

A trip to the Faroe Islands.

11th August 2013. Set off from Tighnabruaich at 1630 having fitted chartplotter and AIS. Secure at Largs Marina 2030. AIS, disappointingly as it has already been replaced, not working. Thus starts the log. I had intended to stop at Largs anyway, to have a new regulator sent up from Marlec for my Rutland wind generator as I'd discovered that the old one was no longer working and now hoped to also get some help with the AIS problem along with topping up with food and fuel.

Office hours the next morning saw me ordering the regulator from the Chandlery, buying a new instrument for my wind gauge, and then on the telephone to Garmin. Garmin seem to provide good after sales service and I was advised to update the software on my chartplotter. Not so easy to do when you are on a 10 pound mobile phone and haven't brought your computer with you. They advised me that DDZ, a local firm, were agents for Garmin and may be able to help me so I found them and booked an appointment for the following morning. I spent the rest of the day fitting the wind instrument, re fitting the starboard side windows, which had been leaking, I also bought and fitted a solar panel to the main hatch garage, with the help of some helpfully discarded wine case timber from the skip in case the regulator went astray or turned out not to fix my charging problem.

In the evening I took the ships transport (micro scooter) to the super market to top up stores before having a good meal at Scotts, the marina restaurant.

Whilst re fuelling the next morning, Paul from DDZ appeared, had a look at the plotter and AIS and then went off to download an update for the plotter. Returning at 1100 when I was back on my berth, we found no change to the problem, which was that the plotter received information from the AIS only once, on start up, then slowly lost them all. He went off to consult Garmin and I went into town to pay off my credit card. Meeting up again after lunch, Paul brought down a new plotter from stock, Garmin had agreed to replace the unit, so within minutes all was up and running well with AIS targets appearing nicely on the plotter.

The whole plotter / AIS purchase and fitment, had been prompted by the ominous words at the beginning of one of the pilot books for the Faroes being along the lines of: it is likely that landfall will be made in foul weather and low visibility due to frequent fog, this combined with the many tidal races (up to 12 knots) and that I was on my own and likely to be tired, had made me think that being seen and able to see most vessels around me, and where I was whilst at the helm was a worthwhile investment. I'm sure my father would not have approved - a minimalist sailor who wouldn't carry an engine or radio and who sailed from Portsmouth up and around the West coast of Scotland and then onto Los Angeles via most of the islands in the South Pacific on two charts and an AA road map in the mid '50s.

Making my way up to the chandlery to see if the regulator was in, which it wasn't, I then spent an hour browsing around and found, to my delight a high quality one inch track stop which I'd been looking for for some time for my main sheet track because the smaller ones that are readily available aren't man enough for the job. By the time I'd put together this with a couple of other small purchases which always appear to be essential when browsing with too much time to spare in a good chandlers a delivery arrived with my regulator. This took a little longer to fit than anticipated as it was a different design to the old one but once fitted it rectified the charging problem so I now had wind, as well as a PV panel and engine as means of topping up the batteries.

I end up setting off at 1600 and sailing down the Largs channel with a fine WNW breeze initially and, once clear of the Cumbraes, leave her to sail herself with the wind vane, so I can have dinner and doze on and off for the night during which the wind backs and we end up close to the Ayrshire coast off Girvan before tacking onto port and then having to dodge past the (Ailsa) Craig which keeps getting in the way. The log has us as 'mostly full sail but occasionally reefed, going nicely'.

The morning finds us broad reaching then goosewinged going up the North channel separation scheme, with lovely clear blue skies and calm seas. In the afternoon we are very slow in adverse tides and rummelly seas around the overfalls South of Islay in light winds which die at 1800 and we motor for a couple of hours before the wind picks up again from the West. The following morning is wet, grey and overcast and Barra is in Sight to Starboard. By mid morning



it brightens up and the wind backs from the West to WSW varying in force from 3-5 and we make good speed arriving in Village Bay, St Kilda at 2200.

