

I am from a design by naval architect Yannick Stéphan. The Technimar shipyard in St-Malo built me. Jean-Louis built me. As he is the son of a large carpentry, he took care of my interior design in cherrywood. Red tones inside with full of light through my many portholes.

Let's not be modest, I impress with my 4.4m wide, my bow almost straight and my rough aluminum skin. At first I was so brilliant that more than one Englishman asked what material I was made of. Jean-Louis even said the word silver...

Obviously, over time, I covered myself with alumina, a few blows and scratches.

My first owner was travelling from Scilly to the Channel. He also took me one way and back to the French Antilles and around Spain with a passage through the Canal du Midi. In between, I was resting at mooring buoy on the river Rance.

At that time I was called by a Breton name which refers to the blue hole that sometimes appears in the sky between the clouds entangled...

My new owner is a Belgian; change of nationality and name. Dreambox, because much easier to explain to the VHF. That's good too.

Bruno likes to sail but he is also someone who wants to take good care of me.

Sandblasting my hull, welding a new exhaust outlet, a special zinc-based paint that turns me into an enormous anode. New stainless steel air hose. I'm happy and show it by a sailing of only 6 hours from St Malo to Jersey with my first two owners on board!

In Dunkirk, the reversing gear of my engine have some problems. As to put everything in order it would cost almost the price of a new one, I am getting a new Volvo Penta D2-40 with a new propeller shaft connected to the engine by a gimbal. Great when there is no wind.

I must admit that I feel much better at sea than maneuvering between pontoons. Fortunately, I have a bow thruster, but still.

Small navigation to Ramsgate and the river that leads to Sandwich. After the bridge, it was so narrow that to turn back it was really just.

Time passes, I gnaw my brake between the Bassin du Commerce in Dunkerque and the land parking of Bleu Marine. Bruno works. Inside: cut floors to access my wedges more easily; transformation of the single front berth into double; a Webasto heating system; insulation improvement; LED bulbs; computer;... Outside: a furling staysail; replacement of the seals of the portholes; replacement of the non-slip glued by a non-slip color; steps to climb in the mast; a second serious anchorage in the central rear trunk;...

What hurts me is when he welds the railings to the back to install a lifeboat... I feel strong, what an idea to consider abandoning me!

Finally, we start our tour of England from the East. It doesn't matter what side of the moment we move.

Cruise to Dundee in Scotland and wintering at Amble a little lower because we had to find an elevator for my 4.4m wide.

Wintering, he said. It was without counting on the Covid virus, the cancer of the captain's wife and the delays caused by Brexit. Glad to be a boat!

Although! When it's time to put the boat back in water, my bow thruster is stuck. It is finally thanks to the English mechanic that the Max Pro is refurbished. (two months to get the parts and extort work time from a busy mechanic)

Bruno's fright because the first test of the bow thruster, it did not work! Necessarily when we forget to turn it on. Ah, men !

Back to Dunkirk.

Work again: dismasting to pass antenna cables. Installation of a fixed computer with AIS and setting up the automatic pilot with the NKE control panel.

2023, new start for Scotland, still from the East.

My crew is annoyed: the captain has problems with his right foot. I already heard him blowing a little while hoisting the last two meters of the mainsail! However, this does not prevent him from taking out my beautiful symmetrical spi of 110m2. It must be said that with the new carbon rod, it has not so much merit.

Lowerstoft, Grimsby, Scarborough, Blyth, Arbroath, Stonehaven, Peterhead, Lossiemouth and I reach Inverness.

A beautiful sailing under tangled genoa makes me cross the Loch Ness by force 6-7. No monster. Stop at Oban, then in Ireland near Belfast and then Dublin where Roger joins my crew.

A full week stuck at Kylemore Quay. Night passage of Storm Babet. Force 11. All trawlers, 25-meter beasts, are at the harbour to 5 or 6 couple. Impressive! I take a few heelings and a pile of plates placed on the small central cabinet falls. I hear an exclamation from the front cabin: "I should have put them in the sink."

Evening departure to connect the southern tip of Ireland with the southwest tip of England. The navigator is once again super happy to see the information of the new AIS on the screen. Lights of Scilly on the horizon. The visit will be for another time (for the crew because I have already rested several times!).

The crew is in a hurry to return for medical reasons. Strange, I'm fine. Nice night sailing with the full moon this time and a trip from Portland to Dunkirk without stop.

It's really a shame, they take me out of the water and put me on sale!

Problems with arm, knee, foot, hand...

Yes, we have to finish the installation of a new wind turbine and two solar panels but well... the equipment is already in the holds.

It seems that Bruno and Christine want to buy a smaller boat, a ketch, for canals and sailing. And steel, that's almost an affront!

Yet I liked this crew, they tried to improve me and maintain me well.

"To you to take care of it" as the

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