

Post



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Rescue on the high seas - September 11, 2023

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SUMMARY

Our first full day on the boat was awesome - some motoring but lots of sailing too. The spinnaker is bright red and look gorgeous against the deep blue sky. We parked in a beautiful cove to swim and play. I learned the fun and peril of stand-up paddle boarding: successfully standing and balancing until I didn't. A backwards tumble into a foot of water with sharp coral rocks below the surface resulted in a cut and bruised butt and foot. Painful and not fun but we all agreed that it could have been much worse! Overnighted near the lovely town of Vis after being tendered in for a walk, drinks and dinner. - Karen

DETAIL

I wake at 6:30. It's our first morning on the boat. Ted's already up and thankfully has a fancy coffee/espresso maker similar to this one on the boat. He knows which buttons to push to have the machine grind beans and make a cup of coffee. Salvation! In our hunt for cups, milk, and sugar we learn where things are in the galley.

We're still anchored in the same cove. In the distance we see boats and ships motoring by. After a while their wakes get here and the Cool Change gently rocks like a bassinet.

Soon Noël, Karen, Mike and Chef Matko are all up, "coffeed", and on their devices. The boat's WiFi can accommodate up to 10 devices. There are eight of us (plus two crew). Karen and I have five devices between us that are happy to be connected to the Internet. By default all of our devices connect to the WiFi automatically so we have to be careful and judicious. After a while we realize we need to turn off the "auto-join" feature for this WiFi.

Noël, who has done at least two IronMan triathlons, is first in the water, again doing laps. The rest of us aren't far behind, though we leave the laps to her. The boat has two SUPs (stand up paddle boards), a kick board and a couple of noodles. So far today we're just using the noodles, trying to perfect our bobbing.

Before long, Matko announces (by way of yummy smells) that breakfast is ready. Eggs and perfectly crispy bacon, sliced French baguette with an assortment of jams, and a huge platter of eight types of cut up ripe fruit. The Pièce de Résistance? warm (hot) apple strudel made by Matko's mom. It's all yummy and we devote a fair amount of time trying to puzzle out the flavor of each of the jams. The Croatian words are of no help. The pictures aren't always instructional either. The illustrator for the rose hip preserves needs to take another look.

The neighboring boat is still there. As we look on, one of its passengers is out, lying crosswise on a paddle board, with his naked butt facing skyward. We didn't quite understand it, but to each his own.

After breakfast and more swimming everyone's out of the water. The boat is readied and we pull up anchor. As much as we're excited at the prospect of sailing, the first 30 minutes is motoring to get us out of the protected cove. Further out, where the winds are good, Jure and Matko raise the sails. The huge mainsail is unfurled and snaps in to place. We're on our way. Sailing is quieter and more relaxing than motoring. Our destination, at this point, is just a hazy dot on the horizon.

We all find shade and monitor our progress. We keep an eye on the horizon as we bob up and down, skimming over the water. Still being landlubbers we aren't sure how our stomachs (and inner ears) will react to the motion of the vessel with our eyes on our smart devices.

Trying to be helpful (and having little else to do) I check my iPhone's altimeter. We're going back-and-forth between 6 and 7-1/2 feet above sea level, which we all agree is probably correct.

Nancy's the first to get queasy and I'm not too far behind. The Dramamine helps me but also puts me to sleep for a bit.

Nancy's non-drowsy Dramamine (100% ginger) helps her. I read a study in The NY Times that suggests that ginger actually does help. Who knew?

Liz and Karen give the stand-up paddle board a try. They do great but the current and wind dictate their destination more than any paddling. We watch in dismay as the standing Karen, with sidekick Liz kneeling behind, are pushed towards some very sharp looking rocks. We're all hoping the girls will escape or at least not be too badly injured if there's a fall.

Karen does inevitably take a tumble and the underwater rocks do extract their pound of flesh (or at least a few grams). She confesses it's not comfortable. Thankfully she did not land on the many spiny black sea urchins all around. Liz, still kneeling on the board, orders her to stay put and Captain Jure hurries out on the other SUP to the rescue.

