# I am curious (Canary Yellow)

Having taken a look at the travel sites for the Canaries and seeing all the nude beaches featured, I first thought, maybe a bar-b-que WAS in order!

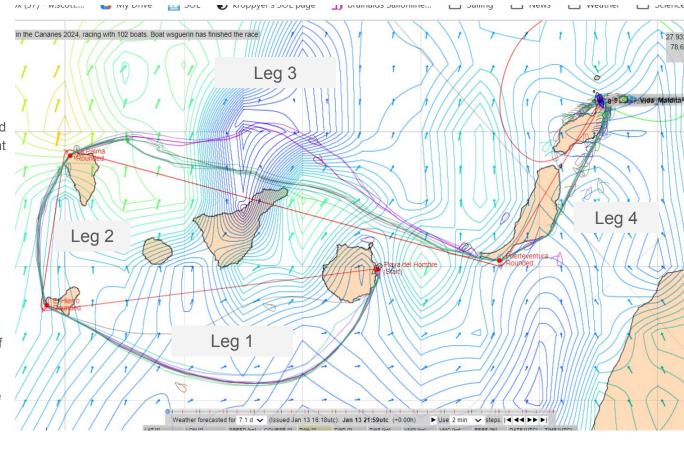
Rather, I decided to bare only my SOL and report on what went right, and almost went wrong in this, my first gold finish since starting to race in March 2020.

I'll take this kind of yellow any day!

For those of you with many wins and podiums under your belts, perhaps you still remember the "first time" with its gut wrenching hours (or moments) in first place as you approached the line. An approach, in this case, in which about half went backwards across it including WS.

Thanks to my sailing comrades and to the Sail Online gods and goddesses who make this all possible.

Remember, it's a simulation, not a game!

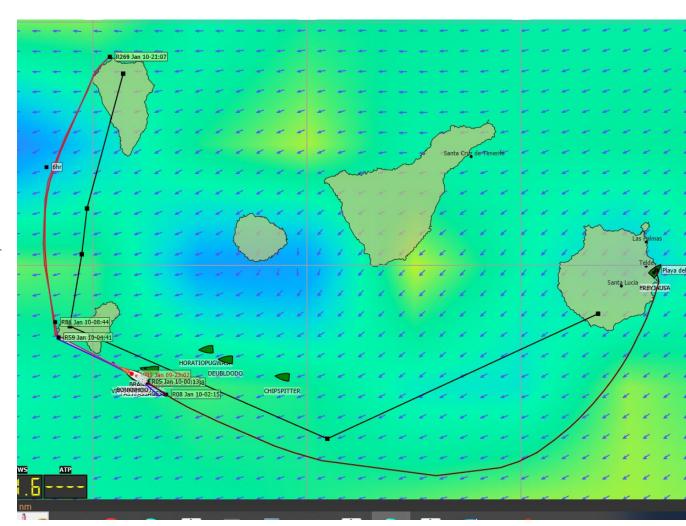


# Leg 1

I was late to the line and had to run two routings 15 minutes before the start: one headed north of the Island, the other south.

The race started Jan 08th 13:00

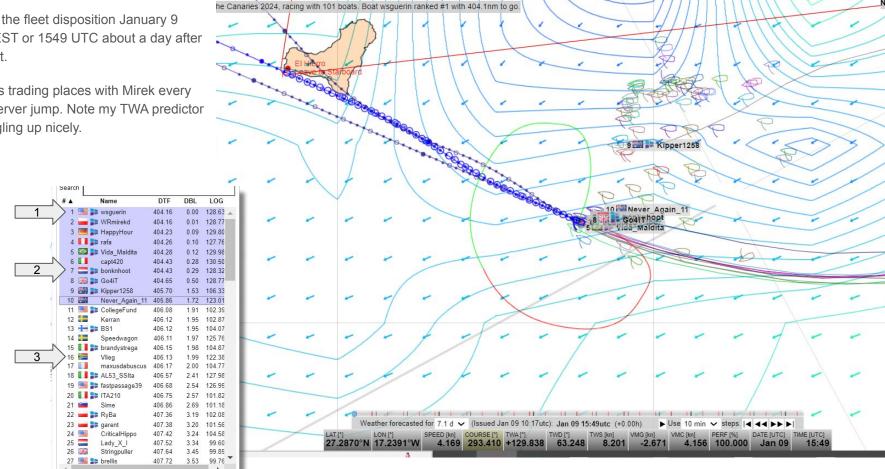
I think there may have one or two that went north but the rest split into two Southern Fleets with some heading almost straight across to mark 1 and others taking a wind shifting arc far south.



