After the first crazy gybes, I found myself in a front fight with Brellis that was pretty surprising for me, a fight that finished when our American friend missed the Akutuak river mark, leaving me alone at the front, with a 0,15 miles advantage. From there it was easy to keep the rest of the fleet behind rounding the next two marks, and then heading back to the West, in an endless "tacking" sailing.

The last leg was marked by a big shift and the zero perf loss of the ice boat made it perfect to tack, and tack, and tack again, always close to the north coast of the lake, getting profit of the shift with every short tack, so it was easy, but also demanding.

