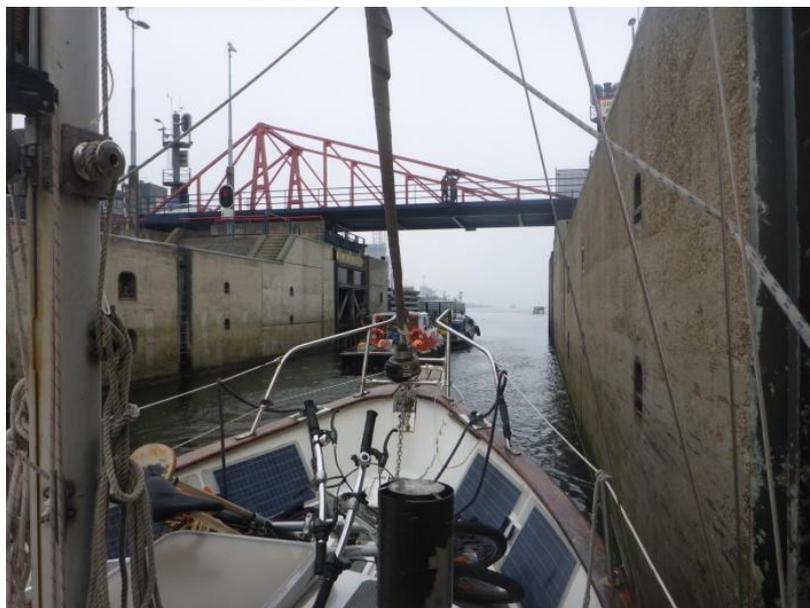
We see again the sign "Zaanstad heet u welkom" that we had seen yesterday, we made a complete loop up to Alkmaar and down again because of the closed bridge. And this time we cross the city, it smells cocoa. We were thinking of going north to Den Helder but now are going out to sea at Ijmuiden instead. After Zaandam, we turn west and take the large canal

"Noordzeekanal", the canal that connects Amsterdam with the North Sea. Lots of traffic, big ships and small boats, but it's wide and there is room for everyone.



Misty on the big canal

Curiously it is on this big canal that I see the largest number of swans. We pass "West Haven" then "Amerika Haven" and finally "Afrika Haven", three divisions of Amsterdam harbor. Many ferries cross the canal and they are called "Pont 2", "Pont 3" ... At 10:30 am, we pass the last lock to Ijmuiden, the smallest one, there are four.



Last lock and last bridge in Nerderland

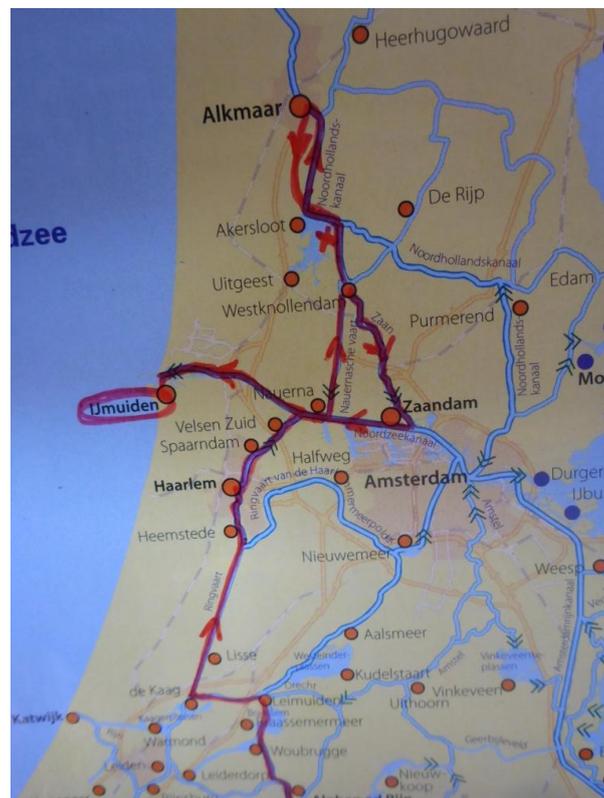
We hesitate to continue at sea, but there is fog and we are tired, so we stop at Ijmuiden marina. Here also they have a system of green (free) and red (occupied) berths, we find a place and we moor. We'll sign up at the office and ride to downtown. Ijmuiden was very

destroyed during the war and was rebuilt afterwards. We take an orange juice while I write postcards and we go back. Lunch on the boat and siesta. The sun appears and we go to the beach, a huge beach 5 min from the marina. We bathe and, surprise, the water is at 22 °. Shopping for Jens and blog for me, dinner and quiet evening. We leave tomorrow for a long leg towards northeast.

Ps Blog written under way, Sunday 9, north of the Frisian Islands



Beach. Ijmuiden



Our trace

de Woude-Ijmuiden: 21 nm (38 km)

Florvåg-Ijmuiden:  $9\ 744 + 21 = 9\ 765$  nm (17 577 km)

**Saturday, July 8 and Sunday, July 9, 2017. Ijmuiden (NL)-Cuxhaven (Germany)**



Ijmuiden

We get up early, I take a shower at 6:30 am, we have breakfast and leave at 8:00 am. Parallel to us, a Norwegian freighter from Haugesund is leaving Ijmuiden harbor. It's gray, calm sea and weak wind almost in the nose, so small waves against us but nothing serious. First we go north and follow the coast of Holland. Shortly after the start, we have a toilet pumping problem, Jens looks at it but can't do anything now. Fortunately, we are at sea and can pump directly into the sea.



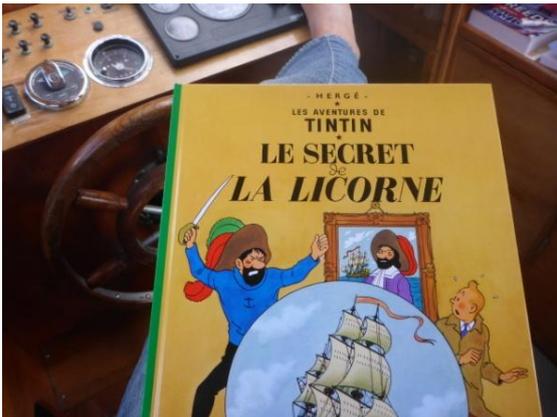
Calm sea

We pass Den Halder where we were to go. At around 11:45 am, we are getting hungry but we are waiting to 12 o'clock for lunch. Meal times are appreciated at sea, there is not much else to do.



We pass Den Helder. We have the current (red arrows) with us

When we turn the corner, well rounded, along north Holland, it becomes even calmer and we can read. Jens reads "The Treasure of Rackham the Red" and I "The Secret of the Unicorn", we read Tintin always with the same pleasure.



Good reading



Dinner

Jens is studying Germany and Denmark guide, we are finished with the Holland guide. We alternate reduced speed (3.5 knots) and fast (6.5 knots) depending on the current that changes every six hours, roughly. We go with mainsail and engine. Our dinner consists of a box of ratatouille with potatoes leftover from yesterday.



Moon and lighthouse



A ship

Then the night shifts begin, I go to bed at 9 pm, but can't sleep, it is still light. The night is very quiet, we have a beautiful moonlight and it's not completely dark. It is also short, from 11 pm to 4:30 am. Nobody, the sea is empty. I spend time listening to French songs. We sleep well the other rest periods, but for me the hardest watch is from 7 am to 9 am on Sunday morning. Jens is sleeping. The sun is right in front and dazzles me, I feel a little seasick and I am sleepy. Jens wakes up at 9 am, we eat breakfast, I go to bed, sleep three and a half hours and then it's better. We no longer see land, we can see far away offshore a platform and an enormous park of windmills.



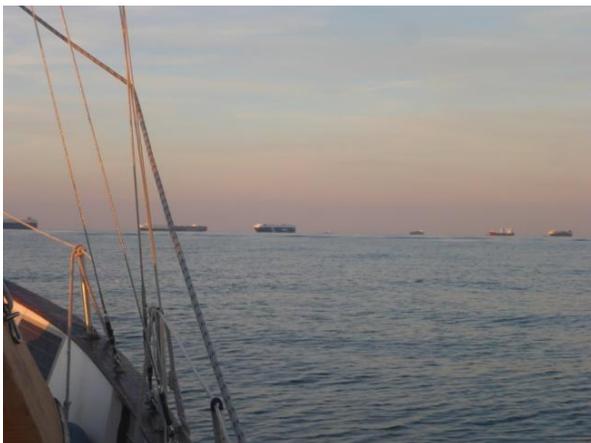
Sunday morning. Incredibly calm

This Sunday, July 9, it looks like we are on the Mediterranean, blue sea and sky, it's warm and it is very quiet, not a ride on the sea. The only movement comes from a small swell of 50 cm. This reminds us of the Bay of Biscay crossing in July 2014. I can make the Friday blog and even publish it when we get closer to land then it's my turn to read "The Treasure of Rackham the Red".



I hoist the german courtesy flag

We slow down a little, we went faster than expected and we must not arrive too early to enjoy the current that flows into the Elbe estuary. In fact, our calculations for the current will not be very accurate ... see below. We dine with a so-called cassoulet and start our second night. Towards 9 pm, when it is my turn to go to bed, we see before us three large white ships, motionless and lined up. First we believe they are doing work in the sea. Jens is checking on the map, nothing is indicated there. But when we approach, we realize that these are ships that are anchored and waiting.



Ships waiting

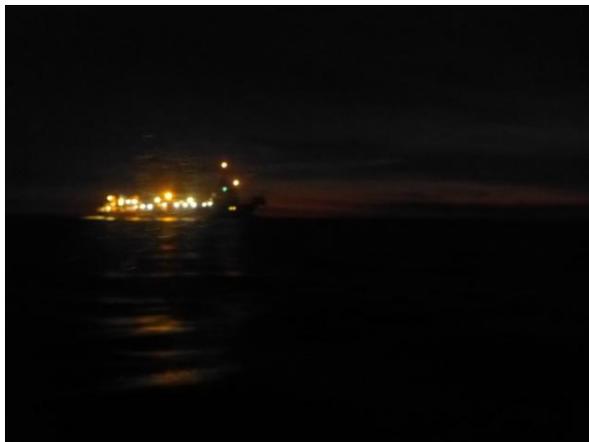
And they are not only three, we count about twenty. They are waiting to be allowed to enter either the Wesser river estuary to go to Bremerhaven or a little further to enter the Elbe estuary to go to Hamburg. The waiting area is common. And it's funny, they're waiting to go south but, because of the current, are all oriented north towards the open sea. No sleep for me when we pass them, I take pictures. And to pass them as quickly as possible, we accelerate,

which will make our calculations about the current even more inaccurate. We enter the Elbe estuary, immense, we don't see the other side, but where we must follow a channel. This channel is quite narrow, the ships have an area for themselves and we, small boats, can pass a little outside the marks.

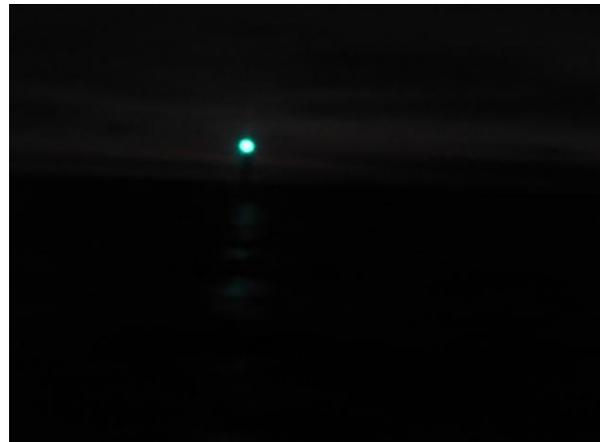


We are just outside the separation zone

We go fast, we have the current with us, until 4 in the morning. And this second night is very different from the first one. No question of listening to music or dreaming.



A ship



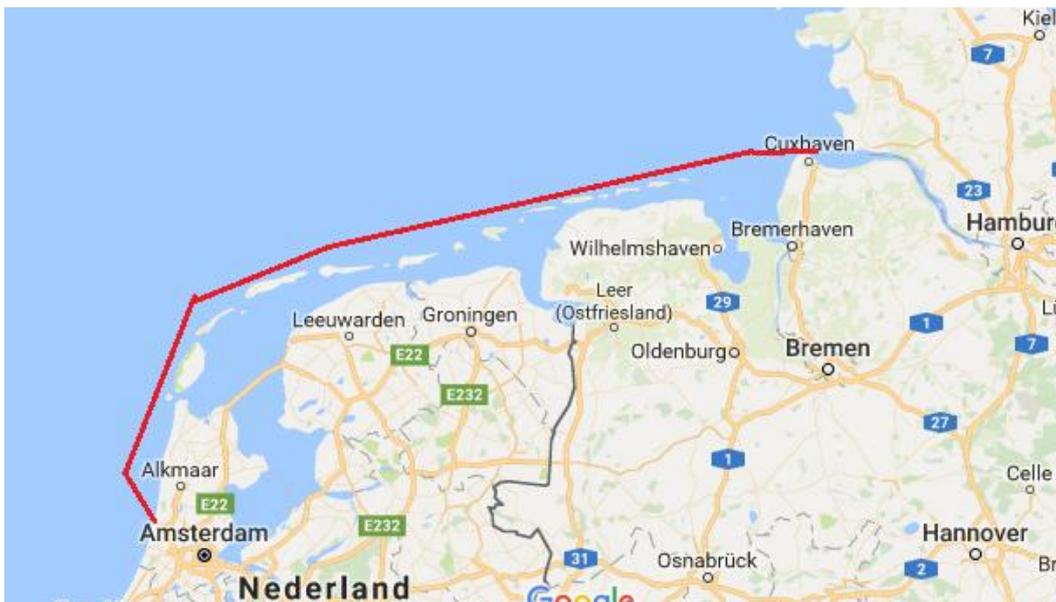
A blinking green mark

We must: find the marks that blink in the night, first white, then later green; make a waypoint successively to each mark; pay attention to the ships that are doubling us and making us a wave; stay out of the channel but not too far away where it becomes shallow. A busy night. At 3 o'clock, I am on watch, the current begins to turn and at 4 o'clock, we have it full against us. Finished the 6.5 knots, the speed drops to 3, then 2 knots. We cross local sailboats who take advantage of the current to get out. Jens takes his watch at 5:00 am and I go to bed. He will tell me later that sometimes the speed drops to 1.7 knots, we are practically stopped, even with the engine. A little before 7 am, I get up, we have hardly made any progress. Our plan was to go to the Kiel Canal entrance, but we decide to stop at Cuxhaven a little before.



