

Aboard Sengo

Aboard Sengo

May 2021

A new toy

3



Can we leave now?

2021 Cruising season
begins – And we are
more than ready to
start it!

9

Let the Cruising
Season begin!

Anchored in the Coomera

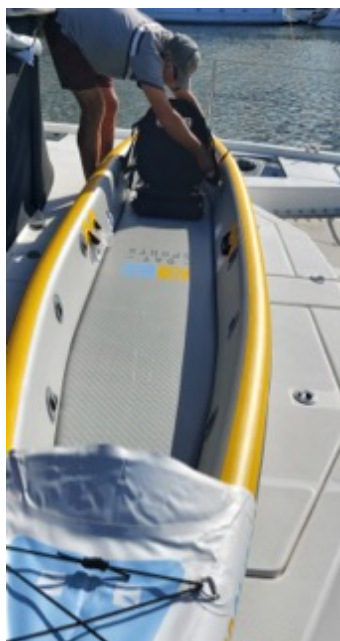
Up Sh*t creek with ... two new paddles!

Out with the old and in with the new. Having got rid of two of our 'pieces' of exercise/exploration equipment (our bikes and kayak) in April, we managed to replace one of these, but not in the configuration we expected. Andrew's idea had been to replace the big two-person kayak with two single person units - a swap that would have meant we were carrying slightly more weight but in a more handle-able configuration. Instead we got another two-person kayak - but it is inflatable. With all its gear it weights just as much but we can break this down to several bits. It is much more manageable. We were still hanging around for toilet parts in the first part of May, having had delays in Australia Post in April, so we spent half the month still anchored outside The Boat Works in the dirty, and brown, Coomera River. The good news is however that we finally started this year's cruising season in May, and by the end of the month we were anchored semi-remotely along the Curtis Coast just south of Gladstone. We were almost in the topics!



1st – 2nd May 2021. The first two days of May must have been that eventful (or in this case non-eventful) that nothing happened. Nothing I can remember anyway. There would have been a bit of cleaning involved over these two days, and a lot of reading!

3rd May 2021. I spent the day doing lots of editing on the Tassie Trail write up – this document is taking me a long time. When I could I stood up to stretch my legs but time sped by pretty quickly. I managed to construct Project White – the cover for Project Yellow (see Aboard Sengo April 2021), but because I wasn't used to sewing vinyl, it is not the best job - but it will do. The only thing left at the end of the day to complete the project was put the shot cord in.



owner's muscles to help Andrew handle it down to the tinnie to get it back to Sengo. We didn't want such an item tuning up at the office of The Boat Works – they haven't got room to put it and it seems a bit rude to get something so big delivered (although we did get the spinnaker delivered a few years ago). Instead we humbly asked a contractor to take delivery at their work location

As it was such a nice day we figured there was no time like the present to explore our new toy. Pumping it up took less effort than expected but as we'd done this on the front deck we then had to work out how to get the kayak off the boat. Once in the water it was time to get in. Because of the nature of the kayak it is a bit more tippy than the last one – but I am sure we will get used to it. Our paddle wasn't long – just up to the next upstream bend and back, but it was a start. After wiping the scum from the river off the outside of it we deflated it; working out how to fold it up is definately a new art. Eventually we put it away inside the boat – we had plenty of room now as the bikes were no longer there.

My job of the day was putting the shot cord in Project Arctic. Andrew bought himself a bait table - now that he is inspired to get back into fishing, and in the evening we put the front covers back on because there was rain expected - the wet weather however didn't come in before dark.



4th May 2021. The morning looked fabulous, so much so we actually took the front covers off to let some light in. I suppose we had to do it sooner or later and work out how our new covers actually worked! The highlight of the day was that our new kayak turned up! (It had been mailed from Sydney and had arrived within a few days – if only our toilet parts had been that efficient!) Having got rid of the old kayak on the possible proviso that we would be getting two single kayaks, we actually ended back up with a double. But this one is a bit different – this one is inflatable – and this one can be put away at the end of each use, leaving the front port bow free of any obstacles – a clean look all around but also easier access to the corner for flying the spinnaker, and the cleat for tying the boat to dock!

The box turned out to be 34 kilograms and it was big – so big in fact we used a ute to transport it from its delivery location to the jetty, and the ute's

5th May 2021. We had gone to bed at 2230 last night and could hear distant thunder, and see the odd flash of lightening in the sky. At 2330 the rain started and the storm rumbled around us, although the tempest, both thunder and lightening, were never too close. I am not sure what time it stopped but we woke up late, at 0700, and the sun was up (although the percentage of blue sky was probably only around 50 percent). Fluffy congestus loomed to the east of us and grey status loomed to the west. The rain radar showed a lot of rain and tempest coming in from the northwest but the trajectory at 0713 was unclear and it may just miss us to the west.

