

Long Standing Ambition

The story of Jono Dunnett's solo windsurf round Britain

PREVIEW CHAPTERS



Chapter 1

Exhausted, I pull the sail up again, I sail at breakneck speed crashing into lumps of sea for another few hundred metres until I wipe out in a ball of spray. I haul myself back on to the board with water cascading from drysuit and rucksack, and consider my options. This is still the best option. Get breath back. Repeat.

I've no idea how many times I repeat. A dozen at least. Sufficient to get within sight of Dover.

Some background.

3 days ago I set off from Clacton-on-sea, looking to fulfil a dream I'd carried - mostly secretly - for nearly 20 years. A dream that had niggled and gnawed away at me, that had created a sense of unease and unrest.

The dream had made me dislike myself. It was pointless and selfish and deluded. It embarrassed me. Had my family been aware of it - it would have concerned them. Even now, thinking about it, I screw up my face. I didn't consider it a dream so much as a guiltily held desire.

I wanted to solo windsurf around Britain.

For years I ignored and belittled the single true and consistent ambition I held in life. Until one day - in the midst of what might euphemistically be called a 'rough patch' - I listened to myself. At 40 years of age, I stopped trying to suppress the desire, and set about achieving the dream.

So the above situation - being swept down towards a concrete wall being pounded by the waves of a near gale - was entirely of my own making. Not for the last time on this adventure I reminded myself "be careful what you wish for, Jono".

Chapter 2

At times during my life I have come to think that I am a little bit different. At other times, I have forgotten this. Lately, I have come to realise that it does not matter.

As kids we - my brother and I - had been fortunate enough to have parents who allowed us to roam. Gregg and I would head deep into Epping Forest. We'd climb trees, crash bikes, make weapons and generally drink freedom. The forest attracted all sorts, and as the elder brother I made the calls on staying safe. We never split up, usually had a dog, never talked to anyone and maintained a significant distance between ourselves and other forest users. We never had problems with strangers but did on occasion witness curious behaviour, and were once tracked for a while by a police helicopter until we left the forest.

Academically, I was a reasonably bright kid and a good student. I got picked on a bit at primary (Caroline Wright, you are forgiven) and secondary (Paul Palmer, likewise) school, which I put down to being tongue tied under stress and completely lacking the ability to come back with a repost, witty or otherwise. This definitely contributed to a dislike of school.

I enjoyed sports (except rugby) and was good at running, which was handy when Palmer was around. My favourite school project *ever* was designing and building a papier-mâché island. It goes without saying that my island would have been a special place to sail.

At weekends the family would jump in the car and head to Clacton. Gregg and I loved the sea so were always keen to go. We sailed Topper dinghies at the local sailing club which at the time was as permissive as our parents. If it was windy we'd sail two-up for extra ballast. Windier and we'd borrow a parent to help stay upright. Launch and landing on the ramp was hazardous, and the rescue boat was more so, so we learnt to self-rescue and stay out of trouble. I disliked having the rescue boat near and even at that age considered myself more able than those who were crewing it.

Highlight of the sailing year was the cruise to the Gunfleet Sands - a sand bar that only dries on very low tides, that lies about 8 miles diagonally offshore from The Club. The cruise was usually cancelled on safety grounds and no longer forms part of the calendar, but somehow one year Gregg and I - aged 10 and 11 - were allowed to tag along 'two-up' in a Topper. That return sail from the sands is my earliest memory of an epic sail! The wind had increased and it was a gloomy early evening when the rising tide released the boats from the offshore sandbank. The faster boats streaked away and the slower ones like our Topper were left behind, so we were essentially sailing alone. Land was barely visible as we ploughed through the waves and the salt water spray stung our eyes.

Conditions were exhilarating, yet I felt a deep sense of calm and very comfortable in the situation. Boundaries between self and environment were blurred, and everyday worries were far from mind.

Then Gregg, who was helming, changed course. My altered state shattered, I protested! We needed to sail a true beat to get back, not just head inshore! We fought. Gregg wanted

inshore, I wanted to finish where we'd started from - if in the dark then so be it. I threatened to jump out of the boat unless Gregg took a direct upwind course or let me helm. Gregg started crying but would not oblige or shift. Gregg's will prevailed and my threat was a bluff. To my disappointment the final leg of our sail was made by road.

