

This is a somewhat strange winter... The first year that we kept our boat in the water during winter. I imagined myself sailing lovely winter's days, surrounded by frost-covered rocks in a deserted archipelago. Well, I've had a couple of those days, but the rest of them... Pretty much the same as today - gray drizzle. But I have had my mind set on sailing this week-end. So the ship's dog and I left Marstrand - the summertime sailing metropolis of Bohuslän - in the gray haze of a dense drizzle. Fine easterly winds around 5-6 knots. No swell from the sea, just small, friendly waves. Logged 7,6 knots with only the genoa.

Rather impressive, if you think about it, for a boat that was designed over 20 years ago, like our Malö 38. She is remarkably alert to even the slightest shifts in the wind. And with proper trim, to avoid too much heel, there is no problem to achieve good boat speed. I thought about unfolding the mainsail, but decided not to bother. She really sailed like a dream with just the genoa, so that's what I decided to go on with... The isolation out on the waters north-west from Marstrand, was almost overwhelming. Not a ship in sight, except for a couple of large cargo vessels, presumably heading for some nearby port. The archipelago is beautiful in its own way this time of the year. If it had not been for the damned rain, covering my glasses with drops of water, it would have looked even nicer... Managed a rather adequate landing in the deserted guest harbour of Kåringön island after 3 hours. Went for a walk with the dog. It was still raining. There is a very special ambience around these islands of the Swedish archipelago during the winter. In summer so full of life, of people, during winter deserted houses with dark, empty windows. Waiting for their stressful summer house owners. I think the houses actually dream

back to the old days when people lived their lives out here, at the edge of the open sea. When children were raised in these houses. When entire lives were lived on these rocky islands. Not many people out in this weary weather. The ferry landed a bunch of young men, carrying their big bags to the newly finished conference centre on the south side of the island. A friendly lady stopped to tell me what a beautiful dog I had. "Such a lovely fur!" I looked upon the completely soaked collie. Most of all, she reminded me of a wet rug. I agreed that she was a very pretty animal - in her own way... The ship's dog jiggled in agreement, after which she was more like a moulting owl than a wet rug. An improvement of it's own kind.

Returning to the harbour, I stopped a while to look at our boat, moored together with two smaller vessels, presumably belonging to people of the island. Not a pleasure craft anywhere to be seen. All the mooring boys in the guest harbour were free. A sight never to be seen during summer... As always, I felt a spark of joy, just by watching our boat. The perfect harmony of her lines. The beautiful stem, seemingly eagerly waiting to cleave the seas. If a man-made object can possess a soul, indeed so does our Malö. Decided to stay the night. It is so very cozy in the cabin of our Malö. The kerosene lamp spreads it's pleasant light and the heater murmurs quietly in the background. I have just had a nice, hot cup of coffee and have read the daily newspaper, which I bought in the shop. Yes, it was open. I will go for another walk in a while. If only the wretched rain would stop, it would be a good thing. There is a distinct smell of wet dog in the boat. She is trying to dry up, lying close to the



exhaust vent from the heater. My feet are cold, because she absorbs all the heat, but I really can't find it in my heart to move her. I've just finished reading an article about a man who published a book with photos and stories about people living outside the establishment. Away from the "consumption hysteria" of modern society. I suddenly feel that I understand them, somehow. I can't help thinking about all the stuff that we consider important or even necessary to possess, in order to live a good life. And how many of them that, in the end of the day, really are. After a while, I actually feel that I could in fact live here. Aboard our beloved Malö yacht.

I'm trying to decide whether to pour myself a single malt now, or if I've better wait until after dinner. I wonder if it will be a Dalwhinnie or an Old Pulteney - the only brands currently available from the ship's bar. Not until last summer did I know about Old Pulteney. That's when I bought my first bottle after having read that Sir Robin Knox-Johnston loves to have an Old Pulteney aboard his boat. Sir Robin is a living legend and I greatly admire him, the sailor as well as the man. However, I prefer Dalwhinnie so, no wonder that there is only a small amount of that, left in the bottle. I think it will be just enough for pre-dinner enjoyment... This has been a fine day. Tomorrow there will be a shift in the wind to southwest-west and it will drop to 2-3 knots.

No rain predicted for tomorrow!
But where the devil is my pretty winter's frost?!

Translation into English done by Bo Hedqvist himself - Owner of a Malö 38 fr 1990.