The current is strong and against us

We get there at 7:10 am, find a place, moor Maja and sleep two hours, which makes us feel good. It took us 47 hours and 10 mn and we made 195 nautical miles (351 km), quite a long way.



Ijmuiden- Cuxhaven

Ijmuiden-Cuxhaven: 195 nm (351 km)

Florvåg-Cuxhaven:  $9\,765 + 195 = 9\,960$  nm (17 928 km)

### **Monday, July 10, 2017. Cuxhaven**

After sleeping two hours, we take breakfast and Jens goes to register us at the marina. Then we do two laundries and dry them in the dryer, the weather is uncertain. Quiet morning on the boat. Lunch, coffee, rest. Today is a quiet day. Jens changes the oil as I start the blog of

Ijmuiden's journey to here, Cuxhaven. We have a project here: to try to find Ingo, the German who had injured himself and was forced to abandon a solo regatta from France to the Caribbean and that we met in Camariña in Spain at the beginning of August 2014. We remember that he lives in Cuxhaven, but we have only his first name, it's not much. Jens tries on the Internet but he can't find him. We go for a bike ride and are surprised to see that the city is protected from the sea by a dyke and big gates.



Dyke



Huge gates

We also discover the double armchairs along the sea. We make a good little tour and come home. We go to say hello to a French Fisher 37 who has just arrived in the port. The owners invite us to have a drink and we talk together. The 37 seems huge compared with our 30 feet.



Archimède



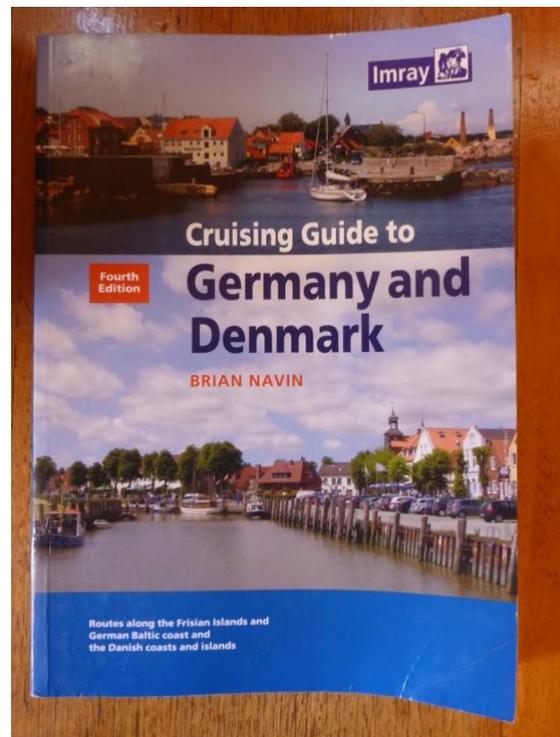
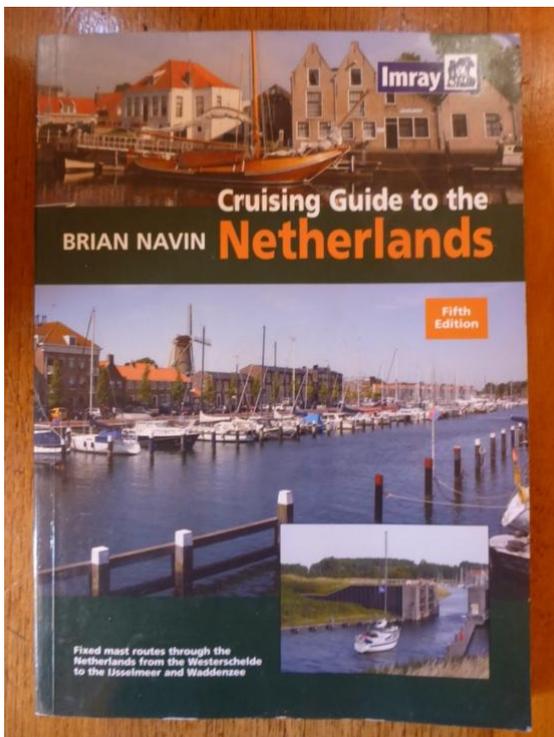
Ex Bluebottle

We go back to Maja, I work again on the blog that doesn't progress very fast and Jens works with the toilets. At one point, I hear Jens talking with someone. I go out and surprise, it's Ingo !!! He has a boat in the marina and came to see her when he recognized Maja. We invite him to have a drink of course and have a great time together. He sold his racing boat and bought a more family boat. But he will participate with friends on another boat at a transatlantic regatta in November. He tells us that to make regattas here, with this strong current, is a very much a question of tactics. He recovered from his dislocated shoulder but it took time. We are very pleased to meet him again, and under better circumstances. He was wounded and so disappointed in Camariña.



Jens and Ingo

We ask him about the big gates and he tells us that, in winter, they are closed when there is a storm. He leaves and, as it is late (pretext), we go to the restaurant in the marina. The servings are huge, I can't hardly eat half of it. Back on the boat, news on the Internet. I didn't finish the blog of the trip, I only put a small note that we arrived safely in Cuxhaven.



We change again book

## Tuesday, July 11, 2017. Cuxhaven

Today it seems we are in November, rain and wind, but the temperature is mild. Good time to work at Ijmuiden-Cuxhaven crossing blog and finish it. We do some cleaning and make room in the cupboards too: tomorrow Peter and Kirsten, our Danish friends, arrive and are going to be a few days with us, first to pass the Kiel Canal and then to visit some islands in Denmark. Jens washes Maja outside and I take care of the inside.



Cleaning outside ... and inside

But Jens cleaned the bathroom yesterday after fixing the toilet, so this is already done. At lunchtime, the rain redoubles and we have lunch inside. But soon after the rain stops and it will be better weather. I ride to buy postcards, take some pictures and passing in front of a bin in the marina I throw my red rain jacket that started to disintegrate. Then we both leave for our bike ride along the coast towards the west, towards the beaches of Dhunen. The tide is low and it is not tempting to bathe, the sea is far away and it is a kind of mud that stays on the edge.



They are to let

It is nice to cycle, good bike path, no cars and a parallel path reserved for pedestrians. We see a pool, a miniature golf, lots of people are out. We go back through the countryside and head back to Maja after 16 km. Dinner and walk on the jetty to see the current. We leave tomorrow, enter the Canal and Peter and Kirsten join us at a marina that is at the very beginning of the canal, just after the entrance lock at Brunsbüttel.



Maja. Cuxhaven

**Wednesday, July 12, 2017. Cuxhaven-Bunsbüttel (Start of Kiel Canal)**

It is raining, but Jens rides anyway to buy fresh bread for breakfast, a good man. We finish cleaning and I start the blog. The tide is at it's lowest at 10:30 am and then rises and "pushes" us. But Ingo told us that we should not leave just when the tide changes, it is better to wait an hour, at least. So we leave at 11:30 am and still have some current against us. But after 12:15 we have a good current with us and go at 7 knots. It is raining, it is gray, it is not funny. The estuary narrows and we see the other side now. Quite a lot of big ship traffic in both directions. I finish the blog. Arriving in front of the Kiel Canal entrance, we have to cross the ships "highway".



We have to cross the “highway”



We have passed

This is going well, we are waiting for a ship coming from our right to pass and go. We get closer to the little lock and Jens phones. We are told that the lock will open in 20 minutes and

we have to go out and wait outside, in the river. A big red light blinks and when it'll blink white, we can enter the lock.



We are going to enter the lock

We are waiting in the company of a Swedish yacht, the light changes and we enter, a third sailboat is coming too. In the lock, I moored Maja to a floating pontoon along the wall, it's a good system, I can step on it. The guy from the third sailboat, a German I think, comes to see us, we can walk on the pontoon, and we talk a little. He is proud to announce that he is returning from a long journey, all the way from Palma de Majorca ... Then the gates open and we go out. We cross the channel and enter the marina, a small square marina on the left side of the canal where we pay the crazy sum of 8 € for one night. It's 3:30 pm and, good timing, Peter and Kirsten arrive at 3:40 pm.

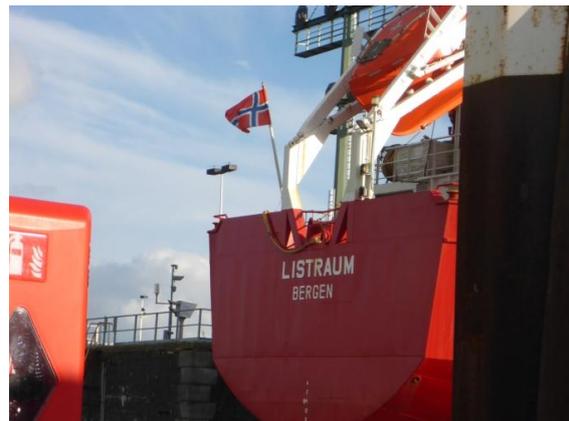


Peter and Kisten

It's still raining so we have coffee and eat the good cakes they brought inside. Then the rain stops and the sun comes out a little, we go for a walk in the town of Brunsbüttel, small green and orderly town.



The big ships pass close by



They are from Bergen!

We go also to see the large lock, it is always interesting to see these large ships go up or down in the lock. We salute two "compatriots", two ships registered in Bergen. Good diner of a lamb carré, dessert of strawberries with cream and good evening. Ships enter and leave the lock until midnight.



Cuxhaven-Bunsbüttel: 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Bunsbüttel:  $9\,960 + 20 = 9\,980$  nm (17 964 km)

**Thursday, July 13, 2017. Bunsbüttel-Rendsburg**

We slept well, even with the noise of the lock. We have a long way to go today so we leave early, at 7:30 am and breakfast on the way. One is steering while the others eat and then we change. It is gray and it blows a good wind, right in front of us but as it is on the canal there are no waves. Early in the morning we are alone on this great canal.



Nobody



A railway bridge

Around 10:30 am, in honor of our guests, we take our "morgen kaffe". And later we start seeing other boats. At one moment we see on the other side a big red flashing light and all the boats in this direction stop. A voice announces a lot of things but only in German. Well, it's on the other side, it's not for us. But a little further, it is our turn to have three small lights that are flashing, two red on a white. Jens has a list of all the signals, but we don't find that one. We don't know what to do, but a canal police boat is stopped near where we are passing. We come close to it and ask what it means. No problem, you can go, it is only if the three lights are flashing red that we have to stop. Good lunch en route, rest of the day without problem and we arrive at Rendsburg, the city where we are going to stop. Rendsburg railway bridge above the canal is famous, it is a work of art of the same style as the Eiffel tower, built in 1913.



Rendsburg bridge



The bridge



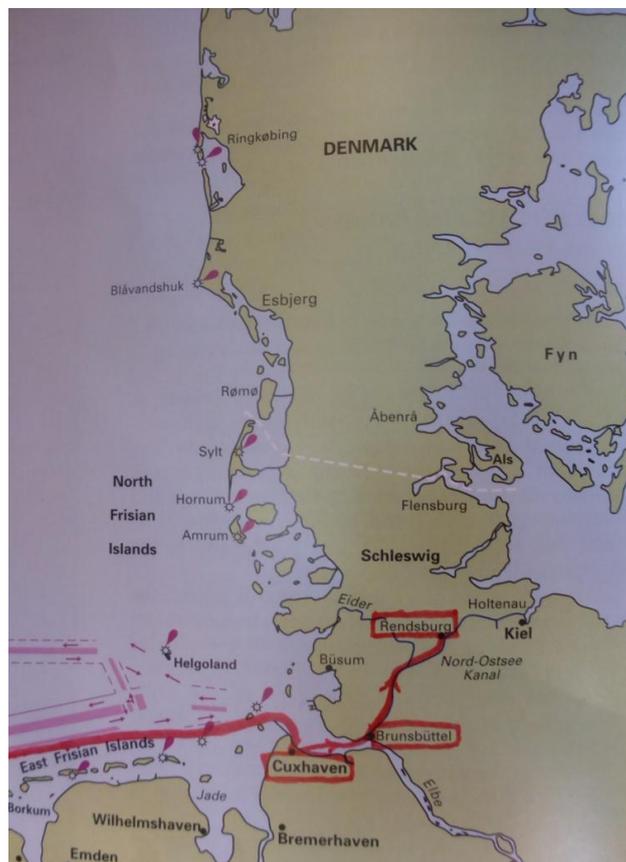
The loop around the town

It is high, 42 m and to come down at the railway station of Rendsburg at level 0 m, it makes a great loop around the town. In addition he had a ferry system hooked to a trolley under the top

of the bridge. But in January 2016, a ship collided with the ferry and the two ferry employees were killed. The service of this ferry is therefore suspended for the moment. We take a small fjord which brings us to a marina in town. We have a little difficulty docking, at the front it's OK but the back is between two poles and our ropes are too short, but we manage at the end. The ankerdram is a cafe and then we go for a walk in town. The promenade of the marina in the center is through a nice park and Rendsburg has beautiful old houses. We are witnessing the beginning of a demonstration and, according to Peter, who is the only one among us to speak German, they are protesting to improve the lot of the elderly. Jens then cooks us a bœuf bourguignon "à la Jens" in the pressure cooker, good dinner outside in the sun. Then long walk after dinner to see the bridge which is really impressive.

