



### Reading is a good way to pass the time

As the sun was setting, we had gone a total of 15 miles with another 10 or 12 miles. We had already set up watches and I and Alice had the 9 till 1 am watch, and Sean and Harmony had the 1 'till 5 watch. Navigation was made interesting as the GPS was acting totally weird and couldn't be trusted. In the night as we were rounding the low and sandy Levkimmis Point I knew to give it a wide berth as there is a sandy shoal that extends a long ways out. (My dad once ran his boat aground on it during a charter many years ago.) All was well as I

By 6am we were sailing out of the harbor of Lakka and headed north the 25 miles to Gouvion, just north of the town of Crofu. Since the motor was not going to start we knew with luck it would be a long trip. Gee, we might not even get there until sunset. Ha! There had to be less than a one or two knot wind and we were going against a current of at least a half a knot. Doesn't sound like much as far as current goes but when you are going less than a knot yourself it matters! It was drift and float, drift, and float. We read, we slept, and we searched out any shade under the umbrella or in the cabin.



### Sleeping is a better way to pass the time



### USO, Unidentified Swimming Object

watched the baleful light flash on and off. I understand what paradigm shift means. Then the most amazing thing happened, a person, at least 15 foot tall walked by the large light house. D'oh, it isn't a large person, it is a little light structure and I am way too close. I grabbed a flashlight and shown it overboard and could see the sandy bottom a few feet below. I instantly changed tack and throwing caution to the winds raced away into the darkness at about ½ knot. I don't think we actually touched but I have no doubt we may have crushed a couple of small sand crabs.

The chart's light list, we were to find out, wasn't exactly comprehensive as there were several unidentified lights

flashing various time cycles and in a choice of white, red, and green. Sean and Harmony took over and drifted through the night until 3 miles later at dawn when Alice and I came back on watch. I found out that my DR was off a bit and overly optimistic when I had turned the watch over to Sean. He arrived at that point just before turning over the boat to me.

We spent the rest of the morning and afternoon drifting, reading, and sleeping our way up the coast of Corfu toward Corfu town. On the way we did see a odd sight. We noticed a strange white object, perhaps a meter and a half or larger, white, and moving very rapidly in the area of the boat. It would rapidly approach and then, just as rapidly, move away. On one close approach we could see it was a big sting ray. I hadn't realized that there were large fish left in the Med, I was to have this confirmed for me again another time.



By now we could see the town of Corfu in the distance; well actually we could see the town of Corfu in the distance for hours and hours. One of the most noticeable things about the town is its impressive, massive, Venetian fortifications. They would have been neater but the Brits were obliged to blow them up in the 1800's when they were handed over to, gee, I used to know, perhaps the France? No, they wouldn't give the French anything. Perhaps it was the Austro-Hungarians or even the Germans; after all they did give them Czechoslovakia later.

### **Venetian Fortifications, Corfu Town**

As the day wore on we approached the town at a snail's pace. We slipped between a small island and the Venetian fortresses. This did cause a bit of anxiety as there were lots of traditional and high speed hydrofoils coming and going in the channel. They didn't really cause much of a wake but did not go out of their way to avoid a becalmed sailboat. accustomed to. Alice finished writing her book and started another, I calculated Pi out to 147 places, Sean designed and built a suspension bridge and Harmony solved the water crisis in Uzbekistan. Well if we didn't really do so, we had enough time.

There was a faint suggestion of wind and we even saw another sailboat with their sails up further out in the channel. So, there was hope that with the marina only a couple of miles away we might not spend another night out on the water. We played each cat's paws of wind and slowly got closer and closer to the marina. A new problem presented itself as the channel was very narrow so we decided to break out the oars and see if we could get some sympathy from passing boats.