I have a good nights rest and start the following morning with a wash and a shave, then a large fried breakfast followed by a tidy up and bit of a clean down below. Then, inflating the tender I row ashore and walk up the road to the ridge above the village for a couple of photographs. There are cleits - stone built kind of igloos, which were used as stores and shelter scattered all over the place, and the brown goat like things that I'd seen from the boat turn out to be sheep, Soay sheep originally that have been on St Kilda for yonks, developed their own identity and are now the subject of some study. They have longer necks than normal and are mostly a dark brown colour, and give off an air of detached self satisfaction. Returning to the village I have a wander through and peruse the museum set up in one of the, now refurbished and electrically heated, houses. It is interesting and the number of visitors from the visitors book is surprising. Many expressing a wish to live here, it's beautiful but would be a bleak and inhospitable place to wish to live without support. A couple of the conservationists I come across appear unfriendly and possibly resentful, they probably have more visitors than they would wish for. I manage to get swamped re launching my dinghy in 12 inch surf and have to re beach to empty it all out again. A helicopter

arrives and lands, followed by two tripper boats with passengers, probably from North Uist. Having, returned aboard, stowed everything, heard the mid day forecast, and waved to the crew on the other yacht in the bay who will be heading off to the South, I weigh anchor and set off with a pessimistic couple of reefs in the sail. As we are in the lee of the island the wind is variable but mostly light I shake them out and end up motoring for an hour to get clear. The forecast had S'ly Gales mentioned for us and in the afternoon the wind steadily increases from the SW to force 6 by which time I have 2 reefs in the main again. By 1800 I drop the main and stow it for the night continuing with just the genoa which is driving us well with Quartering wind and sea / swell. I'm up and down several times in the night rolling up progressively more of the genny but we continue making good progress.

By morning I'm down to a tiny corner of the genoa and we're still making 5-6 knots with a full gale blowing from the SW. The forecast is now offering us force 9s which duly appear at about 0900 with the wind backing to the South whilst the sea and swell continue to build, however we appear to be handling them nicely. Appearances can be deceptive. At about 0930 we are picked up by a breaking wave and surf uncontrollably down it which is jolly frightening. The speed increases very quickly to about 20 knots and the rudder has little effect. I'm in two minds whether to deploy my drogues (series drogues bought for just such an occasion) but am very aware that it is not really all that bad as yet, one does feel quite alone and vulnerable at times like this and this is my first time out sailing in open waters in a smallish boat. I stow the genoa completely and once settled under bare poles we lie on the port tack making ground slowly to the North West, she seems a lot happier lying quietly than she had been whilst tearing along. I bring the drogues up from the fo'c'sle and rig them in case I decide I might want to deploy them. Luckily the wind picks up no further and in a couple of hours it eases down a bit and I unfurl some genoa and get under way ag

Then the skies clear and we have some blue in the sky and cumulus clouds and the wind eases to about a force 5. By mid afternoon we're goosewinged with the pole up, and I note in the log 'big seas, wet and uncomfortable'. By dinner time the wind backs again to the SW and we change to a reach with the pole stowed. Through the night the wind slackens further and I struggle to maintain a good speed, we're probably starting to feel a Southerly tide/ current.

I have some porridge for breakfast to warm me up next morning, and we continue to make slow speed with light Southerly winds and the seas throwing us about. The wind generator dances around with the movement so is not harvesting much wind as it's rarely pointing to windward, and I wonder whether it could be better balanced. At some point around the early afternoon I notice that both batteries are low. This shouldn't happen, I have neglected to turn off the nav lights and the fridge but my engine battery should not be affected, I suspect the new regulator and or the PV panel. In any event I turn everything off to give the batteries a chance to recover having tried and failed to start the engine. This is irritating but not significant as we have clear weather and I turn on the old GPS occasionally for a fix. We continue slowly all afternoon, raising Suderoy, the most Southerly Faroe, after lunch. I give the Southernmost point a wide berth, possibly too wide as the wind then goes WNW'ly and I end up with a beat towards Tvororyi and an adverse tide. Having spent most of the evening beating and not gaining much it starts to look as though we may not make harbour tonight under present circumstances. This is disappointing, as one would expect, but further complicated by the tidal races in the area. I decide that I've given the batteries a good shot at re charging so heat the engine for the full 25 seconds and, with my heart in my mouth turn the key further and with a roar it bursts into life, I've never been so happy to hear it start! I let it warm up whilst bringing up the servo of the self steering and stow the genoa before motoring up to Tvororyi. Everything is stowed before arrival and I've fenders out both sides along with a spring head and stern line both sides, in case of last minute plan changes. Motoring into the fishing harbour there are no spare berths other than at the fuelling berth so I berth there. It's 2130 and I've had no luck calling the harbour, but a friendly stevedore says it won't be a problem to stay there in any case which is a relief so I go to the atmospheric pub on the quay and have a beer or two before bed.