Brunsbüttel-Rendsburg: 37 nm (67 km)

Florvåg-Rendsburg: 9 980 + 37 = 10 017 nm (18 031 km)



Cuxhaven.Bunsbüttel-Rendsburg

### Friday 14 July 2017. Rendsburg-Strande (near Kiel)

Nice weather, quiet. We leave at 9.10 am. Taking in the ropes in front I find a small piece of metal, like a rivet. I show it to Jens and it's a piece of the system that blocks the anchor when it goes down. Without this small piece, the anchor goes down in free fall, without possibility to stop it. Jens takes out his toolbox and manages to repair it. We pass by the Lüssen Shipyard, on the canal, which manufactures luxury super yachts, like those we had as neighbors in Barcelona. I make the blog en route. We can follow our progress on the canal, each km is marked.



We have already done 85,5 km. The canal is 100 km long



The canal



Big ships and small boats together

We are approaching the end of the canal, we have to go through a lock. The little lock is out of order and we, the small ones, have to go into the big lock with the big ships. Obviously, they get the large ships before us and there may be several hours of waiting.



Peter, Kirsten and Jens

But we're lucky, we're only waiting half an hour. The people on the boat next to us are there since 10 am and it is 1 pm. We take the opportunity to eat lunch. The ships enter first into the lock and then it's our turn. We are at least 15 pleasure boats to enter, we have to raft. Everything is going well. The water rises a little, the gate opens, two ships that are in front of us come out then us. Now we are on the sea, but in the bay of Kiel, a kind of fjord. The wind suddenly rises and we have a Force 3,  $\frac{3}{4}$  front and it forms small waves.



He is almost flying

Peter and Kirsten are a bit surprised by the waves and I think they are happy to get to the marina. We have the choice of two marinas, the Olympic Marina or the Strande Marina, a smaller one. We go to the smaller one. We find a green berth and moor Maja, the nose on the dock and the back between two posts. Ankerdram (cafe) and walk to the Olympic Marina which is nearby. It's funny, Catherine and I came here in 1972, but I almost forgot about it.



### Memories of the Olympic Games of 1972

We can still see, 45 years later, traces of the Olympic Games, athletes' village, blue signs and, of course, the marina. We go shopping and watch a demonstration of "Street Dance", Peter, Kirsten and Jens go back to the boat and I go for blue, I find 4 (cf:blue.havskov.net). We meet on Maja and, as it is our last day in Germany, decide to go to a restaurant. But it's Friday night, during holidays, two restaurants are reserved for private parties, the third is crowded and very noisy, so we go back to the boat, Jens makes us an omelet with ham and I make a salad, and voila. We dine well at home



14 juillet. Blue, white and red. Vive la France

Rendsburg- Strande: 24 nm (43 km)

Florvåg-Strande:  $10\ 017 + 24 = 10\ 041$  nm (18 073 km)

### Saturday, July 15, 2017. Strande (Germany)-Lyø (Denmark)

Nice weather, quiet. We leave at 9:30 am, take diesel and head north to Denmark. The sea is flat, it looks like a lake. I do the blog on the way, we can read, do crossword puzzles ... We see large animals jumping out of the sea. I believe first that they are dolphins, but according to Peter they are rather porpoises. They are two and stay a long time near the boat. It's really a beautiful show and we're lucky to see it. Passing the border between Germany and Denmark, I hoist the Danish courtesy flag. We are a little sad to think that this is the last courtesy flag I hoist.



The porpoises



Last courtesy flag?



Lyø (ø means island in Danish)

We feel that we are getting closer to home. We lunch outside, on the way, and the afternoon passes quickly. At 5:30 pm, we arrive at the island of Lyø, a small island south of the big island of Fyn. It is a very small island, 6 square km and 130 inhabitants in winter. But Peter has read that today, Saturday, July 15, is a party day on the island. A restaurant that is established there celebrates its first anniversary, there is a regatta organized ... The problem for us is that the harbor must be full.



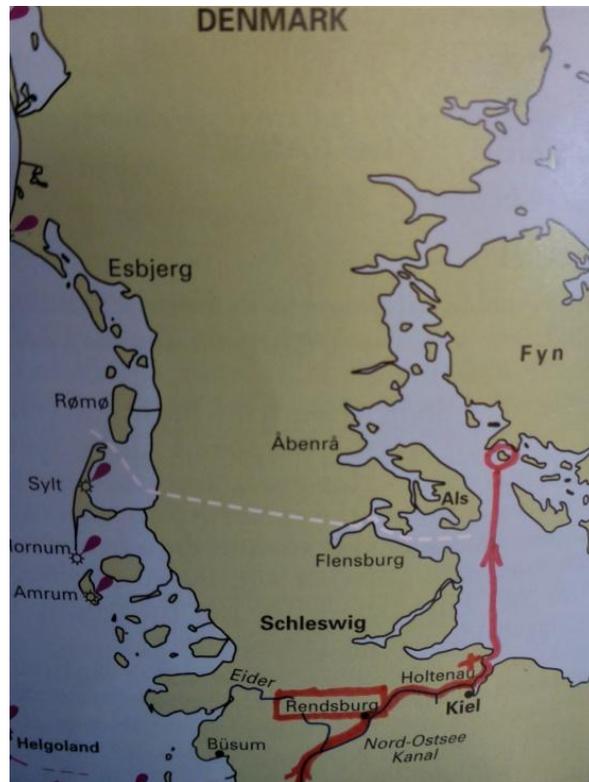
The harbor is full

We go in anyway and, indeed, all places are taken. But we can raft on a boat that is itself rafted on another one. We tie Maja to a German yacht, but we must also have a line to the back post which is at least 3 m away. How to do that? The German neighbor tells us to give him a long rope. He prepares it carefully and throws it like a lasso and succeeds. All the spectators applaud. Ankerdram and tour in the village. This village seems idyllic, pretty old houses, thatched roofs, duck pools, beautiful flowered gardens and, above all, around, beautiful cultivated countryside.



A thatched roof cottage and lavender

The celebration took place but is almost over, the sale of beer under the big tent on the quay ends at 6 pm. We try the restaurant, but it is full and no longer accepts new guests. We can have grilled sausages outside but the sound of the music is very strong, so we go shopping at the little grocery store, which really has a lot of stuff, and eat at the boat. Peter cooks and we enjoy a good meal.



Strande-Lyø



Our pet is still here. The fly is outside

Strande-Lyø: 38 nm (68 km)

Florvåg-Lyø:  $10\,041 + 38 = 10\,079$  nm (18 142 km)

**Sunday, July 16, 2017. Lyø**

It is raining and blowing but we decide to stay one day here anyway. Several boats leave and free places, so we move after breakfast. Then, in brave walkers, we go for a walk, well equipped with rain clothes.



It's raining



This house is for sale

We go along the coast towards east. Even in the rain, the island of Lyø is pretty, varied landscape, well maintained and with valleys and small hills. The island has several small lakes and a forest. Several large farms are in operation, with cereal crops and livestock. I also find many flowers. We see, from afar, deer and hares. We walk a good part of the island east

and south coast and go back. Good Danish lunch at the boat, rest, nap for some and, at around 2.30 pm, we leave again for our second walk, but this time under the sun and towards west.



Free shelter with water, toilet and wood



The dolmen

We go along the coast for a long time and then go back more inland, a bird reserve is prohibited from passing through. We see a special dolmen, if you tap on it with a stone, the sound resounds and is like the sound of bells. We return by the village, admire the old mill and go home. We walked well today, 13 km total, 6 km this morning and 7 km this afternoon. Good dinner prepared by Peter which we eat out in the sun, and short evening, we are tired and go to bed early.



## Monday, July 17, 2017. Lyø-Drejø

The weather is fine and the wind has dropped. We leave at 9 am and cross the ferry arriving. We sail, first with the wind on the side then with the wind from the back, with mainsail on one side and jib on the other side.



Down wind

We pass south of the island of Avernakø whose name doesn't sound very Danish to me Avernak (and ø that means island). Lots of yachts on the sea. The wind drops and we start the engine. I start the blog under way. We go to Drejø, an island even smaller than Lyø, 4 square kilometers and 69 inhabitants. But we know somebody there: Anders, Mette's elder brother (Mette is a childhood friend of Jens). We had visited her other brother, Christian, in Turkey in Kaş. Jens made contact with Anders and he will come and have lunch with us on the boat. We arrive in Drejø harbor at noon and we are lucky to take the last free place. Those who arrive later have to raft on each other. A yachtman helps me with the two moorings in front while Peter and Kirsten moor the back to the two posts. Then Peter comes to the pontoon ... and shakes the hand of a white-haired gentleman who is there. It is Anders (whom Peter also knows, everyone went to the same primary school in Græsted, Jens' childhood town).



Three old school comrades

It's funny to think that these three older men (Anders, Peter and Jens) were little boys in the same school, some sixty years ago. We have lunch together, they remember old memories and Anders tells us about life on this little island.



Jeannette and Anders



Peter and Kirsten

He and his wife had a restaurant here, but since the death of his wife, the restaurant is closed. We spend a good time and he leaves, we are invited to dine tonight at his house.



Primitive camping



The small harbor

At 2:30 pm, we go on a walk, first to see the village and then to see the old port, a tiny shallow port. The village is not very old, a big fire burnt it in 1942. To come back from the small harbor, we follow the path that follows along the coast.



The path ...



... which disappears

It starts pretty well but it gets smaller and smaller and disappears completely at the end. We have to walk on the "beach" which is narrow and made up of pebbles. We arrive at Maja at 2:30 pm, a little tired. Rest, end of the blog for me, showers for some and at 6 pm, we leave again to go to Anders who live 2, 5 km from the harbor where we are. We have a good evening, Anders made an excellent roast beef cooked slowly and long in the oven accompanied by a good potato gratin and a Bordeaux sauce with red wine. It's really good. He also serves us the wine he makes here himself and the olive oil he produces in Sicily where he has a house (which we went to see when we were there with Maja). We walk back at around 10:30 pm, it's still daylight. We walked well today too, a dozen km in all



At Anders' place

Lyø-Drejø: 12 nm (22 km)

Florvåg-Drejø: 10 079 + 12 = 10 091 nm (18 164 km)

**Tuesday, July 18, 2017. Drejø-Troense (Tåsinge Island)**



A decorated ferry

We leave at 9.30 am from Drejø and follow a fairly narrow channel, otherwise it is not deep enough. And we are not the only ones, there is quite a lot of traffic, many sailboats, a few motorboats and ferries. There is a little wind and we are sailing part of the way. Then we take the Svendborg Channel which passes, as the name suggests, in front of the town of Svendborg on the island of Fyn. We see a large brick building and Kirsten tells us that it is a maritime school where her brother went when he was young.



Maritime school. Svendborg

We pass under the large bridge that connects Fyn to the island where we go, Tåsinge and we arrive at our destination, the port of Troense around noon. We have short days of sailing at the moment. We find a place and we moor. Lunch, accompanied by water, we no longer have beer, short rest and walk "in town" Troense is a large village (1200 inhabitants) whose old center is particularly well preserved: thatched cottages, half-timbered houses, small gardens, big mansions and even a castle.



Troense



The harbor master. He looks like an Admiral



Ceremony to take down the flag

We walk 4 km and come back. I finish the blog I started on the way, Jens and Peter do some shopping at the village shop and we dine. Tonight Jens is cooking, baked chicken legs with various vegetables around. Peter makes a spinach sauce. Nice evening, small walk after dinner, a little reading and in bed. Tomorrow we have visitors.

DrejØ-Troense: 11 nm (20 km)

Florvåg-Troense: 10 091 + 11 = 10 102 nm (18 184 km)



Lyø-Drejø-Troense

### Wednesday, July 19, 2017. Troense-Lohals (Langeland Island)

The weather is very nice, a beautiful summer day. We have guests for lunch: Mads, Lillian, Anna (5 years) and Ebbe (18 months). It is a Danish family we met in Villasimius, in Sardinia in September 2016. They lived on their boat and had engine problems and could not sail. We had sympathized, they had invited us to dinner on their boat, we had invited them to have a coffee, and then we had left. We have their address and they live on the island of Tåsinge, 6 km from where we are. Jens made contact with them and they come to lunch with us today. We will be 6 adults and 2 children, that make a lot on Maja. Yesterday we went to see the prices of a Danish "frokost" (lunch) at the hotel ... and we ran away! Overpriced. Fortunately, there are large tables with benches out on the marina. And it's a good solution, especially since it is a beautiful day. Good. But we have to go shopping and the shop here is very small. We ask and at 2.5 km there is a supermarket.



We go shopping

We take each our backpack and walk there. Good walk to go, shopping at the supermarket and back. When we return Jens swims from the boat. I'm not here, I went to make pictures of old photos in the club house. We are glad to see them again when they arrive. The children have grown up and Mads had a longer beard. Anna is happy to be on a boat again and enjoys being on the glass roof and looking inside. Ebbe sleeps in his stroller and takes a good nap.



Lilian, Anna, Mads, Peter, Jens and Kirsten



Anna on the roof



Ebbe, Lilian, Anna and Mads

We talk well, boat, engine (they have a new one), their travel plans and our trip. They brought us a bottle of raps oil from the island here. When Ebbe wakes up, he too wants to explore the boat and finds it funny to "dance" on the floor in front, where we sleep Jens and me because it's squeaking. They play well, without toys, a long time. They leave after coffee. We do the dishes and we leave for the next port, Lohals on the island of Langeland. A good wind is blowing, force 4-5 from  $\frac{3}{4}$  front, Maja is heeling a little, the waves splash well and we have good speed. When we approach Langeland (a long island, as the name suggests) we are a little sheltered and the waves are smaller.



Good speed

We enter the port of Lohals at around 6:45 pm and the port is full. It's because tomorrow, a singer, Anne Linnet, well known in Denmark, gives a concert here. We are looking around, turning (and thanks to the bow thruster, we can turn practically on the spot) and ask a man on a nice old wooden boat if we can raft on him. He replies: "Of course, between old wooden boats we have to help each other" ... except that Maja is not made of wood.



