

wouldn't turn over on the starter cord. We really were stuck, just 50 metres from the Marina entrance. Embarrassed, we got on the VHF and asked the Marina for assistance. The Creek is quite crowded with moored boats and we didn't think we could paddle 'Josie' back to the Marina without bumping or scratching somebody's pride and joy. Two guys came out in a launch and with both skill and good humour took us back to the berth we had just left.

Getting to our mooring down the river would take a few more days. Our transport arrived at the Marina instead of the Sailing Club and we went home. Luckily I had another engine in the garage, not so powerful, but it would have to do.

A nice final note. Four days later I went to the Marina Tower and paid for 4 nights berthing. I mentioned they had forgotten to charge me for the 'rescue,' the guys said 'oh you were only just outside the Marina, just put a couple of quid in the RNLI collecting box.' Thanks Bradwell you were great.

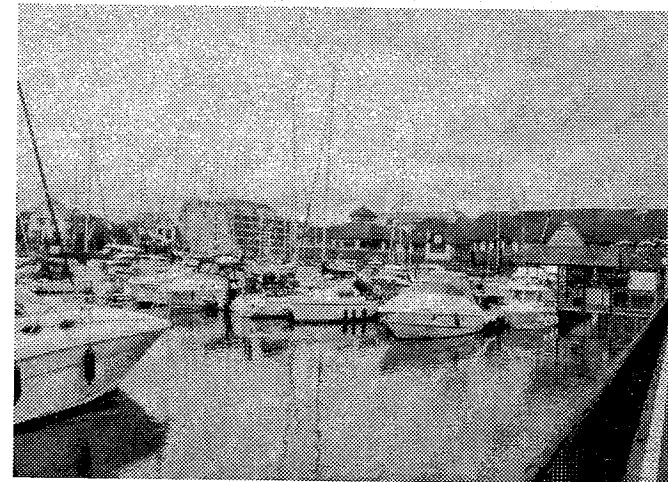
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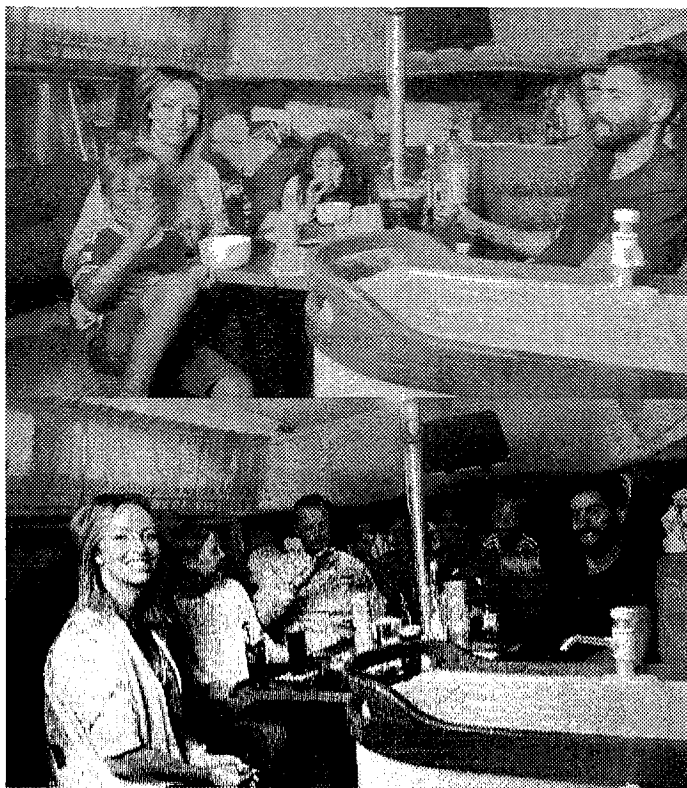
PORT SOLENT RALLY

On Friday 10th August, the weather had taken a turn for the worse (wet and windy), Taylor and I collected Georgie from Purbrook, the A32 going into Gosport was flooded. The rain was so heavy I could hardly see where I was going. When we arrived at Hazy Daze the rain stopped after a

while and Taylor and Georgie did some crabbing off the pontoon. Later in the evening we were joined by Scott and my daughter Cathryn. They brought a Chinese Takeaway for dinner.

Saturday morning we set off to Port Solent, the wind was against us as usual so motored up to Port Solent it took more than an hour to get a green light to enter the lock. It was difficult holding off in the narrow channel as I was getting blown all over the place, even tried to get to the holding pontoon but kept getting blown off before we could get a line attached. In the afternoon we were joined by some of Cathryn's friends and we had a Pimms party on board complete with Bluetooth Ghetto Blaster, really lowered the tone of Port Solent!





Saturday evening we were joined by other SWOA members for a meal.

Margaret did not want to stay onboard Hazy Daze with everyone, so just came to Port Solent by car.



On Sunday morning my daughter wanted to use the showers, I said 'just walk there in your pyjamas', as there was no one about on the Board Walk. The wind turned round on Sunday and the strong wind was against us so we had to motor back against tide and wind. I breathed a sigh of relief when we got back, until Taylor and Georgie decided they wanted to go back to Dorset in my car! They were singing to the radio and screaming, which would definitely not be allowed in mummy's car.

Ed.