In the morning I tidy up a bit down below before bimbbling over to the Harbour Masters office which is close by, above a warehouse. He welcomes me, shows me the loo, shower and washing machines and gives me a key for the building for when he is not in and says to leave it behind the flower pot when I leave. He also fills in a form for me precipitating a visit from customs later in the morning. There are no charges and I'm free to stay on the fuel berth. The customs officer is efficient but wants to know how much booze I have aboard and considers locking it up but decides not to. I only have a bottle and a half of whisky and a few beers and wines but booze on



Secured at the Fuel Berth Suderoy.

the islands is very expensive.

Calling in at the tourist office to see what there is to see, I'm recommended to hire a car for a day however it turns out that there are none available. The kind lady then prints off for me a map of a walk over some hills to a Lake which seems appealing so I set off on that and have a lovely walk in improving weather, through the town up past the church and along a hill, over a ridge, down to a pretty lake about 4 miles from the town. It's very gusty with winds falling off the surrounding cliffs and on a couple of occasions I nearly lose my hat, I keep it clipped to my collar and luckily it remains attached. Returning to the other end of town I can't stop myself looking at the boats in the fishing harbour and also stop to look at a capable looking 60ft alloy yacht moored at a jetty. As I continue back to the town I meet two Frenchmen who've spotted me being nosy at their yacht and we chat, they ask me if I'm from the blue boat in the fishing harbour, and say why not come aboard for a drink at about 1700? This seems a good idea so I make my way over to them at the appointed time and have a very pleasant evening with them all, there are 4 of them, all friends or relations, the Skipper and owner is Isabelle Autissier, who has done several round the world races and spent the previous few seasons sailing in and around the Antarctic. We have a very good sociable meal based around locally caught halibut, cooked beautifully by the youngest of the crew, and wine. Isabelle herself professes to not being a great cook but says that she comes into her own when the wind is above 25 knots.

They were leaving for the Shetland Islands the following morning, initially there was talk of an 0430 departure but as they were heading East and away from the tidal races the departure time didn't appear that important the ETD was slipping as the evening wore on. I left them at about midnight.

My departure time the next morning needed to be 1130 to avoid a tidal race and catch a favourable tide up to Torshavn. I was about an hour behind Isabelle. It was very gusty in the harbour with some above 40 knots so I end up setting the storm jib and put 3 reefs in the main. This is fine running down wind to the Fjord entrance but in the clearer air it's not enough sail so I unroll some genoa initially and once I've encountered no strong squalls for some time shake out a reef. It's a lovely day and we sail with no major excitements other than an underestimate of the strength of the tide trying to take me to the West necessitating me having to turn almost East so



Little Demon Island between Suderoy and Sandoy.

that I now have following wind and head tide and am doing about 5 knots through the water but



one knot in the direction I want to go in. The waves are pretty big in the wind / tide conditions but not too confused. We avoid being swept into the dangerous race and arrive in Torshavn , with the inter island ferry having passed us 4 times, in time to see some of their racing skiffs out practice rowing. I've contacted a friend

of mine, Berger, another ship captain from the oil industry, and he comes down once I've berthed and takes me for a night time tour of the town and a beer.

The next day is beautiful with blue skies, sun and good visibility,

Street scene,



I spend it exploring the town and museums, and the following day Berger meets me before breakfast and takes me off for a tour of the islands, it was unexpected and I didn't take a camera which was a shame. We go all over the main island to different communities and spots, a friend of his has a couple of large windmills and we pick up the key to one of them from the glove compartment in his car and have a look inside.

There isn't a lot to see but the noise up close is more than I'd been expecting, a sort of whooshing noise as the blades go around, the wind speed must have been around 12 knots, we were able to see from the digital displays inside the energy produced, around 135 Kw on average whilst we

looked. He takes me to Saksun, along a river which runs in different directions depending on the

