

## 2nd Report, 31 July

Dear friends

We are in Switzerland at the moment. Both our mothers are not well and we have been busy visiting them.

Alex is working on some papers and I am taking the time to write the second report on our voyage. The first report ended at the little town of Assens on the island Fünen in Denmark.

From Assens we headed through the “Little Belt” to an anchoring place near Middlefart. According to the wind, we should have made good progress, but there was so much flow (correct expression?) against us that we hardly moved. We engaged the smelly monster to safely pass the huge bridge pillars which we approached at an awkwardly transvers angle, despite heading exactly parallel to them. Impressive what flow does to your boat.

Anchoring was peaceful, although it took us three attempts before the anchor actually “bit”.

Next stop was the little island of Tunö. The harbor was already crammed full when we arrived, but as third in a “package” we found nice neighbors and a safe place to stay over night. During their summer festival, you can hardly see the water in the harbor for the amount of boats of all sizes! We saw very funny pictures of the event. The place has become a tourist attraction with its small village and a handful of farms, all of it taken care of with great love. There are no cars, only tractors to transport goods and people: small trailers with benches or even chairs do the job. A ferry arrives twice a day to insure the deliveries for the store and the two restaurants.

On Thursday, 17 July we sail to Aarhus on Jutland. It was a very nice day, good wind, good weather. Shortly before the harbor entrance we were caught in a regatta of the smallest boats and youngest people: Optimists and Lasers, the very last competitors still fighting hard not to be last!! I kept my distance and headed for a far too small box, mooring between two posts and was terribly “endangered” in my “retreat” by an approaching boat full of young people heading strait into “my” place. I was only worried and mad, but they lost their flag pole and certainly received a few dents as a reward for their showing off. We finally landed safely in a large enough box directly behind the fish market. We bought a good measure of tuna for dinner and went into town for an extended stroll.

Our friend Ben expected to meet us in Grenaa and on our way there we experimented with the gennaker, a few tries jibing, one perfectly successful! Toward evening the wind increased and we made it to the pier before mooring became a challenge. The harbor was very full at the end of the day many, many boats sought refuge with the forecast of more wind and especially storm-force gusts. We lay safe with only the noise of the wind in the rig to remind us of it.

Saturday was washday and diesel tank cleaning day on Ben’s Tini. Alex helped him and I helped myself.

Our friend Paul had a day off (he did a lot of steering so far) and enjoyed a stroll and more reading on the Vikings.

Bad news reached us about Alex’ mother, she is not well at all and we decided to find a good place for Silmaril and go home.

Grenaa harbor was still so full in the morning with no prospect of a box for a week or two that we decided to sail to Sweden immediately, where we would find a place and a good opportunity to return to Switzerland fast.

The crossing was strenuous. We left rather late in the day and calculated our arrival time for 2300. We had lots of wind with occasional very strong gusts and pelting rain. Alex had a hard job: at every approach of a black wall we put in a reef and took it out as soon as the wind went down, since we were anxious to get to Varberg as soon as possible. The worst black wall surprised us; it came so fast and so strong that we were hard put to keep the boom from touching the water in the blast. It was a good feeling to absolutely trust Silmaril, even in the most hectic moments.

We made fast (?) at another boat at the very end of the pier and woke up in the morning with a huge ferry just a few meters away from our flag pole! We had never heard a sound when the giant arrived.

## Reports Silmaril Summer 2008

The last stop before Gothenburg brought another adventure. Nicely hidden from wind and waves, we anchored with the line and anchor at the back and tied Silmaril to rings in the rock. The maneuver was not perfect, the anchor did not “bite” in the perfect place and sure enough, Silmaril touched the rock around 0400. Alex and I ran on deck in no time and tried to move her away from the rock. The wind had increased and as a last resort I started the engine to back out without touching the neighbor and his anchor line. Everything went fine, but our anchor line did not bring up the anchor!! Well, we made a mistake and eventually decided to be comforted by the fact that it’s only an anchor, neither Silmaril nor the neighboring boat is damaged and we learned a lot after lengthy discussions of why and how to avoid.

What a sight it must have been: three very nervous people in pyjamas and night gown working and running and whispering at 0400 of a rather chilly night. Out in the peaceful bay we slept for a few more hours happily riding at anchor with no rocks nearby.

Next morning, after a futile search with the dinghy and a small anchor, we detected that on top of everything the wind indicator on the mast was not functioning properly. We could not figure out why until we reached Öckerö near Gothenburg, where we aimed the binoculars at the mast top from the land: The antenna was bent under the windex! A fat bird must have landed and shoved the antenna in this unlikely position. I maneuvered Silmaril under to crane and Alex climbed the ver steep and very tall ladder, equipped with the boat hook and the camera!

Silmaril is now moored and safe and waiting for us as long as we need to stay away.

Please, help me with nautical expressions. I would appreciate your corrections/suggestions. You will hear from us again!

Take care

Ursula