

It was 1977.

It's Bogazici University. Nesrin and I are dating.

As we walk hand in hand in Bebek, we admire the moored boats and dream, "Could we one day have a boat of our own?"

This dream was unattainable then. We are on the first steps of what we assume will be a long life. We will get married, set up a home and have children.

We will buy our car. After that, we must have skipped the thought of "bread and butter" so that buying a boat could be on the agenda. So our boat dream was far away.

We got married in 1980 and Pinar was born in 1983. In the first ten years, the steps to climb gradually decreased and in 1990 we bought our first boat, "DENO".

Deno was a 6 meter long polyester sailboat, the size of a bathtub. Her only electrically powered equipment was a 12 V light bulb. She had a 9-horsepower inboard diesel engine. A small LPG gas bottle facilitated cooking. A 40-litre fresh water tank and a sink were for washing up.

There were two beds opposite each other in the cabin. When we all went to sleep, there was no room to stand inside.

There was only a magnetic compass as a navigation instrument. There was no other auxiliary equipment. Depth could be measured by a lead (sounder) attached to a rope, speed by eye judgment, and wind by the feathers on the cross wires

Oh, and there was a restroom. I had to use vaseline on the walls to get in. It was harder to get out. Nesrin had to help me with a corkscrew.

That's how our "Deno" was. But she was our first love, a part of us that we couldn't forget, the first time we met the sea, spent wonderful days together and still can't forget. She is still tied up in Kalamış. From time to time, we go and take a look at her.

The story of the purchase is also interesting.

May 1990. The Gulf-War had not started yet. I was slowly warming up. I was looking at the ads for boats for sale in Sailing World magazine.

Polimarin Scorcher 6 for sale in Atakoy Marina. The price is cheap.

I drove to see the boat. The marina attendant took me to the boat. And what do I see? The boat is half full of water. Coca-Cola bottles floating in the water. The boom is broken. It's been thrown inside. So the situation is terrible. I can't describe how depressed I was. As I was walking towards the car, the attendant pointed to another boat and said, "This one is for sale too if you want." At a moment when my dreams were shattered, this didn't mean much to me. I glanced at the boat and didn't even stop in front of it.

"Let's go to the reception, get the owner's name and phone number," the marina attendant insisted. I didn't want to offend him, so I went and got the owner's name, phone number and where he worked. I threw the paper I wrote down somewhere and forgot about it.

The Gulf War started. When our family company was also affected by the crisis, our dream had to be postponed. At the end of the summer, on our way back from Bodrum, we stopped by Selçuk's house in Denizli. Selçuk is a close friend of mine, my chosen brother. At that moment I remembered that the owner of the boat, the attendant wanted to show me at Ataköy Marina was working for the same company as Selçuk. But I couldn't remember the owner's name...

No phone number, no information. I only remembered the name of his company. "Selçuk," I said, "Do you know anyone in the company who owns a boat and wants to sell it?". "Of course!" he said. "He is a very close friend of mine and he is in Istanbul. Why?" I told him what happened and he said, "Let's phone him right away." After that, it happened quickly. It didn't take a week. We were the new owners of Deno.

It was in those moments that our dream of travelling the world came true.

We were going to travel the world by boat. But it had to be more than a wish saying "One day, God willing!". Otherwise, it would remain a dream. But it should be a goal for us. And for it to be a goal, it had to have a date.

We set our dream for 2005. Exactly 15 years later. So it became a 'GOAL'.

It is easy to say and easy to write. But think about it; setting a goal for exactly 15 years from today. It is 2008. How far away is 2023?

This is how the first seeds of the world journey we started on July 30th, 2007 were sown.

And then what happened?

There were new steps to climb. We started to reduce them. Gradually our experience at sea started to increase. The boats started to grow slowly. Our economic comfort started to increase gradually.

We realised that our goal was getting closer and time was running out. There's a lot of work to be done. Pinar has priority. The family business shouldn't need me. We need to have enough monthly income to travel. We need to close our house. We need to leave our friends and family behind.

Transitioning to a new way of life was not easy. It really wasn't. But it happens when you really, truly want it and work hard to achieve it. I believe in that.

Pinar graduated from university and started a PhD program in New York. Our family business was sold to an American company with a successful operation. Our fourth boat, PANK, was purchased for world travel and equipped accordingly.

It was in 2007 when all the pieces fell into place. So we were two years late. But it's not about hitting the target date.

The important thing is to have a goal and a date. Let's take it a bit further. There should be not just one goal, but near, medium and far goals, and they should all have a set date. The nature of the goals or the dates may change over time. It doesn't matter. The important thing is that the goals exist, that they have a date, and that we are constantly walking towards them, constantly approaching them.

This great dream, or rather goal, began at 8 pm on July 30, 2007. A group of around 30 of our loved ones farewelled us from Ataköy Marina in a state of emotional intensity.

It was dark when we passed Ambarlı. Both, those who were away and those who couldn't come were calling us on our mobile phone to express their best wishes. Everything was beautiful, but I was feeling very bad. I talked to Cüneyt on the phone. When I told him my mood, he said, "Write! Write what you feel. I wrote what I felt on the first day of my departure 6 years ago. When I read it years later, I realised how different my feelings were. Sit down, don't be lazy, write it down."

Cüneyt is my very close friend, my fateful partner in New Zealand and an experienced cruiser. I said okay, opened a Word file on my laptop and started writing. What I wrote was for myself.

Then my inner voice said: "Don't keep this to yourself! Send it to those you love, to those who love you. I opened the e-mail program. With a few clicks, I selected the beautiful people on the recipient list and sent it. It went almost to everyone.

And then it happened. Here you go:

PitchBlack July 30, 2007

We're out.

We cut our ropes and got out.

If you ask, the answer is ready. "I have mixed feelings." A few emotional words, blah, blah, blah.

The goal that has been waiting for years, came true, etc. How happy it is, to realise one's dreams, all that junk, junk, junk.

Lies, all lies.

As the Polar Bear Cub put it so eloquently, that's exactly how it is and in one word:

I'm scared, man.

I'm scared as hell.

*Journey into the unknown.
Adventure? I'm not an adventurer!
Proof? Prove what? What for?
Don't care? Maybe, but is it worth it? Look what you sacrificed.
How I wished I could not go today for a serious reason. I told my friends to give me a reason, to stay.
The answer is hopeless.*

Is this the dream that was set 17 years ago? Do I yearn to squirm as if punched in the stomach? Do I long for sadness, anxiety and fear? What in God's name is this?

*It's a full moon,
Frank Sinatra singing: "I Did It My Way",
My darling, "My Better Half" is my companion. Nice weather,
Our girl PANK has us safely wrapped in her arms,*

*Everything is perfect, but why am I like this?..
Nilgün asked one day, "How did we get into this? Really, why did we get into this?"*

Everything's a mess right now. It's dirty, it's sticky.

I blackened, I am blackened. I'm like this right now.

*Tomorrow is a new day. Who knows, maybe it's different. If it's the same, we're screwed.
What do I tell to these beautiful people? To our dear friends who are waiting for good news.
What do I say? It's black, black, black,
PitchBlack.*

This e-mail went to about 60 people and a huge avalanche started. Our dear friends flooded us with phone calls and e-mails. Apparently, they have also had a lot of discussion about us amongst themselves.

"Come back!" some people said.
Some people thought, "You are overwhelmed."
Someone said: "My dear, just go for a while. You will make your final decision before you get too far."

Some did not react. "This too shall pass!" some commented.

And there were those who gave us energy and hope with their supportive approaches. Look how our sailor friend Jülide made our hearts ache:

—

"It seemed like you weren't going to leave, but you really did... At the last moment, I felt it so hard.. Have a good trip."

JÜLİDE KUTAY, 31.07.2007

—

In fact, there was no regret in the PitchBlack email, no desire to go back. There was only the expression of our feelings, bravely and sincerely opening our hearts. I guess this is what initiated our friends and loved ones.

One more thing actually happened. When we darkened our loved ones with the PitchBlack e-mail, we automatically entered under the obligation to bleach. So our mailings would and should continue.

However, to be sincere, we did not intend to send regular e-mails when we started. Of course, we would occasionally send news and information. But we hadn't planned e-mails to have their own style, nor expressing our moods and experiences with colours. None of this was planned in advance.

I thought about what to write in the subject line of the e-mail that ended with "Black, black, black, black..." and I said "Pitchblack." That's how the concept of colours started.

Aren't colours a way of expressing our moods?

Aren't there millions of different colours of the Earth that we gradually want to see?

Wouldn't it be a respectable endeavour to try and make the people around us feel these colours?

So we were going to give each day a color.

The next day we realised that it was not so black. This time we feel "AllGrey". It's a good sign.

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AllGrey 31.7.2007

I'm on watch. It's 4:00 am.

My eyes are closing.

Phone, Pinar!

Her first sentence: Dad, don't sleep!

.She stalked me from New York.

She knows me well, my lovely girl.

I handed over my shift and went to bed.

When you sleep for three and a half hours, it's like the world is a little different.

We have 10 miles to Gallipoli. We have crossed the Dardanelles dozens of times.

There was always a destination port, a time frame to catch.

Now there is neither.

There is no destination, no time limit.

As we crossed the Marmara and Dardanelles to the south, I always thought about going back.

It's always unpleasant going back "uphill" with a headwind. There's not this feeling this time.

There's sadness this time. Could this be the end?

Murat and Ayda have arrived in Sicily.

They sent a message:

Sea is your new home,

How could we not miss you?

Nesrin-Kemal we are always with you.

My poet brother, I supposedly discovered him.

Cutting the ropes was not simple, even if it had become the purpose of life.

Haluk grabs his axe,

Milliyet reporters get their cameras rolling.

Kemal cannot hoist a flag on a pole,

Nesrin has a horn in her hand,

Cüneyt messes with our clothes,

Seda walks around,

Erhan talks about our flag,

My parents are silent, supposedly joyful,

Tears in Jülide's eyes for the first time,

Sermet and Ayşe are sad,

Kerim is trying to turn sadness into joy,

Selçuk, Selma are worried,

Sacide, Burhan are questioning: Why?

Tansu, Ercan smile,

Can, Görkem are full of energy,

Yavuz, Yıldız are emotional,

Cem, Tijen are confused,

Savas and Yasemin are looking to see if this was the owner of the little boat 17 years ago,

Banu, Huseyin are silent,

Sevda tries to capture every moment,

Kerem hugs her tightly,

So there was a lot of sadness.

Zerrin Özer cries out in her song, "We must leave."

And the last moment:

The descending axe cuts the last rope connecting PANK to the land.

The echoing sound reached all the way to the Atlantic.