wind and tide and preceeding rainfall, where there used to be a good harbour that has now become blocked by sand at the entrance, and a historic settlement and Church. Then we cross over to Eysturoy, the next island to the NE and go to a village called Gjogu, in the NE of the island where there is a dramatic navigable inlet with slip at the end where they haul boats up to the top of the slope, about a hundred feet above the sea. In passing we see some tide races and their effects on the sea when meeting wind and swell, additional confirmation of the need for care in passage planning. I'm invited back for a family meal on the following day so spend the next day taking a boat trip from Westmanna, on the South of Streymoy, it may seem odd for me to be taking a boat trip but Isabelle had recommended one and it was worth it. I got soaked getting from the bus to the harbour owing to a navigational error and staying on the bus for too long necessitating a mile walk back through the town in solid rain. The boat was about 40ft in length and there were probably about 20 of us aboard, a nice new alloy boat with two decks. We set off and were taken into various indentations in the 2-300 m cliffs, the weather was OK but not pleasant there was probably a 2 metre swell running. We were shown an island where they still take one or two sheep in the spring, climb the cliff, lower a rope to haul up the sheep, then come back in Autumn to collect the, hopefully fatted animals. It's more from tradition now than any urgency not to waste pasture. Our final incursion into the cliffs had us going into another wee inlet as before, with rocks appearing and disappearing as the swell moved over them causing much lateral water movement, then on our starboard side a cave/tunnel opened up, and we stopped, turned around and entered the cave, with our aerals brushing the top and able to touch at times the rock on either side of the cave we were navigated with extraordinary precision, or luck, back out through a tunnel into clear water, at times only inches from the rocks, very impressive.

Berger picked me up after I'd cadged a lift back on a bus that most of the other tourists had arrived on and we went back to his house for a very nice family evening meal, with lots of local produce on as a starter in case I didn't like it. I did. We had dried whale, meat and fat or speck as they call it, dried fish which is delicious and I don't know why it's not a normal preparation for it, a bit like biltong but less grainy and tasting of fish. Dried lamb / mutton too is delicious, again it's essentially biltong but from sheep.

We then hit the town night spots and had rather too much to drink, Berger was still going strong at 0500 showing me around his boat but I then had visions of him happening upon a bottle of vodka or similar and had to declare myself exhausted and went back to the boat and to sleep.

I left Torshavn after an excellent stay, on the following afternoon

Heading off to Klaksvik.



Images of Klaksvik.



to catch the appropriate windows through races and had a pleasant sail to Klaksvik, motoring the final section to guarantee getting in before the tide turned, arriving at about 2000 after a slight fright; coming up the sound towards the harbour, I'd seen the power cables marked on the charts with a clearance of about 30 metres, however when I saw them in the sound they looked far lower and I ended up turning around and steaming up tide at full speed and not moving at all, then



edging over from the middle towards the edge where their clearance was higher, I ended up going through at about 1/2 a knot over the ground and of course there was plenty of clearance, the chart was correct and my brain was wrong.

Once secure at Klaksvik I went to the pub, had a couple of beers and managed to procure a hot dog and tomato sauce for dinner, whilst making many friends amongst the, mostly well lubricated seamen and fishermen, in the bar. I had intended to spend the Sunday, the following day exploring the town, but having wandered it from end to end and found everything shut apart

from the Church, which is worth a visit for the fishing boat hanging in the rafters, and having discovered that my plan to sail around the top of the island to admire the cliffs there, was going to be troublesome as it would mean spending another night, up in the North somewhere, rather than just carrying on, because of foul tides and races, I decided to leave on the afternoon tide and head straight back to Scotland, so made preparations accordingly, topped up with Fuel, (I carry a jerrycan so decanted this into the tanks and re filled the jerrycan) bought some bread (the garage was open) secured everything and headed out in the afternoon. The first stage was back down the sound I'd come in on and I'd timed it for the tail of the foul tide turning to slack water, I needed to clear the sound before the fair tide picked up too much as there was a strong wind against me and the wind over tide scenario was marked as a danger area in the 'red scare book'

(the local book with the tides and races marked on it). This meant that I ended up motoring out of the sound not bothering to try to sail, I motored with 3 reefs in the main, occasionally wishing that I'd not put the sail up at all owing to ferocious gusts coming off the hills. I ended up clear of the race by about 1800 and put up the storm jib and turned the engine off. Although the wind was up to about a 7-8 from the South there wasn't nearly enough wind for the 3 reefs in the main and just the storm jib, we were carrying a lot of lee helm as opposed to the normal weather helm, once I had unrolled half the genny and shaken out one of the reefs, we picked up speed and set off to the South East, The sea was quite confused and we were only making 3-4 knots. I realised belatedly that at this speed we were liable to catch the tail end of the race between Sandoy and Suderoy due at 0130 in the morning, so bore away a little to increase speed and to give it more clearance. Certainly the wee hours were miserable with big confused seas and large holes in the water which we occasionally fell into with a bang. We were 14 miles from the gap causing the race but still being affected by it, however, by dawn, the sea was much more ordered.

