

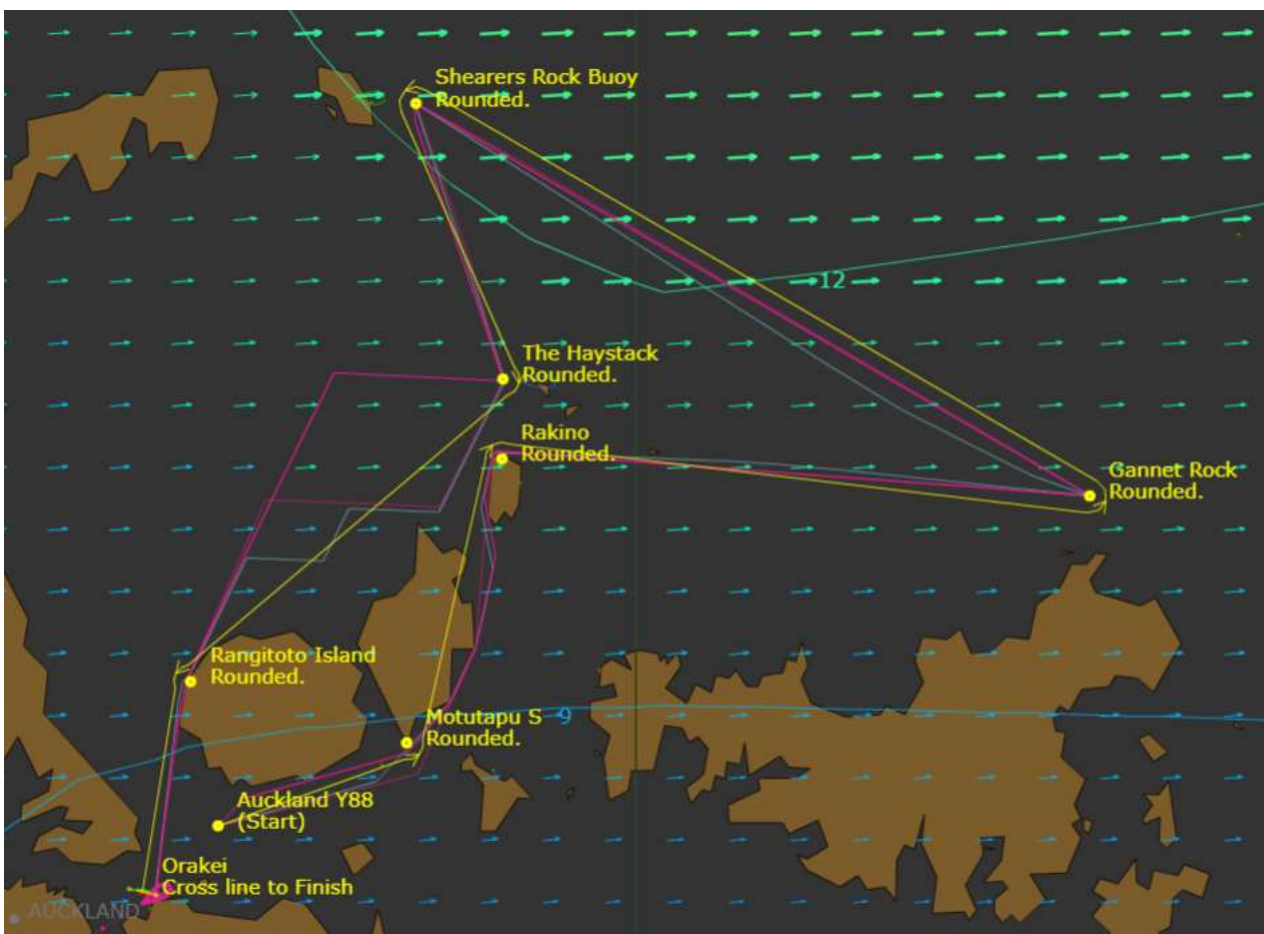
Race Report

SSANZ Triple Series 2019 - Lewmar 100 Baltic

Mouthansar

Just a Second. Or Six.

Six marks to round starting at 21.25 UTC in Auckland. Although our local time in Europe was a half hour before midnight, this meant that we would sail in daylight in New Zealand.



Winner, Billy: Light purple.

Bonknhoot: Light blue.

Mouthansar: Bold purple.

The wind was quite strong out of WSW parallel to the first leg and marginally stronger towards the North.

As one of the only ones, I chose to head out on port tack profiting from the wind but paying in the form of an extra gybe.