Karen's able to gingerly float out, hanging on to Jure's paddle board, without touching any of the urchins. Liz is also in tow, on the other board, and soon all are back onboard the mother ship. Swim suit pulled aside the extent of Karen's injuries are apparent. Lots of disinfecting spray and antibiotic ointment are applied, but thankfully no stitches. Bandaged up trooper Karen is soon back out floating in the water, letting the salt water of the Adriatic do it's healing thing.

Excitement somewhat behind us, we sit down (Karen favoring one cheek over the other) to a delicious lunch: local hard cheese and prosciutto followed by perfectly seasoned grilled chicken over a grilled veggie salad with homemade dressing. Just what the doctor ordered. The wine doesn't hurt either.

Our location for dinner is just a short twenty minute motor around the bend. Noël swims most of the way with Ted along side on an SUP, the wind at his back pushing him along.

We end up in the harbor of Vis (pronounced something like Veesh), a cute little town. We anchor and Jure shuttles us to shore in the small zodiac-like motor boat. The eight of us walk waterfront, boats to one side and shops/restaurants to the other. Eventually we sit down at an outside bar for a glass of wine. It was less of a bar and more of a motor scooter with a refrigerator and two built-in two wine taps. Whatever floats your boat.

Jure made us a reservation outside at a fancy and quite popular restaurant (Pajoda). We're shown the two fish (about 2-3 kg each) that we'll be enjoying. They're big and quite tasty when seasoned and grilled. The waiter expertly portions out the fish and (with just a couple of exceptions) it is bone-free. The side dishes are all local and all delicious.

Eventually we 'Whatsapp' Jure for a lift back to the boat. Safely back aboard we find (of course) after-dinner liquors, and small glasses, all lined up and waiting for us. We look forward to more nights like this.

Photos



Our first morning. The coffee maker and Ted, who knows which button to press.



Learning what we're getting right and wrong about the ship. The thing on the right IS a panini maker. The thing on the left has NOTHING to do with Batman.



Breakfast!



Seeing more of our neighbor than we'd like



Ron and Nancy noodling



Ted balancing on one of the anchor ropes



Liz demonstrating the "Look Ma, no hands" technique



Mike and Liz recreating that scene from The Titanic



Chef Matko at the helm



Ron and Nancy acting as ballast



The main sail up at last



Followed shortly thereafter by the
spinnaker with the ship's name proudly
displayed



Anchored again, Noël shows us how to do
the Stand Up Paddle board



Liz and Karen trying it out



Karen putting the "Stand Up" in Stand Up Paddle board



Jure rescuing Karen and Liz



Karen trying to convince us it "Just a flesh wound"



Matko distracting us with a scrumptious lunch

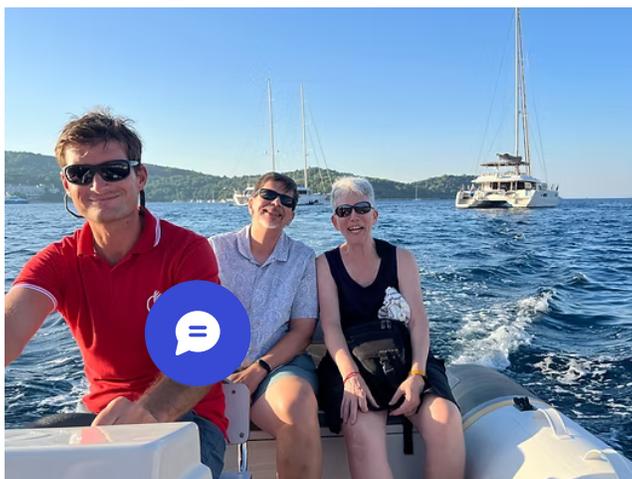


FARNSNIENTE





A new town! Vis



"Taxi ride" into town



Walking the waterfront. Expensive boats on the right. Expensive shops and restaurants on the left.



The Bubbly Bar (bubblybar.hr). We can recommend it.



One of the cooked fish. Big and tasty.



Plenty of tasty fish meat for all, with yummy Croatian sides on the side



Is it the wine or do those squiggly colored lines look like a painting?

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