

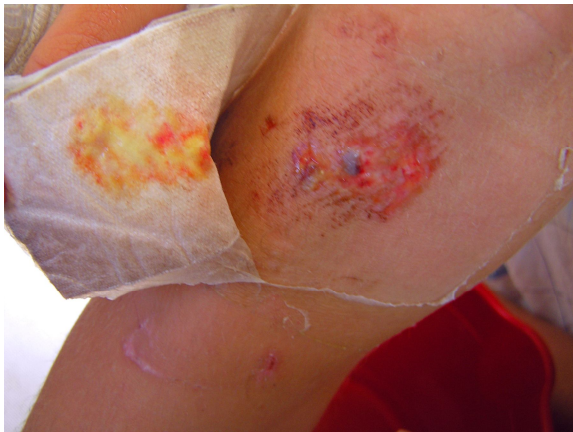
We eventually made it back to the boat and found that the furling gear was not fixed but we could pick it up in the morning. Darn, another night wandering the town, sampling the food and drink, seeing the sights and people watching. Well we all have to make sacrifices.

We got hold of the technician who was working on the Facnor furling gear and he agreed to meet us at his shop in the marina at 8:30. So we up anchored and sailed the short distance over to the marina and I paralleled the floating dock as the dock guy shouted “no docking, no docking here”. I did point out I was a full 15cm away from the dock and not actually touching his dock only sailing parallel to his precious dock, so I wasn’t docking. Mick jumped off and scampered up the dock to the shop and retrieved the furling gear and then we were off to try to get to the swing bridge when it opened for 5min once an hour on the hour. So for a 2<sup>nd</sup> time we sailed through the opening and then approached an old concrete dock to tie up and install the gear.

That was when disaster struck! Mick went to jump ashore and caught his foot on the line in his hand. He leapt and went down hard on a very rough concrete with sharp rocks sticking out. He tried to break his fall with his right arm. Though in great pain he did crawl over and grab the boat so I could tie up and help him. (my shouting may have provided a bit of focus for him, sorry about that). I grabbed the first aid kit and after picking out rocks and fish like bits and pieces from his knee we bandaged it up. His wrist was causing a lot of pain and I worried about a bad sprain, maybe even a fracture. I wrapped it and got Mick back on board. I installed the furling gear and jib and headed over to Prevesa so we could have him checked out at “my” hospital.



**Knee eating, arm spraining, rasp of a dock**

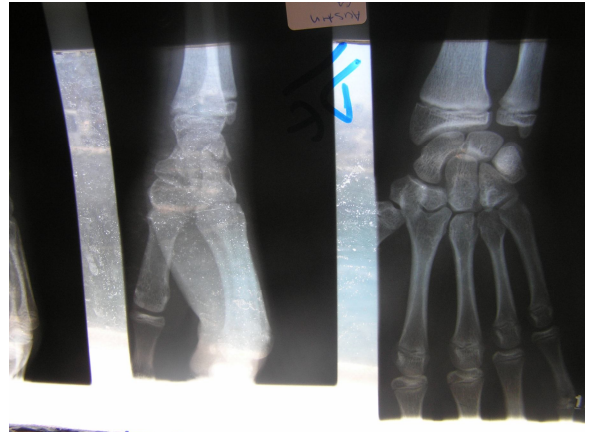


**Mick’s Red Badge of Courage**

After an excellent sail we arrived at Prevesa around 1 pm and did our usually impressive docking under sail drill. We then took a taxi to the hospital. Well actually, at Mick’s insistence we first got some lunch then went to the hospital. In we went and we were greeted with “so you have come back about your leg”, “Nope, just a new customer”. Prompt care including X-rays, cleaning of the wound

and tetanus shot and a half cast for his arm followed. They were used to treating these types of injuries since everyone rides around on motor scooters, whole families, often without any helmets.

The doctors decided after looking at the X-rays that it probably was not a break just a bad sprain. Mick went back to the boat in the late evening to take a nap while I took a walk. I ran into a Swedish family that arrived at the boat yard as we were leaving. Their daughter, about Mick's age, then asked how he was and was disappointed he wasn't with me. He, as usual was asleep, so he missed the opportunity for sympathy among other things. So when he woke up and I told him who I had met, we spent most of the evening looking for the Swedish boat, but no luck.



...and the finger bone is connected to the...



The next morning early we left with the intention of sailing 25 miles NW to the island of Paxos. While Mick slept I put his X-rays up on the window to backlight them along with a view of the invalid.

When he wasn't sleeping he was eager to sail the boat even in his "condition". Other than doing dishes (for some reason) he felt he could do everything else on the boat. Often I had to dissuade him from doing some chores or activities. He almost never complained about his bad luck or the pain. He was concerned how it might affect his aim when he went paintballing back in the states.