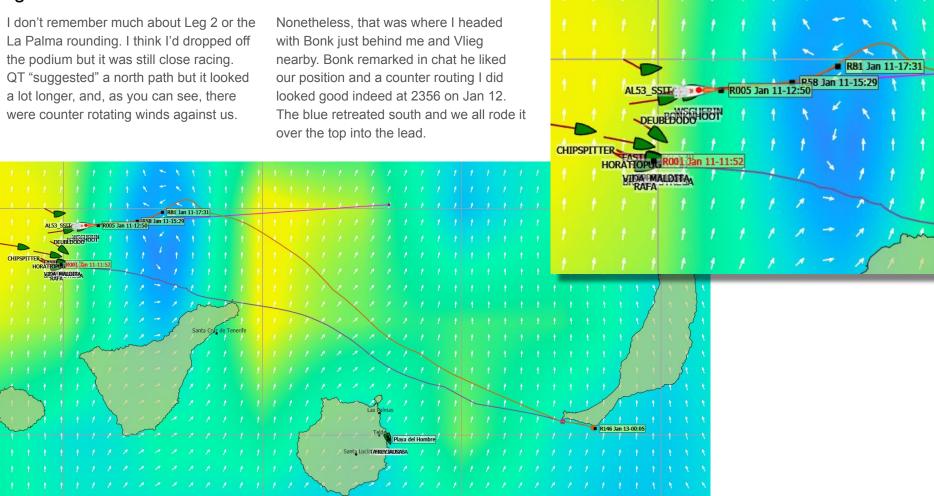
# Leg 1

Here is the fleet disposition January 9 10:49 EST or 1549 UTC about a day after the start.

WS was trading places with Mirek every other server jump. Note my TWA predictor line angling up nicely.



# Leg 2 and 3



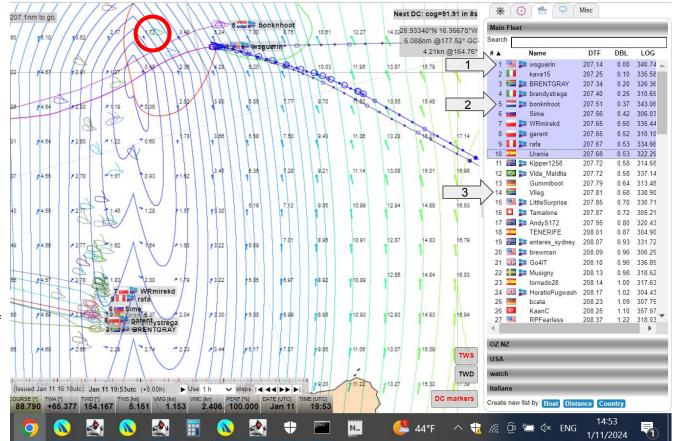
### Mid Leg 3

Here we are accelerating over the hump. Bonk to the North and Vlieg was, I think, the boat circled.

I spaced out that we were on Starboard tack and the angle was actually a little in my favor. Bonk had to go a bit more head to wind to the turn, but mistakenly, I assumed I was going to be rolled.

Bonk wrote in chat "I've been winging it since leaving La Palma. Travelling by car in France with my wife who is not keen on SOL." BEEN THERE DONE THAT!

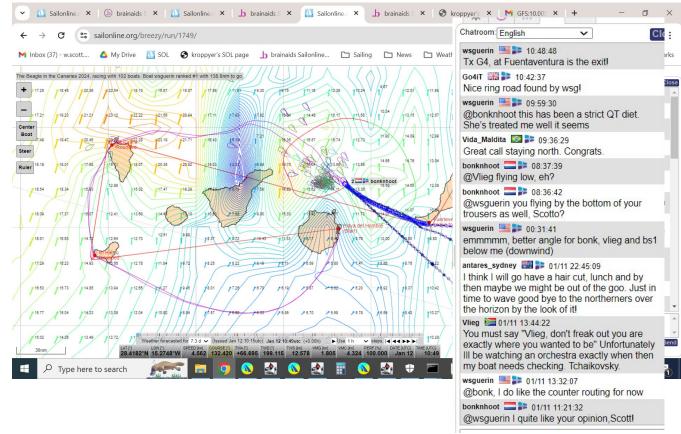
Vlieg wrote "Vlieg had to go to work. Ill give my boos trouble tomorrow because of the situation he put me in :)"



### Late Leg 3

My nerves ratcheted up as I continued to lead but with the hounds on my tail. I checked every move.

All too often I've gone rogue, entered the opposite TWA, fallen asleep with no course entered, used a ruler measured course that was backwards, and generally have slipped on that Yellow colored, elongated, fruit named Chiquita.



# Leg 4

I had taken a look at the Western route taken by Rafa and others (as shown here) but it routed an hour or so slower from my position at the time so I stayed the course.

Bonk wrote earlier "@wsguerin last time I checked which was after rounding FV it was at least half an hour longer. Was disappointed you didn't try it!"

I bet he was, but If Bonk had turned, I'd have been tempted to cover.



#### **Finale**

There was a lot of chatter about COG versus TWA as I rounded the headlands of Lanzarote to the line with a local brew in hand.

In honor of this fun, exacting, exhausting, race, I composed the following ditty:

On the shoulder of the polar Is where my Beagle be. O'er blue seas this SOL-er went, Led by a kind QT.

While Darwin's tangled banks attract, I stopped not for Bar-b-que. Instead my course was circular, And avoided air 'twas blue.

When near the finish line, My comrades they did hail, A gold in hand first time old Scott, Put our drinks along the rail!

Cheers all!