I loved the freedom of being on the water, and sailing and windsurfing would continue to, and still do - occasionally - gift me moments when I truly do disconnect from life's mundane concerns.

Nowadays, this tends to happen in challenging sailing conditions. The task at hand occupies but does not overwhelm. When it happens, there is an expanded awareness of the present, and this can be literal in that vision becomes tunnelled and magnified. There is a simple joy derived from doing something that has taken a great deal of learning to do, and doing it well. On my windsurf round Britain I would occasionally find myself in this agreeable place. I would also find myself pushed to places far beyond.

As young kids, we would take family holidays to Scotland, and I would never want to leave. The emptiness and majesty of the west coast was indelibly marked on my psyche. Sorry England, and Wales, but you can't quite match your northern neighbour. I learned to windsurf in Scotland and can still vividly remember a seal swimming under my board, and the jelly-legged sensation of fear that produced. Accustomed to the murky Clacton sea, I was fascinated by, and petrified of, the clear water and all the life to be observed under the surface. As I sailed, I would scan the world beneath. As the depths increased, a sense of vertigo would set in. The wildness of Scotland had me hooked.

Windsurfing replaced sailing as our pastime of choice. Four of us grew up sailing together - Gregg, Tim, Clyde and myself - and we would sail whenever the opportunity allowed. We would crave strong winds. Later on, all of us would work for at least a few years in windsurfing connected roles.

Clyde and I also competed on the Raceboard circuits, largely thanks to Clyde's parents also being keen to travel around the country in their campervan. Most weekends for a few years, we would head off with Clyde and family to race. I rose up the rankings to be top of the pile locally and threatening-to-break-through-but-not-quite-getting-there nationally.

I loved the sailing, the racing and the travelling of the bigger regattas. We got around the country, becoming acquainted with the coastlines of Bridlington, Abersoch, Weymouth, Menai Straits and more. There are plenty of days I can vividly remember. I think it likely that the seed of wanting to windsurf around Britain came during these years. Apparently, on the long post-event journeys back to Essex I would not-so-subtly - and without success - attempt to convince Clyde of the merits of such an endeavour.

The flip side of the big windsurfing events were the socials, either planned evening gatherings or informally hanging around waiting for wind. I hated both. My strategy was to stick close to Clyde and then slide away for a solitary wander when I could no longer do that without appearing odd.

This seems as good an opportunity as any to apologise to Clyde for being such a pain in the arse.

One day - out of the blue - I received a phone call from the Royal Yachting Association team coach to say that I had qualified to represent Britain at the Youth World championships to be held in Italy. At the regatta I was ill and missed some of the racing, but I was proud to have come in 'under the radar' and made the team as an outsider.

Tuition fees had yet to really bite, so we drifted into university without much thought (or as a post A-level afterthought, in my case). Tim, Gregg and I ended up in Swansea; Clyde in Bangor. On the exposed west coasts we became far more proficient wavesailors. With formulaic predictability, we also learned to surf. We learned to read the waves and the weather forecasts as surfers do. For the long summer holidays we would head to the French Atlantic coast, and surf some more.

In my final year at university I had a serious injury from a surfing wipeout. I was surfing well this day, taking some late drops. I was most definitely in a *zone* type state. Brimming with overconfidence I took a wave I couldn't make and this time fell. My board hit me on side of my head, fracturing my skull and causing a bleed on the brain. I had an operation to remove the clot and was 4 weeks in hospital. I was very fortunate to have not lost consciousness in the water, and to have had no long term damage as a result. I assume this - no-one has seriously suggested otherwise, as far as I am aware.

I became a more cautious surfer as a result. A year later I had another accident - this time caused by a lack of confidence. I tried to back out of a wave I was already too committed to, and went *over the falls* straddling my board. I ended up under the surgeon's knife again. The pain this time was *much* worse.

After graduating I did what I was encouraged to do without knowing why, and embarked upon a Master's degree. It wasn't the right thing for me to do then. To this day I regret not handing in the dissertation, but at least I don't wake up in a panic about that now.

I came within a hair's breadth of becoming a medical research writer, which would have set me on an entirely different trajectory - how entire lives hinge on what is essentially luck! Instead, I headed out to Menorca to work my first of many seasons as a windsurfing instructor.

In Menorca I met a pretty local girl who became my girlfriend, and for a number of years was happier than I had ever been. The day job suited me down to the ground. I worked hard and was good at my job to the extent that when I didn't show for the obligatory evening social, nothing was said. Having been around people all day I would need a break and discreetly head off for some solitude.