It was not a busy day but we did settle details and booking for an organised 'overseas' holiday next year.



Still hanging around

6th May 2021. Andrew discovered we had morning visitors when he went outside to mop the decks – a pair of black cormorants had settled on the boat, and had made quite a mess– I got the job of cleaning that up. Today was just waiting around. We had lunch at the café at the slipway and Andrew replaced the lines to the davits for the tender.



Another day of 'not much'.

7th May 2021. *Anapa* offered to pick me up and take me shopping just before lunch. I jumped at the opportunity because we had no access to a vehicle (we weren't at present a Boat Works customer) and we weren't within comfortable walking distance of anywhere useful to pick up a variety of good food. The rest of the day was domestics; dishes, newsletter, tidying the back cockpit and finally, for a bit of a break, some recreational reading.





Oxenford Lake

8th May 2021. 'Another day waiting around for toilet parts! Life was getting a bit monotonous! So the usual domestic tasks were undertaken; cleaning up of course – this is a slow process for us – we don't like cleaning. And I spent time on the Tassie Trail write up. The excursion for the day was another walk around Oxenford Lake – this time we accessed it via tinnie, landing it on the 'beach' and tying it to a tree next to the boat ramp.



This boat was a tad too close for comfort – he did acknowledge that he was close – but he didn't stay onboard!



9th May 2021. We went for a slightly longer kayak today – but it still wasn't far. Because the weather was fairly still, and delightfully sunny, we headed up the adjacent housing canal for a bit of a look – whereis.com had the canal going through towards Hope Island Marina, but I misread it. Instead we had to back track before turning right behind the island and heading into the marina via the next canal entrance. We made it to the marina but couldn't see anywhere to get off and get to land without going through locked gates. So after chatting to the owners of the boat anchored next to us, who just happened to be trying to work out the same puzzle (they had come across via tender) we turned around and headed across to the Gold Coast City Marina instead, where we caught up with *Anapa* for a cuppa. We were back on Sengo a couple of hours after we started.

I must have overworked some unused muscles because after lunch I felt a little lethargic and had an afternoon sleep. Dinner was tofu and beans and the evening was spent watching a video of the Yukon in Canada. There were storms overnight but they were a fair way away and the storms had dissipated before they reached our anchorage.



10th May 2021. Another (non) eventful day where I didn't jot down what we did.

11th May 2021. In order to prep for the gas compliance activities we had to disconnect and remove the oven from its normal place and put it on the kitchen floor. This is not an easy job, but easier since we discovered we can take the top guard off. Of course this means, that as well as everything else lying around the boat that needs to be put away the oven is now another obstacle taking up a significant amount of space. The other preparation work needed for the gas compliance conversion was the replacement of the gas coil – a job the gas contactor doesn't do himself – he is way beyond official retirement age and doesn't need to contort himself if he doesn't have to. We had organised a different contactor to be lackeys for this job. It only took them a couple of hours.

Dinner was a bbq on shore. To utilise the time I put on a load of washing but because it was late (and dark and cold) I retrieved it without the drying completed – I would continue it in the morning.

Some of our window seals had been replaced today. As there were storms predicted for tonight we could see how well they worked overnight. The storms came in at about 2330.

12th May 2021. Because I was heading to the laundry this morning to put the clothes in the dryer to continue last night's task, I offered Andrew an indulgent breakfast at the café as an incentive to get me to shore early. Whilst checking my phone during this time I noticed a notice from Australia Post that had come in yesterday – notifying us that we had had a parcel delivered. As the office hadn't rung us we suspected the item had gone to their post box, and after a chat with one of the office staff, it was picked up and delivered to us

You can imagine we were very grateful. And just in time too. This parcel contained two toilet service kits (a second order, as the first order of toilet kits was still yet to be delivered) and Andrew had this morning discovered that the holding tank of the toilet we were using (the smaller one) was now full. We now had no working toilets on boat!

The contractor continued to put new seals on our hatches today – and fixed up the ones that hadn't quite sealed last night. I put another load of washing on just as the gas contractor turned up. After a painful period (several weeks) of inaction it now all seemed to be happening at once. Just before lunch we not only had our toilet repair kit parts, we were now finally gas compliant and we could start thinking about moving on.