Maja and the nice wooden boat

Jens tells him, he laughs and we moor Maja on his boat. Walk of 10 minutes and light fish dinner. We go then to admire the sunset and come back by a dark forest, we get lost a little and the thought of possible wolves and bears (sic) makes me shiver.



Everything is ready for the concert to morrow



We are lost in the forest, at night ...



Phew! We are out of the wood



Kiel-Lyø-Drejø-Troense-Lohals

Troense-Lohals: 13 nm (23 km)

Florvåg-Lohals:  $10\ 102 + 13 = 10\ 115$  nm (18 207 km)

### Thursday, July 20, 2017. Lohals-Onsevig (Loland Island)

Gray and windy. We leave at 9:30 am and the first few miles are quiet enough as long as we are in the shelter of Langeland. But when we pass the end of the island, we have the wind (force 4), the waves (70-80 cm) and the current (1 knot) against us. We try to go with a small angle against the wind and put the mainsail to stabilize, plus the engine to have more power. We hit the waves and don't have much speed.



We have everything against us: wind, waves and current

In the distance, we see a large cruise ship, the Crown Princess, which smokes so much that we think there is a fire on board. We no longer see the boat, only a cloud of smoke. But we don't hear a distress message and after 10 minutes the smoke fades. I did not make pictures because it was too far away. At the end of the morning, the wind is increasing, force 5, and we are tired of these mad camel movements. We're going at 3 knots. We had thought of going to the island of Vejrø. At 1 pm, Jens looks at the map and finds that we are at equal distance from Vejrø and a port on the island of Loland, Onsevig. The difference is that we can be in Onsevig in about an hour (by going with the wind on the side) and Vejrø in at least two and a half hours continuing to knock in the waves with the wind against us. The crew is consulted and, unanimously, votes to go to Onsevig. We change course, and with mainsail and jib, without engine, go at 5 knots. We arrive at Onsevig, a small fisher harbor at 2:40 pm. Some places are reserved for visitors and we pay by putting 100 kroner (or 14 €) in an envelope. Good lunch to recover from our emotions, short rest and walk to discover Onsevig. Small museum on the history of the village and its successive floods: when there is a storm, the sea invades the village, the last time in November 2006. Since then the seawall has been enhanced. A dyke of earth surrounds the island of Loland and, like in Cuxhaven, doors can be closed. The village itself is hardly populated anymore, no more schools, no more shops, the majority of houses are now holiday homes.



Arrival in Onsevig harbor



Gates which are closed in case of storm



There is a club of winter bathing in Onsvig

Lohals-Onsevig: 22 nm (40 km)

Florvåg-Onsevig: 10 115 + 22 = 10 137 nm (18 247km)

## Friday, July 21, 2017. Onsevig-Vejrø-Vordingborg

It is gray, mild and a medium wind. We drop the moorings at 9 am, except that when I want to release the last rope in front, it gets stuck in the ring on the dock and stops us. Fortunately, the German neighbor is on the dock and sees what is happening. He unties the knot and we can leave. Pleasant crossing, wind force 3-4 on the side and small waves. When we leave Onsevig, we see a boat that normally installs wind turbines at sea, but here it's the opposite, it's to remove old wind turbines that are no longer profitable. They are about thirty years old, are too small and outdated. We decide to go to Vejrø, the island where we were supposed to go yesterday. We pass right in front of it and it's a special island. Peter and Kirsten have not been there for 25 years and would like to see it again. It is a small island that had a population of 60 people until about the sixties. Then it became uninhabited until a millionaire bought it. It is therefore a private island but open to the public which must come by its own means, either by boat, by plane or by helicopter. The owner built a marina and a hotel-restaurant. Practically all the food served in the restaurant is produced on the island, either outside, or in large greenhouses and is organic.



Vejrø. The large greenhouses



The marina

We arrive at about 11:30 and the marina is almost empty. We do a little tour, go to the (luxury) toilets and have lunch. After lunch, we go to the beach (a very small beach) and we bathe the four of us, the water is at 18.5 °.



We go swimming

Then we walk around the island. We see vegetable gardens, pig farming where they have room, a lake where they can roll in the mud. These pigs have a good life. We look at the (beautiful) greenhouses from the outside, ask a young woman if we can go in, yes, yes, no problems. They are huge, for vegetables, tomatoes, cucumbers, green beans, eggplants, melons ... and for tropical plants, bananas, hibiscus, olive trees ...



The vegetable garden



The greenhouses

We see the airport and, when returning, the breeding of pheasants which are free and are not too afraid. We go swimming again, it's really a beautiful day. As it is our last day together, we are going to dine at the restaurant here on the island. We start with a somewhat special cocktail of cucumber juice, lemon, honey and gin. It sounds weird but is actually very good. Then smoked fish entrees (accompanied by celery puree, grilled fish skin, apple pearls and cucumber mousse) or deer tartare. The portions are tiny but the combination of tastes is very successful. The meats are lamb or deer of the island.



The green cocktail



Nouvelle cuisine?

And we continue in this style, it must be the New Cuisine. We have to ask for potatoes, we have two tiny potatoes each, it's not enough. Peter and Jens' dessert is also a combination of funny things around a radish sherbet ! Kirsten and I have a more classic dessert of dark chocolate cake surrounded by a white chocolate sauce, 2 raspberries and 1 blackcurrant and 5 gr of rhubarb. It's quite expensive, but it is a special experience.



The four of us at the restaurant

We dined early to continue to Vordingborg after dinner. We leave at 8.20 pm, the evening is beautiful, calm and sunny. Around 10:30 pm, we are surrounded by fog, we do not see much and the long channel towards Vordingborg is not illuminated.... Jens puts the radar on and we see something on it and yet there is no boat around here. First, we don't understand what it is, but it's actually a green mark that has a radar reflector. Kirsten goes to bed. The fog lasts a little over one hour and, fortunately, dissipates. Phew! We are approaching Vordingborg Bridge, it is absolutely dark but we see the lights of the bridge and the passage marked by a green light on the right and a red light on the left.



Vordingborg Bridge. We must pass between the red and the green light

Until now, that's all right. The difficulties will begin after the bridge. We have to follow a channel, then cross the fjord through another channel and finally follow the last narrow channel towards Vordingborg marina. Jens always sees on the electronic map where we are but we still have to find the marks to be sure that we are well in the channel. He is using his

tablet, the potters' charts being older don't have all the new marks. Our technique: Jens at the controls, Peter on one side and I on the other, each with our flashlight, looking one for a green mark and the other one for a red mark.



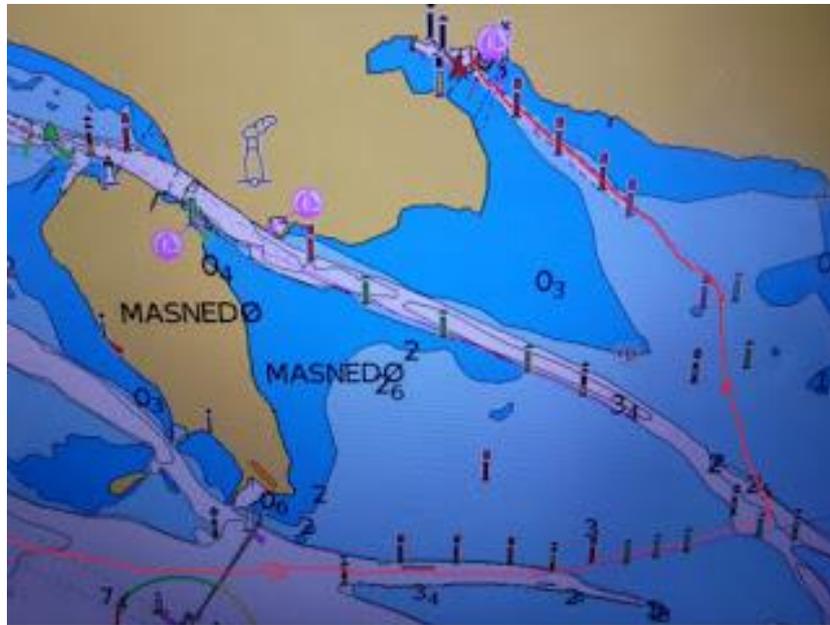
Peter is looking with a flashlight to see the red marks

The first channel has fairly large marks. We are a little tense and much focused. The marks have a reflective strip and are seen when they are in the lamp beam. The first channel has, in addition, two white lights far ahead which flash in turn and which show the straight line that one must follow to stay in the channel. That's fine. To cross, we must "see" a yellow and black mark and turn left after it. Peter and I, we're looking, we're looking, our eyes are coming out of our heads (!), and we don't see it. Jens says he knows where we are, it's okay. Peter and I go back into the doghouse to warm up and relax a little. Peter comes out after one minute and exclaims, "It's here!" And in fact we are a little out of the channel, but we go back quickly and it's OK. And all this in the most complete darkness. The marks of the last channel are smaller, there are only red and the channel is narrow.

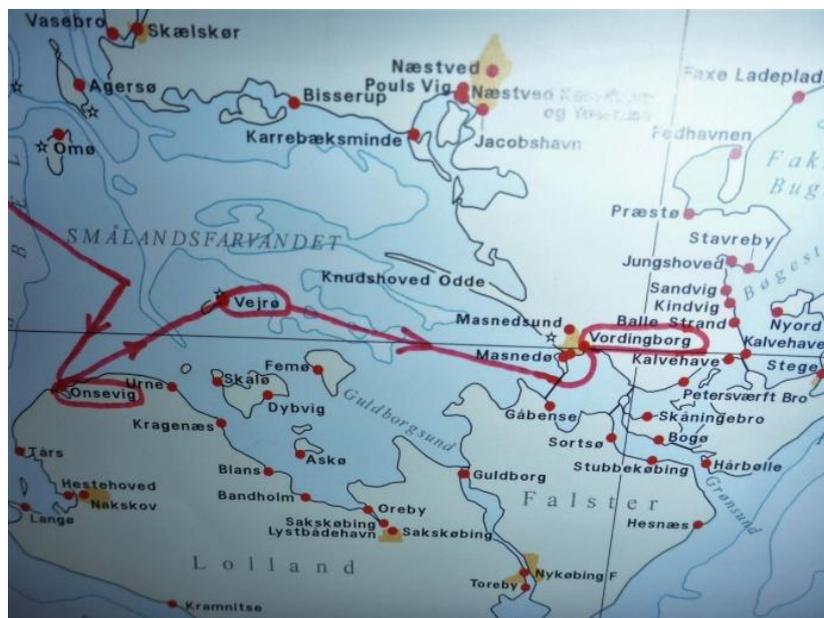


It was marks like that we had to find in the dark

Jens passes close to them and we go from mark to mark. We arrive at the marina, which is not illuminated. We see a free place, we take it, whether it is green or red, we don't care. It's 2 am. We are relieved and very tired, the tension has been high. We propose to Peter and Kirsten to sleep here, but they want to go home, they live 10 minutes from the marina. Long day rich in experiences and emotions.



Our trace, from down left



Onsevig-Vejrø-Vordingborg

Onsevig-Vordingborg: 38 nm (68 km)

Florvåg-Vordingborg:  $10\ 137 + 38 = 10\ 175$  nm (18 315 km)

## Saturday, July 22, 2017. Vordingborg

22.07.2011-22.07.2017. We remember.

Gray Saturday and we are tired. We have to move, the place we "borrowed" at 2 am is occupied. We meet again in the marina the couple with the nice old wooden boat that we had met in Lohals. Peter and Kirsten pick up their luggage. They gently offer to wash our linen at home, it's nice. I start the long blog on Friday but can't finish it. Then we go shopping. We buy "varm leverpostej" (hot paté) but it is not "varm", it is burning, it comes out of the oven. We have a good nap after lunch and have dinner early at Peter and Kirsten's. Good dinner and good evening.



Maja. Vordingborg



The old wooden boat we saw in Lohals is here too



Vordingborg

## Sunday, July 23, 2017. Vordingborg

It is raining cats and dogs and the wind is strong. What a weather. I work with the long blog on Friday, Jens goes shopping and stop to ring at the door of a former classmate of Græsted primary school, the childhood town of Jens, north of Copenhagen. Henning Ove, that's his name, moved to Vordingborg many years ago. But there is no one. Lunch on the boat, inside, Jens reads the newspaper, me, I'm still at my blog. Jens finds Henning Ove's phone number and calls him. He invites us for a coffee at 3 pm. But before, we'll shower in a real bathroom at Peter and Kirsten's house. Peter puts on a washing machine again for us, thank you Peter. At 3 pm, we rang at Henning Ove and his wife, Lis.



Jens, Jeannette, Lis and Henning Ove

We are received very kindly and the two old classmates exchange old memories. Jens and Henning Ove shared the same desk from the second grade (they were about 8 years old) until the end of primary school. As Henning Ove lived far enough away from school and did not have time to go home for lunch, so he came to eat at Jens' house all these years. He brought, of course, his "madpakke" (his sandwiches). And it was not only him, two other boys did the same thing. Jens's mother, Trine, was very welcoming. They both remember that they were eating sitting on Jens' bed (the kitchen was too small) and reading "Anders And" (Donald Duck). And sometimes Trine gave them a little extra, Henning Ove still remembers mushrooms in a cream sauce. Jens lived close to the school, and when the bell rang they hurried back to school. They mention old professors, old friends. We also talk about our children, grandchildren, travel ... Henning Ove and Lis raise Persian cats and they have several. All these cats are living in harmony, it is calm and most of them are sleeping. Time passes quickly and we leave, thanking them for this good moment, at around 5:30 pm. We walk a little and go to see the botanical garden near the tower. It is a collection of old medicinal plants, aromatic plants, wild plants, very interesting. Neither of us wanting to cook, we go to dine of a fish filet on the harbor. The shares are copious and we are not so hungry, so the guy advises us to take two children serverings, which we do. The weather is nice now. Peter, Kirsten and their family come to see Maja. Sej, 3 years old, feels at ease right away in the boat. We take a little drink and they leave. A little later, we walk to their house to take home the rest of the laundry.