Over the years I came to know the Bay of Fornells as well as anyone. On light wind days I would lead groups exploring its indented coastline (and, of course, circumnavigating its islands). I especially loved the peace and seclusion of the south of The Bay where - away from the irritating rescue boats and noisy Catalans - Osprey would sometimes fish.

There is something about exploring your *home island*, and Menorca felt like home from day one. To sail around the island soon became an ambition. Menorca, being just a little bit smaller than the Isle of Wight, is a perfect size for a challenging one-day circumnavigation. Working for a sailing centre meant that I had access to good equipment and a seaworthy safety boat. I had been in Menorca less than a year when I completed that trip. It was a difficult and hugely rewarding sail, taking 9½ hours to complete.

When I return to any of the headlands sailed past (or even eat the same brand of biscuit consumed that day!) I still experience a sense of satisfaction. There is the satisfaction of having done it (perhaps first, perhaps fastest) - which I think is a little bit vain, and the much deeper satisfaction of *getting to know* the place you live. Having windsurfed around Menorca I feel like I know the island in a way few other people will know it. The island let me round and we became friends. That we had a bit of a battle and a few difficulties along the way increases the strength of our connection.

There is no denying that having windsurfed around Menorca my focus shifted, and locked onto, the idea of windsurfing around Britain. That was the point of no return. Getting to know my *home home-* island, by windsurfing around it, re-established itself as my confirmed ambition.

Flush from the success of windsurfing around Menorca, I wasted no time in putting a plan into action. I ordered a book.

Chapter 3 - Round Britain Windsurf

It was Bill Dawes from *Boards Magazine* who put me on to the trail. I'd emailed Bill and asked some questions about windsurfing around Britain, and he'd explained that this had already been done, and the chap in question had written a book. This didn't come as a disappointment. Quite the contrary! It had been done? Great! That means it's possible and I can do it too!

The book in question wasn't in Clacton library, or even in Colchester Waterstones. Fortunately for me, a web search later and in an early *I-love-technology* moment, I was able to locate and buy a copy from a library sale in Seattle. Round Britain Windsurf, by Tim Batstone, became my first ever internet purchase! The internet - that was to be the facilitator for my own windsurf round Britain - was already fuelling the dream.

The book is a first-hand account of Tim Batstone's pioneering 1984 adventure.

I was gripped, and devoured the book in no time. Batstone had considerable support, including a yacht and an inflatable boat accompanying him on his journey. The team effort approach was quick. Tim could change sails and board according to the wind strength, as well as carry all supplies, rest and sleep on the boat. Having the inflatable on the water allowed him to sail to his limits without this becoming a safety issue, as if he did push it a bit too far, become exhausted, break something become becalmed or find conditions too challenging - his support team could pick him up. At the start of a day's sailing the inflatable boat would deliver Tim where he had sailed to the day before, and at the end of the day it would deliver him back to the mothership.

At the start of his Round Britain Windsurf, Tim was - by his own admission - not an expert windsurfer. His 'preparation' included a rather risky solo sail around the Scilly Isles that must have scared him, and most certainly would have provided a useful wakeup call to the scale of the challenge he was taking on. Windsurfing equipment from that era was also heavy, difficult to use and prone to breakage. By today's standards - terrible. In easier to comprehend cycling terms: this was the penny farthing era. Windsurfing Round Britain in 1984 was a remarkable achievement, and several times during my own rounding I reflected upon this fact.

However, despite my admiration, I knew back then that I was not looking to replicate Tim's feat. For a number of reasons his was not an approach that appealed to me.

First, the inevitable tensions of a team challenge would detract from my enjoyment of the experience. There are people who would enjoy the people management aspect of such an endeavour, but I am not among them.

Second, I would dislike having a support boat present. It would be like a fly buzzing around my face.

Third, the idea of 'chunking' passages - 'banking' progress by GPS waypoint position and then returning to the location under motor - to finish the job another time - seems contrived. I think this is fine for a first attempt, and if you are looking for records and that is the precedent that has been set then that is fine also. But a new record was never my motivation. For me, I

wanted to do things the way seafarers of old would have done them, thinking in terms of passages and consolidating progress by making safe havens on the way round.