We were still going slowly in largely the wrong direction by tea time and then I tacked and depressingly we weren't far off heading back the way we had come. I really needed to bend on the working jib to the inner forestay but had put it off due to chicken heartedness. However it was



obvious that to make any distance to windward a half rolled up genny albeit one with a nice foam luff, wasn't the right shape. I worked the process through in my head, brought the jib up from down below, armed myself with a few sail ties and went up to the fore deck. I dropped the storm jib and lashed it to the starboard rail, it was quite small so didn't take up much room and I left it hanked on, then hanked on the jib to the forestay above it and hoisted it. I have rigged a downhaul onto the deck fitting for the tack, so I just hoist the inner sails hand taut on the mast and tension them on the tackle, which seems to work well. The log notes "very uncomfortable and wet but not too difficult" Once I'd hardened the sheets and rolled up the genny we sailed much better pointing noticeably higher. We continued with this sail plan and I discovered that if the wind dropped I could unfurl 2/3 or more of the genny and leave the jib set inside it.

The wind backed and veered a little but essentially we had an uncomfortable windward sail to the Minch where the seas calmed down a bit once out of the Atlantic swell, and we arrived off Stornoway on Wednesday evening. The wind was still from the South, gusting to 38 knots and as it was a lee shore I had a very uncomfortable, wet and fairly blasphemous time on the foredeck lashing the sails, and changing from sailing to motoring mode. I gave up trying to get the anchor onto the bow roller as we kept burying our nose in the sea and I decided that the risk of falling overboard was greater than the comfort of having the anchor ready to run. I couldn't raise the harbour on the radio so motored in and turned left to go into Glumaig bay. I wasn't familiar with Stornoway so expected there to be moorings and boats at anchor in the bay, with the wind gusting I couldn't get the auto pilot to hold a steady course into the wind slowly and I didn't want to rush in so ended up going in astern, Stearnan, a long keeled Elizabethan 31 isn't normally that

happy going astern but if it's to weather she isn't too bad. We peered around with a powerful head torch, found no other boats so dropped anchor in 15 m of water putting out 60 metres of chain and went to bed for a good nights sleep. In the morning I spoke to the Harbour master on the radio, picked up the anchor and made my way into the marina and tied up securely there before



going ashore for a long shower and taking all my clothes to the laundry.

The log notes, 'clothes stinking' so I probably was too. The Stornoway Fishermans Supplier is the most fascinating and dangerous shop to spend time in, having, as it does, the most marvellous selection of things nautical and it's very difficult not to come out with a selection of things that you didn't know that you needed. I went intending to buy some oilskin trousers, as the ones I'd brought away with me although of very high quality, or at least reputed to be - a well known yottie brand, were pretty useless as a means of keeping the water out, admittedly I'd been given them at the end of their working life so had probably placed too much belief on the advertising and branding and lifetime guarantees. I ended up buying a full set of floatation foul weather gear, a bag, some polyester line for the self steering, a couple of caribeeners and various other things that I forget now. The reason I'd been keen to get back to Stornoway was for a family party in the South of England, so now, having arrived I made arrangements to fly South for the weekend which I duly did, (although I struggled to make the arrangements owing to not having a computer and the omnipotence of computers meaning that all the local travel agents had now closed, at one point I took the micro scooter out to the airport to try to book a ticket there, only to be given a telephone number), I found that the local library allowed use of the internet. The party was fun. I returned on Sunday afternoon to a stinking gale from the South.