The annoyance of the day was the clothes-drying machine. I have had issues with other users of laundry facilities in the past – usually it revolves around others who just don't collect their clothes out of washers or dryers once the cycle has finished. This time it was a bit more aggressive. I knew I was within the time I'd cycled on the dryer and I went back to check on the load 60 minutes into the 90 minute cycle. Someone had taken my load out of the dryer and just dumped it on the bench – they didn't even have the decency to fold it – and not all of it was dry! I felt soiled and violated quite frankly. If I had been late to pick the load up after the cycle had finished then that was fair enough – but taking a load out of the dryer when it is not finished is just downright bullying rude. I have a fair idea who it may have been (there was a clothes bucket on the opposite washer with the boat's name) but I can't prove it, and it may have been someone else altogether. Either way, it was appalling behaviour. Most yachties and boaties are terrific – and then there are those selfish individuals you'd just rather not come in contact with.

As a result my tops were all crunched – and the collars were still wet - and with two contractors on board I didn't have the space to hang them up. You can imagine I was 'not happy!'

Because of the busy morning and not a lot of room to move in the boat we had lunch back at the café. Andrew's job in the afternoon was of course to fix at least one of the toilets – he started with the dismantled one. For some reason he had issues and the long awaited parts - they didn't fit as neatly as was expected. So, overnight we were still without a toilet and another predicted storm passed over us.



A new pet!

Last night, in the dark, we found this fellow floating face down between our hulls.

Housekeeping!

13th May 2021. I didn't expect to be shifting 26,000 photos today! That's a lot of photos.

Of those 26,000 I vaguely sorted around 25, 000 of them. I also moved/deleted a whole heap of out of date or obsolete downloads. They dated back to 2013!

And why was I spending the day shifting 26,000 photos! Because the computer was running out of space. Having lost 23 hard-worked for pages from the Tassie Trail write up yesterday (I thought I had saved 75 pages but only 52 pages appeared when I reopened the file), I knew something wasn't right—and I figured that the computer was full. I got up at 0430 and worked until 0600 on the downloads and then spent most of the day on the photos – in between pulling out items to dry from the port hull, skipping around the shipwright who was trying to sort our toilet issue (as Andrew had given up and couldn't get the seal to seal - next time it would probably be cheaper to buy a new macerator) and put other items away still from the brothel of time on annual maintenance. No time was spent on any actual creative write-up today – just some retyping of the missing 20 plus pages of the Tassie Trail document late in the evening



Andrew to the rescue - this poor boat had a few issues with its engines – Andrew just happened to be at the right place at the right time to help out!

Into the Broadwater! Finally!

14th May 2021. Today was a day to get back to work. I started with the computer – and the file that I'd started putting data back into the end of yesterday – to discover that instead of the 54 plus pages that I had last night (after adding the plus because I thought I had lost them) I now had 166! A bit of crossing checking and deletion got me back to my original page number of 75 and I could add the final touches to the Tassie walk document.



But it was back to usual boat maintenance as well. I clove oiled the helm station ceiling, and used a needle and thread to attach some Velcro back onto the shades so we could put them back on over the glass panel in the helm station roof.

I rang Australia Post and our original service kit for the toilets has now been deemed 'lost in transit' – it is up to the sender to claim compensation from Aust Post and then hopefully we will get a refund.

Most hatches now have new seals, and at the end of the day both toilets were no longer leaking and had been put back together. Can we leave now?

The anchor was up at 1400 and we turned south out of the end of the Coomera River at 1520. We needed to make water, a task we weren't keen to do in the Coomera river, and originally we were headed for one of our preferred spots near the Seaway entrance to do this. But considering the time, and the fact we would have the water maker on for around two hours to fill the tanks, we thought it prudent to be close to an anchorage and not have to move in the dark after the task was done. After almost three months out of practice of our moving lifestyle I just did not need the extra stress of night navigation.

So we anchored south of Currigee on South Stradbroke Island. It was still a bit rocky until the sun went down and other waterway users went home, but the evening ride was a fairly gentle roll – oh, it was lovely to get back to normal! I spent the evening on finalising the Tassie Trail document. And did the dishes. Dinner was home cooked fish and chips.



Now that we are away from the slipway and on the move we will have a serious go at cleaning up the rest of the boat tomorrow.

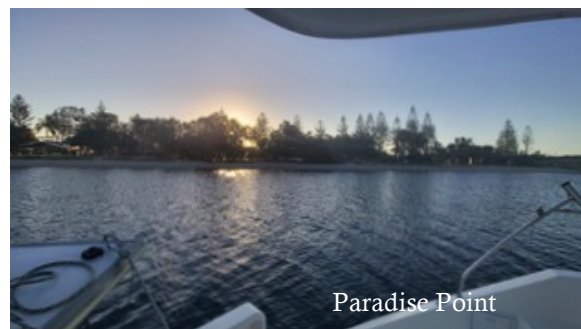
Back to Paradise Point.

