

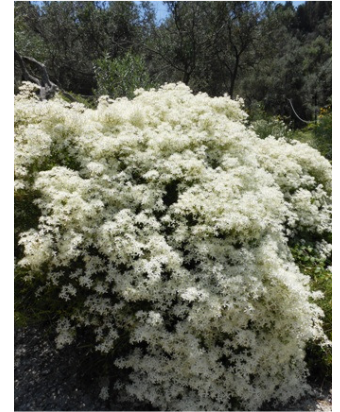


Farewell and Fair Winds, Havana...



Sometimes you have to quit while you're ahead...and so we turned our bow away from our course towards the thundery storms of the Croatian coast with its mega-yachts (Russian) and mega-prices and headed back to the blue skies of the Ionian to explore new corners of Corfu, explored the rocky face of northern Paxos with its lovely anchor bays and picturesque villages, cheered the wedding boat full of partying guests beside us, swam in the lovely little anchor bay by the campsite of Mongonisi Beach (almost rammed by an English catamaran) and finally returned to the emerald hills of the bay behind Prevesa with more dolphins than we have ever seen, and spent what were to be our last sailing days in lovely Vonitsa where we started the summer. A peaceful, reflective time. I even managed a few translations both through rough swells and the sweltering temperatures of dead calm.



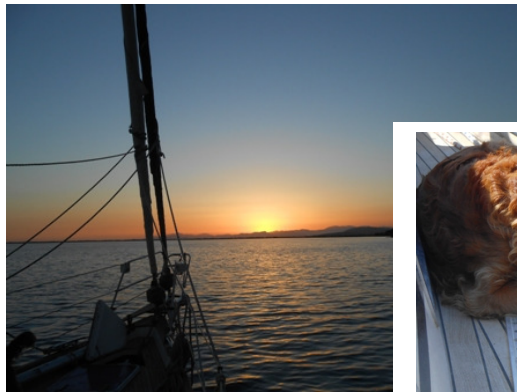


We headed to Voleano Bay where we had read of an underwater volcano lying just 2 metres below the surface and where they say the waters can be lit by fluorescence at night. A total non-event! We tie up alongside a deserted and baking hot quay where I slip and , I almost fall between the concrete quay and the hull and (to add to our many repairs this year!) we put a scratch along the hull!





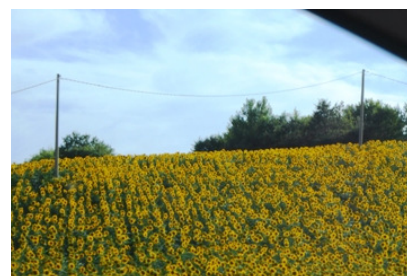
It was hard to leave the peacefulness of Vonitsa and its amazing evening skies and sunsets. But we headed back to Aktio Marina intending just to drop Lee off and then have the last couple of weeks cruising quietly by ourselves to some of our favourite spots. However, one or two more surprise were in store...a leaking hosepipe that could have burst and sunk us if we had been at sea! And a jammed gear as we approached the quay in strong winds and heavy current, saved only by the strong arms and legs of the great lads at Aktio who held us off amid much arm waving and yelling in Greek !! Phew! So we hauled out as fast as possible, and then it dawned on us that this was perhaps the end of our amazing years with Havana. And so it was. After repairing, cleaning and packing, the pile of possessions to take home grew, was sorted and was sorted again.. We cursed, we cried a little (OK a lot!), we wondered if a buyer would ever come...the broker seemed nervous and distracted...tales of boats taking 3 or 4 years to sell (that's why we put her up for sale now, not knowing how long it might take), our plan being to have some years with a canal boat cruising the waterways of Europe and new adventures.



Tuck...our dolphin spotter...on watch..he sensed them long before we saw their fins appear!



In Vonitsa...a magical moment...when you look up and realise in astonishment that there are 6 storks nesting on top of the telephone pole! Quite unperturbed by the thunder of continual heavy lorries passing below them.



And suddenly, our buyer appeared. Bill Horgan from Cork, Ireland, an extremely experienced sailor and professional pilot boat captain who loved Havana on sight. We know she will be in good hands, well taken care of and sailed as she should be, for there are many more adventures ahead of them both. We have had the privilege of enjoying Havana for 15 years, 7 in Denmark and 8 in the Mediterranean. Many's the time she has saved us from our own mistakes and we simply couldn't have had a better boat. We've loved her and we'll miss her. So thank you, Havana, from the bottom of our hearts, for all our adventures together...now it's time for new adventures for us all. So **Farewell and Fair Winds, Havana!**