Well, goodbye. See you, fellas.

We had planned our departure for just before dark, around 20:00. There were two reasons. The first was our desire to cross the Dardanelles during day-light. We had planned to go non-stop to Bozcaada. When we set off in the evening, we planned to enter the Dardanelles before noon the next day and dock at the beautiful harbour of Bozcaada in the evening.

Secondly, we wanted to have a farewell dinner with our relatives and friends who wanted to see us off, without blocking their work time. And so we did.

Three little points, three fantasies, made our departure more dramatic. The first was Nesrin's idea that we should leave before finishing dinner, leaving the meal unfinished.

The second was my desire to cut the ropes connecting PANK to Ataköy with an axe. It was a sign that we were not coming back anytime soon and that we were going on a transatlantic voyage.

The third was Zerrin Özer's song, crying "We must leave".

PANK floated away after our dear friend Haluk cut our last rope with an axe. Our loved ones left their meals unfinished and saw us off with cries of "Separation". It was different.

Here are the energising messages from these beautiful people that light up our hearts as they come:

Every time I go out to sea, a bitterness takes over me, a fear, a bit of anxiety, I want to be on land, at meals, among friends, in the warmth of conversation and human warmth. As time passes, I begin to sail not on the sea but in it. My skin gets used to it, my eyes get used to it, my hands get used to it, my feet get used to it, gradually the fears disappear, the longings settle in my heart as a sweet dream... You are embarking on a wonderful, unforgettable journey. After a week, the blacks will turn blue and the greys will turn to sun-yellow. My heart is always with you, as a friend, and as a worker, whatever you need, just let me know, I am with you.

KERİM GÜRÇAY, 01.08.2007

—

My answer for PitchBlack:

It is impossible not to be stunned by such a long and beautifully written "Pitchblack". It is rare to know and describe oneself so well, keep writing. My opinion is this: "This too shall pass!"

My answer for Gipgri: See, it is slowly passing. My guess is that these colours will go up to blue and stay there.

MURAT SOYDAS, 01.08.2007

—

I hope everything is going as planned. (Sometimes unplanned is the best.) Istanbul can't have rain. It wants to cry behind your back, but Global Warming prevents that. May you have plenty of wind...

MURATHAN KURAL, 01.08.2007

—

You have written your feelings in a very sincere way. Every morning will be better for you. May all good things be with you. May your path be clear.

CAN PENBECIOGLU, 01.08.2007

—

To tell you the truth, I was expecting your first e-mail in this very mood. It would be a lie to say otherwise. I am sure that after a week you will get used to your new life and you will enjoy everything very much. May God allow everyone to realize their dreams.

TİJO (TİJEN MERGEN), 01.08.2007

—

Anyway, you made the transition from black to grey on the first night. When Tijo asked me, "Did you read Kemal's e-mail?" I said, "Is he talking about the point of no return?" The feeling of no return must make you feel weird. I kept saying "What courage!" to the people on the pontoon. By splitting the courage in two. Crossing the Atlantic is already a hard physical dare, but the hardest thing seems to be the courage to risk this emotional "sensation". In my opinion, however, this emotional shock was good for you. It brought out the poet in you. As the colours unfold, you will say that you are glad you had the courage.

CEM MERGEN, 01.08.2007

—

Heyyyy Pank,

It's great to watch the transition from black to grey through the captain's logbook. Our hearts, if not our bodies, are with you on this journey from greys to whites, from whites to pinks and from there to infinite colours. Let's wish you a safe journey.

Tomorrow we are waiting for the news, whether Bozcaada is still OK or not.

LEYLA KURAL, 01.08.2007

—

You're a big donkey.

ERHAN AYATA, 01.08.2007

—

As you may have guessed, it was my brother who called me "Donkey".

Now the situation was slowly emerging. Our dear friends started to expect e-mails from us every day. As we had started, we would continue to convey emotions, information and the colours of our world, regularly, even if not every day.

Something happened in the meantime. Nesrin suddenly came out of nowhere and said, "In the midst of your obsession with order, stability and schedules, I will write down my observations and feelings and send them as Pirate Reports. They will have a different eye, a feminine and loving spirit, a different style."

And it turned out very well. Here's the first one:

PIRATE REPORT - DEPARTURE

Hello,

"Hello" from a July 30th Istanbul evening. The sun has set red, the sky is crimson. Kemal and I are side by side, we didn't speak until Yeşilköy. You know, it's as if the new idiom has gone silent... The majors have run out, the journey to the minors...

I rewind the movie, Haluk and Arda are the last ones we see; Kemal forgot his car keys, Haluk came to get them on his rubber boat (May God give every sailor a friend like Haluk). My heart is trembling. Thank you my friend, thank you very much, may life always be generous to you in all your desires, more generous than it is to your friends. And may you always be surrounded by those you love.

The previous frame is Haluk's rubber boat, which has exceeded its limit. Who is not on that boat: Ali, Haluk, Julide, Savaş, Yasemin, Selma, Tijen, Cem, Cüneyt, Can, Arda, Sermet, Tansu, Mina, Ercan, Kerem, Görkem; forgive me if I'm missing anyone... I love you all very much, crazy people! Excuse me, crazy? You or us? ... The ones waving us as PANK was leaving the pontoon one frame ago...

My beloved mother, father, aunt, Refika Abla (my Umrah friend), Erhan (my brother-in-law), Kerim, Sevda (my oldest friend), Yavuz, Yıldız, Kemal the sailor, and Hüseyin are taking photos. Banu is waving with her usual grace and dignity. Julide's eyes are teary but she doesn't neglect to tease. "Kemal, don't hit the back, collect the fenders, etc." Ayşe looks puzzled at Water Joke. It's as if she didn't know and just found out about our trip. Sermet is in a good mood. You know that in old grocery stores, there is a photo expressing: "The one who sells on credit, the one who sells in cash." Sermet, of course, has the expression of a person who sells in cash. Sacide, Burhan, how nice of you. You are waving your hands in a resigned but accepting manner. What can we do, we are destined to see these days... And my dear sister, pregnant Seda. How beautifully you shared all our excitement and documented to all those who wanted it. Thank you so much... Selma I wish I could be with you to wipe

your tears but I am crying too. Ercan is busy filming every moment. Who knows when we will watch it?

Now the moment of our departure; Haluk and my brother Cüçü are running to our ropes with their axes. My dear Can has a big knife in his hand, he will cut our ropes held by Görkem and Kerem and separate us from the land.

Every now and then someone says to us: "Wave, take a photo. etc." I wave like a robot, but my eyes are on my loved ones. So I try to trap them in picture frames, to engrave them in my brain.

Cem and Tijen, who joined us running at the last moment of our departure. My Kerem had run ahead of me and was surprised; Gülgün hugged me saying "mom", I swallow a fist in my throat. How happy I am to have such beautiful friends and offspring.

We're having dinner at Red Fish. Even Kerim has come among all the busyness; just looking at him fills me with joy. I'm so happy to know you. My Sermet came in in a hurry, obviously coming from work. My dear; he brought a booklet with fresh ink on it. Tansu touches my shoulder and says, "Don't go, don't leave us." Oh my God, I had just pulled myself together. Mina hugs my neck with a big kiss. "My little princess" I hope we will be together more... We need to make this trip to answer the questions you are curious about. Seda is on my back, touching me, making me shiver, I say: "Don't be silly, you are the one leaving." Words are not enough. Eye expressions help more. Kemal is recording Selcuk's declaration. SELÇUK, you can't run away anymore.

We ask for the check and an elegant bill comes from Mr. Red Fish Haluk;

| <i>Type</i> | <i>Quantity</i> | <i>Total</i> |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------|
| ----- | ----- | ----- |
| <i>HAVE A NICE TRIP</i> | <i>10</i> | <i>1.000</i> |
| <i>LOTS OF SUN</i> | <i>10</i> | <i>1.000</i> |
| <i>GOOD WEATHER</i> | <i>10</i> | <i>1.000</i> |
| <i>SWEET WIND</i> | <i>10</i> | <i>1.000</i> |
| <i>ENOUGH MONEY</i> | <i>10</i> | <i>1.000</i> |
| <i>GOOD FRIENDS</i> | <i>ALL HERE</i> | ----- |
| <i>TOTAL</i> | <i>1.000.000 Nautical Miles</i> | |

Well, Haluk Kutay, you've done it again. I say "Thank you beaucoup" in reference to Ali.

Our dear friends and brothers Selmuş, Selçuk, ITIM Can Mergen and Görkem are on the boat. My Sevda has come with special flavours from her hometown; she is also in a photo

rush. My dear mom, she is the one in charge of food. She has done it again; dry meatballs, dolmas, roasted eggplant and peppers, roasted minced meat. Many thanks...

A neck support inside the boat, emergency medicines; Ayşeeeeeeeeee thank you. What's that; a bag of magazines and books; "Thank you beaucoup" to you too, Julid. Erhan'cık brought the best gift from my aunt. And my aunt brought sweet food miam miam.. What a beautiful lantern Kemal the sailor gave, may your days always be bright...

My sisters are on the other end of the phone, Nermin, Ümit, they are saying, "Goodbye, go, stay in good health, may your winds be easy to handle for you. Don't worry, God willing, I am always with you. Sevda, I'm glad we sat together by the boat for two minutes...

Like life in reverse, I rewind the photographs. This is how the frames in my brain came to life the first night. There will surely be more parades, but we are very lucky. To have such a beautiful family and friends. I was briefly looking at the photographs in Kemal's PitchBlack.

PANesrinK 31.07.2007

We arrived in Bozcaada and were greeted by our sailor friends who had settled there. The sadness still continues. Would raki and fish be a cure?

