The mother of all races.

An extraordinary trip from Greenland to Antarctica: more than 10,000 nautical miles aboard a super-fast multihull, which made crossing the doldrums remarkably quick. This is the kind of race I enjoy most: the router can't see all the way to the finish, so planning and strategic decisions really matter.

The first question was how far west to sail to reach the Brazilian coast—and where to make landfall. I chose Recife and managed to gain a few miles on the competition. South of Recife, I saw StingFi take a solo route. Since everyone else stayed on my planned course, I decided not to cover him. That was a bad call: StingFi gained ground and extended his lead on the "easy" east-southeast leg.

At that point, I spotted a route farther east that might have paid off. It didn't work out as I'd hoped, and I found myself well behind StingFi and just behind Mullionman. The final approach was tricky: the router wanted me to sail another hour west, which would have cost me ground to Mullionman and Rumskib. I chose to keep sailing at maximum VMG, saving two gybes and the performance loss that would have come with them.

The last hour was pure drama. Mull tacked well ahead of me, but was a little high on the line. I managed to squeeze upwind at maximum VMG and tacked right on the pin. Mull kept sailing for another 0.35 nautical miles, and that gave me the win by just 35 seconds.

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