Fourth, the cost of doing a trip with a support crew would have been prohibitive.

So, not only did doing things the same way not appeal, it was also non-viable.

The post round Menorca enthusiasm lasted a while. I wrote a few letters enquiring about sponsorship and secured...wait for it: a hydration backpack. Useful, but not exactly sufficient to get any momentum for a Round Britain campaign. More critically, I also hadn't mentally accepted that this challenge was going to have to be a solo effort. Instead, I'd been persisting with trying to convince Clyde that he also wanted to windsurf round Britain. It definitely made sense to sail with Clyde. His parents had the campervan and are alternative enough to consider lending support. And the safety in numbers thought was comforting. Unfortunately, Clyde just wasn't up for it.

As for Gregg, I wasn't keen on having him as a sailing partner. This was possibly a reflection on his relative lack of raceboard experience, and also possibly a protective response to close kin accompanying me on a journey that might have a few dangers (sorry Clyde, that didn't kick in for you). Maybe it was just that Gregg didn't come with a campervan.

So nothing came of it. Clyde, Gregg and myself drifted along doing the things most people do as they get older. But you can't pretend to be young forever and eventually we all grew up a bit.

The dream I harboured became buried. There, but not voiced. Completely incompatible with the life I was leading working at a sailing centre. I could get one week off in the summer, not the 2 or 3 months I would need.

I became embarrassed about having an unrealistic dream so kept it to myself. I'd always kept it fairly low profile, but it now went under the radar, and I didn't mention it even to Clyde or Gregg. I didn't share it with my partner, thinking that would demonstrate a lack of commitment to her. I didn't share it with family, thinking it would concern them. In the intervening years I mentioned it just once - much later - to a friend who was concerned enough about my low mood at that time to enquire what I really wanted out of life. I immediately glossed over my admission and portrayed it as something I wasn't really serious about. The unfulfilled ambition became at least slightly repressed. I am sure it contributed to a general sense of restlessness that bothered me.

Then in 2012 I left Menorca for a new relationship and way of life in Scotland. After 15 years of Mediterranean island living, the contrast was quite extreme. It would be fair to say that I struggled to adjust. I tried hard to make myself fit the new situation in which I found myself, an exercise destined to fail. With a little more wisdom - rather than try to make myself fit - I might have revealed more of my true nature and talked at this time about my dream to windsurf around Britain, which had returned with a vengeance to intrude upon my thoughts.

These were difficult times, but their legacy was positive. I became more self-accepting, and repaired damaged family ties.

Eventually my partner and I split, and I returned to my native Essex. I found myself living between my parent's houses and spare rooms. I was more unsettled than ever, and warded off the blues by frequently moving on. I enrolled on a training course to become an electrician. It was 'OK', as pretty much everything was 'OK' at that time, and I made progress without difficulty or enthusiasm. I paid my modest overheads through working on websites.

Despite my glumness, hindsight suggests that my subconscious was well aware of the bigger picture. I was keeping myself fit through running and cycling, and was doing long distance sailing. I also entered and competed in the 2014 Raceboard World Championships (finishing twenty something in a hundred-strong fleet, and sleeping on a carefully selected blow up mattress that would later be my bed for the expedition). Long before I admitted to myself that Round Britain was my goal, I was ramping up the preparation. The 'training' sails I did seem laughably short to me now, but they were out of the ordinary and testing my comfort zone at the time: from Clacton to Harwich, up to Mersea, or offshore to the local windfarm. The bouts of exercise and excitement of being offshore were a tonic to my low mood.

Towards the end of 2014, the electrician training company I was enrolled with went into receivership and a large number of students, myself included, were left in limbo. It didn't particularly surprise or upset me that things weren't working out again. In truth, I had only been going through the motions anyway.

But my remoteness at this time - a clear cause of concern for my family - was not as a result of this or other disappointments. It stemmed from a shift in my own attention, which had become completely absorbed with the task of working out just *how* I was going to windsurf round Britain. These were no longer speculative musings, and the adrenaline pumped as I considered the details. The fear of my imaginings gripped me.

It would be a while yet before I felt ready to publically declare my intent but I did at last tell family. First off I told my Mum. She knows - has learned - better than to wave a flag to a bull, so did not expressly say she thought it was a bad idea, but understandably she was more concerned than enthusiastic. When I told my Dad he was interested in the details of my plan, which he thought were reasonable. Both parents seemed pleased that for once I was animated about something.