Light Grey 01.08.2007

*We're in Bozcaada.
Ropes cut with an axe are just lying there.
We couldn't touch them.
Hurray, İlhami Abi wanted it as a souvenir.
We collected them all and gave them to him.
Sinan met us at the harbour yesterday.
Evening, raki fish and tiredness.*

*We are here today.
And maybe the colours will lighten up a bit.
What's the hurry?
What does it matter where we go?
We complete the work to be done.
We store energy.*

*There's a market here on Wednesdays.
Nesrin loves it.
I guess we'll get used to the rhythm of our new life.
Murat and Ayda will sail away from Sicily tonight on their boat Blue Siesta.*

*We'll meet somewhere, God willing.
But who knows when and where?
You know, they say there are no appointments on the sea.
The words "Destiny" and "Inshallah" are on the lips of sailors.*

*The weather has turned harsh.
It'll push us in the ass, but it's still blowing 6-7 Beaufort.
We'll see in the morning.
If it decreases, great.
Otherwise, stay in Bozcaada.
That's what happens when you're a cruiser.
What else can we do?*

*The idea of being a cruiser is nice, but it's not that simple.
One cannot get used to it immediately.
Even though thinking 'Got used to it over time', one realises 'Not cruised a long way yet'.*

*In 1998, we participated in the Black Sea Yacht Rally with the first PANK for 7 weeks.
We cruised clockwise around the shores of the Black Sea.*

*Murat was our vice commodore in the magnificent organisation of our dear commodore
Teoman Abi. Gülbeyaz and Pank became great friends. Now Murat has the sailboat "Dream
Nauti Boy" and he is now a vice commodore in Bozcaada.*

Off White 02.08.2007

*According to my vice commodore, the winds reached 50 knots at night.
The waves are breaking over the breakwater and soaking us.
I'm glad we stayed in Bozcaada.*

*In the evening, Aita Pea Pea entered the harbour.
Just as the breeze started to blow...
It was troublesome to dock them.*

*In the morning the wind came down, to Beaufort 5-6.
Just as we were about to leave,
I got a phone call from my dad.*

*The Milliyet Café Weekend Newspaper came out,
Our interview was published with full-size pictures.
We immediately found a shop.*

*Thank you, Tijen,
Thanks to our young friend who did the interview.
You have written what we have said without exaggeration or interpretation.*

*With honking horns on our departure from the last Turkish port,
There were Özlem, Serdar, Renan, Kaan Murat, Zuhul and İlhami Abi.*

*This time there is more happiness than sadness.
The destination is the Greek island of Aiginia.
Opposite Athens.
We have 190 miles to go.
We are on a turbulent sailing course.*

We are still in a black-and-white world. But we are moving from darkness to light. So we are sending hope to our friends.

Here is how it reflects on us:

—

That's what I'm talking about!!!

Tomorrow it will be white, and the day after tomorrow it will be white as snow. You are our dear friends who can make decisions that we all aspire to. Have a nice trip. May God bless you always and everywhere...

BAHAR KORKMAZ, 02.08.2007

—

We seem to be getting colour soon... 24 million colours to choose from on this trip... I hope the colour you choose when you come to Sydney will be "lilac"...

ERHAN İZMİR, 02.08.2007

—

I read your e-mails, which go from black to white, with great attention. Actually, there are only 3-4 of them yet, but they give me the impression that if they were stacked on top of each other, they would become a serious literary masterpiece after a while.

It started with pessimistic feelings. Was it travel or trip or business or new lifestyle? I couldn't give a name to. However, I think, it started to become pleasant.

Who knows how many people would like to do what you are doing now? Dear Kemal, but there's one thing I don't understand. Why are you on watch duty, what's the hurry, master? Why do you want to cover 190 miles at once? Just keep going, brother, when you get tired, open the raki, lie down and continue when you wake up :)))

I never had the idea of sailing around the world in my head, but the concept of living at sea is getting closer and closer in the back of my mind. Let's see what time will show, maybe

one day I will wave a hat to you from another boat in a bay. Even the dream is beautiful :)))
May your bow always be clear, dear Pank Team. Bring love wherever you go.
EMEL & SINAN SOLEY, 02.08.2007

Agean Dark Blue 03.08.2007

*We got hit.
And the stick was hard.
Ayda told me that Poseidon forecasts 7 Beaufort of wind.
But we still went out. Everything was fine.
In any case, the wind was coming from our aft shoulder.*

*Then;
Those short-period waves of the Aegean Sea grew bigger and bigger.
The breeze increased and increased. It sat on 8 Beaufort in the late morning.
The wind instrument recorded a maximum speed of 45.7 knots.
Full rigging first, then genoa the size of a handkerchief, mizzen the size of a handkerchief.*

*It's choppy all around.
Is this how much PANK can shake?
Oh my God, what are those noises?
Are the brick walls crumbling?
Are the towers of canned food coming down?
Where is that rattling coming from?*

What's that rhythmic sound?

*No food, no drinks,
Sleep is in turns and restless.
It took us 29 hours.
We were very tired.
That's not the cruiser way.
Sinan Soley is right.
We're meeting with Ayda and Murat. What else should we do?*

*Years ago I saw the movie "Elephant Man".
It was shot in black and white.
Because there was no colour in the world it described,
There was darkness.
I was very impressed.*

*How beautiful, our world is full of colours.
Who doesn't admire the dark blue of the Aegean Sea?
Now we're at anchor in a bay 10 miles south of Athens.
The water is gorgeous.*

*At last, there is peace.
Finally, a boat that doesn't rock,*

*At last, a sweet breeze that doesn't howl,
At last, there's food.
We're on anchor tonight.*

The following e-mail is from my dear nephew, which warmed our hearts:

—

PRIDE!

Greetings from Istanbul,

Yesterday, I rushed to D&R after work in response to your e-mail. I immediately found the newspaper section and bought 2 Milliyet newspapers. I will keep one as a souvenir. The other will be passed around, my friends and loved ones will read it and I will be even more proud. Milliyet Café has really done a good job. Your pictures are also very good. Especially in the picture on page 3, when I saw the justified pride on your face and the unbearable lightness of realising a dream, I felt that pure happiness. To be able to reach for your dreams! That's what happened in the best way.

MURATHAN KURAL, 03.08.2007

—

From "Coral" to "Pank"

We remember that you had such a travel idea when we were still in Ataköy and that it was mentioned in some conversations. Congratulations.

SANEM, YASEMİN, KENAN AÇIKALIN "CORAL", 03.08.2007

—

May your wind be sufficient, your bow be clear, and your heart always be filled with joy and happiness. We will always be watching you.

PERİHAN & CENGİZ ÖZGÜL, 03.08.2007

—

The poem of İsmet Özel that would suit you best in your current position is "The blue of the Mediterranean turning purple towards the horizon".

May the wind be your companion and dolphins your confidant.

IDİL, BELKIS and EROL, 03.08.2007

—

Pink 4.08.2007

Nice messages are coming.

Unconditional support.

Long live energy and happiness.

When we started our journey, I suddenly got comments that the poet inside came out of me.

Who would dare to say that I'm a poet?

How about to say my writing style?

I wrote the following in 2002 when our Commodore started his Atlantic voyage:

There are a group of people.

Not in the virtual world,

They live in nature,

They live on the sea.

Boats are their houses.

Dinghy's are their cars.

Bays are their Summer Houses.

Marinas are their Winter Houses.

Their volumes are narrow,

Their worlds are wide,

Their fights are over,

Tranquility prevails.

Their bodies are fit,

Their minds are fresh,

Their hopes are being healthy,

Their joys are travelling,

Their stress is the storm,

Their peace is the sun,

Their friendship is deep-rooted,

Their priority is people!

It's holiday today.

Hmmmm, it's getting nice:] Tomorrow I'll look towards the sea from Çıralı. I'll wave to you.
ORAL ÜLKÜMEN, 04.08.2007

—

I don't know, if it's the colour of the sea or the strength of the wind. The colours have bloomed and bloomed, the result must be beautiful either way. Once you find white, it has to stay white. The excitement of seeing you off to distant seas has been great. But now there is a bigger one. Greeting you or meeting you somewhere in between. This is what I am excited about.

—

They say one is happy when he buys his boat and also happy when he sells it. Forget the selling part. There is commodity, there is cash. It is said that selling a boat is a difficult and long process. Actually, we think there is sadness in selling a boat.

Our third boat was called PANK. 11-meter-long polyester sailboat: Moody 36. We loved her. Even though we bought it without seeing it. We had many beautiful moments. We made long trips. We participated in the Black Sea Yacht Rally sailing her. We crossed the Corinth Canal to the Ionian Sea with her. She showed us around the Greek islands.

When the time came to sell it and Nesrin and I started looking to buy our final boat. But we were all heartbroken once again. The emotional bond we had established with her made it difficult to separate. But Pınar was the most upset one. In 2003, Pınar also started to decide about the direction of her life. There would be very few boats in her PhD life in New York.

In short, while on the one hand, we were happy that we sold our first PANK because we were free from the financial and moral pressure of owning two boats, on the other hand, we were sad to separate from a friend with whom we shared many things with much more overriding feelings.

Let's talk about the story of the purchase of the first PANK.

The year was 1996. We decided to change our second boat and move towards boats that could sail the oceans. Nesrin and I are researching together and we're thinking of buying a center cockpit boat. At that time, British Moody was one of the most experienced companies in this field. We also like their designs. As a result, we decided to buy a Moody, and this time we will buy a new boat. Right around this time, we learned that Karina, the company that sold our first boat, wanted to become the distributor of Moody in Turkey. This is how our close friendship with Cüneyt started. At that time, we learned that his dream is also "Cruising the World" by boat. So we have a lot in common.

Nesrin and I visited the Moody 38 at the Düsseldorf boat exhibition, liked it and decided to have one. We came back to Cüneyt. We said: "Moody 38 is our choice". He said, "This will be the first Moody to come to Turkey. We would like to exhibit it at the Istanbul Boat Show." "Agreed," we said, "No problem." But then he said, "Moody 38 is going out of production next year. It makes no sense to exhibit a boat at the show, that will be out of production." "So what are we going to do?" He said: "The Moody 36 is just coming out. You will buy that one instead." He is a good salesman. He's a good talker. You see, he sold us an imaginary boat that didn't exist, without showing us, by showing us hand-drawn sketches of it.

In December 1996, the first PANK arrived at the port in Ambarlı on a container ship. In the icy cold, windy and rainy weather, I stood on top of the containers on the docked ship under the hull of PANK. I was admiring it. The captain of the ship saw me and chased me away. It

turns out that onboard the ship is considered international waters and I was violating the law.

PANK was to be transported from the port to Ataköy Marina by truck. Traffic rules allowed this transportation only after 02:00 am after midnight. Pınar and I slept next to PANK in the truck until that time. Then we reached Ataköy Marina in convoy around 04:00 am.

In January 1997, the first PANK was exhibited at the Istanbul Boat Show and we were overjoyed. We were so happy that in the morning we would come to the fair with the staff and love our boat during the day and in the evening we would leave the fair with the staff.

Our good friends Ayda and Murat are experiencing a similar pleasure. They have just bought Blue Siesta and are bringing her from Southampton to Istanbul themselves.

They crossed the famous Bay of Biscay and the entire Mediterranean Sea, completing 2000 nautical miles.

