

# The First Voyage of Lumina – post 14

## Sailing home from Svalbard

Back down the coast of Norway

Not a great deal to report as we potter our way down the coast in holiday mode until we get to a point where we can cross back over to Shetland

With the old crew of Claire and Miles exchanging the boat for train in Bodo we sent the press gang to the airport to see what we could find and surprisingly we found a pair of Gloucestershire folk at that time waiting for some baggage. We did not have any Kings shillings they signed up to our voyage on the promise of some gentle cruising and fishing,



and we escorted them back to the ship. I don't know of many towns with such an accessible airport as Bodo, you can walk from the town centre to the terminal in half an hour. Back in the harbour a couple of fishermen were selling prawns from their boats in the harbour so we got some for future meals.

After a fortnight with Claire and Miles I was still in "mine host" mode and so with our new guests installed we set off into a rather blustery day to make some miles south and show them how to sail. With two reefs in the mainsail and just the staysail we still had plenty of sail up for the 40 kn that we got on the beam at times and the day was punctuated by Norwegian Coastal Radio taking calls for help from several vessels. However Lumina took it all in her stride and we had some impressive speeds.

### ***Crew trying to decipher instructions from captain...***

This was the strongest wind we have had on the whole trip and we (well Carol and I anyway) had a great day as we powered our way through the waves. I suspect the other two were a little relieved when we pulled into a lovely little sheltered harbour for ice creams and a quiet night.

News has also come in from Pembrokeshire that the sale of Acheron is complete so now I can escape from the rather unhealthy ££ position of owning two boats. They say that there are two good days when you own a boat, the day you buy it and the day you sell it. Having



crew on board is much the same, although I must say that Claire and Miles were exemplary shipmates, but the tendency to have raw turmeric grated on your muesli was one which passed me by. Now, this is where I have to start being careful before getting too critical as some people reading this might be able to work out who the new crew are; therefore, to save any embarrassment I think it is best that we don't use their real names. So "Clive" and "Jennifer" joined in Bodo and had a real baptism of fire with the first days sail and seemed to cope with it well. However they quickly fell into the ways that most crew seem to, particularly when first on the boat. They always want to be helpful and are keen to do simple tasks like washing up. This is usually followed by the trick of despite being told where everything goes, trying to reorganise all the cupboards so that almost

***I don't think they should be tangled quite like that !***

instantly pots, pans, plates etc are lost forever. Then there is the water thing, as captain I pride myself in being caring and kind, always explaining carefully how to do everything, and being understanding when someone digresses. I am sure I would have mentioned that the water on board comes from tanks and although large on this boat are not bottomless, but what is it with these people? They seem to want to use gallons and gallons of water to have a shower when half a cupful should be more than adequate. I am woken in the morning by the water pump screaming away pumping more and more of the stuff.



***With some careful camera action even a small fish can be made to look respectable...***

Now Clive really thinks he is a fisherman so wants to stop all the time to fish. We however have a need to get down the coast and keep the miles going under the keel. Having developed quite a successful technique for fishing we would usually look for an isolated rock on the chart maybe 8-10m below the surface. Stop just before it, drop the fishing lines so that we slowly pass over the rock. The best technique seems to be to let the line run out till the weight hits the bottom, and this is where Clive first got into a pickle. When the line is piling out you need to let the reel run freely, however when it hits the bottom you need to stop it quickly otherwise it creates a tangle. So despite being shown numerous times, what does he do? Well after about 5 tangles there was one so untangleable that the whole line had to be cut off the reel. On the end of the line are a series of lures, culminating with a weight.

We leave about a metre of line between the lures and the weight so that they don't get caught too easily on the bottom. However, if you leave the line slack after the weight has hit the bottom, then you risk catching whatever is down there (other than fish) which now of course is what he managed to do. We have now travelled about 4000 miles, caught numerous fish and are still on the original set of lures we fitted in Scotland. Clive the fisherman is now on his 5<sup>th</sup> set having donated the others to Neptune. Now you can be unlucky and one day we stopped numerous times, everyone had a go at fishing with the two sets of reels we have on board, catching nothing except small cod which we returned to the deep. When anchored Clive had his line out and was caught nothing and after about 15 minutes I said, "come on Clive, I will show you how to do it" and threw mine out on the other side of the boat. Before the weight had time to hit the bottom, there was a mackerel on 3 of the 4 lures. It would have been really impressive had he not caught a couple at the same moment – a shoal of itinerant mackerel must have been passing at the opportune moment!