Rebekka, Mads, Sej, Kirsten, Peter and Jeannette

**Monday 24 July 2017. Vordingborg-?**

This is the annual celebration where all the long-time friends of Jens (and Jeannette's) meet, this year at Peter and Kirsten's house, here in Vordingborg. Peter made a good meal, leg of lamb and various vegetables and a lemon mousse that everyone enjoys.



The group of friends

We are all happy to see each other and have a great time together. At the end of the afternoon, the whole group goes down to the port to say good-bye to us: we leave tonight in the direction of Copenhagen, the weather on Tuesday and Wednesday being bad.



They come to the marina to say good-bye

We leave at 6 pm and hope to have passed all the channels with marks before the night. We manage, just, we get out of the last channel at 10:30 pm, we hardly see the last marks. Our plan was to stop at Rørvig harbor but we decide to continue to Copenhagen. The beginning of the night is quiet, Jens is steering and I go to bed from 11 pm to 1 am. To be continued ...



Red mark



Green mark



The last mark

**Tuesday, July 25, 2017. Vordingborg-Copenhagen**



A boat is passing us



The bridge between Copenhagen (DK) and Malmø (S)

The night is quite calm until 4 in the morning, then the wind forces, always in front (north-east), but fortunately the waves remain moderate. It is not an open sea, we have Denmark on the left and Sweden on the right. From 5 am to 7 am, it is my turn to steer, I begin to be tired and don't find this funny anymore. Maja dances a lot and hits the waves. I would like to stop south of Copenhagen. I hold up until 7 am, go to bed and fall asleep in a few minutes. Jens is lucky, the wind drops a bit and, above all, we turn a little towards north and we no longer have the waves in front, they are coming more from the side, the mainsail helps more too. We pass by the big bridge between Denmark and Sweden (cf "Broen", the criminal series on television) but we don't not pass under it, where we pass the railway and the road are in a tunnel.



Kastrup Airport



Copenhagen with its towers and bell towers

When I wake up we pass Copenhagen and come to the marina "Svanemøllen", the largest in the city, so we are sure to have a place. Good surprise when entering the marina, many places are along pontoons. System of red and green places here too but in addition, on each place, the maximum width allowed is indicated. Some places are narrow and we can't get into it. We find a place and moor Maja. We are very happy to have reached Copenhagen. A few minutes after our arrival, we have the visit of a Swede who has also a Fisher 30 and is a few places away from us. He comes to see Maja then we go to see his "Therese".



Maja



Therese

It's funny, these are the same boats, almost the same age but are quite different inside. He is also a handyman and has done many things on his boat. Jens and he discuss well, but I have a little trouble following when the woman is talking Swedish. We return to our Maja and have a good breakfast with a boiled egg. We register us at the marina office and go for a walk in the neighborhood. The street that runs along the marina is all under construction but we still manage to find the railway station where we buy a newspaper. Back on the boat, light lunch and good nap. It is gray, rainy, not a good summer weather. We stay at the boat in the afternoon, blog, dinner and in bed early.



Vordingborg-Copenhagen

Distance Vordingborg-Copenhague: 70 nm (126 km)

Florvåg-Copenhagen:  $10\ 175 + 70 = 10\ 245$  nm (18 441 km)

### Wednesday, July 26,2017. Copenhagen

We are going to be tourists in Copenhagen today, by bike, we are about 5 km from the center. It is very pleasant to cycle here, bike paths everywhere, wide, small red lights ... a real pleasure. The Little Mermaid, quays, castle, monuments and Jens' old apartment in Egegade (The Oak Street).



The Little Mermaid



Jens' old address

We are looking for smørbrød for lunch but it is hard to find them. On the other hand one can eat Chinese, Italian, Japanese, Somali, Korean etc. We finally find a place, it's a van in front of the Nørreport station and the lady is as Danish as me. We eat on a bench. We return and, late in the afternoon, we go swimming from a platform near the marina.



We go swimming

The blog takes a break now. It will resume on August 2, 2017.  
See you soon



**Tuesday, August first, 2017. Copenhagen (DK)-Kirkbacken (Sweden)**

After a good trip to France and a very nice family reunion organized at home by Catherine, we returned to Copenhagen last night, or rather this morning at 2 am. Maja is as we left her, everything is in order. Jens goes to bathe early but I stay in my cozy bed. Calm morning, swimming for both of us later from the platform next to the marina, then we ride to Anders and Anna who don't live very far. Anders is Jens' cousin. Good lunch on the terrace, the weather is nice and we have a nice time together.



Anna and Jens



Anders and Jeannette

We go shopping on our way back and leave. We go to an island called Ven (in Swedish) or Hven (in Danish). It was once Danish but is now Swedish. The sky becomes dark and it starts raining.



The Danish courtesy flag was not the last one



Copenhagen-Ven Island

The crossing, only with the engine, there is no wind, takes two and a half hours. We arrive at Kirkbacken harbor on the island of Ven at 8 pm, in the rain. The harbor is full, it's holidays time, but we can put ourselves along a small sailboat, "Relax". No one is on board, but in principle there is no problem. Light dinner of a beetroot salad (bought in Spain, but still good!) Then a short walk after dinner, it does not rain anymore.

Copenhagen- Kirkbacken (Ven Island): 13 nm (23 km)

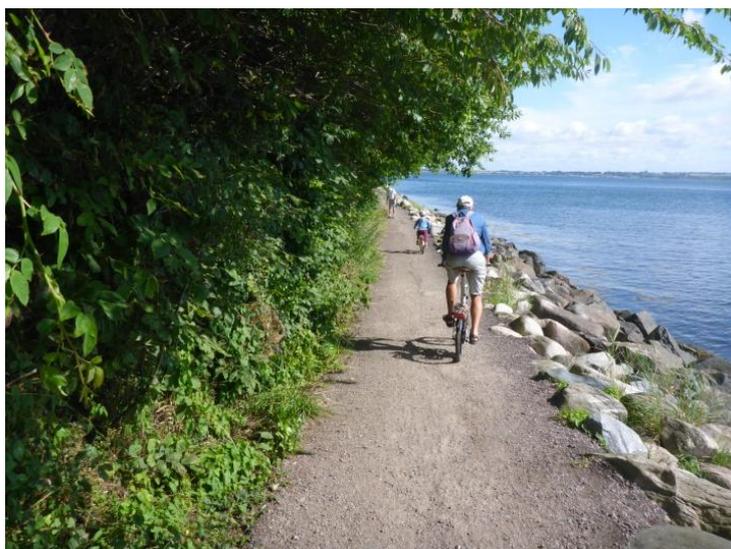
Florvåg-Kirkbacken: 10 245 + 13 = 10 258 nm (18 464 km)

### **Wednesday, August 2, 2017. Ven Island-Helsingør**

Quite nice weather this morning. Several boats leave and we move to a new place. Then we cycle round the island, we are not the only ones, there are at least a hundred bicycles to rent at the ferry arrival, but most tourists stay on the road and we take a small path.



Many bikes



Path along the sea

Small and pretty island, well cultivated, popular with Swedish holiday makers but not distorted by tourism. Upon returning we bathe from a platform where the ladder is missing, Jens goes to look for it and puts it back in place. Quick bath then we leave towards Helsingør at 11:45 am in calm weather but the sky is turning dark.



I hoist again the Danish courtesy flag.  
And this time, it is the last one

Short crossing during which I make the blog. Arrival in Helsingør at 1.45 pm, passing Kronborg castle, Hamlet's castle, the marina is just after it. The sky is dark and it begins to rain, the fine weather is over. We find a very narrow place and I have to remove the fenders so that we can pass between the back posts. The place we take has a green plate and in addition, a small message: "Welcome, the place is free until August 12". Nice. Nina, our daughter, and her family, who are in the "sommerhus" to the north, near Gilleleje, arrives. We are happy to meet again, drink a coffee together and then Nina, Sveinung and Kian leave us leaving Theo, 6, who will make the last part with us, Helsingør-Gilleleje tomorrow.



Theo is jumping



On the beach



Playing cards

We go to a big trampoline and Theo jumps, jumps then, taking advantage of the rain stopping, we go to the beach. We run home when it begins to rain again. Fortunately, we can play cards with Theo, he likes it a lot. Dinner, inspection by Jens and Theo of our fishing equipment, small walk and in bed. Theo goes to bed without problem and falls asleep quickly.

Kirkbacken (Ven)-Helsingør: 10 nm (18 km)

Florvåg-Helsingør:  $10\ 258 + 10 = 10\ 268$  nm (18 482 km)

#### **Thursday, August 3, 2017. Helsingør-Gilleleje**

Rain and rain. Jens and Theo go to buy bread and the newspaper, and Theo absolutely wants to carry his new schoolbag.



Theo carries his new schoolbag to go and buy bread

The rain stops and we start to have breakfast outside, but it starts to rain again and we go back quickly. We leave at 10 am, in the rain and without wind. Theo steers a little, looks at the other boats, the red and green marks, but we have to be inside, it's raining all the time.



Bye, bye Helsingør and Hamlet's castle

We see a Swedish Fisher 30, same size as Maja, but white and with only one mast. We arrive at Gilleleje at 12:15 and find a very narrow place, I have to take in the fenders to enter it, but it is a good place against the wind.



A giant bike



Crabs race



Gilleleje



The fishing harbor

We eat lunch and Jens takes a nap while I play cards with Theo. We go then to visit the Gilleleje Museum, the old boats and an old house that shows the life of the past. Theo is interested and likes it. He then "fishes" (with the help of Jens) two crabs in a basin and makes them race to return to the basin. We return and shortly after Nina, Sveinung and Kian arrive. We can (hurray!) have coffee outside, but just after they leave, a strong thunderstorm breaks out, with lightning, thunder and heavy rain. What a summer!

Maja will be staying in Gilleleje a little more than two weeks while we will be at the "sommerhus" (holiday home) 9 km from here. The blog takes a break and will resume on August 22 or 23 when we start the last leg of our journey, Denmark-Norway. See you soon.

Helsingør-Gilleleje: 12 nm (21 km)

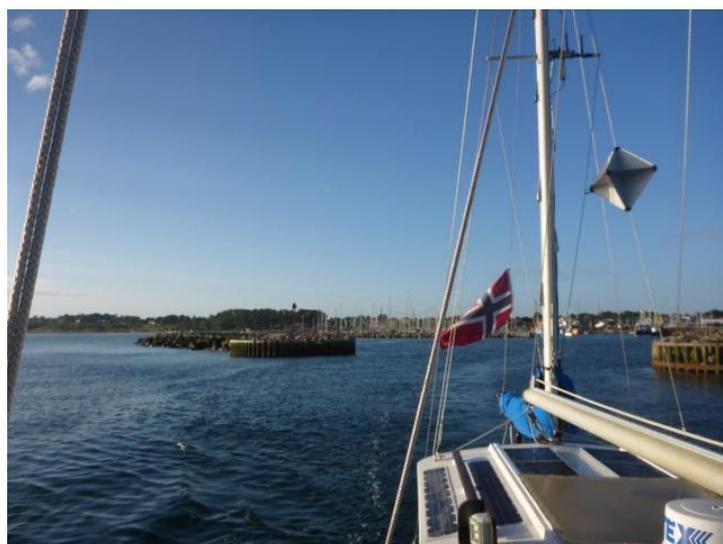
Florvåg-Gilleleje:  $10\ 268 + 12 = 10\ 280$  nm (18 504 km)



Copenhagen-Ven-Gilleleje



## Sunday, August 20, 2017. Gilleleje-Anholt Island



### Bye, bye Gilleleje

The blog resumes after 17 days of suspension. We had a very good stay at Udsholt and go to the sea again today for this last leg, Denmark-Norway. We came to sleep in the boat last night so we could have an early start this morning, and that's what we do: we wake up at 6 am, take diesel and get out of the harbor at 7:20. The wind in the port of Gilleleje is a small 3, a gentle breeze, but this will not last. The weather forecast was right, light wind near the coast and stronger in the sea. And it changes quickly. Force 3 in the harbor, force 4 at 7:45 am and force 5 at 8:30 am. And it will blow well during the whole crossing, between force 5 and 6. A little too much to resume contact with the sea. I am steering at first while Jens is resting, then we change at 8:45 am.



### Waves

We can't do anything, the waves are not very big but short and "nasty", Maja is tossed around a lot. We go first with jib and engine then Jens hoists the mainsail and stops the engine. I lie down and quickly get seasick. I didn't take a pill, considering myself accustomed, but 17 days

on land and I have to get used to it again. I am "out" all day, vomiting frequently and in a kind of torpor the rest of the time. Not funny.



Jeannette is out

The wind is from west, so on the side then turns further north and comes almost from the front. At the end of the day it still turns and we almost face it, but fortunately we arrive at the island of Anholt before the waves have had time to turn against us. And always a strong wind, 5-6. What a relief to arrive in the harbor, I "resurrect" and do my job to prepare the ropes and put on the fenders. We know Anholt, we were there in 2004, but the port is better equipped now with long pontoons where we can moor along. Ankerdram accompanied by a banana for me, first food since this morning. Small walk and dinner inside, the wind is too strong to eat outside. Tough day for Jeannette !



Gilleleje-Anholt

Gilleleje-Anholt: 45 nm (81 km)

Florvåg-Anholt:  $10\ 280 + 45 = 10\ 325$  nm (18 585 km)

**Monday, August 21, 2012. Anholt**

Very nice weather, but windy. After breakfast I take a shower and it seems good. I then repair the flag, I am obliged to cut a piece of it.



The Norwegian flag is a little shorter now ...