Gregg was quite surprised. We have always been close, but he had been unaware of my long standing ambition. I guess I had lived with it for so long that I just imagined that he knew. He came across as supportive of the idea.

Chapter 4 - A masterpiece of design

Before I go into further detail, I need to introduce the reader to a masterpiece of design: the Raceboard windsurfer. A basic understanding of this board will make it easier to follow this story.

Raceboards are long and thin and much more buoyant than the typical windsurfer you might see blasting in and out from a beach on a windy day. They are not the fastest style of board in all wind and sea states, but they cope extremely well over a variety of conditions. In light wind trim they glide through the water with the elegance of a canoe. As the wind picks up these boards change 'mode', elegantly transitioning from being craft that sit *in* the water to craft that skim along *on top of* the water's surface.

This is a slight oversimplification, and does not reflect the nuances of sailing these craft, and of sailing in general. In reality each of the numerous possible 'points of sail' - courses relative to the wind direction - will have a different corresponding mode. An added twist is that the mode for a particular point of sail may be completely different in different winds strengths. The varied repertoire of modes in which raceboards can be sailed is what makes them so well suited to such a range of wind and water states.

The ability to sail in multiple modes is made possible by features not found on other styles of board. Specifically, raceboards benefit from a sliding mast track and a pivoting centreboard, both of which can be adjusted whilst sailing.

All these variables mean that raceboards are a little bit more complicated to sail than standard windsurfers. Specific knowledge and practice is required to get the best out of them. But they are a joy to sail, and for all-round performance are unequalled. They are really the *only* choice of board for long distance windsurfing.

Chapter 5 - Planning

Having incubated the idea of windsurfing round Britain for so long, my unconscious had done a lot of the background thinking for how it *might* work. A significant part of this was built upon the recollection that someone had at some point solo windsurfed around Ireland, with camping gear strapped to the front of their board - a raceboard, naturally. This I believe I read in a one-paragraph mention in *Boards* magazine, many years ago. Now that I wanted to find out more about this person, I couldn't. I asked some of the wise old men of windsurfing, and some of these seemed to have a similar recollection, but no amount of googling would reveal a name or more information. Despite their being a risk that my inspiration source was apocryphal, I took the round Ireland sail as evidence that round Britain by similar means was also possible.

Around this time I also found the book *Land on my Right* by Ron Pattenden. In 2004, the author had solo sailed Britain on a Laser dinghy, carrying some of his gear inside and some strapped onto his boat. Predictably, I was gripped by his account. Pattenden was clearly another unexceptional sailor who was particularly unfazed by the 'rules' of what could and what couldn't be achieved. His preparation was basic, and it is true he needed rescuing a couple of times - notably off Cape Wrath - the northwest tip of Scotland. But he got round. I knew I was a more experienced sailor than Ron Pattenden, and - during preparation and the event proper - many times I told myself that *if he got round in a Laser, I can get round on a windsurf board*. It was particularly useful to read Pattenden's account because his was a solo sail. In relation to my own ambition, Pattenden's achievement was more motivationally inspiring than the previous roundings of Britain by windsurfer.

So, I reasoned, carrying equipment on my board would work.

The most obvious place to carry extra gear on a windsurf board is the front. The deck is clear and luggage would not interfere with normal sailing. However, repeated thought experiments revealed that front of board storage would be very problematic in stronger winds. In these conditions the nose of the board is being continually driven into, over, or through waves. It is bouncy, frequently submerged and also liable to being hit quite hard by the rig and/or sailor in the event of a fall. If this was how the Ireland guy did it (on the assumption he existed) he must have sat out or gone very slowly in stronger winds.

The issue of waves hitting the gear also troubled me. A bag would have far too much resistance and water would be slow to drain. Some sort of solid container would work better. Better still, the container should be held elevated off the deck, so that water can flow around the container on all sides, thereby letting waves wash through. Perhaps the most elegant solution would be for storage within the board, but this I rejected on grounds of difficulty of construction.

I doodled and played around with dead-end ideas for a while before satisfying myself that the front of the board approach just wouldn't work for me. The performance compromise of carrying gear on the front is too great and would sacrifice the simple joy of windsurfing. I also reasoned that I would also need some sort of barrel as my container.

