

Even though the boat did not have a motor (“the parts were on order”) and the furling jib would not furl, I felt that we should take time off and go sailing. That evening we went on our first sail with just the main. We didn’t go far, just sailed out in front of the town and back, perhaps 4 miles all together. It was in very light winds so it took quite a while but it was still lovely.



**Mick’s first time at the tiller**



**Wake me when we get there**

The next day we finished up a few more projects and sorted through the huge pile of junk, some things we gave away and others we trashed. The boat was defiantly floating about 4 inches higher than the last time it was afloat based on the line of marine growth we scraped off. In celebration Mick and Ari went swimming off the dock, much to the delight of the big German Sheppard who was devoted to Mick. In the background were the ever present brush and forest fires that would, one night, affect our navigation in a most unusual way.



**Rin Tin Can to the rescue, or Can I jump in the water, Can I?**



**The trusty if somewhat wet dingy**

That same day we had a great stroke of luck. A Dutch sailor who was having his boat hauled offered us his old dingy as he had just bought a new one; he wouldn't sell it, he just gave it to us! Since Nick's old dingy was a total loss due to rodents and dry rot it was perfect. We did however, salvage the oars and Nick's special seat he made from flotsam and jetsam on the island of Kos in the eastern Aegean several years ago. Speaking of Nick, he has a bit of a fetish for anchors and seems to "collect" them. On board he had a grappling anchor and chain suitable for a 40 foot Greek fishing boat.

This we traded to Jimmy's dad and in exchange got lots of free food and beer. Thanks, Nick! We also jettisoned a huge rusty pseudo-danforth that had evolved into a large lump of iron oxide and was quite useless.

By midday we were ready to leave on the first real sail for Mick and me. With a moderate NW wind we chose to treat the jib as non-furling and just slipped it into the groove in the metal spline and raised the sail with the halyard the old fashioned way. We proceeded south and east in the Ambrakian gulf for a few miles then north around a point then south again for a few more miles to our destination, a small islet connected to the mainland by a pedestrian causeway and encircled by a rustic path.



**Really sailing, sort of, under jib anyway**



On the way into the cove we saw a display of parachutist sailing off some nearby cliffs, quite a site. We chose this cove because it was protected, and the island, because of its configuration, might prove to have some interesting "artifacts" for Mick to find. Indeed, within a short time Mick found some Roman pottery shards maybe 1500 to 2000 years old; this put a smile on his face.



**Mick spots a reluctant boulder**

and talking. Then it was time to head back to the boat in the dingy which had a bit of a problem with oars not staying in one of the not-so-lockable oar locks.

We returned to the boat and cooked up our first meal afloat, spaghetti and meatballs. It took a long time for the stove to get the water boiling, a problem that still persists with the stove. It seems to involve the regulator, something that does need to be solved. Anyway, it was quite dark as we sat and ate our meal and looked out at the lighted causeway and the lights of Vonitsa in the back ground. Tomorrow we would get up early and head for the island of Lefkas 20 miles away. The skies cleared of most of the smoke that evening and we lay in the cockpit looking up at the stars and talked of ancient and future times.

Later, as we were looking along the shore we also found some worked pieces of flint far older than the pottery. As we were walking around the island we found a large boulder yearning to be set free and fall into the water. Mick “helped” it along its way.

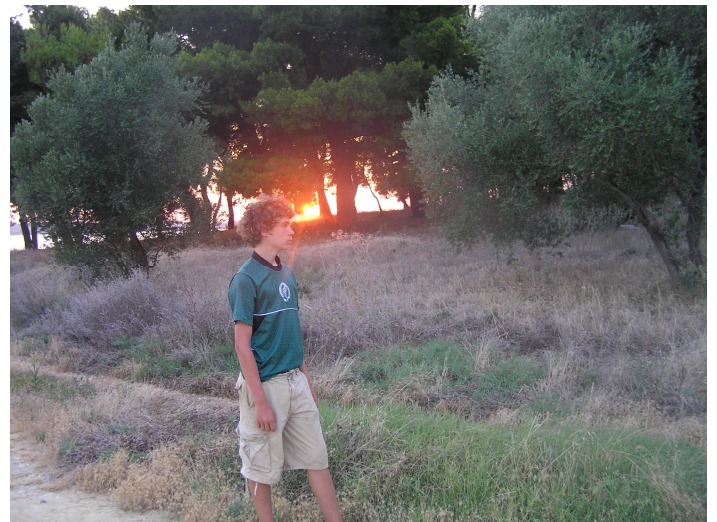
Mick seems to enjoy such activities though I have no clue where he got the idea to do such a thing. We wandered around the island as the sun began to set, enjoying the trees, views and looking for signs of ruins. When we returned to the beach we just spent time skipping rocks



**With a satisfying splash, gravity wins**



**Resting after all the treasure hunting**



**Sunset on Mick’s first Greek Island**