

The RORC Caribbean 600 on Board Dazzla, D1395 kit-boat – not quite the Caribbean idyll

Competing in the 2018 RORC Caribbean 600 on board Dazcat kit-boat 1395 Dazzla, with the oldest crew in the race was totally epic...when Mike first invited me to join him on this race, just half an hour after we had met for the first time, it sounded to my unprepared ears like a more grandiose version of the great British politeness that goes something along the lines of 'you must come to dinner sometime'. When presented with this statement, the stock

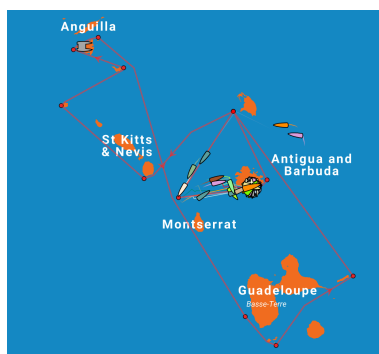


First meeting with Mike just before Fastnet 2017.
Pictured with Simon Baker.

response is 'yes of course, I'd love to', which I uttered accordingly (apart from wanting to provide the polite response, who in their right mind would answer with 'no thanks, I'd rather stay in cold grey Cornwall in February'). I clearly had a lot to learn about Mike as I never for a second imagined that he actually meant it and that in due course I'd find myself racing on board Dazzla in the beautiful turquoise waters that I'd last seen in 2000...

Veteran multihull sailor and racer Mike Butterfield (86 years old at the time of the race!) was not only a founding member of MOCRA in 1969, but also tells me that it was his idea – he wanted to make multihull racing respectable and bring it into the mainstream. A goal he continues to pursue and over the years has worked hard for multihull entry to races like the Fastnet to be allowed. He was also among the first cohort of multihulls to do the Round Britain and Ireland in 1968. With all this in mind, I set off armed with a multitude of questions about Mike's racing and sailing history, few of which I'm able to answer even after spending ten days with him. I'm sure he did answer most of my questions interwoven in tales of high adventure and fun but the stories were told in no particular order, prompted by things people said or something that was happening, and all the while the Caribbean winds were whipping up a frenzy around us. So, I failed in my mission to bring you a comprehensive history of this remarkable man who has competed in and won so many races. Instead I hope that through this write up you can catch a glimpse of what keeps this particular multihull owner coming back for more.

As the time to leave came closer I was beside myself with excitement but I also started to feel a little nervous. I'd done a bit of research about the race and realised that this is no



typical offshore race with great long legs on one tack. Oh no. This 600nm challenge could potentially be quite gruelling as we tack through the islands, coping with random lulls and wind shifts behind the more mountainous islands, as well as areas where the wind might tunnel and the seas are confused. We would cover every point of sail, several times. One sailor last year said they changed sail a grand total of 60 times – an average of every 10 miles! To me that sounded almost like sailing around the cans but for 600 miles!

To add to this, I had never seen the boat or met any of the crew and was due to arrive just 20 hours before the race start, which wouldn't allow much time to get to know either.

Back at the yard pre-departure it transpired that one of the yard team had been on board when Mike's previous boat capsized during a crossing. Of course they took great delight in recounting the drama to me in all its detail...meanwhile Simon, my boss and usual skipper, seemed alarmingly keen for me to take both an EPIRB and a PLB. Although I was dismissive it inevitably raised some doubts in my mind and I did go to some lengths at the last minute to make sure I collected them and registered. I was also just a little confused as to why Mike had asked ME to join them. The general consensus back at the yard was that I was going along for my galley skills, though Mike had volunteered in several conversations that that wasn't the case. He said he wanted me for my sailing skills, but how did he even know if I had any? In the weeks leading up to the race I took up cycling in a poxy effort to increase my fitness. I figured it might be helpful either for swimming or racing, whichever I ended up doing most of, and with that put my worries away, ready to enjoy whatever came my way!

I met my first crew mate at Gatwick. David, a good friend and sailing companion of Mike's, would be our rigger and sail repair man. He was travelling out with wife Justine who would stay ashore enjoying the delights of Antigua while we raced. Meeting them put me at ease as we all seemed to get on well.

Mike's son John arrived from Toronto just half an hour after our plane had landed so we waited for him before heading across the island to the Antigua Yacht Club in English Harbour, site of the race 'village'. John would be our skilful navigator and, as I would soon discover, frequently added his own often hilarious twist to the tales that abounded on board!



