

30 May: Off to Sicily At Last

[Posted from Sardinia, Italy.](#)

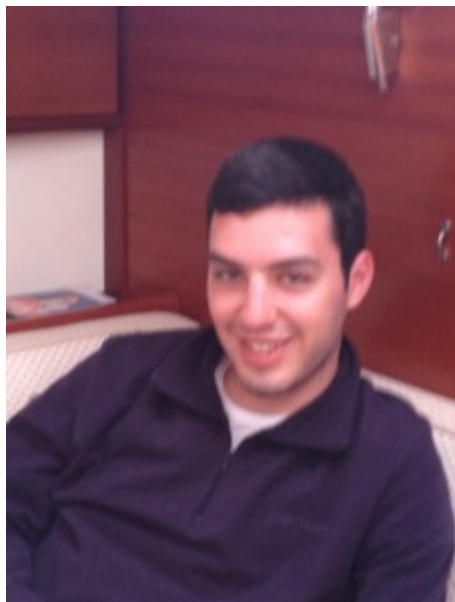
[map style="width:300px; height:300px; border-radius: 6px 6px 6px 6px; box-shadow: 8px 8px 8px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.75); border: 2px solid white; padding:0px" maptype="HYBRID" kml="http://yachtoboe.co.uk/yachtoboe_gps/passage-to-sicily.kml" download="no"]



Recovery position!



Our Mast Climber!



Iron constitution in the rolling Galley!



Outwardly exuding confidence.

Despite seeking out persons with influence with the Big Man in the Sky and plying them with alcohol, the wind would not play ball, if you'll excuse the mixed metaphors.

Leaving Olbia brought on mixed emotions after two years of residency. Friends Michael and Joyce, Tim and Tiffany, Alyson and Robbie and more wished us well and we exchanged undying friendship and promises to stay in touch. We were, in some ways the advance party for Sicily, as some were planning on visiting later in the season, where Tim and Tiffany are to be the advance party for Tunisia, a place of cheap boat hauls, scrubs and baksheesh!

We were fully crewed - Steve, Steve and Michael and more than fully provisioned, courtesy of the wonderful Franca and her family, two of whom, husband Stephen and son Michael are in the crew.

The last minute hiccup that saw the ship's generator once again lifted from the boat, rushed off to

the workshop, repaired and re-fitted was completed and off we went to the fuel dock in 25 kts of wind to sit out the worst of the weather.

We threw our lines at 21:15 and ventured out in semi-darkness. Two reefs in the mainsail and no jib blew us out to sea.

Well, all seemed controlled until we cleared Tavolara when 30-40 kts of wind beasted us and promised a wet and windy night. It did not disappoint and by dawn we were fully baptised, cold, tired and positively exhilarated. As usual, Oboe took good care of us as we endured periods of sun, rain and wind in good humour. Food fit for an Italian prince turned up at regular intervals from the galley, manned by the Massarella chefs and all was well.

Despite the "fun", tiredness got the better of us and we decided to seek refuge in Porto Corallo on the south coast of Sardinia. Yes, Sardinia still, for those of you who thought perhaps we had headed out to sea directly towards Sicily. No, we had hedged our bets and hugged the Sardinian east coast just in case we needed to dive for cover.

Here we still are, headsail furler repaired, bow thruster repaired, Oboe washed and put to bed and crew rested, wined and dined and looking forward to hitting the big winds again tomorrow reaching out for Sicily.