15th May 2021. I didn't expect there to be room for us at Paradise Point today - it was a Saturday after all. But there was a spot; not the most preferred of course – it was in the thin section of the anchorage – but it was also in the deepest section– which can be a curse as you need to put out more chain to cope with the depth. Aus Post is open on Saturday mornings here and our first job was to pick up the mail – a gathering of the past six months worth that has been sent up from Victoria. This was followed by a fruit and vegie shop and a visit to the health food store. Back on boat it was yet more cleaning, yet more Tassie write up and some recreational reading.



16th May 2021. Of course there was more cleaning and sorting today – it is a never-ending job on this boat. But I finally finished the Tassie Trail write up and published it. I think most of it is correct but if the odd detail isn't quite correct, I am not worried about it. This 74 page document has taken a lot out of me - but it was a good chance to reminisce on our Tassie trek.

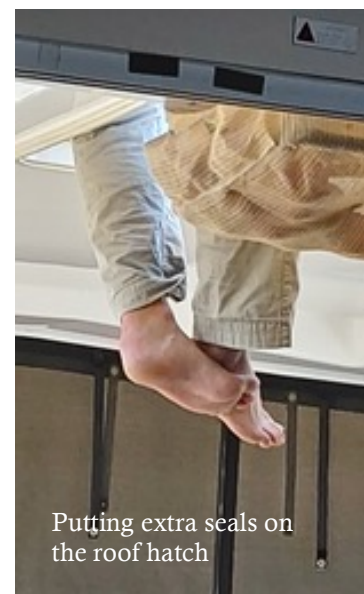
The afternoon tasks were some (well deserved) recreational reading, checking some new hatch seals (a couple need more work) and we moved the boat. The wind and low tide had us a bit too close to shore for our liking – the new position was a bit too close to the starboard marker for preference but acceptable.



Paradise Point

17th May 2021. The highlight of our day was catching up with *Free Spirit* for an afternoon cuppa, a boat we haven't seen since last year. Other happenings included a contactor tuning up to finish off the hatch seals and my appointment with the doctor to get my annual (or in this case 18 month) blood tests. We also managed to get our flu jab – so one inoculation is out of the way for the year – now for Covid!

In the late afternoon we moved the boat again as the starboard marker was now looking too close for comfort. We finished the day with the usual recreational reading.



Just hanging around

18th - 19th May 2021. On the 18th May we didn't do much and the 19th was pretty much a standard day as well. Our exercise on the 19th was a walk to runaway Bay Centre – predominantly to drop off the soft plastic recycling that was gathering on boat to Woolies supermarket. We took the opportunity to get a few groceries not available at Paradise Point before we walked back again. The rest of the afternoon was spent tidying the boat and constructing an email to the Tasmanian Trail Association.



SCIBS

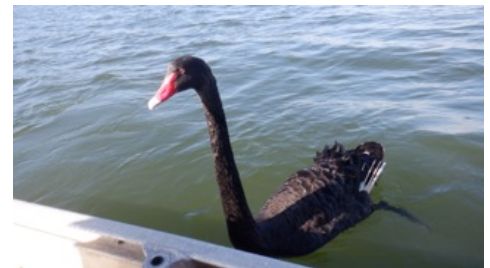
20th May 2021

A black swan greeted us early this morning as we got off boat and headed to shore to go to the Sanctuary Cove Boat Show. We managed to get the bus for no charge and arrived around half an hour after the show opened. We were overall disappointed at the show this year – I suppose predominantly because there weren't a lot of gadgets around. I am sure last time we were at this event that there was a pavilion full of gadgets – mind you that was nine years ago and my memory may not be perfect. Not being in the market for a boat we didn't actually get on any — and the only thing we inspected was a kitted out Kenworth truck!

The only money we spent on was food. We did however get contacts for organising a new ram for a hatch, the cleaners that I used to use on the clears, and a possible new model to replace our hot water tanks.



Cuppa after all the walking around!



Heading north – first attempt

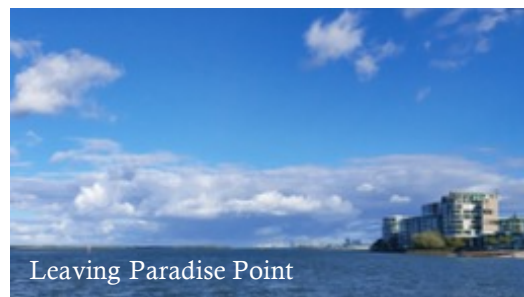
21st May 2021. The black swan greeted us again this morning when we got up. Andrew thinks, given his propensity to try and communicate, that perhaps he is lonely. Poor thing.

We did an early last shop for food, and Andrew had a haircut to fill in time whilst I saw the doctor to pick up my blood tests. After this we were all set for the first jump north

We waited until high tide(ish) before we started to move. At 1440 the engines went on. At 1445 the anchor was up, and we were motoring out of Paradise Point. As we entered the channel and turned north the genoa went out and the engines went off. Ahh, such a lovely (lack of) sound!