The island had that beautiful, tropical smell of heat and dust and spices. The dusty roadside scattered with a random mix of brightly painted shacks interspersed with ramshackle huts and extravagant bungalows, colonial style houses and teetering brick buildings that could be homes, flats, commercial properties or any combination. Vibrant bougainvillea, oleander and hibiscus everywhere making

exuberant displays, palm trees and music... We were definitely in the Caribbean!



It was comforting to walk into the clubhouse, teeming with competitors, and immediately spot the crew of Apollo (Dazcat 1495) who were also taking part. Apollo had been shipped over earlier in the year specifically to do the



race. There was no sign of Mike or the rest of our crew so we joined Apollo for some drinks and waited while I battled with my complications of wi-fi, local sim cards and two different phones in a desperate effort to get communications set

up while I had the chance. I was here in dual roles – not just as Mike's crew, but also in my role as Dazcat Media I felt a responsibility to keep the world updated with our adventures. I'd spent quite some time researching the options and had eventually contacted a local superyacht yacht agency, BWA Yachting, to ask if they could purchase me a local sim card as I'd be arriving without time to go to the local mobile shop and get one for myself even if it was open, which it wasn't on a Sunday. To my amazement, the woman who responded to my email offered to lend me one for the duration of the race and even went to some lengths to leave it where I'd be easily able to collect it when I arrived. Massive big up to BWA Yachting! I hadn't however anticipated that I'd have to walk to the nearest petrol station to activate it and buy my first top up, or, how much the local network would be struggling with all the extra load. I eventually found myself with a small group of others engaged in their own electronic nightmares, wandering the race village site and surrounding marinas in search of stronger signals. Several drinks and strange encounters later I seemed to have succeeded and Mike had now turned up with the rest of the crew so we all joined the Apollos for another cocktail!

Peter Ellison, Mike's longtime friend, would be our skipper. This was the first time Mike had handed over his boat to another skipper - an acknowledgement of his age which must have been hard. At 77 Peter is hardly a youngster but the two have sailed many 1000s of miles together and their combined experience and familiarity with each other made for a happy boat run with quiet authority. There was also Colin who would be our engineer. He was quick to let me know that he'd pre-prepared and frozen a selection of meals to keep us well fed so I didn't feel obliged. I was hugely relieved and grateful to hear this as although Mike had assured me I wasn't along to be a galley slave he'd also raised the point several times that he didn't know when we'd have time to victual the boat. Before leaving home I'd searched online for late night supermarkets, just in case. There is only one, on the other side of the island...it was never going to be pretty; getting off a plane, drinking several rum concoctions then late-night shopping for a crew you didn't know, a galley you'd never seen in a shop full of ingredients you're not familiar with...I felt at that moment as though the biggest potential hurdle of the trip had been sidestepped, thanks to Colin!

As the light began to fade we made our way across the bay to Dazzla, her distinctive lines recognisable from a distance and I was pleased to finally meet her. Dazzla had entered the race last year but lost the rig during a squall. Determined to give the race another go, Mike had made the decision to leave her in St. Martin where she was rigged with a new mast



ready for this year's race. Unfortunately for Dazzla, in September hurricane Irma, boasting the highest ever recorded wind speeds, hit St. Martin. At first glance her damage (two windows blown out) had seemed negligible compared to the destruction all around, but the violent storm had blown salt water and grit (and towels!) into everything and the full extent of the damage unfolded before our eyes as the race progressed...although that

first night we knew nothing of what was to come there was evidence throughout the boat of repairs and works done.



Most of these had been done by Peter and Colin over the previous six weeks and they pointed out improvements and changes that they had also made as they showed us around the boat for the first time.

We wobbled our way through some pre-race preparations – sails off, sails on, lines checked, watch plans and so on. To be honest, by now the very early start, jet lag and some potent Caribbean beverages were combining to form a bit of a blur but we got it done and before long were heading back ashore for a quick dinner then collapse into our bunks. Mike had very kindly provided me with his favourite bunk, tucked in behind the saloon seating and navigation station in the starboard hull but fairly central. David had the bunk opposite, lower down in the hull with a gangway between us while Mike and Peter shared the aft starboard cabin and John and Colin shared the aft port cabin. They all seemed horrified by the idea of using the forward cabins and even though that is my usual berth on board Hissy Fit I agreed to stay where I was allocated! I was also instructed not to use the heads. I was proudly shown the 'thunderbox' which was built into a cubicle in the cockpit, no instructions needed as it is simply a hole through the deck with a seat on it. More on this later....

