

The First Voyage of Lumina – post 13

Sailing home from Svalbard

Tromso and through the islands to Bodo

Landfall in Norway is a good days sail from Tromso and we had a good quiet evening and night anchored at the first decent place we could find, a sheltered bay out of the swell where we could relax and regroup after the rigours of what probably was covid and 4 1/2 days of ocean crossing. Rewound, we set off for Tromso and arrived in the evening following. Being a Sunday I was not hopeful but knowing we should at least make the effort to check in, I called the Police but just got music. (no, it wasn't "message in a bottle") Next morning at 9 I tried again and got music again, but then someone answered and I said we



were a yacht wishing to check in. Can you come to the Police station please? Yes I said, Would 09.45 be ok. So then we googled where it was, a 25 minute walk away. I then banged on the door for the slumbering Claire and Miles to tell them they had 20 mins before we had to leave for the Police. Claire did say it's the first time she has been woken on her birthday being told she was expected at the police station. Anyway we made it on time, a nice girl was expecting us and a few minutes later we were out with suitably stamped passports. We then celebrated our legality back in Schengen with a coffee and cake overlooking the harbour. We then had a relaxing day doing town things like getting on the shuttle bus going up the cable car. It really did seem strange mixing with

normal holiday makers and later we tried out the folding bikes to explore further.



Going south from Tromso you have several days sailing or rather motoring through relatively narrow channels culminating at the narrowest of them all with the famous Troll Fjord as a short branch off. After several nice anchorages we visited one which we had been to before, the perfect place amongst small islands with a sandy beach, blueberry laden hillside with also some cloudberry. 42 years ago I was in the same area with my sister on an Inter-rail tour of Sweden and Norway. One night we were sharing a carriage with a Swede who insisted on telling us about these wonderful yellow

berries. "But what do they look like?" we kept on asking but all he could say was that they were delicious. Well, all this time later another legend is put to bed as at last I have found the Yellow Berry. With the abundance of Blueberries I could not resist some picking, its rather addictive as there is always a better bush just a little further on, but unlike the Black Mountains they are truly abundant here and you can rub them of the bush rather than having to pick individually. I think my crew appreciated my blueberry and apple crumble, well either that or they are very polite!



Another idyllic anchorage



If you are passing then you have to visit the famous Trollfjord

With a fellow Boreal 47 spotted on the Ais in the vicinity an email was sent and arrangements made to meet up the following day in Kabelvag. We had first seen them in Svalbard as they were heading down from the North and we were heading up. It was great to catch up and share more experiences. We must be getting lucky on this trip as for once



we arrived somewhere when they were having the yearly festival. Usually they say, Oh you should have been here last week it was Codfest, or next week its.... So here we were in Kabelvag, on a new pontoon that had arrived since we were here a couple of months ago, just a few yards from the back of the stage. This festival was to celebrate that

after 30 years of campaigning, the decision had been taken not to drill for oil in the area. This meant that of course all the artists seemed to be singing environmentalists and also that they needed to do a 15 minute monologue about it in Norwegian between each song. We retired to the pub for burgers and pizza and later carried on listening from the boat.

With a favourable wind for the first time in ages we had a great sail away from the Lofoten chain and across to the mainland where we pulled into one of the most idyllic anchorages yet. Set amongst a maze of islands with sandy beaches we had a wonderful afternoon and evening in the sunshine. The wind had now dropped and you could look from the boat through the clear water to the sandy bottom just a few metres below us.

With Claire and Miles set to continue their varied adventure by rail from Bodo and Clive and Jennifer due to fly in, it did not matter too much that the weather broke a little and gave us some rain, but still only a light following wind to help us motor down to the town.



Norwegian anchorages are such miserable places!!



We are even getting evenings now although still not dark at night, amazing to thing that in just 7 weeks time we will be at the equinox and then there will be 12 hours daylight.