This was our first time sailing for 3 months! And the first time heading out of Gold Coast in home for 3 months? It was a great feeling to be finally moving again.

We sailed almost all the way up to our Tiger Mullet Channel anchorage, dropping the genoa before the last two port markers in Whalleys Gutter; where we noted the usual contingent of cormorants on the lateral marks. 42 meters of chain was put down in an old spot. To the south was a tantalising rainbow – to the north the sun was hiding behind the last vestiges of cloud. It was 1645.



Leaving Paradise Point



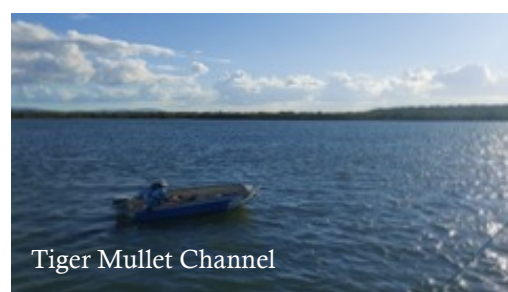
Tiger Mullet Channel

Plan B.

22nd May 2021. We had decided last night that given the coming weather that we would stay in Tiger Mullet Channel for Saturday, and perhaps move on Sunday instead of this morning. I got up and did some newsletter, made some caps for the paddleboard fins, sorted the fridge and managed some recreational reading. Andrew spent the morning and early afternoon on sorting out some fishing gear and at around 1530 went off to go fishing. The wind was up and slightly chilly so I stayed on board Sengo. Andrew got back a few minutes before sundown, and the rain. No fish



Tiger Mullet Channel



Tiger Mullet Channel

Plan C

23rd May 2021. I didn't get up until after 0700. It was windy and we could hear whistling kites in the background as we had yesterday (yesterday we'd seen a sea eagle as well). Having decided to stay one more day we settled in for a standard day; a bit more computer work ; educational reading, put the sewing machine away, washed plastic bags to be recycled and I finally put the good camera together.



Heading north – second go

Tiger Mullet Channel to North Stradbroke Island.

24th May 2021. The anchor was up at 0705 and we motored through Whalleys Gutter before turning south, then shortly afterwards, turning west where we could see the Gold Coast, and we put the genoa out at around 0730. The wind had been around 15 knots but promptly became less than ten. Which means the genoa, shortly after it was launched, was doing practically nothing. At around 0800 as we passed Jacobs Well, the wind gauge read 0.00, and we wound the genoa in. We made steady progress north under both engines and as we turned into Kurnell Channel we found we could put the genoa out again. As we passed Russell Island township we turned one motor off and just north of Canaipa passage we turned the other off. The wind strength was now in the mid to high teens and gusting to low twenties. We saw 9.0 knots on the SOG gauge at one point but we do admit some of that was due to tide. When we got to the outskirts of Myora anchorage, north west of Dunwich on North Stradbroke Island, the wind was gusting to 25 knots (as predicted) and predominantly grey skies had replaced the bright blue of this morning.

We haven't anchored here before. In fact we haven't set foot on North Stradbroke Island at all, and it is a situation I want to rectify. Depending on how we plan the next few days, that might happen, or that might have to wait until we head south at the end of the season.

I wasn't taking much note of the birds today. Whistling kites were calling as we lifted the anchor, and as we left a pair of pelicans flew over. There was the usual complement of terns and pied cormorants scattered along the lateral marks along the way, and the osprey nest north of Canaipa was noted, but as we took the channel adjacent North Stradbroke Island (new to us) it wasn't within arms reach as it was on previous passes.

There were two boats that looked like they were on moorings when we arrived at our anchorage (but possibly weren't), and an anchored monohull, a catamaran and a large powerboat (which had no obvious tender so I wondered whether there was anyone on board).

Our anchor was down at 1120.

In some aspects it was a lazy afternoon. I don't think there is anywhere to get off here; the anchorage is surrounded by oyster leases - but it was far too windy to plan any sort of excursion anyway. The wind gauge was reading up to 25 knots at times – but these wind strengths were predicted. A couple more vessels arrived in the afternoon; one, a cat, anchoring inshore to the



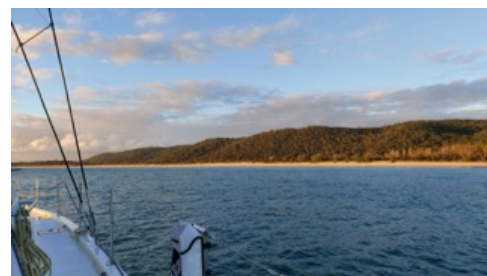
north east of us, and another a motor cruiser anchoring to the southwest. Curiously there was a stage where half the boats were lying perpendicularly to the other half. It rained on and off over the evening and the new hatch seals seem to be holding. The only uncomfortable period was close to top of tide when the swell was beam on and everything had to be secured. The effect wasn't as dramatic as it had been in at Facing Island last year, nor did it last as long, but it was definitely not welcome.

