I woke up after a fitful first nights sleep to find myself in position #1...what??? So I went to grab a coffee and when I sat back down, a DC I had thought was so clever the night before, kicked in a tack that was clearly a bad idea in the cold dawn. C'est la voile. The routed pack kept on going another 5-6 hours as the port-tack knock set them further from the rhumb line but kept them in that precious dying wind. The SOP-ers in the know followed suit but generally took a fair number of tacks to get to the point when the tack to starboard lifted everyone to the mark. Back now in 34<sup>th</sup> or so, I was competing head to head against my Mamaroneck Frostbite pal Simon in sfd had also done a dos si do or two as he fought down the track.

Our group emails that day and night reveal early morning alarms, crabby spouses, hungry cats, and the occasional lego underfoot. Well, I sure stepped in it letting Simon go right after Pratas Island as he lifted up to a better reaching angle for the drag race back.

The quantum foam of race leaders eked out fractions of a knot against each other as they all focused down to the final turns into the beautiful harbor. In the end, the line honors podium includes Bonknhoot in the bronzed spot, Aner59 with the silver, and WRmirekd taking a well deserved gold.

I mis-planned a DC and justified my hunger for some BBQ knowing I couldn't pick off Simon (sfd). So the "Corinthian" podium is up for grabs but the tracks suggest Hirilonde (21) Refund (31) GG88 (32) AMOROCH (34) Little Surprise (35) and sfd (36). Comments welcome on my suspicions!

Kudos to all the racers that held up under a long, light air race!

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