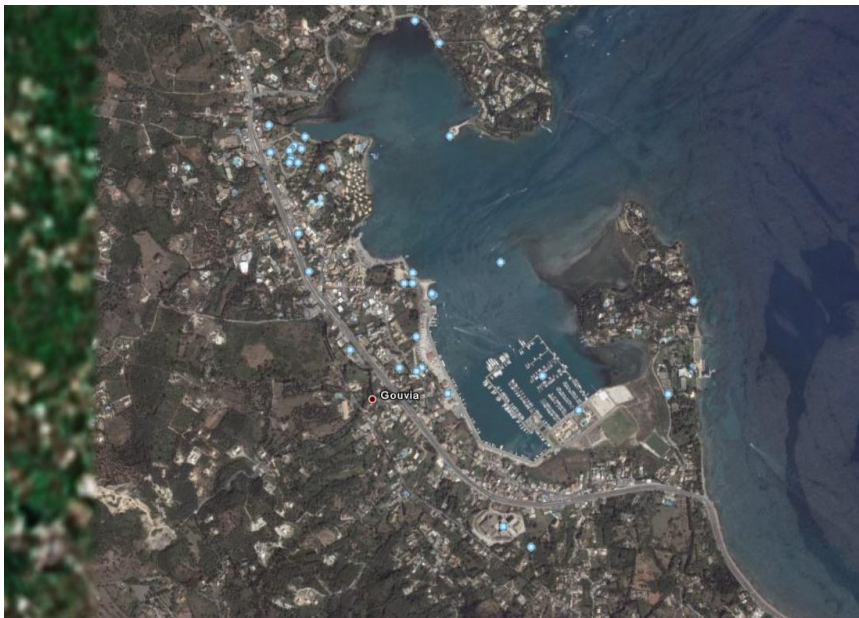
**A neat gaff rigged ketch, at last some wind**





**IF ONLY! Well the rowing didn't do much, but the pitiful expression did!**

Sean went forward with the explicit instructions to look pitiful. Initially this just brought



laughter from the passing Italian power yachts and occasional French sailboat under power. However an older British sailboat with a couple of rusty bikes on board came over and offered a tow. We gladly accepted and were towed the ½ mile down the channel and to the entrance to the marina.

We called the marina and informed them we would like a slip on the outside as we were under sail only. A chase boat came out told us which slip to take and then

**Gouvia Marinea and Kontokalli Bay (Google Earth)**

decided we weren't going fast enough under sail so he tried pushing us with this Boston Whaler's bow on my transom hung rudder without asking or without any warning. The tiller would have broken a rib had it whipped toward me, but fortunately it went the other way. I communicated that we did not need any help and would in our on time get to our slip, which we did in another 10 minutes.

We arrived at Gouvia Marina as the sun disappeared into the smoke and haze, tied up, signed in and paid the 18 euros for the next 24 hours. By now our time table was getting short as Alice and I had to be certain we would not miss our plane out of Rome in 4 days. We still had 45 miles to Othani, the last Greek Island before the crossing to Italy, plus the 50 mile crossing itself. I did not want to attempt the crossing without a motor so we had to find someone to fix it at whatever cost. It being Sunday, and late no mechanic's shops were opened. I did find a German fellow who took care of a number of charter boats and graciously offered to fix the motor the next morning. But first, dinner and a shower.

We were up early, had another shower at the marina, removed the motor and had it clamped onto the testing barrel where Günter would fix it. After several hours there was no luck and he recommended a Greek Mechanic who he was sure could figure out what the problem was. Günter even lent us his big wheeled wagon to transport the motor the 2km to the repair shop. Dimitri the mechanic was very helpful and said he would get on it right away, say early next week. After much negotiations and a large premium paid up front he agreed to drop what he was doing and fix it that day. By 5pm and 130 euros later we had a motor that would really run. Yes! Back to the boat as we had to finish up all the to-do lists of projects we had started while waiting for the motor. We wanted to leave around 9 or 10 pm. So that allowed us time to finish up most of the projects and have a nice dinner in town. We would then arrive at Othani early in the morning. It was our intention to refuel at Othani and then leave right away for Italy.

We had been at the marina for a bit more than 24 hours but the office was closed and we cast off at about 10pm. With the motor humming along nicely, we said goodbye to the marina, we were on our way to Italy. Not quite. Out of the dark the maniac in the Boston Whaler roared up, came alongside, and demanded why we were sneaking out at this hour and to follow him back to the marina. I explained we had paid for the previous night's space but were leaving now, if he wanted to charge us for this night, even though we were not going to use it, he could. Since I had paid by credit card the marina had my number. This seemed to mollify him and he left. Now, we were on our way at last.



**Harmony ready to stand her watch north of Corfu**