North Stradbroke Island to Morton Island

25th May 2021. High tide was at 0820 and we started to lift the anchor at 0835. By 0845 we were motoring in a south-west direction in order to pass to the south of the cardinal mark between Peel Island and North Stradbroke Island. Given the level of the tide we could have probably cut the corner off but I like to play by the rules. The wind wasn't exactly strong but was strong enough for a good apparent speed and I could have put the genoa out on this southward run, but given that Andrew was on the top of the deck with a mop, I didn't want to push him off!

When we turned sharply to starboard at the cardinal mark I then put the genoa out and tuned an engine off, and we travelled this way for the next short while Andrew was setting up for a spinnaker run.

At around 1030 we turned to starboard again, putting the Goto mark on the plotter just to the south of Tangalooma, and raised the spinnaker in around 10 knots at 120 degrees to a perfect set. Engines went off and we were doing in the high 7's. We didn't stay there but speed over ground was a respectable high 5's to low 7's for most of the journey, the only anomalies being an almost loss of wind adjacent Tangalooma (which I recall I think happened last time we passed going north) and a couple of short bursts of wind speed and therefore boat speed after this – reaching at one point 8.9 knots. We had a lovely 2 and $\frac{3}{4}$ hour spinnaker run. Anchor was down in a slightly swelly side-sea north of Cravens Creek, Morton Island around 1330.

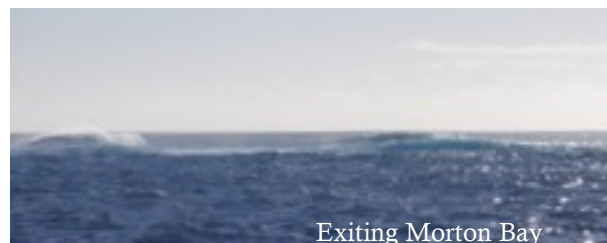


North Stradbroke Island to Double Island Point.

26th May 2021. This trip is always long but I think this is the shortest distance we've travelled to Double Island Point in one go from Morton Bay. There was one great 16-hour run from Macleay Island north undertaken in strong winds but that was an anomaly. As we were starting much further north than previously, we had time for a slightly later start.

We got up at 0600 and the Anchor was up at 0745. We motored with both engines and the genoa out until we got over the bar of the north east channel. Once into clear water we furled in the genoa and at 0905 put the spinnaker up. At around 1100 we dropped the spinnaker and put both engines back on - there wasn't even enough wind for the genoa and it was too fickle for anything else. At 1600 we pulled the genoa out again and turned one engine off

The anchor was down around 1900 - in the dark. This has got to be the earliest we've tuned up to this anchorage - it was unfortunate that we had at least one engine on during the journey. It was a normal evening with regard to domestics; did the dishes, made yoghurt, read a bit etc. We also calculated the times for tomorrow's bar crossing and high tide at Boonlye Point. Because we had an early start tomorrow we went to bed around 2100.



Crossing the Wide Bay Bar

27th May 2021. We had put the anchor down in the dark last night, and we picked it up in the dark this morning; locking it off at 0535. Initially the wind angle was around 30 degrees so there was no prospect of putting the genoa out, but that soon changed and at just before 0600 we had the genoa out and one engine off, the other one was on at 1500 revs. There were two boats on AIS in front of us, and several coming up behind us, but there were more on the water.

We had noticed the two AIS boats in front of us cut a significant corner in the bar in comparison to the waypoints we had been given by the Tin Can Bay coast guard. Maybe it was calm inside? When we got inside the bar however, we discovered it was most definitely *not* calm. We were surfing down waves at up to 15.6 knots and whilst it didn't feel too bad, we were definitely getting a solid push from behind. And in front of us where the Waypoint B was supposed to be, there were large breaking waves. No wonder those boats cut the corner – you would be silly to head into that!