Blue Siesta Blue 05.08.2007

*How many farewells for God's sake!
This time the farewell is on the Greek island of Aiginia.
Friends wishing safe journey: Ayda, Murat, Ülkü, Mehmet.*

*Again full of emotions, again the mixture of joy and sadness.
The famous Blue Siesta entered the harbour yesterday.
She was glorious and very cool.
We embraced tightly with the Long Trip Captains.*

*Docking to the pier is also problematic here.
Most of the boats filling the harbour are charter boats.
As the sun sets there are no available spaces are.
Everyone is moving around for the last few places.
Sometimes anchoring on top of each other, spoiling the anchor of others.
Everyone is on watch at their boats.
A turmoil until the sun goes down.
Crashing into the dock, falling on each other.
Hydrofoils entering the harbour at high speed.
Boats trying to form a second row, shouting and screaming, pushing and pulling.
There's a little damage at Pank.
Our Windex is bent and broken. It's the evil eye, we say.
What would life be like in this harbour, especially if a considerable wind blew?*

*Two beautiful days,
After two evenings of octopus grill, ouzo, saganaki and tzaciki,
We will cross the Corinth Canal tomorrow,*

Monday inshallah.

On Tuesdays the canal is closed for maintenance.

Blue Siesta will continue its journey to Istanbul.

Take our love to Istanbul, friends.

— — — —

Our friends, to whom we send our love, also send us their love and feelings: —

—

I wanted to write a lot until today but didn't know what to write. Thank God that the pinks have started. You will say, why didn't you write when it was black? I told you, I couldn't put the words together, but I cried in every e-mail.

You did it Kemal again and of course Nesrin... If you were here now, I would say "Hello Nesrin" or "Hello Kemal, our closest friends have gone on a trip around the world by boat and they are writing us black, dark e-mails. What are we going to do now? How can we support them?" I would definitely ask you.

At one point I thought of something very treacherous. Some time ago flying to Kars, I wondered what Kemal had done about my fear of airplanes. I thought if I wrote something like that, would it help them? At that time it did me a lot of good!!!!!!! I used to check my e-mails once a week, but now I check them regularly every day to see if there are any news from you.

BANU DOKUZER, 05.08.2007

—

I guess you met Murat and Ayda last night. I hope the last Turkish night was a fabulous one. We read that your mood is slowly getting used to the journey, keep it up. Yesterday I, Orhan-Asli and Haluk met. We did some sailing with our boat X-May. We test-drove the boat in 20 knots for 2-3 hours. Of course, there was no shortage of humour. When Haluk said that you would return to Istanbul around September 15th, Orhan (thinking that you would come with the boat) asked, "Are they going cruising once more?" and we were lost. We thought of a second farewell party, that we've seen before. Anyway, the situation around here continues like: Work-Marina-Red Fish-Kemer.

KERIM GÜRÇAY, 05.08.2007

—

I thought I would start by replying to your first e-mail, but I couldn't write. I'm broken... First I've sent you and then the husband to China... He's a carpet man anyway. Will be back to his shop, but what about you? I don't know where or when I'll see you. "PitchBlack" also took me back years ago... You know the first years of Denizli... Leman Sam would sing "Leeaaveee" in Günay restaurant and I would cry every time... May your luck be abundant

and your wind not be unkind...
SELMA MERGEN, 05.08.2007

—

Last weekend Olcay and Tayfun were our guests in Bodrum and we read your e-mails together with mixed feelings of joy, care and a little bit of sadness that you have left us and gone away. May your path be clear, your luck be abundant and your mission be blessed!!! I have asked Olcay to forward your last e-mail so that I can get your e-mail address. If you don't mind, if you add me and my loving wife to your e-mail list, we will always be aware of you and we will try to give you some moral support with our e-mails from time to time.

SERViSiMiN & MEHMET BiRCED, 05.08.2007

—

Don't you sleep at all?
You both write beautifully. You wonderfully express your feelings. Bravo to you... My parents call me every day from Silivri and ask me if I got an e-mail from you. I read what you write one round for myself, and second round for them.

ERHAN AYATA, 05.08.2007

—

Dark Purple 06.08.2007

*In the morning, bismillah.
When we heaved our anchor, we also got an old mooring chain.
Enough of Aiginia.
The Corinth Canal.
The toll is 221 euros.
That's 3.2 nautical miles.
So it's the most expensive canal in the world for its length.*

*Although it was customary to wait, we didn't.
When we crossed the canal, there was something else we didn't expect.
The west wind started blowing right between our two eyebrows.
It increased and increased and reached the Beaufort force of 6-7,
Far above the forecasts.
We were negligent, though.
We had not studied the weather forecasts in detail.*

*We realised that the waves wouldn't let us sail against the wind.
For the first time in our lives, because of the weather; we turned back after we set off sail.
Corinth city, marina and peace.*

98; Helmut, the captain of the Pamina Grande on Kayra Rally, during the introduction:
He said, "I don't go out when I see Beaufort 6."
It was very strange.
Was it right to do?

In 1991, our first boat Deno,
You know, the one that looks like a bathtub.
Cruising from Marmara Island to Marmara Ereğlisi.
25 nautical miles, should take around 5 hours.
Again headwind.
It had been 8 hours and we couldn't get there.
We were together with 3-4 boats.
Everyone was waiting for us.
It was 11 o'clock at night, when we were in the harbour,
Tired and soaked wet.

I threw the ropes ashore,
I left the boat, without tying it properly,
Without even stopping the engine.

Captains of the other boats said behind my back:
"It's over, we have a boat for sale.
Kemal will see water only in a glass again."

But they didn't know;
I was so much in trouble,
I was about to poo into my pants.
I was running to the toilet.

The reason for the poo in my pants will go with me.
No one will ever know.

You tell it in such a sweet way, that it reminded me of the adventure novels, I used to read as a child. I would read them dozens of times and see myself as a hero between the lines. I realised that I was treating your messages in the same way. It would be useful to remind Captain Kemal. The journey is long but the colour scale is limited.

Don't run out of colours too quickly!
iDiL, BELKIS and EROL, 06.08.2007

—

My Kemal, my brave friend,
We paid 216 euros for the Corinth Canal. They overcharged you or undercharged us.
Maybe it's because you have two masts! We have one hour to Bozcaada. The feeling of

returning home prevails on the boat, everyone is sleeping like calfs. Stay safe, if you run out of LPG, light a fire with the books and maps I gave you!!!
MURAT SOYDAS (BLUE SIESTA), 06.08.2007

—

My brave Kemal, I like that :))

Ohh man, now it's done. When you see 6 Beaufort, turn around and lie down. You were right before.

To Mr. Murat.

With a German mentality "Pünktlich muss sein." But I thought our French Monarch would have kept Kemal waiting. After your e-mail, I understood that you met at the end.

Blue Siesta reported entering the Dardanelles 10 minutes ago (Tuesday at 19.30). They will be in Istanbul tomorrow... 20-25 years ago, we used to go on trips by car without a program, without a goal (like going where the wind takes you). All day long we would follow every yellow sign we saw on the Aegean coast and examine the stones and soil left by the people who lived in those beautiful places long before us.

Near dark, we always found accommodation. (Sometimes it was a tent, sometimes a 5 star hotel) Raki, food, and bed. It was very enjoyable for me to be unscheduled.

That's why I'm telling you to go slow. But you German German-minded, you must have made a plan again. Since you planned this 17 years ago for today:)))))

SINAN SOLEY, 06.08.2007

—

LOVERS,

Emails from Kemal are making progress...

I like colours... I couldn't write for pitchblack and gray. Off-white excited me... I was happy in Blue Siesta... Good luck, and may the wind not be unkind.

SELMA MERGEN, 06.08.2007

—

After a week of vacation (we haven't had a family vacation in 3 years) we are back home. We read your colourful e-mails. That's the shitty thing about extreme sports. You can be caught off guard unexpectedly. After knowing what to do, like Dersu Uzala, the rest is sweet fatigue. "Work Capitan, Work"

BEKİR KARA, 06.08.2007

— — — — —

German Yellow 07.08.2007

*My German high school classmate Sinan Soley is very pleased to hear
That we came back after 6 Beaufort of headwind.*

*Hah! He says, "Okay. Turn around and lie down, why would you push."
Must be the influence of the German school,
Being scheduled and punctual.*

*Who would think that the transition to a life with uncertainties is easy for a man:
Who made plans and programs all his life,
Who worked hard to implement them without changing them.
Is it easy for someone who had lots of broken hearts behind, especially his own,
To move onto a life without a program, without a goal?
Is it easy having the program for the next five years sitting in my brain?
How do I do it?*

*We didn't leave the port of Corinth today.
The breeze was still blowing even though it was dying down.
We rested.
But for me, the program failed.*

*I'm the one who's said many times that there are no appointments at sea,
I still haven't gotten that into my 1,400 grams brain.*

*1999 trip to the Cyclades islands.
4-5 boats, 15 days duration.
I programmed every day.
It was not easy for me to accept staying one more night in Mykonos.
My dear friends begged me with a public ceremony in the main square of the island.*

*I'll learn to go step by step, God willing.
By the way, tomorrow's program is ready.*

You have introduced something into my daily life that I now have to read before newspapers, magazines and all kinds of news sources: Seyr-ü Notebook of Ayatas'
Your brother BURAK BABÜR, 07.08.2007

—

I would be lying if I said I wasn't sad that I couldn't come to see you off, if I said I wasn't heartbroken. But anyway, saying goodbye is also very emotional, I would have been a crybaby...

I have been receiving your emails, but I haven't read any of them until today, I glanced at them all with curiosity, but I wanted to read them comfortably, taking my time, and digesting them. You have embarked on a journey that is courageous, full of curiosity and very beautiful. With all my heart, I wish you 5 years filled with beautiful memories. Poet Kemal and Vice Commodore Nesrin;

We love you and look forward to reading about your adventures. If there is anything new

in our terrestrial lives, I will keep you informed. As I was thinking about the program, I suddenly remembered that movie, Dead Poets' Society, I cried a lot, and I also remember the phrase "Seize the day!".

I wish you days with few programs (it seems difficult for now I guess:))

ASLI ÖZDAŞ, 07.08.2007

Göcek Blue 8.08.2007

*Today's energy is from sister Aslı Özdaş,
When we talked about the lack of the program
She remembered the movie "Dead Poets Society".
Pinar put it in the DVD collection she made for us.
We sat and watched it.*

"Carpe Diem."

"Seize the Day."

Apart from these, there was another sentence that stuck in my brain:

"In the forest, the road split into two.

I took the road less travelled, and that made all the difference."

"Make your lives extraordinary," said the famous teacher.

Is it easy to break the chains?

There are so many.

Our current chain is the west wind.

*We are at anchor on the island of Trizonia,
Leaning north in the middle of the Gulf of Corinth.
An exquisite bay reminding us of Göcek bays.*

We've got 25 knots of headwind again.

It's still whistling at the masts.

For God's sake, won't the easterly ever blow?