Then we go for a bike ride. Anholt is small (22 km<sup>2</sup>) but varied: hills, dunes, forest, swamps, meadows and especially the famous "Ørkenen", the "Desert" which occupies most of the island. It was wooded before but around 1600, the inhabitants cut trees to build boats, and these trees never came back.



Green here ...



and the desert here

We return by the "by" (which means both city and village, in Danish it is the same word "by" to designate Copenhagen or the village here, 160 inhabitants in winter). We shop at the Brugsen supermarket, large and well stocked. Return to Maja, after 10 km, and swimming. The beach looks like the Caribbean, fine sand, white, and very clear water, but the temperature is not the same, 18 °. Lunch on the boat, short rest and we ride to the south. We climb the southern hill (Sønderbjerg) and admire the landscape. We can hardly see the wind farm, one of the biggest in Europe, 111 wind turbines, at sea. We make a detour on the way back to the airport and return by the village, another 12 km. Swimming number 2, as nice as this morning and we are taking back our rhythm: I do the blog while Jens is making dinner. Our neighbor opposite borrows a saw from Jens. The poor Polish guy bought a small sailboat in Sweden, in Gøteborg and one of the cable holding the mast broke and the mast fell down in bad weather between Gøteborg and here. He is repairing it now. After dinner, a little walk on the pontoons and around 9 pm, the wind suddenly rises and becomes strong, and we who want to leave tomorrow ... And finally, news of our spider: I gave her/him a small wasp Saturday, freshly killed. Sunday, yesterday, I find the fallen wasp on the shelf below the web. I gave it back to her, but she does not want it, she pushed it out of her web a second time. Our spider must be old, we have it since Roses (in Catalonia), since February 27, 2017. And Jens has read on the Internet that the spiders live about 6 months.



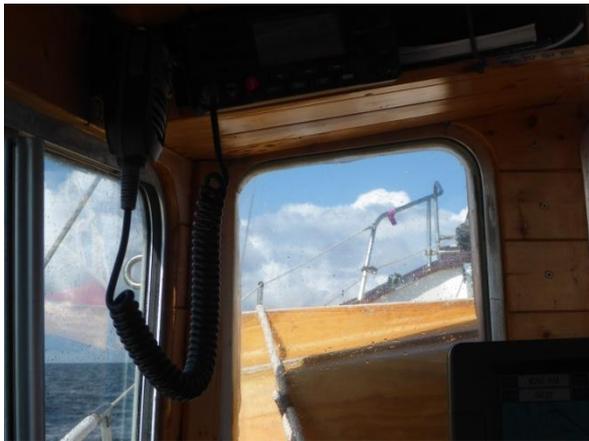
Our spider is still here

**Tuesday, August 22, 2017. Anholt-?**



Rainbow

Beautiful weather, wind force 3 but against us, from the north. The strong wind of last night lasted until about 3 am, I hope the waves had time to fall again. We leave at 9:30 am. The weather forecast predicts a long window with north wind but weak, no more than force 3 and small waves. Tomorrow will be even better than today so we think of making a long leg, if all goes well to Norway. We have two options: go around Skagen, the northern tip of Jutland, or take the Limfjord which cuts the top of Jutland. We'll see when we get there. The wind is not strong, the waves are quite small (40-60 cm) but Maja is jumping around like a crazy goat anyway.



Bow up



Bow down

I took a pill against seasickness; I don't want to have a bad crossing again like Sunday. We're not moving fast, the waves are stopping us. Between 9:30 am and 6:30 pm, we make 38 nautical miles, that means an average of 4.2 knots (7.5 km / h), not much, normally we do 5 knots (9 km / h). We can do nothing, just nap, what we do in turn. We decide to go around Skagen, the weather forecast is very good for tomorrow. Around 1 pm, we are between Jutland and the island of Læsø. This island is flat and it is only at the last moment we see it.



We are going to pass between Læsø Island and Jutland

We are still moving a lot and yet the waves are small. At 6 pm, I send SMS to the girls and to Catherine, I couldn't do it before, there was no cover, to tell them that there will be no blog today and that we hope to make a long leg. Dinner at 7 pm, Stroganof Beef, in a can. Then we start our shifts of two hours each. When we get closer to Skagen, the number of fishing boats increases and we don't have time to get bored during our watch, no music or radio. There are boats everywhere, in all directions and we have to keep an alert watch.



Sunset



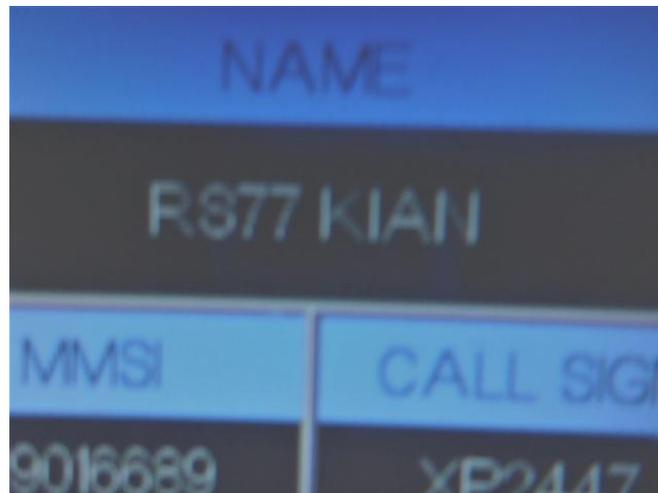
Skagen. Many fishing boats

**Wednesday, August 23, 2017. Skagen (DK)-Lindesnes (N)**

At 3 am, when I resume, we turned the corner around Skagen and the sea is quieter, finally. Jens set a way-point in southern Norway. When Jens resumes at 5 o'clock, the day begins to rise and a big black cloud is above our heads, but it dissipates and it will be a beautiful day. Many, many fishing boats get out of Skagen.



We have passed Skagen



A fishing boat is called Kian!



De luxe breakfast

Deluxe breakfast, with boiled eggs, fruit salad, tea etc ... which we take out in the sun. It's so quiet that I can start the blog but not publish it, we don't have Internet here. Good Danish

lunch, nap, blog. At 5 pm, I take down the Danish courtesy flag, this is the last time I do it, and this time I do not hoist a new one, we are in Norwegian waters.



Last time

We hear a call on the radio in Norwegian too. We dine vegetarian tonight, corn starter, tomato soup and peas, a very colorful dinner. Shortly after dinner, we have a visitor, a small bird with a long beak that is resting a little on Maja. It remains with us about 20 minutes and leaves, I think we are not fast enough for him.



Our visitor

We have the same rhyme as the previous night, 2 hours shift and 2 hours rest. Few boats but a few fishing boats. I am parallel to one and pass it on his right, he goes slowly to pull his net.

We go along the south coast of Norway and pass the lighthouse of Lindesnes around midnight. I take at least ten pictures to have it when its light is on our side, and I get one, all the others are black. Calm weather, weak east wind and tiny waves.



Lindesnes lighthouse (southern point in Norway)

**Thursday, August 24, 2017. Lindesnes-Egersund**

The ferry "Stavangerfjord" which connects Bergen to Hirsthals in Denmark passes us around 1 am, well offshore. It begins to rain hard around 3 am, but the wind is still weak. We change well and time passes quickly. When we go along a coast, even at night, there is always something to see ... especially on the map. At 6 o'clock in the morning, the wind forces a little, force 3 from the east, so a little more waves. Jens puts the jib, we already had the mainsail but he also keeps a little engine. We have good speed, between 5.5 and 6 knots, there must be a favorable current.



The coast is black



It's raining

It's gray, the coast is black, it is raining, it is only 14 °, we feel in autumn and yesterday was a beautiful summer day, sharp change. Jens is changing course to get closer to the coast, where

the waves are smaller. There is no worry with the depth, even close to land it's 70 m deep. Great change also in relation to Denmark, for the Danes a depth of 8-10 meters is very deep. We enter the Egersund Fjord, take diesel and moor in the almost empty marina in the city center.



Harbor entrance. Egersund

We remember that a fast river, in fact a kind of torrent arrives next to the marina and that it makes a strong current, it's necessary to moor Maja quickly if not she starts going backwards. We are very happy to arrive, it is 11:30 am, Thursday 24 and we sailed 50 hours non-stop. But we slept pretty well and we are fine. Ankerdram deluxe: shanti (bought in Spain) and asparagus (bought in Greece). Jens lights the stove, it's really autumn. Little walk in town to buy the newspaper. Few people in the streets, the city seems quiet. Lunch, newspaper and walk, without rain, at the top of Varberg, the hill that dominates the city. Long blog for me, shopping and cooking for Jens.



Egersund seen from Varberg

Anholt ((DK)-Egersund (N): 235 nm (423 km)  
Florvåg-Egersund:  $10\ 325 + 235 = 10\ 560$  nm (19 008 km)



Anholt-Egersund

**Friday, August 25, 2017. Egersund-Skagbergvågen**



Back to brunost!



Out of Egersund by the north

We slept like logs, in bed early last night and woke up, Jens at 8:45 am and me at 9:10 am. We had some sleep to catch up, during the nights at sea cut in 2 hours “slices”, we don’t sleep more than 5-6 hours. This morning is gray, cool but the sun comes out and the day is going to be pretty nice. We go to town to post postcards and buy two newspapers and then leave at 12.30 pm We want to spend a night in the nature, in a "friluftområde", a wild place but where the municipality has installed free pontoons. A few miles from Egersund, we can choose between several places. We have time and go to see two of them and then come back to the first one, called Skagbergvågen. It is a mini-fjord, pretty, well sheltered and where three pontoons await visitors. We set off along a pontoon and moor Maja.



Maja. Skagbergvågen



Chanterelles



Piggsopp

I go ashore to see and find giroles (chanterelles) 20 m from the boat. We eat them at lunch, it's good! Coffee and newspapers, then walk. After 5 minutes, we find “piggsopp”, big white

mushrooms. We leave by a small path in the forest which arrives on a small road lined with lupines, most of them deflowered. We walk along this small road and see the local railway.



Local railway

What a job of making a railway here in the rocks, and this railway is old. We see a pretty bird and a viper that I don't have time to photograph. A sign indicates another small path to our bay. And there, it is wet and we are in sandal ... We walk in the mud and arrive at our mini-fjord, but on the other side, in front of Maja.



It's wet

Three sailboats are at a pontoon on this side, and Jens, diplomatic, asks a man if there is a path which goes round, at the bottom of the little fjord. He replies that yes, but that it is long. His wife intervenes then and tells him to take us cross in his zodiac. Very nice, this lady. The guy takes us back in three minutes, and we're happy. We have a neighbor, a small motor boat with a family with two little girls. They came to dine out, the children play and then they leave. Another boat arrives which deposits 4 children and a dog, the oldest one around 10 years old. They leave in the forest, it is 20 h 30, probably to go to a "hytte" (a cottage) at 400-500 m. Quiet evening.



He took us across the bay

Egersund-Skagbergvågen: 6 nm (10 km)

Florvåg-Skagbergvågen:  $10\ 560 + 6 = 10\ 566$  nm (19 018 km)

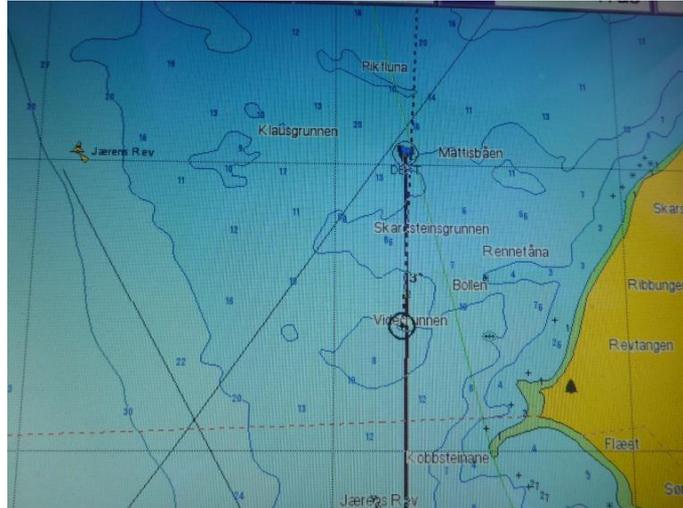
### **Saturday, August 26, 2017. Skagbergvågen-Rott Island**

Very calm, gray and mild. We leave at 9:40 and it starts to rain. A tiny west swell makes our Maja roll. At 11 am we pass Sirevåg, a small harbor where we had spent a few days in 1987 because of a gearbox failure on Maja. I do sudokus, Jens reads, it's really quiet, the rain stops and it's going to be nice. At 1:15 pm, we pass the lighthouse of Obrestad which looks like a church.



Obrestad lighthouse

We go along Jæren, where the countryside is green, cultivated and fairly flat, it is one of the fertile regions of Norway. In front of Jæren, a mark indicates where the boats must pass, well offshore. The bottom rises abruptly from 400-500 m to 10-12 m and when the wind is from west, the waves are dangerous. But today, without wind and with a sea of oil, we can take a short cut.



Normally, we must pass west of the yellow mark (on the left), but not today



Two mackerels

Jens is fishing and we're going to have a good dinner of two fresh mackerels. We arrive at Rott Island, almost opposite Stavanger at 5:15 pm.