The next morning there was a fine breeze and Peter and Mike agreed that we'd start with two reefs in the main and as few turns in the jib as we could handle. With the average crew age well over 60 we were all agreed that our goal was not to win the race, though of course we would sail as hard as we could. For Dazzla, her owner and her crew, the pleasure would be in joining the race and completing the course to the best of our combined abilities. That morning the thrill was there. The wind gusted up to 30 knots as we passed by the committee boat for inspection and a 'good luck' salute from them. We were among a long line of boats emerging from all corners of the large bay, some well-known, some beautiful, some interesting and others indistinct but all seemed to be emitting that special exhilaration present at the start of a big race. As we rounded the entrance, the sight (and chop) of 84 boats along with all the spectator and support craft, the helicopter swooping overhead, the cliff top lined with spectators all added to the excitement. We were ready, hearts full with the anticipation of what was to come!

But then, with our start about 20 minutes off we were manoeuvring still under power when a somewhat concerning smell started to linger around us, shortly followed by billows of black smoke. After a quick investigation below Colin ascertained that the port hull was pretty much full up with water and the engine, now under water, cut out.



For some reason the bilge pump didn't seem to be working and it was coming in faster than we could get it out. 11.25 and crushing disappointment as the decision was made to turn back and investigate, just five minutes before we were due to start. The mood on board was sombre as the uncertainty of what we might find slowly formed itself into a reality in our minds and we informed RORC that we'd turned back. It was brutal to watch the other multihulls gather and fly off into the distance as we limped our way into port. By 11.40 we were back at our anchorage passing buckets to empty the bilge.



Once cleared of water Peter and Colin spent the next hour and a half upside down in the bilge. First, a shredded greasy towel emerged. A vicious little present left by Irma that had wrapped itself around the shaft and ultimately

causing the stern gland to give up and start importing seawater. Next emerged smaller pieces of the same towel that had clogged

up the bilge pump. This was followed by much swearing, more discussion, a bit of magic and before we knew it the engine was up and running again, the stern gland somehow repaired and resealed. By 13.30 we had informed RORC that we were off again and had crossed our start line! It was sometime around that point that I spotted the two locator beacons that Simon had insisted I bring. I had been dismissive at the time but as my eye alighted on them they suddenly looked quite comforting so I attached them both to my shorts, one either side, and there they remained along with my knife for the rest of the race regardless of whether I was on watch, sleeping or cooking. The other thing, maybe the only other thing, that stayed firmly in place throughout the race was the dastardly towel that had tried to sink us. When it was pulled out of the bilge we'd placed it on the back deck to dry out a bit before bagging it up to dispose of later. Clearly we had other things on our minds and promptly forgot it was there so it was with total astonishment when we finally arrived back in Antigua and I was going for a swim that I noticed it clinging doggedly to the deck where we'd put it. After all we'd been through and the thing was still with us!



The offending towel!

We set off with three reefs in the main and three turns on the jib, making between six and eleven knots through that first day depending on the wind angle. We weren't pointing or tacking at all well. This was almost certainly down to our batten breaking just as we crossed our start line. We had watched helplessly as it worked its way out of the sail and gracefully plunged into the receding waves in

a kind of slow motion death dive. This arrangement, flapping main and all, turned out to be our sail plan for pretty much the whole race so my fears of sail changes every 10 miles were unfounded, but still I was grateful for my pre-race cycling efforts as we took quite a battering. At some point that first day I was obliged to visit the

Voyage from ANTIGUA (RORC 600) to ANTIGUA				Date 19 th FEB 2018			
				Course	Speed	DIST	BLG
10:00	ANCHOR UP / PASSED COMTE BOAT FOR INSPECTION						
11:25	FLOODED ENGINE BAY - HEADED BACK TO FALMOUTH FOR REPAIRS						
11:40	ANCHORED IN FALMOUTH						
13:10	LEAK REPAIRED - INFORMED RORC & ANTE RESTARTING						
14:30	LEAD 75°, 29 knots. 3 reefs + 3 turns on foresail	30°	6kts				
17:00	PASSED Green Rock. Now course 350° over ground (not overboard)	0°	9kts	37m	12.348°		
20:30	PASSED MARKER BOUY						
21:15	SET BARREL-MARKER ON STB.	240	9kts	47	246°		
00:00	WATCH CHANGE	225	8-11kts	25	261°		
00:10	PASSED NEVIS - Course hardened up to 325°	325	7kts	49	325°		
07:00	Passing ST. EUSTACHIUS Wind 15kts ENE	320	8kts	18	321°		
09:00	PASSED SABA - Changed course to N.	020	6kts	26.3	95°		
11:00	TALKING ON DIRECTION of ST. MARK	020	6kts	26.3	95°		
12:00	18° 53' 54N 63° 17' 01W	020	6kts	24.7	110°		
13:00	TACKLED OFF ST. MARTIN 17° 54' 11N 63° 11' 5W	140	8kts	24	123°		
14:00	FOR OFF	150	7.5	15	103°		
15:00		150	8	12.2	86°		