"No," says Rod Heikell, "It won't."

Hello, dear Pank crew,

Kemal brother, health to your hand, pen and heart. A person can only describe emotions and feelings so beautifully. Only such a person can create both sadness and a smile on faces. Goodbye, go with pleasure. As you mentioned, the colours are getting brighter and brighter. I am most curious about the white. Friendships are not only face to face but heart to heart. Those hearts are always with you.

OLGA LULECI, 08.08.2007

—

For many years, one of the biggest problems for us computer people was not being able to use Turkish characters, especially in e-mails. It was boring. You have to be able to recognise that this unscheduled life is sometimes boring. Enjoy it like the famous soldier joke. You're doing a job that everyone envies. In short. Fuck the wind and the direction. One day it will blow the right way anyway. CARPE DIEM and don't forget to put a glass on the table for me.

BEKİR KARA, 08.08.2007

—

All Green 09.08.2007

*We visited the island of Trizonia today.
A tiny lush green Greek village.
Like a Turkish village on the Aegean coast.
Old masonry stone makeshift houses,
Poultry houses, garbage,
A ramshackle village grocery store
A church and a chapel instead of a mosque,*

*There was a mass in the church.
The Priest, some kids,
Mostly old ladies and a few gentlemen.
Cafes and "taverns" and tourist shops on the coast.*

*I love Greece and the Greeks.
Our music, our food, our behaviour, our people, our good and bad sides are so similar.
Why couldn't we be under the same roof?*

*Dinner at a restaurant on the shore, a tavern actually.
Ouzo on the table, grilled octopus, tzatziki, appetizers etc.
The bill is 32 Euros for two people.
There was also Bekir Kara's glass on the table.*

Thank you, my dears. You keep my glass on the table and I will keep enough dead-line for all sailors here on your behalf. May all the beautiful colours of the world be with you.

BEKİR KARA, 09.08.2007

—

Kemal, it's time, we're leaving tonight... When I went to bed in the evening I thought not to

forget to bring Nesrin a magnet from South Africa. Then it hit me... Can you put magnets on Pank's refrigerator? :) The first thing I'll do when we get back from vacation is to read your e-mails. You've got us to be used to it... If something happens and you can't write, or if you get tired of writing so often, know that you will have a lot of disappointed friends here... Every day I turn on the computer to see what Kemal has written today.

JÜLiDE KUTAY, 09.08.2007

—

While you were sailing "siga siga" to the unknown without an appointment, we flew to our home in Australia... It's one o'clock in the morning, but when you can't sleep, even the brain can't accept that you are tired. We arrived home like gentlemen, free from traffic anarchy...

Istanbul has exhausted me this time. Maybe we'll make a surprise when you arrive in the Caribbean. Who knows? Godspeed to you...

ERHAN İZMİR, 09.08.2007

—

We were silent, we were silent,
But enough is enough.
Every day raki fish
Every day tzatziki.
We are jealous that we stayed in Istanbul...

You made me a poet too, Kemal Abi...

GÖKMEN SAVAŞ, 09.08.2007

—

Greek Blue 10.08.2007

*We arrived in Zakynthos today.
The last port in Greece.
Then Sicily.
After Turkey, Greece is finished too.*

*We've come 534 nautical miles.
78 hours total cruising time.
6.85 knots average.
34 hours of sailing,
44 hours motor-sailing.*

*For 4 years we spent summers in the Greek islands.
We saw many of them.
But each island has a different character.*

*To see some of them is not enough to say you've seen the Greek islands.
It is not easy, there are exactly 1,400 of them.*

*Brother Gökmen Savaş has been added to our friends who discovered the poet within.
Look how cute he is:*

*We were silent, we were silent,
But enough is enough.
Everyday fish raki
Everyday tzatziki.
We're jealous that we stayed in Istanbul.*

*Here you go.
What's going to happen now?*

You know what? Every day I look forward to your e-mails. Envy, admiration, happiness and sometimes sadness, a mix of all these emotions is happening inside me...

What's happening to me? Am I getting old?

I didn't know Kemal's poetry side, he writes simply marvellous and believe me I read it over and over again. In the monotonous pace of Istanbul. It's like a novel you don't want to end...

Hello to my best buddy... I already miss you and our happy hour drinks. I hope you'll have a drink for me once in a while.

IFFET GRAY, 10.08.2007

—

I guess it's a nice coincidence that the 'Dead Poets Society' movie is in your collection. We don't plan to join the racing world with our new boat Knidos. Apart from the fact that she will be battered, it is unfair to race with a boat that is equipped to live like in a boat house, and it is also unfair to the effort spent during the completion. I guess it's because we focus more on the result rather than being a participant. We had dinner with Ayda-Murat last night and received your good news. Small mishaps must be the salt and pepper of the journey. May your winds be easy.

ASLI ÖZDAŞ, 10.08.2007

—

Thanks to your e-mails, it is as if we have travelled around the world with you. We are very happy that you share your impressions with us. Every day we look forward to the next day's message. I suddenly had a shortage of sisters this holy month. I could only hear my sister Nermin's voice, but that's okay. By the way, may your holy day be blessed. May you travel in peace...

ÖMER-BURAK-NACI-ÜMİT ÇETİN, 10.08.2007

Caretta Caretta Green 12.08.2007

*We rented a car yesterday.
A tiny Citroen C3.
We drove all over Zakynthos.*

*Laganas Beach,
It's blockaded by teenagers between 15 and 30 years old.
Caretta Carettas used to breed on this beach.
Zakynthos is full of souvenirs of these cute creatures.*

*The island was destroyed in the 1953 earthquake.
There are still a few old buildings and churches.
Remote villages,
We liked Zakynthos with its steep cliffs descending to the sea,
Bodrum-like city center, horse-drawn carts and colours.
The weather does not allow us to cross to Sicily.
I think we will like Zakynthos for 3-4 more days.*

*We launched our website.
Colors,
Replies to the colours,
Pictures,
Route,
Pirate Reports and
Anything you want.*

*Amateur and primitive.
www.pank.biz
Criticisms are welcome.*

Years ago we bought the name www.pank.biz, thinking that one day we might do something with it. Before we set out on this journey we wondered what it would be like. But I think it was the hardest thing to start. The duty waited until the time when I found a free wireless internet connection in one of the cafes in Zakynthos. That threw me into the web page. Between e-mails, pictures and Pirate Reports, a simple web page emerged.

Everything seems to be fine. Even though it's a little bit hot, I guess the islands are still

very breezy. By the way, we can see that my Kemal has a slight Kieslowski mood from the titles he chooses for his articles. Take care of yourselves, when you return we will carefully eat turbot in Kahraman and bonito in all kinds of fish restaurants.
KERIM GÜRÇAY, 12.08.2007

—

Hehehe, it's bound to happen. You make people jealous every day, then sing "What's going to happen now?" You left in a hurry, I couldn't catch you. Otherwise, I was planning to chase you in my second Greek season from Kos among the Greek islands. But we missed the fish. Last year I did a small Greek islands tour with my own boat. This year, with a slightly bigger boat I rented from Kos (Bavaria 50), three families will go out on the 25th of this month... 10 people and children. I feel like a charter captain. I want to go back and introduce the places I have been to, to poison three or five more people to the sea and sailing. :)))) Many years ago I met a German guy in a holiday village. His wife was turning in every direction and position to sun-tan her body like shish kebab in the hot sun. The man had his head buried in a huge pile of boating magazines and was flipping through them, with a face like a washed up seal. It was obvious that he was sitting under that umbrella in great distress. I asked the German, "Do you have a boat?" "Noch nicht," he said at first with a dull expression. Then his eyes lit up and he said with great joy and determination, "One day it will happen." He was dreaming with happiness on his journey of hope. I will never forget the expression on that man's face...
I don't know if he became a boat owner or not, but "I'm going to come after you, my Kemal:))))" My short plan right now is Ouzo, feta, delicious olive oils to dip bread in, lobster and fish from Manos, pork chops from Ormedon in Zea. We will look at the long-term plan later...
SİNAN SOLEY, 12.08.2007

Pınar Orange 13.08.2007

*E-mail traffic started with the darkness of the first day.
We didn't have it in mind.
Cüneyt called me after I left.
He told me to write down what I felt.*

*So we wrote sincerely and shared it with all of you.
The colours were also a coincidence.
Because it was black and it was going to change.
The change was also with friends.
Friends must be the greatest wealth on earth,
How incredible; so much love, so much interest, so much support.*

The website project was not new.

*We already had the name.
But how could it be designed?
We gave birth to our website on Pınar's birthday.
She turned 24 today.
Wishing her a lifetime of health and happiness.*

*We thought a lot, if we should put your beautiful messages.
Would anyone be offended,
Or would some of us not like it?
Then we said that the main thing is to share feelings.
Let it go, let go of the negativity.*

*Thank you all, dear friends.
Very special thanks to each and every one of you.*

Captain,
We have become your addict, don't neglect us with your articles. The articles are great, we are very happy when we read them. We watch you with great happiness as if we are travelling. What gems there were in our pontoon that we didn't see before.
LAURA, DENİZ, CAN PENBECİOĞLU, 13.08.2007

—

Your site is very good... I swear I downloaded the pictures immediately... The colours are beautiful... And the sounds coming from the colours... With a good effort of hearing...
ERHAN İZMİR, 13.08.2007

—

I follow everywhere you go on Google Earth. I follow the pictures of the ports you enter, the islands you visit, the most expensive canal in the world you pass through. And it is as if I am travelling with you. If anyone does not know, let them know. Be careful, don't think you are alone there. You can be spied on at any moment from anywhere-!!!!
BAHAR KORKMAZ, 15.08.2007

———

Nesrin wasn't writing, had she given up on Pirate Reports? And then we realised that the second one had appeared one night.

— — —

PIRATE REPORTER Heading to the Ionian Sea after Corinth

We said goodbye to Blue Siesta on Monday, but we're still hanging around here.

This retirement is a good thing, it's not going badly even if we don't know what to do from time to time. Cruising life is hard too, friends. Although we have already made friends with a very nice Swiss boat. They have guests on their boat right now. They bought a boat in California and sailed to the Pacific. The owners of the boat named "Tahira" are 25-30 years old, they sailed all the way to the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Red Sea, and Suez Canal. The father side was Greek. The family visits them here. Then they will be going to sell the boat in France and go back to work. Then, who knows, maybe they'll set off again. This is such a virus...

As you know, after leaving the Corinth Canal, it was the first time in our sailing life, that we made a turnaround operation. And I have to admit it was good. Not only did we see a new place, but we also had a battle of inner voices... "I am a cruiser, I am in no hurry, I go with the weather, not against it, there is no need to get beaten up, etc. etc." We repeated our memorisation and visited the city of Corinth, then Trizonia Island. If I remember correctly Greece has about 1,400 islands.