Clive also can be seen spending much time peering into his phone, one might think that he is addicted to a stupid game or is watching porn, but no, its worse than that, he is into cars. Not any cars but “special” ones. As a retired scrap dealer he just cant stop buying written off cars. This passion does conflict somewhat with the fishing and so far an electric Porshe and a Renault Zoe have both been missed due to the end of on line auctions due conflicting with the quest for fish. The Porshe looked like just a pile of bits and we saved him loads of money by finding that isolated rock at the correct time!

This part of the trip was not just about covering miles and we made a side trip to see a glacier. Not that we had not had enough of glaciers, having woken up many days in Svalbard and looking out at maybe 5 or 10 at a time, but being the caring captain that I am I took the opportunity to show the new crew the lowest glacier in Europe. A hundred years ago it came down to the sea but now it’s a mile or so up the valley, we were there 4 years ago and it was shocking to see the difference in just that time.



2019



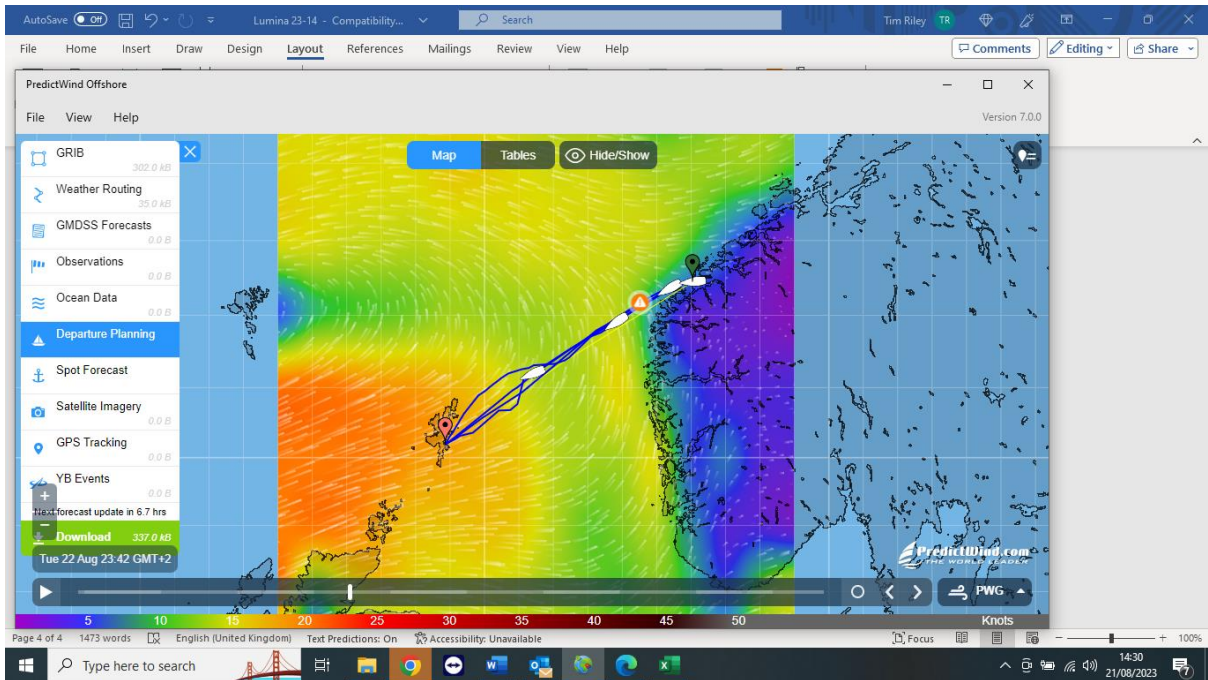
2023....

Although the 2019 picture was earlier in the season so more snow around at the time, the change in such a short timer is shocking.



As we got closer to Alesund, our jumping off point for the Shetland Isles, the nights are actually getting to have a few hours of proper darkness, the weather however is still very summery, consistently warm even when overcast. I think for once we have had better weather than at home this summer, with virtually continuous sun in Svalbard and very warm all the way down Norway.

We arrived in Alesund on a Sunday morning and the place was pretty full, although a yacht conveniently left as we arrived. Mainly local boats as the season seems to come to an end around now. We now have our sights on Shetland and I am constantly looking at the Predict wind program which works out the best route and departure time whilst taking the weather forecast into account. It can also look at several different weather forecasts as well so you can pick the one which you like the best!



**Screenshot of Predict Wind showing different routes based on departure times spaced 12 hours apart.**

So, this afternoon our crew depart for home and we have to go to the Police station to get our passports stamped so we can leave Norway, then tomorrow we will be on our way to Shetland.



*Crew jump ship to take the quick route home by air*