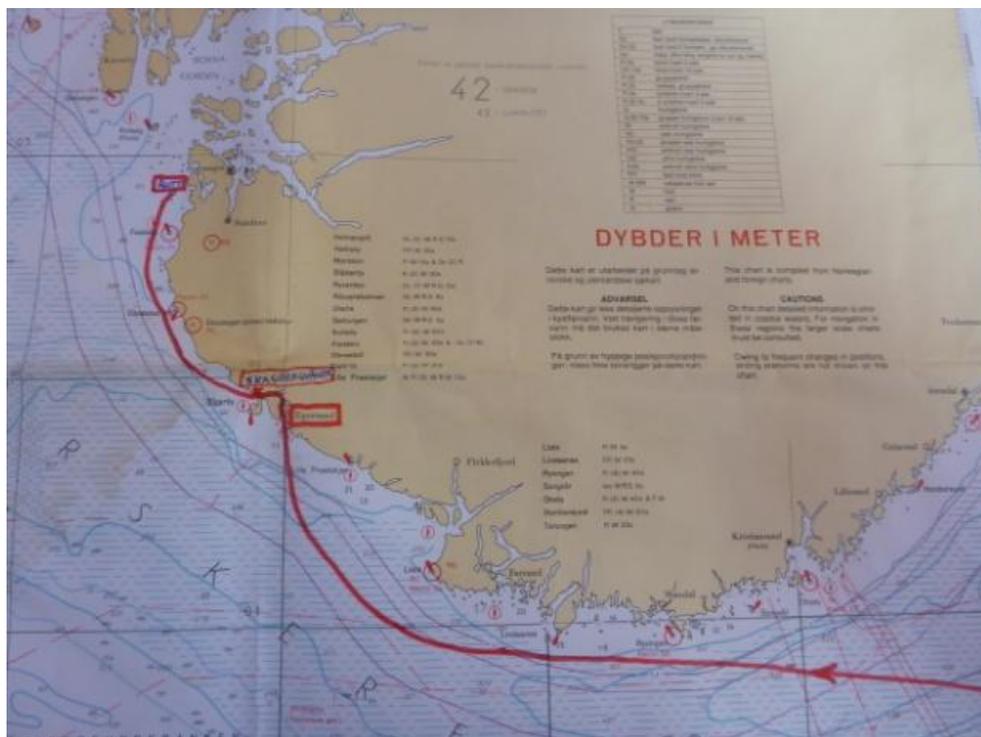


Rott Island



The wedding

We thought there would be other yachts, but there is no one and the public wharf has room. And, surprise, we arrive in wedding festivities. And yet, the fixed population is only of four inhabitants! We go for a walk and borrow a booklet available to visitors that tells the story of Rott: shipwreck, rescue operation, arrival of electricity (1950), when the school closed ... All the island is decorated with flags in honor of the marriage. We walk well, go back with wet feet, and eat our mackerels in the sun. A man comes to ask us to change places, to leave the dock for a boat that will come and pick up the wedding guests at midnight. We do that, and I ask him if it was someone from the island who got married and he said yes. We hear the boat arrive at 11:30 pm but don't hear him leave, we are asleep.



Skagbergvågen-Rott: 37 nm (66 km)  
 Florvåg-Rott: 10 566 + 37 = 10 603 nm (19 085 km)

## Sunday, August 27, 2017. Rott-Feøy

Very nice and quiet weather. We leave at 9:15 on a sea of velvet and under a beautiful blue sky. We continue north, of course, but instead of passing east of the island of Karmøy we will pass to the west, taking advantage of this calm weather. We see on the screen, by AIS, three boats that have names with alg or tare that also means seaweed: Tare Viking, Busk Alg and Sjøalg. We think they are harvesting algae.



Last day we see the horizon, tomorrow we enter the fjords

At 1:30 pm, a strange noise in the propeller, I am the "helmsman" (actually I am sitting on the captain's chair, it's the autopilot that does the work). I put on neutral right away and we go and see. These are algae that are twisted around the propeller. Jens puts forward, then back and most of them go away, we see that it remains a little bit but the propeller turns well and we continue. We decide to stop at Feøy, an island north-west of Karmøy. To arrive at the harbor, a natural harbor as almost always here, it is a true labyrinth but well marked. We have to pass a narrow fjord, follow a channel, pass under a bridge, turn left, pass a small lighthouse and finally, arrive. And, luxury, there is even a pontoon for visitors. We pay by putting 50 crowns (5 €) in an envelope. Jens removes the rest of the algae from the propeller, ankerdram then, surely for the last time, we bathe (16 °) and even take a short sun bath on the boat. Walk on the island, we say hello to the sheep and even to a frog. Few inhabited houses and several people leave with the last ferry at night. 30 inhabitants live here and there is a small shop. We dine of two baked mackerels with vegetables. It's beautiful and good. Then we move Maja, the weather forecast predicts wind and rain tonight and tomorrow. We pull her to the bottom of the pontoon, near land, to be more sheltered. I would like to leave tonight to pass Sletta, an open and exposed part before entering a fjord, but Jens says that even with a strong wind there won't be any problem because the wind will be from south-east, so from land and that the waves will be small.

OK ...

Rott-Feøy: 32 nm (57km)

Florvåg-Feøy:  $10\ 603 + 32 = 10\ 635$  nm (19 143 km)

To enter Feøy (natural) harbor:



We must pass here,



turn right over there,



Turn left after the yellow boat over there,



pass under this bridge,



leave this little lighthouse on the left,



and her we are, in Feøy harbor



It looks complicated but it is well marked. The harbor is where there is a pump



Last swim



Last sun bathing



Sheep and ...



a toad

**Monday, August 28, 2017. Feøy-Kolbeinshamn**



We must pass between those two marks

Really bad weather: strong wind, force 5-6, and rain. And it will be like that all day. We leave at 7.45 and pass Sletta, the exposed part, without problem. It is true that the waves are small. We motor out of Feøy then sail the rest of the time. Good wind of  $\frac{3}{4}$  rear, perfect for Maja, with the jib only, we go at 5 knots. The ferry from Bergen to Denmark passes us, the Stavangerfjord.



Store Bloksen

We avoid Store Bloksen, a rock where on November 26, 1999 the fast boat Sleipner going between Haugesund and Bergen sank, 16 people died. I make the blog en route. Then we enter the fjords and it's finished with the open sea.



Goos wind on the fjord



Stavanger Fjord sailing to Brgen (9.20 am)... and coming back from Bergen (3.30 pm)

We are communicating with Nina to find out when we are going to arrive tomorrow, and we agree, it will be at 5:00 pm. We arrive at Kolbeinshamn, a port on "Austevoll kommune" at 5:15 pm.



Arrival at Kolbeinshamn



It's raining

A German neighbor comes to take our lines, that's very nice, it's raining. Then Jens insists that we must go for a short walk. My dear captain-cook put a cake in the oven before the walk, so we can't stay too long, the cake mustn't burn ... We invite our German neighbors to come and eat the cake after dinner. They are three but only two come, Stefen and Michael, Daniel, the captain doesn't feel well and doesn't come. They sailed in Norway, in Greece and we discuss well, a very good last evening.

Feøy-Kolbeinshamn: 46 nm (82 km)

Florvåg-Kolbeinshamn:  $10\ 635 + 46 = 10\ 681$  nm (19 225 km)



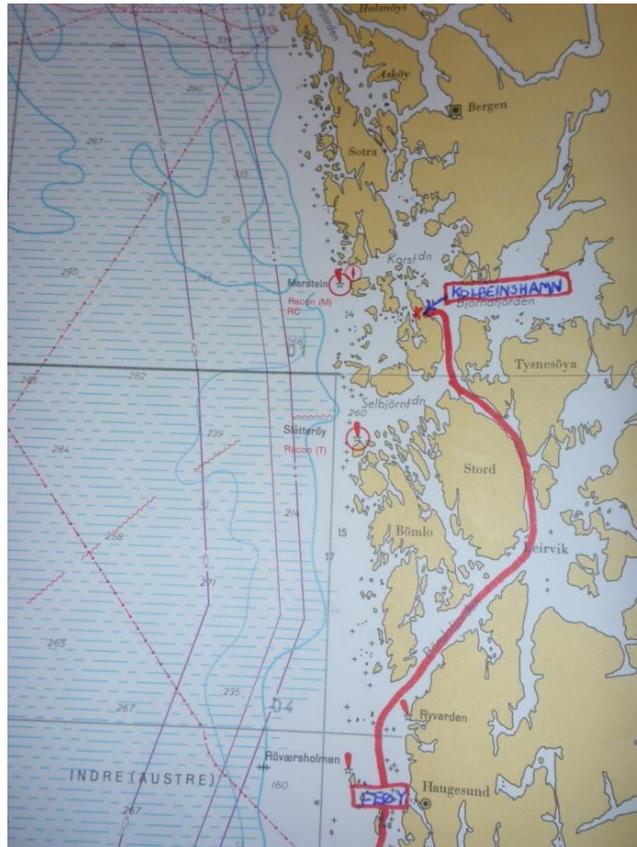
The spider is still here



Stefen and Michael



Maja. Kolbeinshamn



Fæøy-Kolbeinshamn

**Tuesday 29 August 2017. Kolbeinshamn-Florvåg**



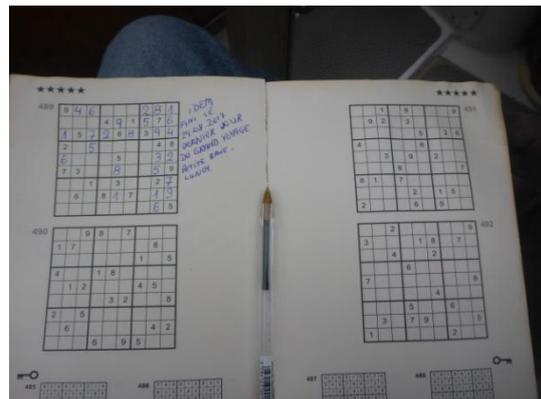
Last breakfast

It doesn't rain anymore, but it is very gray. We take our last breakfast out and then hoist the 18 flags of the countries or provinces visited. I had prepared them yesterday but didn't put it in the blog, it's a surprise. A country visited twice on the outward and return journey (Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece ... is represented only by one flag). They don't float much, there is no wind. And I realize that three of them are upside down, the Corsican, the Dutch and the German. I lower them and put them the right way. We leave at 10:00, we have time, we have

an appointment at 5 pm in Florvåg. We go slowly, we anchor in a small bay for lunch and after lunch, Jens reads an article about chard, those plants that grow well here and I do a sudoku.



Anchored in Smivågen for lunch



We leave at 2.30 pm, slowly. After the Sotra bridge, Jens's phone rings. It's Øyvind that we met with his wife Torunn on the Caledonian Canal in July 2014! He lives in front of Askøy and sees us pass under his windows. He followed the blog and welcomes us. He asks if we have problems, we go so slowly, but it's just that we don't want to get too early in Florvåg. We pass under Askøy Bridge and we feel at home. We enter Florvåg harbor at 4:55 pm and five minutes later enter our marina. Nina, Catherine and the children await us waving Norwegian flags. Ankerdram in their company, then Kristin arrives directly from her work and joins us. And then the long journey is over. If I would have been told a few years ago that I could make such a long journey on Maja, I would have said no. But, little by little, taking our time, waiting for good weather, it is not so difficult. Everything went well and we have a lot of good memories.

Thank you to all those who followed us, I hope that you had a good time reading the blog.

Jeannette  
 j\_havskov@hotmail.com  
 00 47 91 53 40 06

PS At the bottom of this page, after the flowers, you can look at the list of the 242 harbors/anchorages visited.



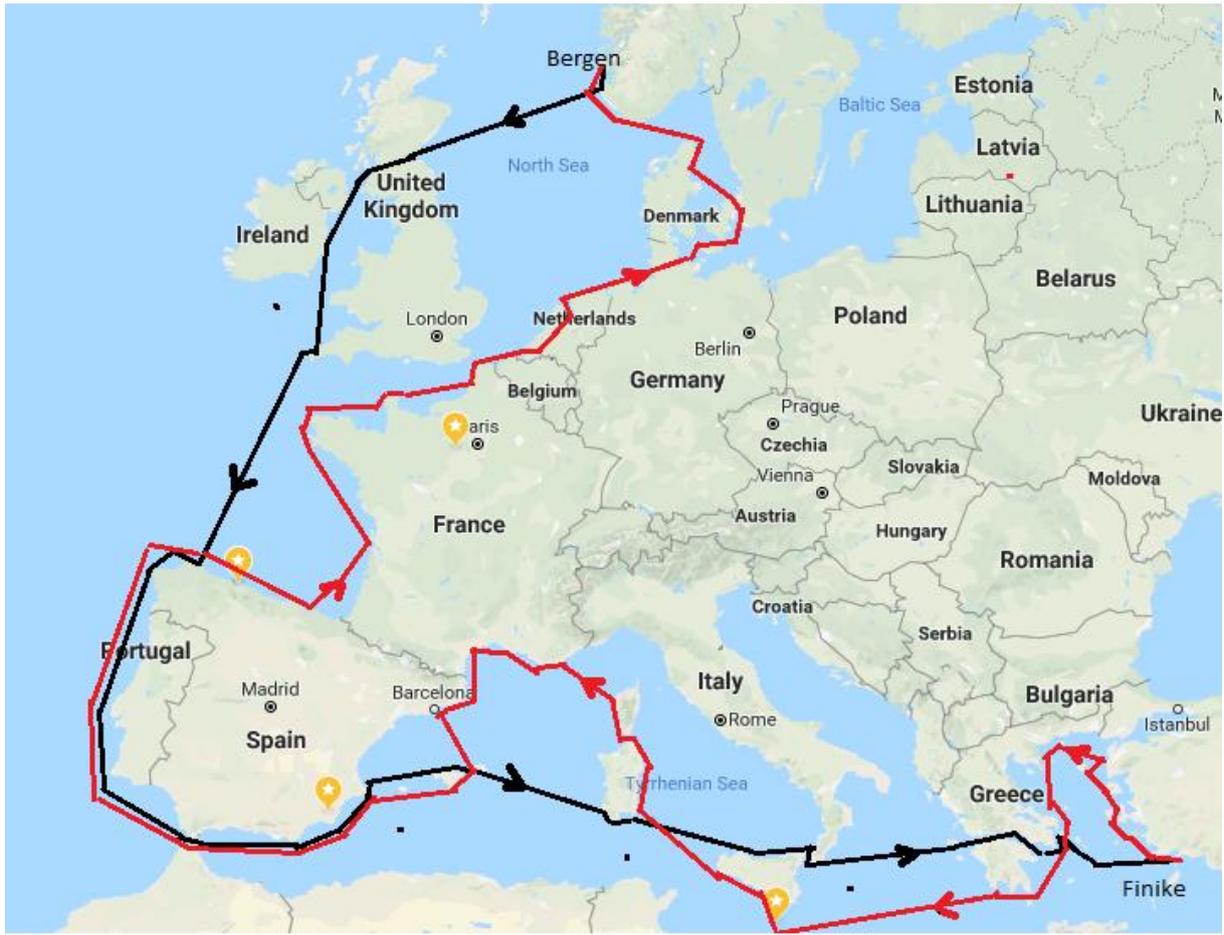
We are happy to see them again

Kolbeinshamn-Florvåg: 22 nm (39 km)