We've probably seen about 50 of them. Everyone has another character. No two are alike. The part of the island sheltered from the westerlies has a marina and plenty of moorings. There is also a beautiful anchoring area, where we preferred to anchor. You see 5-8 houses. That's all. But when you go ashore, you see that the whole village is actually located at the back. The market, restaurant, café, beach, everything is on the landward side of the island.

We came to Zakynthos Island, which we have been wanting to see for years. The weather was in favour for us. The island is beautiful, the view is beautiful, but when our captain started to say "Are we stuck here?" again, thankfully he calmed down with the intervening e-mails of friends.

I started again; "Look, Kemal, my love, calm down, we are not going anywhere. If you want, let's go up to Kefalonia, we'll find a better wind angle from there". On the same day, Kemal came back from his usual internet shift and said, "No, we are not going anywhere, we are here and we are going to adopt the quiet life as a way of living and this is a good opportunity"... A new page has opened in our story.

I'm acting as a normal housewife, cleaning, cooking. Kemal is concentrated on the website. Joking, at least one program for every day; one day a car trip, the next day a walk, the next day a carriage ride, always frappe breaks in the evenings...

Actually, I always feel better being on the road. On lonely watches, swimming in dreams, you make brand new discoveries about yourself, about your life. In the normal course of life, it takes a lot of effort to get to these dimensions.

The inner wandering is very difficult, the reckonings can be brutal... On the sea, you reach solutions (if there are any) more easily and without damage. Even if there are no solutions, you develop a different perspective from the limitation of alternatives, to make life easier for

yourself and your loved one. Before you know it, brand new colours enter your life. Then you start to capture the pleasure of those colours...

As Kemal and I were touching colours on this journey, he said "white" is not a colour. White is emptiness. And I said no, white is definitely a colour and not a void. Good luck with that. Now we are trying to prove this to each other. We are waiting for your contributions.

Yeeehooo, we are leaving tomorrow. Kisses to all of you...

PANesrinK 15/08/2007, Strada Marina/Zakynthos

— — —

Some of our friends joined the debate on whether white is a colour or not. The first comment came from Brother Sermet. You know, our dear friend who gave us a very big surprise when we returned to Istanbul for a short time after crossing the Atlantic.

Actually, the first surprise was from Brother Haluk. They had organized a big "Welcome Dinner" for us at their home. They had invited many of our close friends, all of whom were authors of this book, prepared our favourite dishes and had a big celebration. At that dinner, Sermet had a surprise book for us. The e-mails we sent were printed in a small booklet with the concept of colours and presented to us with a small ceremony. It was that booklet that gave us the courage to create the book you are holding in your hands.

— — —

In offset printing, white is not really a colour. It's just used to play with the tones of other colours. It's a little bit transparent, a little bit impersonal. But, for example, in UV printing or screen printing, white is definitely a colour. It has its own character and it shows it. Here is the moral of the story:

A stone is heavy in its place, even white is a colour in the right place and time. But if you use it wrong, you can't hold it in your hands like olive oil. Come on, that's enough White for you at this time of the day, I have to work...

SERMET TOLAN, 15.8.2007

—

My dear friend, how beautifully you have expressed your feelings... But it is only when one faces the reality of retirement that one weighs oneself. I spent the winter very hard with these feelings, not being able to say anything to anyone...

SEVDA SARIKARDAŞOĞLU, 15.8.2007

—

Yellow 5.08.2007

*She used to follow us on Google Earth,
Dear sister Bahar.
And the ports of entry,
She would also see pictures of the islands we visited.*

*In Zakynthos, instead of bumper cars,
We saw non-bumper cars.
It's a huge square.
Closed to traffic.
Somebody brought 30-40 different kinds of battery-powered toy cars.
They rent them out to the parents.
The children are on top of them.
They're having a lot more fun without colliding with each other in the square.*

*There is a saying I heard from our Commodore Teoman Agabey.
The harbour's ass would be big.
Has it grown enough?*

*The safest place for boats is in harbours.
But boats are not meant to stay in the harbour.
That's another saying.*

*Early tomorrow morning, heading to Italy, if we are lucky.
2 days at sea.
Then we'll be with you again.*

— —

Dark Blue 17.08.2007

*We're at the end of the 275-mile Greece-Italy passage.
The destination is the Sicilian port of Messina.
We still have three hours to go.
We left the port at 05:45 yesterday morning.
We've been cruising for 33 hours.
Since we can't find an easterly wind, we chose a weather with little or no westerly wind.
A little dead choppy, but it's a smooth ride.*

*Pinar has a saying I have never forgotten.
She says: "Everyone at least once in their lifetime has to be on a boat sailing in the open sea. One should have the experience of being on watch alone at night."
Yesterday was one of those nights.
And there was no moonlight. It was pitch black.*

Above it is the endless sky adorned with stars,

*Beneath it thousands of meters of endless water.
Alone in a nutshell.
Not scary at all, but very different.*

*Just as I was writing these lines,
The next thing we saw were white waves in the vicinity.
They obviously going to meet us in Messina.
The strait won't be calm.*

*It's blowing 20-25 knots.
We say "Lambs everywhere." in Turkish.
The current is 3 knots.*

*But in places the sea is calm and whirlpools are seen on the surface.
The Strait of Messina is an interesting place.*

— — — —

Our friends Ayda and Murat have also started to colour their e-mails. They also convey their feelings and thoughts with their colours.

— — —

Red Fish Red

Wednesday morning at 8:00 am we tied up at our spot in Atakoy Marina (G49). I still can't perceive that you are really gone, as if you will return from your vacation at the end of August and tie up at your spot and I will continue my weekend PANK sessions to consume all the food and coffee on your boat..

Why did we switch from pontoon F to G? Fortunately, I have the problem of late comprehension, so you will be in Istanbul before I can figure it out.

Why did I write "Red Fish Red" as a subject: We went to Red Fish with Murat on Saturday evening. You were not there, Jülide, Haluk, Sermet, Ayşe, Kerim, Tansu-Ercan, we were all alone. While we were talking, the food didn't taste good, the waiter came and asked for you, "Do you know about Mr. Kemal?" We told him a little about you and said we' will come for bluefish together in September. He sent his greetings.

Well, September is coming, when you come to Istanbul, it's time for both bluefish and my Kemal's favourite gypsy bonito. Come quickly, Red Fish is empty without you... Marina is so empty... [since I am getting sad as I write, looks like the awareness has begun!]

AYDA UZUNÇARŞILI SOYDAŞ, 17.08.2007

—

Oh, our adventurous friends

My Kemal started his journey with colours, but your path is very long, our colour knowledge is limited, do you have the Painting Catalog with you? Also Nesrin is right.

White is not emptiness, it is a COLOR. In reality, you are the most eye-catching colour of your friends.

Your website is very nice, before checking the bank account to see if the customers have sent money, we look at your route to see where you have been.

BURHANETTİN ÇOKBAŞ, 17.08.2007

—

My Kemal, I wonder if there is any trace of Blue Siesta's wake left. Let's climb up a little bit towards Kefalonia and maybe you'll see it.

Bro, don't e-mail us during working hours, we're trying to concentrate! Have a good trip, and if you go to Messina in Italy, don't get ripped off by the guy at the gas station! Don't miss the most interesting images of swordfish boats, don't keep us in the dark, go away, you will be caught in Trinidad & Tobago by plane anyway. Love to you.

MURAT SOYDAŞ, 17.08.2007

—

Turkish Flag RED 18.08.2007

We're at the Messina Marina.

Inside a large commercial harbour

One ferry in, one ferry out. A wave, a turbulence.

We are coming to Italy for the first time by boat.

We hoisted the flag of Italy on our starboard side.

This flag is called a courtesy flag.

It means we know we are sailing in Italian territorial waters and we respect your laws.

American flag on the aft, as Pank is registered in USA.

On our port side, the Turkish flag means that those inside are Turks.

Seeing our Turkish flag Tayfun İsevi came to visit us.

The captain of the sailboat "Southern Cross".

We had a chat and of course, got all kinds of offers for help.

We said thank you for now. We hope it won't be necessary.

Messina is a big Italian city.

We traveled in a 2-horsepower car.

For those who are curious, we have a web page. And it is up to date.

We'll be here for a few days.

We'll rent a car and visit the island of Sicily.

Then we'll pass on our colours again.

— — — — —

We have known Brother Cem Yünlü for a long time, we have been together at friendly dinners. But on this journey, we really got to know him for the first time. He took an

important place among the nearly one hundred authors of this book. We were very happy to have a friend who captured the philosophy and the fine details of our journey so well and expressed it so beautifully. Here is his first appearance:

I can alleviate the bitterness of not being there to see you off, although I would have liked to, by watching your brave adventure on the computer with a little envy, a little jealousy, but with great pleasure. I think that this extraordinary work you are doing right now is actually a great madness that some of us would never dare to do, a great adventure that some of us would never dream of, and a dream that some of us would never realize.

I try to share your excitement by following your route on the atlas through the photographs you put on your website, and I try to see with your eyes how many insatiable beauties you are discovering and how many more you will discover.

While we are in the hustle and bustle of our daily routine, who knows in which time zone, off which shores or anchored off which coast? Where is the next stop on your route that you await with excitement and curiosity? Traveling towards the unknown is a bit of excitement, a bit of anxiety...

One of the most pleasant aspects of this adventure is to feel that you belong to a foreign place that you will always miss but never get bored.

I don't know whether it is the curse or the fate of those who love the sea, but the bitterness of the port left behind, of the people missed, is accompanied by the exciting and alluring call of the next port to be visited. When I travel, I almost instinctively ask myself, "Would I want to live here?" Who knows how many times you will ask yourself during this adventure? When I look at the photo frames, the sadness that each port left behind may leave in your heart is only accompanied by the excitement of the next port.

It is a great chance to be able to accompany you on this journey, even virtually.

Remember that you are travelling not only with your own eyes and hearts but also with our eyes and hearts.

CEM YÜNLÜ, 18.08.2007

—

Medieval Beige 20.08.2007

We have been travelling Sicily for two days by car.

The biggest island in the Mediterranean.

Archaeological paradise.

Medieval colours are everywhere.

There are resorts,

They're the same colour.

