

Race report from the Falkland to Tasmania.

The first challenge was that the router initially suggested a westward route. No, it would be east. With several weather models, a target had to be chosen, and I opted for the shortest route, which was quite south, while a significant portion of the fleet was heading a bit further north.

After a week of sailing, it turned out that the choice was sound. Further weather analysis revealed that the low-pressure systems were arriving from the northeast, and therefore, by heading north, we would encounter these strong winds earlier.

A bit of stress upon realizing I was the only one to have chosen this route, but my lead was maintained and even increased. GRIB file after GRIB file led to the finish, and then came a big surprise as I crossed the line. No sign of the end of the race, a frantic tack to cross the line again without really knowing what else to do. THE END! Phew!!!

One of my best races, thank you to the organizers and congratulations to everyone.

Appo38_PV