

Well here we go again shipmates with Blog 5, which means that we are over a third of the way there! Happy and sad once more in Holyhead where veteran sailor, Oscar Nowak left Theo's Future after a full-on fortnight all the way from Padstow. Cheers Oscar, you are a star! Also fair winds to Daisy for an awesome contribution to life aboard our little ship. With no previous offshore experience, she got stuck in to every aspect of life onboard, and I am delighted to report that she took and passed the RYA Competent Crew Certificate - well done Daisy and congratulations! Mind you, having helmed the boat through the boiling cauldron of Bardsey Sound without batting an eyelid, both Oscar and I gave her the "instant thumbs up".



True to his word, David Prtt turned up in the pouring rain - I hardly recognised him, apologies for thinking he was a reporter from the local newspaper!! Sadly no room for him onboard for night one, but that did not stop us having a fabulous evening courtesy of The Holyhead Sailing Club, where Peggy "grasped the fundraising nettle" and produced over £136 from club members. As a very experienced sailor herself, she also came up with some sage advice for our forthcoming onward voyage to the Isle of Man. Big thanks also to Geoff Garrod, co-owner Holyhead Marina, Susan his assistant, Ruth, Gwyn, Jamie, and all who made our stay so memorable.

"And it is off to sea we go" as shanty goes, and David and I set sail northwards, bound for the Isle of Man, an exciting prospect, particularly as we suddenly found that the wind was behind us for virtually the first time in the last month. No baked beans were involved in this feat..... Huge tide round The Skerries meant we were virtually pointing due West to go North! Several friends from Holyhead waved as they passed us and sure enough the low profile of the Isle of Man was soon spotted on the starboard bow. We entered Port St. Mary at dusk and did the old trick of liberating someone's private mooring for the night...thank you someone! After seven hours we were ready for beers and The Albert pub beckoned at the top of the beach - boy, did that first pint taste good! Up went the bug stand with our story on it, and we began to meet and greet the locals. A big thanks to Pat and his daughter Hannah for supporting the cause, but it was Simon Tuck (former 9/12th Lancer) who agreed to see what he could while we went for some much needed food at an Indian restaurant up the road. On return, a couple of hours later, we were

expecting a modest response, but were totally 'gobsmacked' to be presented with a box full of money, some £136!! Thank you so much Simon for making a real difference to our cause - WELL DONE all who contributed that night.



On up to Douglas in glorious sunshine with our fabulous Cayman Island genneker with Sir Turtle leading the way.... Into Douglas harbour a few hours later, under the bridge and over the sill, where we were given a red hot berth at the top end of the river by Eric the Port Officer, so that all craft owners had to pass our way, which produced several delightful donations - thank you! Soon the heavens opened again, how good is that cockpit tent awing, which keeps wet clothing out of the cabin. Next day, we took a train up the mountain, where Mike scaled the cairn, atop Snaefell, becoming the highest man in Man!! Amazing views from the summit of Scotland, the Lake District, Ireland, and Snowdonia. The next day we took a steam train to Port Erin with passengers contributing to Theo. Full marks to the island for preserving it's railway network both steam and electric. Finally big thanks to Eric for an immaculate passage plan to Scotland, and James for helping me to get fuel in the pouring rain.



Our last port of call on this delightful island was Ramsey, reached in swirling mists, pouring rain, and falling tide...



and that was not the only thing falling as skipper Mike lost his footing momentarily, and got a wet leg as he was hauled back on board by that strong pair of shoulders belonging to D Pratt esq.... I owe you! The lesson learnt here is that very cold, wet, bare feet do not grip the side deck effectively - answer, footwear to be worn in future! Skippers pride restored quickly over a couple of pints....



After a split-watch night adjusting warps with a huge spring tide, Mike went off for a swim ( just in case he needed the practice for the future!) David explored the locality and discovered an amazing shop called 'Pure Inspiration' dealing with spiritual matters of mind and body. We left with all sorts of goodies, thank you so much Janeen for all your kindness. Then, off to sea on the tide heading North once more. Pretty bumpy off the northern point as we bade farewell to this lovely island and it's generous people. Arrived Port Patrick in Scotland in the dead of night, tricky entrance negotiated with care, and another chapter unfurls....

Farewell and adieu, we're 500 miles done, and a third of the way there. Moreover, having paid a large sum into the bank at Douglas, we are now just over £24,000 raised, and well on our way towards our target - thank you one and all.



Fair Winds,

Mike