*We saw Etna.
One of the most important volcanoes in Europe.
It smokes non-stop.
So it is active.
He often gets angry and roars.
The last time it erupted was in 2003.*

*Just on the outskirts the Alcantara valley.
Wild, rugged cliffs reaching 50 meters high.
8 degrees cold rushing water.
How come it's so close?
One is water; it's like ice,
The other is lava, hot, like fire.
Nature is magnificent,
Nature is incredible,
Nature is so beautiful,*

*Pank's been waiting for us the last two days in Messina.
I hope we didn't upset our girl too much.
She must be tired of swinging.
We'll be reunited tomorrow.*

*Back to Sicily,
Hello everyone.*

— — — —

It was a great happiness for us to be able to add a different flavour to the daily lives of many of our friends.

It is difficult to describe in words the joy that overcame us when the following e-mails appeared on the computer screen. It was wonderful to see that none of them were written out of a sense of duty, but that emotions spontaneously poured into words.

These beautiful people are on stage again:

How pleasant it is to walk around with you... As we read your colours, your Pirate reports, we feel like we are with you... We have shared your excitement with so many people who know you and don't know you... Some say "they are crazy!", some say "ask them if they need crew. We'll even work for a living." Well, this is Eskişehir... Some love the sea and some are afraid of it... Thanks to you, we have fallen in love with the sea and sailing. The bug is gnawing at our insides... Let's see which part of your trip we can join... Will it be possible?!... I'm glad we did the Göcek-Turgutreis cruise together. How beautiful it was to see new places... Sharing beauty with those you love... Imagine, hundreds of hearts from all over the world watching you as one... There are so many people who want to share

their feelings, but can't because they don't know you, who can't write to you... We are eagerly waiting for the day you will come.

NERMiN DOBRUCALI, 20.08.2007

I understood so well what Nesrin meant by her "inner wandering"... You are so right... Only when one spends a long time, one can go on that difficult but enjoyable journey. What does one discover? Not only about oneself but also about those around, those who are not around. I know all this...

When you haven't worked for the last five years, you have a lot of time for such things. :) Even when I was at my lowest point, I would find a way to go on that inner journey... To be challenged and to enjoy the discovery... You are not alone, relax... :)

ERHAN İZMİR, 20.08.2007

Whenever I have the opportunity, I do not neglect to visit your website, to see the ports you visit, some familiar, some foreign, through your eyes with a little sigh, and to inhale the smell of the open sea. Every line you write in your diary feels as close and real to me as if I were on that boat with you. In every frame I look at, I once again envy your courage and the fact that you are not only spouses but also a perfect team sharing a common dream. As I wrote in my previous lines, even though we cannot be there physically, it is a very special feeling for us who are left behind to be on that deck with you in spirit and to share this adventure with you. I wish with all my heart that this beautiful dream that you are currently realising, will one day be granted to those who dream like me.

This adventure that you are pioneering will surely make many of us, who are now watching from afar, pursue the same dream. Blessed are you that you have chosen to have the courage to realize your dreams instead of hiding behind the simplicity of postponing them. Once again, I realize with sadness that it is so easy to miss the simple yet mesmerising beauties of the world that you are discovering right now in the daily vicious cycle that we perceive as our priorities and indispensables... I assure you that even being able to step out of my own daily pattern with you, even for a short time, feels like a breath of fresh air, at least for me. Remember that every time you inhale the dizzying freshness of that unique scent that accompanies the vast blue of the open sea, it fills my lungs too.

CEM YÜNLÜ, 20.08.2007

Istanbul Rainbow

Thanks to your beautiful articles, I think I underestimate Turkey, I don't fully realize the value of what I have. Maybe later, when things are a little lighter and I'm older, I hope. Cowes, Dartmouth, Lisbon, Almeira, Messina, Galaxidi, Aiginia, all beautiful, all nice, but I'll put such a team in front of them like:

Bosphorus, Asmalı Mescid, Gümüşlük, Marmaris, Göcek, Bozcaada. What I want to say is that I felt like I belonged to these places. Speaking French, English as a native language is not enough. We were happy in Aiginia because of maybe you were in Aiginia, However we liked it mainly better, just because it looked like us.

MURAT SOYDAŞ, 21.08.2007

Rainbow 21.08.2007

Brother Murat Soydaş sent an e-mail with the subject: Istanbul Rainbow.

So there are all colours in Turkey.

He is very right.

Everywhere, subconsciously or unconsciously, we are comparing with Turkey.

The result is mostly the same.

Who can deny our paradise?

Even if we try to turn it into hell.

You should still look for other colours,

The world is that beautiful,

The colours are so varied that no one's lifetime is enough to discover them all.

Back to Messina

We found our girl waiting for us.

Sicily left its mark,

I guess it won't last long.

There are pictures on our web page.

Tomorrow by ferry to the island of Stromboli.

The day after tomorrow "Arrivederci" Messina.

Then the north coast of Sicily

This time from the sea with PANK, God willing.

Judging from what I read and the pictures, you are in a great mood. I hope your journey continues as it started, always happy, always peaceful, and always healthy. Special note to you, Nesrin Abl: "I drive very slowly, don't worry."

EMRE ÇOKBAŞ, 21.08.2007

—

We read your daily articles with great pleasure and interest. It also makes us happy to see you happy, excited and to feel that you are satisfied with your work.

May your journey be as easy, peaceful, loving and happy as your partnership.

AKSAYAN FAMILY, 21.08.2007

—

Lava Black 22.08.2007

*Today we were on the island of Stromboli.
We went and came back by hydrofoil.
5 Beaufort wind.*

*It bounced more than my Jeep.
I've wondered about Stromboli for a long time.
It's northeast of Sicily,
It is a volcanic mountain rising 2,000 meters above the sea.
Active volcano like Etna,
It smokes the same way.
It's majestic like Etna.
They were always acting together.
They erupted at the same time.
They seem to be connected under the surface.*

*It's a small town,
Streets for one and a half people,
Taxis that look like rickshaws,
Stromboli with its black lava sand.
I don't know if the pictures reflect it.*

*After Zakynthos, we spent here 6 days.
But this time voluntarily.
It is time for the transition to the Maritime order.
Tomorrow's destination is Cefalu.
On the north coast of Sicily, right in the middle.
If we're lucky, it's 85 miles.*

—

I often wonder where they are, and what they are doing now. You have done what none of us could do! Even if you sometimes feel purple, sometimes black, sometimes grey, enjoy the vast sea, freedom and togetherness. We are always here, thinking, supporting and envying you!!!!!!! By the way, the photos are great guys! I like the Corinth Canal photo the most, what a splendour!!!

SERViSiMiN'N CÖMERT BiRCED, 22.08.2007

—

I feel like I'm on the sea with your poetic narration. This logbook will be a book when you

return. But there is nothing to say about the summary report of my Nesrin, the pirate report writer... My dear Nesrin, how beautifully you have described the whole journey and its emotions... Now have a good journey again. Let's see from which shore the next report will come from. You are wonderful...

NilAY KIRCI, 22.08.2007

While you are there debating whether white is a colour or not, I am here enjoying the pleasure of starting to read two exciting books on the same subject written by two different authors.

Moreover, it is a great pleasure to read the books before they are even released. (No joke, all the emails are stacked with great care and if you don't do it, I will print the books with a small royalty. heheheh)] One of the authors is Pirate Nesrin, the other is Reis Kemal, let's see what will happen in the adventure.

SiNAN SOLEY, 22.08.2007

Your writing is so beautiful... You never want it to end while reading. May your colours be the most beautiful, may the sea and the wind always be on your side...

"EBRULi" EBRU KALEMci, 22.08.2007

Ms. Nesrin Captain,

Forget about Kemal. At home, on the boat, the ladies are the real captains (Yasemin taught me that...). Me, Yasemin, Sanem, you have no idea how much we all enjoy following your messages... We are willing to receive/read the same message 3-5 times. As long as they come from you.

KENAN AÇIKALIN, S/Y CORAL, 22.08.2007

Let's see where we are with the team's feminine perspective:

PIRATE REPORT: Messina Crossing and Sicily

When you sail a few hours, Marmara and the Ocean seem to be the same... We left Zakhyntos Island at 5:45 in the morning. First, we sailed together with Kemal. Then I took over the watch. Again I experienced the most beautiful hour of the day, the sunrise, the beginning of a new day. I lit the candles in my heart and started the day by wishing the good with prayers.

At noon it was as if Pank was in the middle of the ocean; there was swell, and the boat was rocking unpleasantly. But you have to get used to it. In the afternoon the sea relaxed, and Pank was happy. She started to swallow the miles with more appetite... We are in a vacation lethargy.

The evening sunset watch is very nice for me again. You know I am not a painter but I have to share this image with you. A metallic navy blue winking sea, a grey-blue hazy horizon, the red of the sun above the horizon twice the haze, a faint orange above it, a beautiful yellow, the dirty yellow of the transition from yellow to light blue, light blue and midnight blue.

Oh my God, a crescent moon in the middle of the blue. It is impossible to see this view again! I don't know if I am too optimistic or if it is the deep blue that puts me in such a mood, but it is a pleasure to look at life through these glasses and enjoy it.

275 miles, 36 hours of unruffled sailing and we are in the Strait of Messina. Everything is as Rod Heikell described it; the wind in the strait, the area where white waves calm and whirlpools form and then white again. Then Marina del Nettuno. As we enter, we hear a sweet "Hello" from a boat at the marina entrance.

"Are you coming from Turkey?". We say yes and go back to the rush of mooring. Tayfun is a summer skipper on the boat of a Turkish family living in England, and in the winter at Turgut Reis Marina. The elegant captain Tayfun, a graduate of the Naval Academy. Then he visits us again to see if we need anything. Thanks to him, he immediately gave us the weather report he got from the Navtex. Come on Sicily, "Hello" to you too.

We're in Italy and we can't forget the siesta. Everything is closed between 13:30- 16:30. However, you can find open cafes or restaurants in very touristic places. We rented our car on Saturday, got the information from the marina attendant about the necessary points of interest and set off. Since we were going to the north of the island by boat, we were more interested in the east and south.

Etna is really majestic and scary, at first I wonder why people live under such stress all the time. Then I think of Istanbul; don't we live under the same stress? The earthquake, that will happen sometime...

Tahormina was the most beautiful town we visited on the first day, both the nature is magnificent and the touristic views are intertwined with history. Naxos has a beautiful beach. No comment on Aci Reale! Aci Castello, as the name suggests, consisted of a castle-like beach and shore, a tiny fishermen's shelter and narrow streets. Now our favourite village; the historic village of Nicolosi on the foothills of Etna. But it is really old. The people in it are old too as if there are only old people.

I felt the same feeling in our Black Sea villages. Young people have migrated to big cities. In the villages, the elderly are struggling to survive. There is some stubbornness, and some fatigue, but love abounds...