thunderbox. Within seconds of sitting down I was soaked from head to toe as we hit a wave and the sea shot up through the hole to drench me, I could hear the laughter in the cockpit as I squealed! Once I'd escaped from the box I politely enquired whether there was actually anything wrong with the 'real' head. The answer was no, so from that point on I made use of the nice electronic loo installed for the purpose. I never did quite understand why the rest of the crew never went near it and continued to use the saltwater bidet/ shower for the entire time!

The wind was consistently high and for the first 24 hours seasickness hit half the crew quite hard. Although we'd agreed there would be three to each three-hour watch, this was soon abandoned as the crew went down, making for very long watches for those left standing. There was also little interest in food and it wasn't until the very early hours that I insisted everyone should eat one of Colin's pre-prepared meals. Regardless of whether it was coming back out we needed sustenance so at 5 am, somewhere just past Nevis, we sat down to our first meal aboard, a choice of stew or curry.



At some point that first night the watch crew had also discovered a 100 ft of rope, with a buoy attached, tangled around our dagger board. We have no idea how long it had been there but suspect that it had been the primary cause of our tacking troubles as despite the flappy main it all seemed to go much more smoothly after that. Well, that is till the 3rd reef line snapped and there was temporary chaos until David and Peter devised a fix.

That day, although the wind continued to gust at around 30 knots we'd settled into a bit more of a routine so we were working well together by the time we turned into the Anguilla channel at about 11pm. We managed the countless tacks flanked by rocky unlit shores without any problems, but it was another long night as we'd had all hands on deck for the channel, which meant our watch system had gone awry again. We had our second hot 'dinner' at around 3am as we left the channel and the other watch went down...

The next morning, with the wind gusting steadily up to 35 knots we were doing fine, plodding through the wind and seas with our not-exactly-hot-shot crew. We had no idea of the carnage that was beginning to take place around us. We even managed a cooked breakfast and with spirits lifted and having thoroughly enjoyed the reach down past St. Barts we decided to give ourselves an easier time of it and take Montserrat on the lee side.



It may not have been the best tactical decision but we certainly enjoyed the sail down and it was perhaps the closest we came to what most imagine when they picture idyllic Caribbean sailing conditions. We even managed the first sit down together lunch, even if the crackers did keep blowing away! By six that evening



though, as we approached Guadeloupe, the wind was steadily increasing, regularly hitting 40 knots and coming in with huge rain squalls. As we crept behind Guadeloupe we were briefly protected by

the island but before long it was funnelling down between the islands and hitting us with even greater force, from the precise direction we wanted to go in. We came on watch at about 2am to