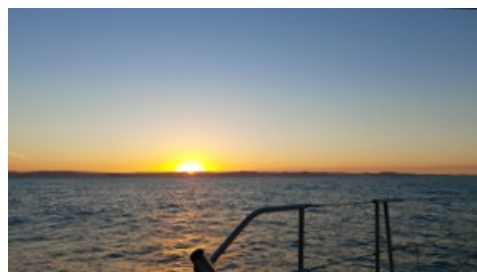
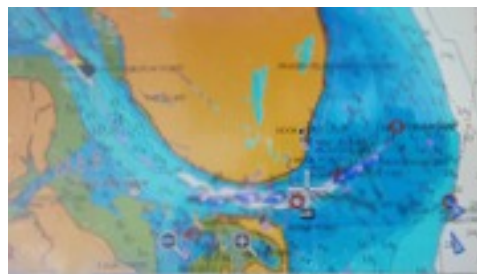
It had been a quiet morning. We had heard several boats call Tin Can Bay coast guard to get no response. What are they doing? Don't they know they are probably the busiest coast guard on the coast? It turns out the repeater stations *and* their call station were both not working. The only communication available was their mobile phone number. By the time they came back on line we only heard two boats call into them, most were close to crossing anyway and everyone else had probably just given up.

We were over the bar and passing Inskip Point and into much calmer waters at 0730. Engines were left on for the entire trip under a fair bit of power...we had another low point to cross and we wanted to get to it at the appropriate tide - and after our fancy engine service we wanted to test the temperature gauges.

I passed one boat on the journey and then another....and then one cut out in front of us. Andrew relieved me at 0915 so I could have a break, and he managed to pass the recalcitrant cheeky boat. And just as we passed him we turned around; behind us was a monster, relatively speaking. We were passed with no issues however, and we got a friendly wave from the big fella.

We eventually anchored in Platypus Bay, at Coongul Point, north of Moon Point, passing another Leopard south of the Moon Point. We weren't trying to be antisocial; it is just that we wanted a straight run to Burnett Heads in the morning.

Anchor was down around early afternoon. I had thought about going to shore – we haven't had a walk for a few days, but it didn't turn out that way – we had half a yoga session instead.





Coongul Point To Burnett Heads

28th May 2021. Yesterdays forecast for today had indicated that this morning on our trajectory it would be blowing 15-20 knots, and it would then settle down to 10-15 knots in the afternoon. The decision had been last night that we would raise the main sail with one reef in it – we could always shake it out later. However, when we got up and got going the wind was blowing around 6 knots. There was no point putting a reef in with that wind strength –in fact it was dubious we were going to be able to sail at all.

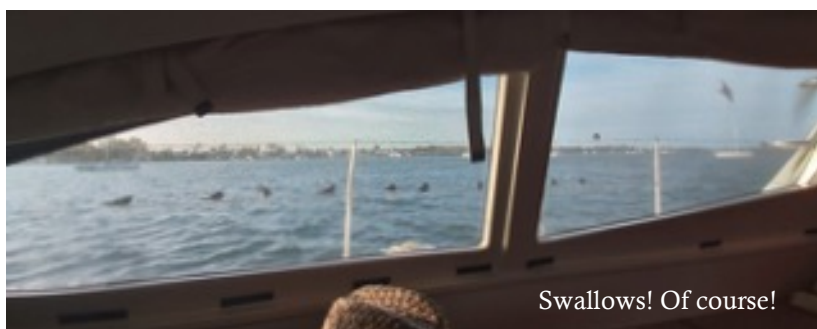
We had the anchor up at 0635, earlier than the 0700 we had planned for, but during the raising of the main sail Andrew discovered he had tied the top of the sail around the wrong side of the reef line so after he fixed that up it was 0655, close enough to our original expected start time. By this time the wind had picked up a bit and we were hoping for some help from the sails; however not long after this the forecast came in – and we had no reef in!

As a result our first sail with our mainsail and genoa since last year, saw us shoot across Hervey Bay in about half the time we were expecting – the mean speed over ground readings between 8.5 to 9.0 knots. I even saw 9.5 knots at one point. We were of course working against the tide so our actual boat speeds were in the 10's. It was a quick sail (relatively speaking), on relatively smooth seas – they weren't quite flat. Getting close to our destination of Burnett Heads saw the wind drop, and the seas even out even more. We dropped the sails at 1130 around 3 nm from the Heads, outside the channel.

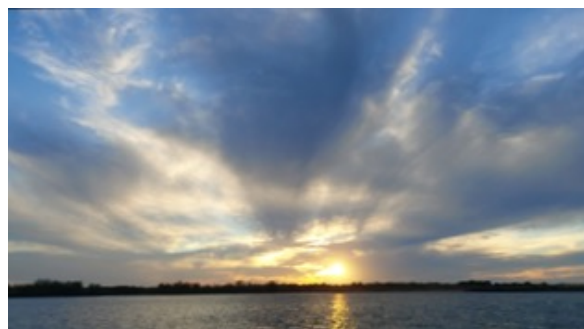
As the wind had dropped down to a pleasant less than 10 knots we took the opportunity for a brief stay outside the boat harbour, where a basic shop of apples, plums, feta, and salad greens was got at the IGA, and a run of fuel with the gerry cans got from the marina. We headed up to our normal anchorage behind the sugar sheds around low tide at 1550. Decanting the fuel into the fuel tanks took the rest of the afternoon and the gerry cans were put away just before the sun sank below the horizon.



