

It was a late start and south was shutting down presenting no way to catch the fleet, so north was it and it looked good.

I pulled out my Dorlon offshore gear, donned my red socks, cracked a Lion Red and hummed Sailing Away while I thought about Peter Blake and the challenges he must have gone through on Steinlager II, while I just sat there drinking a beer and setting a cog in the general direction I wanted to go awaiting the next wx to see if my hunch would pan out.

A day later I notice BS1 heading further North thinking he's going awol that's until I noticed I was going to slam into a patch of blue goo he was heading north to avoid, I lost 6 hours limping through it and the next thing I knew he was 100nm gone with no way to catch him.

I did feel a little guilty looking at the rest of the fleet down south knowing that they were fighting tooth and nail while I Idled along but I'm happy to accept a podium position though it's not quite the same reward of having worked hard at mowing down the fleet chasing after them.

If anything, I thank Peter Blake for this result, It's what he'd have done!

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