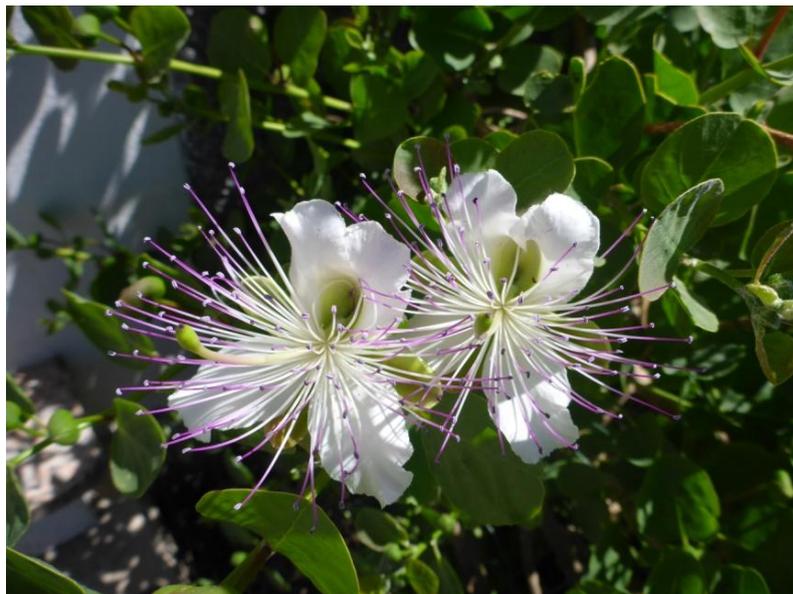
Total Florvåg-Florvåg:  $10\,681 + 22 = 10\,703$  nm (19 265 km)



Scotland, United Kingdom, Irland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Malta, Sardinia, Corsica, France, Catalonia, Brittany, Belgium, Nederland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden



Here we are, the loop is completed  
Black: going  
Red: coming back



The “bellissima” flower. Caper flower

## Going South Again. List of harbors and anchorages (242)

### 2014

1. 24.06. Bakkasund (**Norway**)
2. 25.06: Espevær
3. 29.06: Inverness (**Scotland**)
4. 01.07: Fort Augustus
5. 02.07: Laggan
6. 03.07: Corpath
7. 04.07: Dunstaffnage
8. 05.07: Crinan
9. 06.07: Ardrishaig
10. 07.07: Campbeltown
11. 09.07: Dublin (**Ireland**)
12. 13.07: Milford Haven (**United Kingdom**)
13. 14. 17.07: Padstow
14. 23.07: Ares (**Spain**)
15. 29.07: La Coruña
16. 31.07: Camariñas
17. 03.08: Finisterre
18. 06.08: Arousa (anchor)
19. 08.08: Villagarcía
20. 11.08: San Vicente do Mar
21. 14.08: Moaña
- Trip to Norway and France
- 14.09: Moaña (2)
22. 20.09: Baiona
23. 22.09: Povia de Varzim (**Portugal**)
24. 27.09: Nazaré
25. 29.09 : Ilha de Berlenga (mooring)
26. 30.09 : Cascais
27. 01.10 : Lisbon
- Trip to Norway (Jeannette) and Colombia (Jens)
- 13.10: Lisbon (2)
28. 17.10 : Oeiras
29. 19.10 : Sesimbra
30. 23.10 : Sines
31. 25.10 : Arrifana (anchor)
32. 26.10 : Lagos
33. 01.11 : Alvor (anchor)
34. 03.11 : Vilamoura
35. 06.11 : Ilha da Culatra (anchor)
36. 10.11 : Ayamonte (**Spain**)
37. 29.11 : Foz de Oleite (**Portugal**)
38. 30.11: Guerrereiros do Rio
39. 01.12: Alcoutim
- 04.12: Ayamonte (2), (**Spain**)
40. 06.12 : Vila Real de Santo Antonio (**Portugal**)
- Trip to Denmark and Norway

### 2015

- 21.01: Vila Real (2), (**Portugal**)
- 31.01: Ayamonte (3), (**Spain**)
41. 02.02: Mazagón
42. 05.02: Chipiona

43. 08.02: Cadiz
44. 12.02: Barbate
45. 13.02: La Duquesa
46. 15.02: Marbella
47. 20.02 : Caleta de Velez
48. 21.02 : Marina del Este  
(24.02 : I break my wrist)  
04.04: Marina del Este (2)
49. 06.04: Almerimar
50. 11.04: Garrucha
51. 15.04: Cartagena
52. 18.04: Isla de Tabarca
53. 20.04: Santa Pola
54. 30.04: Cala Bassa (anchor, Ibiza)
55. 02.05: Portinatx (anchor)
56. 04.05 : Port d'Antrax (Mallorca)
57. 07.05 : Isla Cabrera (mooring)
58. 09.05 : Cala Mitjana (anchor)
59. 10.05 : Puerto Costa de los Pinos  
(anchor)
60. 11.05 : Alcudia
61. 19.05 : Carloforte (**Sardinia, Italy**)
62. 24.05 : Capo di Pula (à l'ancre)
63. 25.05 : Cagliari
64. 30.05 : Isola di Ustica
65. 08.06: Palermo (**Sicilia**)
66. 11.06: Cefalù
67. 12.06: Isola Vulcano (anchor)
68. 14.06 : Messina
69. 18.06 : Argostoli (**Cephalonia, Greece**)
70. 21.06 : Poros
71. 23.06 : Kioni (Itaka)
72. 25.06 : One House Bay (anchor)
73. 26.06: Kastos
74. 27.06: Kato Achaia
75. 28.06: Návpektos (Lepanto)
76. 30.06: Nisis Trizonia
77. 01.07: Órmos Kalamaki
78. 02.07: Agistri
79. 03.07: Lávrío (Olympic Marina)  
Trip to Norway and France  
02.09: Lávrío
80. 03.09: Korissía (Kea island)
81. 04.09: Órmos Fikiadha (Kythnos)
82. 05.09: Loutra (Kythnos) (anchor)
83. 06.09: Likádi (Serifos)
84. 08.09: Órmos Vathi (Sifnos)
85. 09.09: Dhespotico (anchor)
86. 10.09: Naousa (Paros) (anchor)
87. 11.09: Nisis Gaïdharos (anchor)
88. 13.09: Ermoupolis (Syros)
89. 16.09: Mykonos
90. 19.09: Ríniá (anchor)
91. 20.09: Finikas (Syros)  
23.09: Mykonos (2)
92. 26.09: Evdilos (Ikaria Island)
93. 03.10: Fournoi
94. 04.10: Port Augusta (Arki island)
95. 06.10: Lakki (Leros)
96. 08.10: Kos
97. 10.10: Datça (**Turkey**)
98. 18.10: Buzuk Bükü
99. 19.10: Kizilkuyruk Köyü (anchor)
100. 21.10: Göcek

101. 02.11: Gemiler Island (anchor)  
102. 04.11: Kalkan  
103. 05.11: Kaş  
104. 10.11: Tersane (Kekova) (anchor)  
105. 12.11: Karaloz (Kekova) (anchor)  
106. 15.11: Gökkaya Limani (à l'ancre)  
107. 20.11: Üçağiz  
108. 21.11: Kaleköy  
22.11: Tersane (2), (Kekova) (anchor)  
109. 25.11: Finike  
Trip to Denmark and Norway

## 2016:

27.02.1026: Finike  
110. 02.03: Kismanli Island (Kekova)  
(anchor)  
111. 03.03: Kaş  
112. 07.03: Kalkan  
113. 09.03: Tersane (another one)  
114. 10.03: Kapi Creek  
115. 11.03: My Marina, Ekincik  
116. 13.03: Port de Ekincik  
117. 16.03: Marmaris  
118. 18.03: Bozburum  
119. 19.03: Datça  
120. 21.03: Knidos  
121. 22.03: Bodrum  
122. 24.03: Turkutreis  
123. 25.03: Kuşadası  
124. 29.03: Siğacık  
125. 30.03: Çeşme

126. 31.03: Khios (**Greece**)  
127. 02.04: Oinousses  
128. 04.04: Psara  
129. 10.04: Plomári (Lesvos)  
130. 13.04: Sigri (Lesvos) (anchor)  
131. 16.04 : Agios Evstratios  
132. 19.04 : Myrina (Limnos)  
133. 23.04 : Kamariótissa (Samothrace)  
134. 27.04 : Thasos  
135. 30.04 : Ormos Sikias (anchor)  
136. 01.05 : Ile de Dhiaporos (anchor)  
137. 05.05 : Kira Panaya island (anchor)  
138. 07.05 : Patitiri (Alonnisos)  
139. 10.05 : Linaria (Skyros)  
140. 15.05 : Psara  
141. 19.05 : Ormos Fellos (Andros)  
(anchor)  
142. 20.05 : Batsi (Andros)  
143. 23.05 : Ermoupolis (Syros)  
144. 28.05 : Kamares (Sifnos)  
145. 29.05 : Vathi (Sifnos) **Jens' birthday**  
146. 11.06 : Diakofti (Kythera)  
147. 13.06 : Ythion (Peloponnese)  
148. 16.06 : Porto Gaio (anchor)  
149. 17.06 : Kalamata  
150. 23.06 : Valletta (**Malta**)  
Trip to Norway and Denmark  
27.08 : Valletta  
151. 31.08 : Marina de Ragusa (**Sicilia**)  
152. 04.09 : Licata  
153. 07.09 : Sciacca  
154. 14.09 : Villasimius (**Sardinia**)

155. 20.09 : Punta Mollentis (anchor)
156. 21.09 : Arbatax
157. 24.09 : La Caletta
158. 26.09 : Isola di Porri (anchor)
159. 27.09 : Isola di Caprera (anchor)
160. 28.09 : Bonifacio (**Corsica**)
161. 30.09 : Anse de Portigliolo (anchor)
162. 01.10 : Cargèse
163. 02.10 : Calvi
164. 08.10 : Sant Ambroggio
- 09.10 : Calvi
165. 16.10 : Porquerolles (**France**)
166. 18.10 : Cassis
167. 22.10 : Marseilles (Vieux Port)
168. 27.10 : Port Carro
169. 28.10 : Saintes Maries de la Mer
170. 30.10 : Sète
171. 03.11 : Port Vendres
172. 07.11 : Roses (**Spain, Catalonia**)
- Trip to Norway and Denmark
- 2017**
- 27.03: Roses
173. 28.03 : L'Estartit
174. 02.03 : Blanes
175. 03.03 : Barcelona
176. 09.03 : Ciudadella (**Minorca**)
177. 17.03 : Port Sabina (**Formentera**)
178. 21.03 : Cartagena (**Spain**)
179. 24.03 : Garrucha
180. 26.03 : Puerto San Jose
181. 29.03 : Marina del Este
182. 03.04 : La Duquesa
183. 04.04 : Barbate
184. 07.03 : Cadiz
185. 10.04 : Chipiona
186. 11.04 : Ayamonte
187. 13.04 : Portimao (anchor), (**Portugal**)
188. 16.04 : Sesimbra
189. 23.04 : Cascais
190. 02.05 : Peniche
191. 06.05 : La Coruña (**Spain**)
192. 10.05 : Baya de Cedeira (anchor)
193. 11.05 : Cariño
194. 12.05 : Viveiro
195. 14.05 : Ribadeo
196. 19.05: Gijón
197. 25.05: Ribadesella
198. 26.05: Santander
199. 29.05: Royan (**France**)
200. 01.06: La Rochelle (Vieux port)
201. 04.06 : Ile d'Yeu
202. 08.06 : Ile d'Houat
203. 10.06 : Ile de Groix
204. 12.06 : Les Glénans
205. 14.06 : L'Aberwrac'h
206. 17.06 : Ile de Sark (**United Kingdom**)
207. 19.06 : Guernesey
208. 21.06 : Omonville-la-Rogue (**France**)
209. 23.06 : Cherbourg
210. 26.06 : Dunkerque
211. 28.06 : Ostend (**Belgium**)

212. 29.06: Vlissingen (**Nederland**)
213. 30.06: Middelburg
214. 01.07: Sas van Goes
215. 02.07: Strijensas
216. 03.07: Gouda
217. 04.07: Ile de Kaag
218. 05.07 : W.V. IJmond
219. 06.07 : de Woude
220. 07.07 : IJmuiden
221. 09.07 : Cuxhaven (**Germany**)
222. 12.07 : Brunsbüttel (Kiel Canal)
223. 13.07 : Rensburg
224. 14.07 : Strande
225. 15.07 : Lyø (**Denmark**)
226. 17.07 : Drejø
227. 18.07 : Troense
228. 19.07: Lohals
229. 20.07: Onsevig
230. 21.07: Vejvø
231. 21.07: Vordingborg
232. 25.07: Copenhagen
233. 01.08: Ven Island (**Sweden**)
234. 02.08: Helsingør (**Denmark**)
235. 03.08: Gilleleje
236. 20.08: Anholt Island
237. 24.08: Egersund (**Norway**)
238. 25.08: Skagbergvågen
239. 26.08: Rott island
240. 27.08: Fejø
241. 28.08: Kolbeinshamn
242. 29.08: Florvåg