I'd been planning to set off right away but it didn't seem sensible so waited until the morning by which time the wind had eased to about a force 6. I paid my dues at the harbour and set off at

Half furled genny outside working jib.



about 0930. Motoring out of the harbour I set off with 2 reefs in the main and the working jib, with a SW'ly 5-7 keeping us going, the wind was varied in strength but pretty much on nose for the day and night, we varied between full sail and 2 reefs with the jib as we tacked laboriously down the Minch, the following morning saw the wind backing and increasing to a full gale, we'd weathered Skye by this point but Canna and Rhum were looking as though we may or may not weather them, by lunchtime it was pretty uncomfortable and we weren't going to make it to

windward of Canna so I bore away and we swept downwind of Rhum where I elected to have a night asleep, and we anchored off the pier on Rhum for the late afternoon and night. I had been going to go ashore for a look around but continuous rain dampened my enthusiasm for blowing up the dinghy and I just had a good meal and went to bed. Setting off early the following morning, the wind was down to about a 6, still from the SW we tacked off the coast South of Mallaig having had a good run across, on the port tack we were almost making Ardnamurchan, however there was now an atlantic swell with a sea superimposed on top, and we kept plunging into waves which would slow us right down so were not making a good speed. I did however think we were sailing well, and as well as could be expected. There were a couple of other yachts around now, I noticed a sail astern catching us up quickly and at the rate she was catching us was expecting to see something big and racy, however was disappointed when she overtook us to see that she was a Sigma, so not much bigger than ourselves, and flying along at about 5-6 knots when we were struggling to make 3, she also had only a half furled genoa looking a bit baggy but seemed to still be out pointing us. She disappeared ahead, tacked once and was into the Sound of Mull,



we spent the rest of the afternoon beating our way into the Sound,

we had a foul tide initially, however it was lovely getting into more sheltered waters. By the time we were passing Tobermoray - dinner time, we had a fair tide but still the wind on the nose, however with the tide were carving out big chunks of distance on each tack, by the time we were at Salen, where the Sound opens out a bit, the wind died. I was wondering about starting the engine, but the stars started coming out and there were whispers of breeze around so just drifted / slatted around for a while before the breeze slowly filled in from astern. We then had a magical sail, with the wind astern, the stars all out and flat water down the rest of the sound. At the Southern end the wind died just after we'd exited.

I needed to be at the Sound of Luing for about 0400 so had some time to kill, it was flat calm but

now pouring with rain. I wondered about anchoring in Loch Don or Spelve but decided that by the time I'd got there and anchored it was barely worth it so tried to sleep whilst drifting, as we were in a relatively busy area I just lay down in my oilskins on the cabin sole but didn't manage to get any sleep. At 0200 I started the engine, and in a calm sea and miserable rain we set off, we have an uneventful journey through the narrows, by breakfast time we're passing Crinan, and it's still



flat calm, I get an hours sleep, in the sound and by Noon we anchor in the West Tarbert Bay,

Gigha for an hour or two waiting for the tide at the Mull of Kintyre. By now it's a gorgeous day with bright sun, no clouds, or wind. At 1300 we weigh anchor and motor out of the bay when a breeze picks up from the West so we have an absolutely glorious sail down and around the Mull of Kintyre where the wind dies again, I contemplate stopping at Sanda but now have a bit of 'get homeitis' so start the engine and press on to Carradale where I drop anchor for the night and a good night's sleep. From Carradale to home in Tighnabruaich is a short hop, the wind is back on the nose for the morning, I tack up Kilbrannan sound but when the wind dies, off Loch Ranza, start the motor and put the autopilot on so I can clear up on deck, have a clean up down below and generally prepare for getting home. We arrive on the mooring at 1530, and I row ashore for a long hot bath.

Lessons learned:

1. Have good oilskins: Once you're wet it's miserable. (The floatation ones I bought in Stornoway weren't that great either, they were waterproof all right but too warm for working in so you end up sweating so much in them that you get wet anyway).
2. Take more pork pies - when it's rough and you feel like something to eat making a sandwich is a pain.
3. Have a means of sealing the ventilators; in rough weather my vents couldn't cope with green water, so some came in down below through them, I'll need to think of a means of sealing them

off for foul weather in the future.

4. Make the stove more secure, it jumped off the gimbals a few times.

5. Mast steps would be nice. At one point a lazy jack plastic fitting failed dropping a lazy jack on deck. I had a complicated means of going up the mast involving two ascenders and a descender bought from a climbing shop, but it was complicated enough to achieve in port, at sea It would need to be super necessary before i'd contemplate it. I jury rigged the lazy jack with a flag halyard until arriving in the Faroes. With mast steps you aren't swinging around from a suspension point way above you.

6. Peeing into a yoghurt pot in the cockpit is much safer than trying to pee over the side.

7. The heads don't flush on the port tack due to sucking air.