the news that the genoa had ripped so had taken a few more turns. Probably not a bad thing as the wind was ferocious and the rain that came with it was like razors on your face. For moments at a time it was impossible to open your eyes as the combination of horizontal rain and salty spray were completely blinding and even wearing glasses was not enough to prevent this. I later learnt that ski-goggles are essential kit in this situation but in the thousands of miles I'd previously spent at sea and experienced extreme weather in the form of typhoons and waterspouts in the South China seas, hurricanes in Biscay, monster Mediterranean storms and some fairly fruity Caribbean conditions I've never encountered that searing, blinding spray before. Eyes and face already raw with the salt and under serious assault from what felt like a million tiny knives thrown at you at 50 mph! Up until that watch I'd taken my turns on the wheel undaunted but now I was very grateful to Peter who just took it as soon as we came on watch, and stayed there. With lee shores to both sides of us, seriously reduced visibility and gusts up to 44 knots (that we saw) I appreciated his quiet air of competence and dependability. Both fully focussed on the situation in hand barely a word passed between us as I stood by, keeping as good a watch as I could manage, constantly scanning not just the water but also the boat. I was concerned that something might give and if it could be spotted ahead of time...eventually we needed to tack and with the huge gusts Peter asked me to wake John up a little before his watch so we had a third hand on deck. We tacked safely away from the lee shore and in due course I went below to make hot drinks for us and the others about to come up. We were nearing the middle of the channel when there was an almighty bang. I turned off the gas and hurried into the cockpit to see the main sail flopping down over the bimini top and billowing into the cockpit obliterating John on the wheel and his view of anything. There was no sign of Peter. The others, now all fully awake started to struggle into their gear. After checking that John was ok I crossed the cockpit and looking forward saw first, with great relief, that the mast was still standing and appeared to be stable. Then I spotted Peter up on the foredeck, grappling with the large metal furling drum. It was swinging around uncontrollably on the end of what had, until very recently, been our forestay. Somehow he managed to get a hold of it and secure it so it didn't kill someone as it pendulumed wildly with Dazzla's pitches and rolls. We then worked to get the mainsail out of the cockpit and into some sort of order. My assessment of Peter's competence had proven right – within seconds of the forestay breaking he'd run up and dropped the main to reduce the load on the mast. The sudden drop had broken the lazy jacks hence the sail covering the deck, but without his remarkably quick response we might very well have lost the rig. Thankfully by now we were in the lee of the land, wind was down

to between 25-30 knots and there was little swell. Daylight broke onto a sad sight, with Dazzla in total disarray and her crew in a mild state of shock as we assessed the situation. Peter had ascertained that the pin holding the furler to the deck had bent, thus causing the stainless mount to twist and break free. Having come this far we were all gutted at the idea of having to retire though I seemed the only one who was keen to try a jury rig. Peter, unwilling to further jeopardise the boat or crew, was having none of it. He felt, quite rightly I'm sure, that it would put undue strain on the rig and possibly bring it down so we admitted defeat and turned on the engines. With no electronic nav aids or computer on board and infrequent and brief mobile signal, we had been unable to track other boats through the race. At that point we had no idea what was happening with the rest of the fleet. We were to find out later that we were one of the last to retire and that in the end less than half completed the race; one boat capsized, some sustained damage, others had injured crew members or crew so seasick they couldn't continue...of the 84 boats that started, only 41 finished. We had done amazingly well to get as far as we did and were, I believe, 3rd in MOCRA at the point when we had to retire. It turned out our fellow Dazcat 'Apollo' had retired the previous day after suffering electrical failures, although not before Tim Wright had managed to capture a totally iconic photo of her flying off St Barts. The thing that really stunned us was that she was carrying full sail! The old story of the tortoise and the hare so very nearly came true, if only that dastardly fixing hadn't given way...We finally had that hot drink I'd started to make about three hours earlier, shortly followed by a good breakfast to cheer us all up, though the mood on board understandably remained heavy for some time.



The motor back to Antigua was hardly less epic than the race itself. Peter's Heath Robinson style indoor steering position really came into its own as we emerged back out into the wind and waves. To his great indignation we'd initially been quite sceptical of it but as conditions deteriorated again, one by one we conceded that it worked well (with me, the stubborn one, being last to do so) and it was infinitely preferable to sitting out in the wind and rain as we chugged into the waves and rain squalls. There was

no auto pilot on Dazzla so being able to stay warm and dry was some consolation for the indignity of motoring.



However, by mid-afternoon the port engine wasn't sounding too healthy and before long it started to overheat. We tried to nurse it along to no avail and had to turn it off. This caused some considerable difficulties. The wind was up again and with just one engine Dazzla was struggling to maintain her heading. We found ourselves in the frustrating situation of having to 'tack' under

power for several hours in order to be sure we'd make our harbour, at one point a full 360

was necessary to get ourselves back pointing where we needed to be! We were now back on deck in our efforts to maximise visibility and I once again found myself standing by the helmsman, John this time. He seemed to be pitting his will against Dazzla's as he fought to keep her heading in approximately the right direction while I kept an eye out for shipping and the leading lights on shore, which seemed so close yet so far out of our reach! The abundance of cruise ships and huge gin palaces created a mad cacophony of light rendering it almost impossible to identify their nav lights and ruining night vision for everything else. By 10.30 we were finally anchored up and exhausted fell into our bunks after sharing a celebratory whiskey - by this time we felt quite happy to be back, irrespective of having had to retire! It had been a tense finale, or so we thought but Dazzla hadn't quite finished with us yet!