With the front of the board ruled out, and the middle of the board too 'busy', the only place to carry kit is at the back. Would this work? I guessed it could, but really didn't know. There was only one way to find out and that was to get testing.

So straight after Christmas I headed out to Minorca - ostensibly to help my friend John replace our mutual friends' kitchen - although that was a secondary agenda. Over a couple of evenings, I explained to John and his wife Sarah my plans to windsurf round Britain. As big boat sailors with round Britain and round the world experience, and also windsurfers, I knew that John and Sarah were key allies in my quest, and I was keen to pick their brains and get them on-side.

Sarah would not be engaged and gave no encouragement whatsoever. She understood the scale of the challenge and did not think I would succeed. I was left in no doubt about her opinion, and - given the nature of that opinion - consider her response to have been absolutely appropriate and responsible.

John's response was initially similar. As I explained how it could work I watched him. John was gazing into space, uncharacteristically silent. I could see him contemplating the challenge ahead, mentally taking himself to the headlands that would have to be negotiated, returning to angry seas, reliving battles with currents. He's done all this before.

Casting his mind back must have triggered the emotions experienced on his own voyages, and he would have relived the loneliness and occasional fear of those seafaring years. Imagining the challenge of Britain, alone, on a windsurf board, would have been sobering indeed. He was having a battle in his own head about whether I could do this.

It took him a few days, but fortunately for me, he decided I could.

John's internal struggle settled, he pulled out charts and pointed out what seemed like every single headland, constriction, tide race and eddy in the United Kingdom. He drilled into me the importance of tides on sea-state, pointed out numerous locations where it was very important I pass on slack water, talked about the danger of getting hit by shipping, or hitting rocks, identified complicated passages - including, tellingly, the rounding Land's End passage - and generally made the whole idea sound pretty terrifying and astonishingly complicated.

During these evenings of complete information overload, I listened intently. Some key messages stuck in my mind and these would later become mantras that I would use to bolster my courage and steel my nerve.

Next, we set about designing and building a barrel carrier to trial. The design brief was for a carrier for the back of the board that would not hinder sailing, that is light and strong, not too difficult to make, and that wouldn't ruin the board it was fitted to. We sawed, bent, drilled and riveted a few bits of aluminium and - voila! - version 1 was born. The design is basically a slightly elevated bar, with a 'saddle' upon which the barrel sits. The bar is fixed at the rear by the fin bolts and at the front by a 'plug' that fits snugly into the centreboard casing.

The first sea trial was conducted in February 2015, during some local club racing in Menorca. Wind conditions were light and the barrel was only minimally loaded. Pleasingly, the barrel proved less of a hindrance to my own sailing than it was a distraction to the other sailors, to

the extent that I won the first race. Between races the barrel fell off, so a better securing system obviously needed to be found, but - in these winds at least - the system appeared to work extremely well.

My return flight to the UK was looming and I was anxious to do a more thorough barrel test before heading back. Conditions stayed very light for days and then - boom! - the Menorcan Tramontana wind was in and conditions were far too extreme to head out on raceboard. Eventually, on the morning of the day of my return flight, the wind eased sufficiently to test the carrier system in some livelier conditions. I loaded barrel with a hefty rock wrapped in a coat and headed out. John took up position with his camera.

It was still pretty windy and very much a struggle to be sailing raceboard in these conditions. Perfect. Upwind sailing was still fine - the barrel did interfere slightly with the foot of the sail - but nothing too bothersome. And downwind sailing was comfortable despite the extra weight being much more noticeable. Gybing was more difficult but I could muddle round the corners OK. I sailed the board up into the mouth of the bay where some sizeable but messy swells were rolling in, then freed off for a downwind blast. Board speed downwind in windy conditions is up around 20 knots - fine when flat but jarringly bumpy in a confused sea. I bounced into and submarined through some big lumps of water. It was only a short test, but it was realistic, and nothing failed. Coat and rock emerged shaken but dry.

As I relaxed into my aeroplane seat that evening, I reflected upon the significance of the day. The barrel carrying system - absolutely central to the whole project - worked. John had got some great shots. I narrowed my eyes and exhaled, and a flush of adrenaline confirmed my dream a stride closer.

Keep on reading

Thanks for reading this far. If you have enjoyed the first chapters please consider purchasing the complete book, which is fully illustrated with maps and photographs. For details, and to follow my current adventure, please visit:

www.windsurfroundeurope.eu

Jono, January 2017.