

Post



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How close will Ernesto be? - August 17, 2024

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SUMMARY

After digesting our healthy in-room breakfast, we head to the gym. Interestingly, it's big and has lots of cardio equipment but no light weights and no where to stretch. Afterwards we fight the crowds and walk the deck (as opposed to the plank) then hit the lunch buffet. We spend time in the afternoon working on our next big trip which is to Australia. Asian specialty restaurant for dinner and fun dance show in the main theater. - Karen

[Photos](#) | [Previous](#) | [Next](#) | [Index](#)

DETAIL

Today we're finally away from the UK and Europe, we're now out in open waters. Looking out the windows the ocean appears smooth but apparently "long waves" are causing the ship to slowly rise and fall markedly.

We again ordered breakfast to be delivered to the room in the morning. I feel like we should "see the world" (of the ship's dining options) but Karen reminds me of the summer Covid wave going through the US and Europe. We'll see if this habit continues.

Last night we put our breakfast order card out on our door knob, yay. But we forgot to take down the DND (do not disturb) sign. They ask for a 30 minute window for when you want your breakfast delivered. They've been spot on at the top of the hour so far. Today, too, but they turned tail as soon as they saw the DND sign. Karen calls, explains, grovels and soon we have our coffee and breakfast, whew.

Later on we head to the gym. It's maybe 10% full. The equipment is really nice and new and there's lots of it. For the free weights there's many 25 and 50 pound dumb bells, and quite a few 5# weights. But only one 3# weight and nothing smaller. They do NOT know their audience. The reclining bike is easy to do with the movement of the ship. Most else and you're fighting the gently pitching/heaving vessel. Karen's using the treadmill and hanging on for dear life.

Done with the technical stuff we head outside, into the sunshine for a walk around the ship on deck 7. There are lots of people walking (staggering) around for exercise. Lots reclining on Titanic-style wooden deck chairs, wrapped in blankets (against the wind). On the port (left) side of the ship the big escape/tender craft are suspended securely over head, over the walking path. The boats apparently took on water at some point, maybe when in the water or maybe when it rained. In any case, as the big ship gently rocks to and fro, the small suspended crafts intermittently drip water.

There are orange warning cones and big puddles, so you know where to avoid. But it's tricky to actually avoid the drips, the puddles, the reclining passengers and the other exercisers (some going with you and others in the opposite direction).

Funny, by which I mean sad, many of the cruisers aren't all that stable just normally walking on terra firma. Add that to the ship movement from the swells and it's an accident waiting to happen, especially around happy hour.

At lunch we dine at the buffet eating space. We're still within the first two days of departing so most things are served by the staff. Making a salad is a bit tedious "yes, and some onion, cucumber, peppers, garbanzo beans, tomatoes, etc. etc.) It's fine.

After lunch Karen hangs in the room and I go to one of the "enrichment talks". If you had asked me if anyone's ever rowed across the Atlantic or Pacific I'd say "I think I heard something about that." Our speaker is Mick Dawson. He's a former marine or seal or whatever for the royal military. He's done both, multiple times. Some successfully and some not. He tells us about going across the Atlantic with another rower, all good. When it came time to do the next obvious thing (Japan to San Francisco) his rowing buddy had a young kid so it would have been too much of a burden. What to do? Go it alone. Row the 7,000 miles alone.

Today we hear about that trip. 4.5 months. His satellite phone conked out on day 12. About half-way across, the boat capsized due to a freak wave. He had the hatch shut but not water tight. He managed to escape, just barely, and is rescued. It's a great story that has you on the edge of your seat. Next talk he'll take us through getting successfully the whole way, from near Tokyo to San Francisco. The first time that's been done, and so far, the only time.

Dinner today is again at Bamboo Asian. We liked our meal there last time. This go round we get other entrees and they too are very good.

I'm in a white shirt, tie and sports coat. Karen's in a nice dress. Tonight is one of the Gala nights (the Red and Gold Gala) and lots of passengers are really decked out. Men in tuxes and ladies in long evening gowns with sparkles or gold sheen. Yeah... not for us. We're dressy (for us) but not enough for the Gala, we'll pass. It would be fun to see. So old fashioned!

We do go to the 8:15 presentation of the night's big show in the main theater. It's dance. All kinds. There are five dance couples and two singer couples (who also danced). They're all really, really good. There are lots of costume changes, lots of twirls and lifts. It's a big but not a huge stage, for seven couples. And the boat is gently rocking. It's amazing that they can do all these moves without someone tumbling over.

Eventually time for bed. We're now getting in to the 'day at sea' followed by 'day at sea' pattern of a transatlantic crossing.

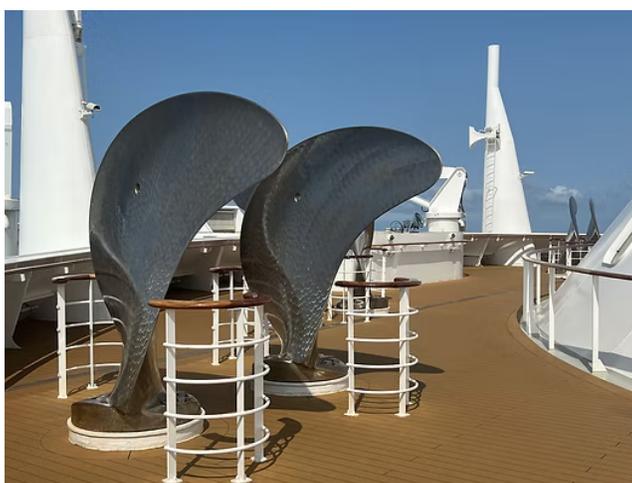
Photos



In our morning briefing by the captain we're told how close we'll likely be to Ernesto, and what it might feel like. That makes us dive to our computers and smart phones and pull up a current map. Fingers crossed!



While the weather is still good we do our daily walk. That's my reflection in the glass as I walk (ok, stagger) by.



At the front end of the boat (the bow) there are these things. They're the Commodore's Cufflinks, colloquially. In fact, like a spare tire in your car, these are spare propeller blades. Hopefully we don't have to pull over to the side of the ocean to swap one out.



We try to use the stairs as much as possible. But from our lowly floor (er deck) #4 up to the indoor pool (deck 12) is eight flights. You really feel it.



Not the big theater but the smaller one for presentations, smaller shows (e.g. jazz or classical music) and the planetarium (that round concave thing - or is it convex? - on the ceiling).



If we forget the name of our boat they've written it in big letters for us. There's Karen in our "going to the pool" garb.



FARNSNIENTE 



Dessert at Bamboo Asian. It's a trio of desserts. (Excuse me but there are four things here). They point out how the two on the right are closer together. They're one thing. Okay...



Apparently I enjoyed the dessert so much I dropped some onto my new shirt and tie so I could take it with me. Smooth move, Scottie.

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