We awoke the next morning to water gently lapping above the boards in the starboard hull! We quickly galvanised ourselves into the now familiar bucket routine. We'd had some difficulty anchoring up the previous night, with Dazzla refusing to go astern properly to get the anchor to bite. It soon transpired that the reason for this was that the port prop was missing. Absent from its shaft. It seemed that it had lost the pin holding it in place so as we'd gone into reverse it had simply unscrewed itself. And the water? Well that had somehow found its way through the stern gland again, only this time on the starboard side. So, there we were at anchor with one engine that had started the race underwater now overheated and propless and the other, more recently and more thoroughly underwater, totally immersed and with a damaged stern gland. We were immobilised and I'd rarely seen a sorrier looking pair of engines. We'd also run out of fresh water by then...



Colin and Peter set to work once again and to my total astonishment had the starboard engine running again within a couple of hours. I was by now firmly decided that they were actual magicians, all they need do to complete the show was conjure up a new propeller and all would be tickety-boo! Of course, they couldn't actually do that and as the water was still too choppy and churned up to think about free diving to search for it we contacted

Dazzla's Caribbean home yard in St. Martin to see if they could source one that fit. A day of frantic messages back and forth with St Martin and the yard back in Millbrook to ascertain sizes. A visit ashore to the incredibly helpful BWA yachting agency to find out the shipping and customs clearance process, talking to divers and local yards about options for fitting it once arrived... By the end of the day it seemed that maybe the yard in St. Martin had found a suitable replacement and the following day they would start looking into getting it shipped. It appeared that weather permitting, using divers experienced at the job would be the best way of getting it fitted. Finally we could relax and in the following days, joined by David's wife Justine (they were now both staying ashore) we swam, we drank rum punches and enjoyed delicious food, we wandered every pontoon in the harbour marvelling at the magnificent display of boats of all types, swam some more, visited the famous Shirley Heights and had an unforgettably good moonlit BBQ accompanied by a steel band and later a local reggae band.



There was also of course the prizegiving and we were immensely proud to see Mike receive a special mention for being the oldest competitor, he very definitely deserved that recognition.

Before the race I was respectful of Mike's past achievements in an abstract kind of way. Now, he had earned my massive respect not just for his resilience, determination and good



Dazzla and Apollo crews at the prizegiving

humour but I had also come to understand that he thrives on the 'why not' attitude. He embraces whatever life presents him with in full confidence that he can deal with it, though he very definitely (and admirably) does things his own way. For him it seems to be all about just getting the boat out there sailing, the rest will fall into place... I had arrived armed with multitudes of questions that remain unanswered, but as I was leaving I had one burning question that I needed to know the answer to. I looked him in the eye

and asked "How did you know I'd be able to handle it Mike?" he looked astonished and replied simply "You just know". Although still dubious, I'm grateful for his confidence in me and I had an amazing time. He brought together a disparate group of strangers with a range of skills, all able to get along well and each find their roles on board with no fuss. We had laughed our way around the course, telling stories and joking as the wind howled around us. It was a particular pleasure to see father and son sailing together and to hear of the many adventures they had shared, often with Peter. For them, this was just another Butterfield frolic!

Dazzla had one last surprise for me. I told you earlier that I'd been using the head in the starboard hull. It had a nice little privacy curtain that closed it off to the rest of the boat, but was otherwise open to the forward bunk area. This wasn't a problem as no one would sleep there, or so I'd been led to believe...I wobbled my way back to the boat late one night, Peter and Mike had returned earlier. I carefully closed the curtain and was halfway through relieving myself when a loud snore came from behind me. I jumped so hard it nearly caused an accident! Hastily pulling up my shorts I turned around to see that Peter, previously unnoticed by me, had moved into the bunk! It turns out the bunk is only rejected at sea. I still don't know whether he was just protecting my decorum by claiming to know nothing about my late night visit and I never summoned the courage to ask if he'd been in there every night since we got back to port, I preferred not to know!

There are a hundred more stories I could tell within this one. Not just those recounted on board of past adventures, but new ones created by the people we met, funny things and frustrating things that happened, things we saw and heard. It could go on and on but

actually, I urge you to go there yourself and make your own stories! And thank you Mike for letting me become part of one of yours.

In June Dazzla underwent repairs to her forestay and Mike returned to the Caribbean to bring her back home. They arrived safely and in time for his 87th birthday.

If you'd like to watch the video of the race you can do so here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=udVM32CHCyw>

By Oriel Butcher