Miracles never cease to amaze. Andrew got a text today from Australia Post saying his delivery was on the way. What delivery? Surely they can't mean our original order of toilet parts that was due yesterday.. a month ago! Then I got a text message saying our package had been delivered to a secure location. We rang The Boat Works to confirm the package had arrived and it was what we thought it was! It is only a month late! Of course we are also nowhere near Coomera now. We arranged it to be sent to Gladstone (or so we thought) and hopefully we will get it soon – but with Australia Post at this point It could be next year!



Swallows! Of course!



A rest day - not really!

29th May 2021. 'Just a rest from sailing. I was up around 0600 and got on to finalising the April newsletter. Andrew was up around 0830. Because of the wind, weather and Antarctic blast due up the coast, we weren't sailing today and he could afford to sleep in. By 0900 I had done one lot of washing and hung it out in the cold windy outside. The change of tide was around this time – we were doing the Burnett River twirl – going around and around... and around.

The rest of the day I managed: another load of washing (small as they are done by hand in a bucket), washing the salt off the clears, tidying up the couch downstairs (It has been a long time since I could sit on it), still putting small bits away from prior to the slipway, and some recreational reading. We didn't go to bed particularly early, unlike previous departures from this anchorage at ungodly hours of the morning, we intended tomorrow to leave in the light.

Burnett Heads to Seven Mile Creek

30th May 2021. Last time we had sailed to Burnett Heads Andrew had caught a fish and we were busy processing it with the boat speed up at 9 knots as we hurtled toward the shipping channel. This time we sailed toward Burnett Heads our average speed was just below 9 knots and too fast to put a line out anyway. Today however leaving Burnett Heads our speed over ground was around 7.5 knots and well within limits of the equipment he has. So a line and lure went out quite early, just after we had turned around the shallow bits north of the shipping channel, and had turned onto our correct course.

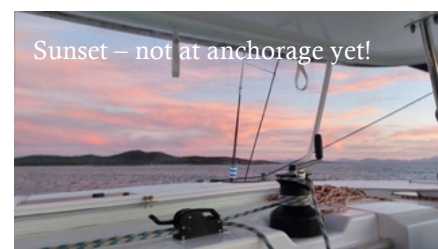
It was a long trip today, made a bit longer by the fact we decided to skip Pancake Creek, where we noted over 20 other boats had settled, and head to Seven Mile Creek, 9 nm further on. The fish was caught as we passed Agnes Waters, a fair way in to the trip. It was processed at sea, the final tidying of which Andrew could do on his new board out the back, and all was cleaned up by the time we turned around Bustard Head to head further west. Of course because of our later than usual start, the sun was going to beat us. So the engines went on and the genoa was furled just east of Esther Rocks and shortly after, after we turned into Seven Mile Creek/Rodds Harbour entrance, the main sail was dropped. The sun then set and the light was dropping. We followed the cruising guide guidelines for Seven Mile Creek, keeping to the deeper bits according to the chart plotter. The anchor was down at 1815, an hour after sunset.



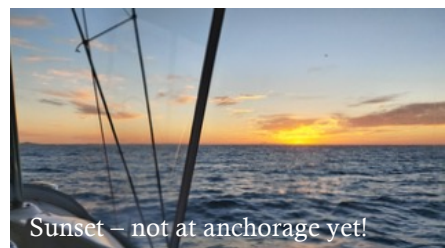
Burnett Heads Sugar Sheds



Passing Bustard Head



Sunset – not at anchorage yet!



Sunset – not at anchorage yet!



Seven Mile Creek

31st May 2021. I got up around 0600. What wind? The boat was steady, there was no noise howling though the lines. All was quiet. All was dark. We'd had a comfortable night's sleep and I wondered what the view would be in the morning, as all had been dark when we'd anchored last night. We haven't 'exactly' used this location as an anchorage before – but we have anchored just south of here. I spent some time on the April newsletter, and then made a pear and rosemary loaf for breakfast.

When the sun came up there was hardly a cloud to be seen and by 0830 I'd pulled the covers off the front to let in the light (they need a good wiping down to get the salt off but I'll do that later). The wind, although not particularly strong by mid morning –was still chilly.

We didn't do much today, we were just filling in time until we headed for the marina tomorrow; 'just a lot of reading, mainly. We did make water though as it was going to be a cleaner base here than in the Gladstone Marina. I searched for and couldn't find my good camera battery charger.