This appeared to be a suboptimal decision at the first mark. Through clenched teeth I called upon Sir Winston Churchill! *"This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end, but it may be the end of the beginning."*

On the way to the second mark I was happily surprised to find myself in the leading group. At times even in first place.

With the wind at around 20 knots, we had a sizable hole in the polar to negotiate as you can see in the diagram at right.

The direct route from Mark 1 to 2 and from 2 to 3 would land you right where you wouldn't want to find yourself.

My router wasn't much help, and I sailed the entire race by hand rather than keystrokes and spreadsheets.

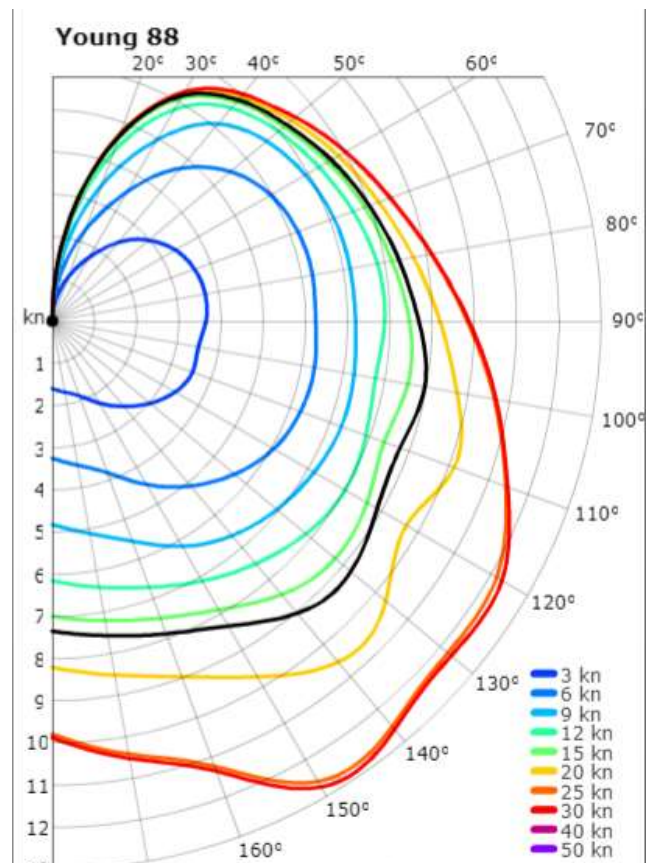
Oddly, my position would vary from 1st to 7th without any real explanation to be found. This continued throughout the race. Even Qtvlm's Boat Data Log was confused and had me alternatively at 0.001 Nm ahead and 0.016 behind changing about once per minute.

Eventually, I decided not to pay it any attention.

Billy and Bonknhoot were fierce competitors and nipping at our heels were Frangipani and Wolff, ao.

From Mark 3 and onwards, Billy and Bonknhoot chose strategies different from mine. I belined to Mark 4 and 5, while Billy went downwind to gain speed and came to the mark close hauled. Bonknhoot did the opposite. Now, how's a man to cover both?













At the Haystack, I once again chose a course different from that of most by going West immediately. I wanted to save a tack or two and get into stronger wind again. The close competition sailed smarter and I was lucky to hold my own among them. Bonknhoot seemed poised for the Podium as did Billy.



Bonknhoot had allowed himself catnaps along the route as he informed us in chat. And then. Oh no! As if seeing someone else in a car accident in slow motion, I saw him make for land before the last corner. I can honestly say that I did not wish it upon him. He crashed shortly before 4 AM UTC.

Paging forward in my Churchill quotes I found: *"We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds [...] we shall never surrender."* But I didn't think it was relevant.

Instead, I made some inane and puerile comment in chat about "buying bagels

# ▲		Name	DTF
1		Billy	0.00
2		Mouthansar	0.00
3		Frangipani	0.00
4		Wolff	0.00
5		LittleSurprise	0.00
6		idle	0.00
7		azur	0.00
8		intermezzo	0.00
9		Chipspitter	0.00
10		maduro	0.00
11		CollegeFund	0.00
12		bonknhoot	0.00

on the beach" which I regret and wish to apologize to Bonknhoot for. It was a long coffee night. I must have been delirious.

I congratulate Billy, who deservedly won the Lewmar 100 Baltic.

I followed in second – six seconds behind.

For the record, I will include Top Twelve in my congratulations.

Thank you for a great race and

thank you for racing SOL.

Mouthansar