### The floating ER on the Heart of Gold

At dawn the next morning we ghosted out of the harbor and for the second time sailed through the channel from Prevesa. The winds were typical of many of the days we sailed. We started out with a very light southerly followed by a few hours of no wind or light and variable. Toward afternoon the wind picked up to 5 to 10 knots from the NW or W which is the direction we were trying to go. The result was that by late afternoon it was apparent we were not going to make it anywhere near



On the way to Paxos, we almost made it



Paxos island. The alternative was to tack back to the mainland and try for a very small cove at the mouth of a river.



### **Sunset as we ghost in to a tiny cove**

anchored. So we hauled up on the anchor and waited as they slowly pulled in their nets with only a few small fish to show for their efforts.

We had to reach either Corfu or Igounamitsa so we could get the ferry back to Italy, and then a train to Rome and the airport so Mick could catch his flight home. I got up before sunrise so we could have a chance to make it to Corfu town about 20 miles away. 3 hours later we were 3 miles away. Slowly the wind picked up and we began to make some progress. By noon the wind was NNW about 12 knots. If only this would hold until this evening. We approached the southern part of Corfu with the idea that if there was a suitable harbor we could leave the boat there and take a bus to the city and catch the ferry there. But it was apparent that by late afternoon this idea wasn't practical. Since Ibounamitsa was only 6 miles or so away across the strait, we could make it there instead of trying for the town of Corfu another 15 miles away. I didn't really want to leave the boat at Igounamitsa as it is an industrial port with a lot of strangers coming and going, but it was the best of a bad set of options I thought.

The wind slowly lost force as we made the decision to head east and made for the port of Igounamitsa. It also began changing directions from NW to N to NE to ENE pretty much the direction we were heading. The entrance was only a few miles away but we were not making any progress and sitting in the middle of

The wind held steady until we were 3 or 4 mile from our destination at about 6:30 in the evening. We ghosted along with a very light wind for another 2 hours. Then finally as the sun set, we fish-tailed the boat into the cove with the current trying to push us onto some nasty rocks. The cove was calm and surprisingly deep. We cooked up the usual pasta but with some canned ham too. Just as the tangerine colored moon rose through the smoke of the forest fires, we were hailed by some fishermen who had laid an unmarked net right where we were



### **3 sets of reef points, not likely to be used on this trip**

the busy shipping lanes. I did not want to be there if night fell. Well, the sun was setting in the west over Corfu when Mick suggested that we go to a closer cove just south of the entrance to Igounamitsa. We could then take a cab the next day to the port to catch the ferry. An excellent idea! We changed course, well direction of drift might be a better description.

Another 3 hours later found us again ghosting into a harbor at 11:30 at night. Much to my surprise there was a nice breakwater and lots and lots of sailboats. In fact, there were so many that there were no spaces at the docks or quaysides. We did find a narrow space between a large 45ft Italian sailing boat and an older Greek sailboat that looked like it hadn't been used recently. Mick was starving and looking forward to a promised restaurant dinner for his last night in Greece. We dropped the stern anchor and slowly approached the spot with the intention of just tying off on the Greek boat with our bow about 10ft from the quay. As we did so, there was a great deal of shouting from the Italian boat captain/owner. He insisted we couldn't tie up there, it was a big problem. I pointed out that we weren't even touching his bumpers or boat and it was no problem. He said we could not tie up there. At that point my patience got a bit thin and I told him in Italian that we had been sailing for 15 hours, that is sailing, no motor. We, unlike him, were real sailors who had *sailed* into this harbor, we had dropped anchor *under sail* and then maneuvered *under sail* to this spot, unlike him when he used his motor. Finally, I had a hungry 14 year old on board who was going to eat at a restaurant *now*. I asked what his response was. At that point his wife called him below.

As we were finishing tying up he appeared and apologized for his behavior. He asked if we were English and I said no. At this point he relaxed and sincerely apologized for his behavior and even invited us over for dinner aboard his boat. I asked Mick and he repeated he really wanted to eat out at a restaurant. The captain then explained he had a real problem with English and that was why he had been so rude. He never explained what his problem was. We thanked him and went to the nearest restaurant, thank goodness for the late eating habits of Greeks, and had a delicious dinner.



**Trolling for a tow into the harbor, but no bites**

The next morning after a nice coffee provided by our Italian neighbor we finally found a recently vacated space and sailed the boat over there. We carefully secured it as it would be left alone for several days. We cleaned it up and packed up Mick's gear. He really



wanted to take a machete with him. He managed to “find” it at the boat yard and the owner was nice enough to give it to us. Mick became the chief chopper of non-moving objects in the boat yard. However he will have to wait on that as machetes are frowned upon in airline luggage.

We caught the ferry (deck passage) with no problems, found some good sleeping spots and arrived in Brindisi, Italy the following morning. We caught a train to Rome and found a nice hotel near the train station to spend the night. A good dinner, some Italian TV and we were fast asleep. Up at 6am, we got ready and took the train to the airport and with little fanfare Mick caught his plan to the States. Two hours later my wife arrived from the states and we retraced the route back to the Heart of Gold and more adventures.



**Mick’s expression really captured his personality and attitude on this adventure**