We arrived late in Catania. First we looked for a hotel and got lost in the city. Then we wanted to have dinner and got lost in the city again. My Kemal, who has a very good orientation, turned into a 'fish out of water' here. Anyway, he successfully arranged both the food and the hotel. It was all perfect. I give him a 10...

On Sunday we went further south, even to the southernmost tip of the island. I would have preferred not to have had this day, because every place we went could not make us happy. But again in the evening we forgot all the tiredness of the day with a delicious dinner. The best thing here is to know what to pay and not to be ripped off. Armando served us for dinner. When he found out that we were Turks, he said a few Turkish words and we thought what the hell? It turned out that he had stayed in Germany and had many Turkish friends during his stay for 15 years.

The next day, Agrigento. We will see the Valley of Temples. One of the most must-see places in Sicily. It is an ancient city founded by the ancient Greeks. Excavations are still going on. But two temples are very well preserved as you can see in the photos. It impresses those who see it. There were so many visitors even in the heat of the afternoon.

Sicily has very good roads and signs on the roads between cities. The highways are very smooth. Since it is a volcanic island, there are many mountains and hills. That's why there are so many viaducts on the roads. From Agrigento straight to Messina. Pank is waiting for us in the marina.

On Tuesday (21.08.2007) we went to the volcanic island of Stromboli by hydrofoil. We travelled to the tiny volcanic island for about two hours as if the aeroplane had fallen into air turbulence. Extremely touristic island. The pitch-black beach attracts my attention at first. Then the heat hits me mercilessly.

We want to walk and we walked a bit, but the relentless heat prevented us from going up the hill. We immediately climbed the hill with a small battery-powered taxi. Super view, we got a little closer to Stromboli. First, it coughs, then after a white smoke comes out from the top. After a while, you get used to coughing and smoke. Human beings are interesting, they take the beauties they get for granted... After a while, you lose interest.

We returned from Stromboli in the afternoon. I wanted to shop and prepare the boat. I went to the market and the door was locked. It turned out that the markets were closed on Wednesday afternoons. I thought 'Never mind, what I have will be enough for us' and I prepared the boat for sailing. Where is Kemal? At the internet café. "I receive e-mails, I send e-mails, I have a website" ...

We intended to go to Cefalu, a city in the north of Sicily Island with a long cruise. We arrived at Cefalu, motoring. The new marina is sheltered. First, we bought some diesel and filled the tanks, then we tied up. We like to tie up at the dock, we prefer it whenever possible. In the evening, straight to the city.

This city is the most interesting, beautiful and historical place we have seen on this trip. We will be here tomorrow. More details later. Kemal is going to the internet cafe again. While you are reading this, we will send you new e-mails. I give you all a big hug.

PANesrinK 23.08.2007

— — — —

Gökova Blue 24.08.2007

*Motor cruising again, 12 hours.
There's an hour of sailing in between with winds up to 30 knots.
It couldn't decide which way to blow.*

*There is a fire. Bush fire
Helicopters, and airplanes.
They couldn't put it out until evening.
The sky is red with smoke, ash and soot everywhere.
What a pity for nature.*

*Cefalu is the most beautiful place we've seen in Sicily.
As brother Murat said, "A rock has fallen into the middle" of the city.
Would look very interesting on Google Earth.
From a small fishing village,
It has turned into a resort with an exquisite beach.
But the old structure still stands.
No big hotels, no modern settlements,
Nor are there tall buildings.*

*Narrow streets, cute shops, good food,
In short, we like it here.*

*What the hell is that?
With a huge Gökova sign on board,
A racing boat docking at the diesel dock.
Onboard is Cumhur Gökova.
With 7 of his students.
They would sail south around the island of Sicily.
Starting in Marmaris, via Crete, Malt and then
Going to Cephalonia, Athens and back to Bodrum.
The crew members would change on the way.
A new crew will arrive in Cefalù, and they'll get off in Athens.*

*Tomorrow morning Arrivederci Cefalu,
Let's see where our destiny lies.
Trapani? San Vito? Favignana?*

By the way, I don't know whether it was my inexperience or the slipperiness of the virtual world, some of our e-mails went more than once. For this, we apologized to about a hundred of our friends in our group in a separate e-mail. Many people said, "What the hell, never mind!" but the best e-mail came from brother Burak Babür.

Man, we are hearing, listening and reading so much shit in one day...
Maybe 20 - 30 times, but it doesn't even touch our hardened souls. What happens if your beautiful verses/lines that bring all the coolness, smell and texture of the sea right here, have been read 2 times?
In fact, if possible, let them come again and again...
My love and respect, brothers and sisters...
BURAK BABUR, 24.08.2007

Fire Red 25.08.2007

*The sun rose red today.
As they say:
"Red sun at night Sailor's delight.
Red sun in the morning, Sailor's warning"*

*The weather seems to be warning.
We're cruising, no wind.
There are big swells coming from the north.
At night we had also swells.
Obviously, it blew strong up north, maybe it still does.*

*We're in front of Palermo.
We're listening to channel 16.
Costa Concordia calling Palermo harbour.
What a coincidence!
We had a vacation onboard this floating hotel last year with my mom and dad.
"Can we come with Pank one day?" was the question then.
We dreamed about it.
We have done it.*

*Everything starts with dreaming.
No conditions for dreaming,
No constraints,
No difficulties.*

As the saying goes:

"Dream of the stars! Even if you can't reach them, you will rise."

Rock 'n' roll, the destination was Trapani.

The marina again.

We're sick of marinas.

Unfortunately, there are no decent anchorages north of Sicily.

It's been about 1,000 miles after we left Istanbul.

We have a long way to go.

I follow you on your website. It's a break, a respite from the hustle and bustle of life and what needs to be done, how nice. I'm sure everyone looks up to you and says, "How nice they are enjoying themselves," but night sailing, lack of sleep... Everything has its own discipline and difficulties. Nevertheless, I guess you are very joyful, the joy of having achieved the dream you had 17 years ago.

The joy of fighting with the wind, not against it. Anyway, I shouldn't keep you too long, there would be many more emails to read:] I will be following your new news on pank.biz . Write as much as you can so that we can travel the world with you. It is not for everyone to leave the established life and move to a new style of living.

By the way, sister Nesrin, I think white is a colour, not emptiness. Emptiness is black, just like space:]

ÖZGE ÇUHADAROĞLU, 25.08.2007

—

Did I put the colour 'Salt White' to agree with Özge?

—

Salt White 27.08.2007

We have been in Trapani for two days.

It is a big city in the "upper-left" corner of Sicily,

A major commercial port.

Right next to the harbour salt is produced in large areas.

Then directly loaded onto the ships.

On the other side a mountain,

750 meters high, is called Erice.

A village at the top. Its name is also Erice,

17 minutes from the city by cable car.

Cute and cozy, Labyrinthine streets.

*Each with its own unique houses.
It's a beautiful view.*

*Mail from America today.
Saying Istanbul, October 15th.
It was not foreseen.
Wait a minute...*

*Tomorrow is Nesrin's birthday
We'll be on our way.
175 miles.
Destination Cagliari*

*We are changing islands.
We are going from the largest island in the Mediterranean
To the second-largest island, Sardinia.*

We watch and follow you on your website every day with great pleasure. How wise you were to think of preparing such a page. We receive your health and well-being news and we share your feelings about the places you have traveled and the places you have seen. May Allah Almighty grant you to complete your journey in good health and well-being without any accidents and may we meet again.

NAZMiYE, HAKKI, ESRA, OĞUZHAN and METE FURKAN, 27.08.2007 –

—

I have been receiving your e-mails since your departure date, which coincided with my son's return from America, and I feel as if I am with you. Of course, I would not have been so courageous. Fortunately, I follow you from here. You are living wonderful things, God bless you, and may everything be according to your heart.

OLCAY-TAYFUN ŞENOZAN, 27.08.2007

PIRATE REPORT Cefalu and afterwards.

Cefalu! If it wasn't hot, getting lost in the streets would be very exciting. However, due to the fire today, the city has been overloaded with so much heat that you can miss the beauties while walking around. There are souvenir shops everywhere. Sicilian limoncellos, almond cookies, pesto and pasta sauces are plentiful and lots of pottery.

It was very exciting for us when the boat "Gökova" entered the harbour when we least expected it. I said "hello" to them while they were buying diesel and invited them to the

boat. However, I didn't see Cumhuriyet again. They talked to Kemal. Shopping afterwards and a super motorcycle trip on top of that is very romantic...

It's time, we set off before sunrise again in the morning. We have head-wind again, we are going with the engine. First, we stopped by St. Vito, recommended by dear Seda and Cüneyt, but it was so crowded because of the weekend, that we immediately changed our route to Trapani. Saturday 17:30. Trapani is a city with the same character as Cefalu. The streets are wider though.

We visited the city on Sunday. Oh my God, everything is closed... I look at the windows of the shops with my mouth watering...

Everywhere, "Saldi" "Saldi" My mind stayed in the shop windows...

As you know, Kemal is from Kayseri, he knows when to go to big cities... When everywhere is closed. (just kidding) And the day I miss Fadim the most. Cleaning day. When everyone asked me "What will you miss the most?" before I left, my answer was always the same: "My dear helper Fadim". I wonder why...

Anyway, the evening reward is the village of "Erice". At the top of Trapani, about 20 minutes by funicular. When you go up, you see a super view with its castle, stone streets and stone buildings inside the castle... It has its own souvenir shops and a very special pastry shop. (They make all kinds of fruits and vegetables from marzipan. They put them in tiny crates and sell them).

I was really impressed by Erice as the sun was setting. We slipped between the stone buildings and had dinner in a wonderful restaurant; and we had to be on our way in the morning. Since we had a 24 hour passage ahead of us, we took it a little slower and set off around 10:00 am. Here comes the new island. Here we come, Sardinia, "Novice Cruisers". But we're ambitious, we'll learn to do it right.

TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY.

It's the most special birthday of my life, because now I'm starting to welcome a new decade. Welcome fifties... Come with health, come with happiness, come with love, come with my loved ones and the rest doesn't matter...

During the day, we used to keep watch on the long journey, but today we didn't feel like it. Despite our rule of not drinking on the long passages, today we broke our rule both at the time of sunset and at dinner. Night watches and the thoughts that came flooding in, new plans, new dreams...

Years ago, when there was no such café bar fashion, there was a café of Özdemir Asaf in Bebek. The walls were full of his poems and anecdotes. What a richness it was to sit at the bar and touch the feelings of that beautiful person. One of the things that has stayed in my mind is: "I know three things. I will tell it to the one who makes it four listening".

You, friends, have made four even five what we tried to express. You have made us poets and writers... We need to respond to your voices in the same tone. We shouldn't be off-key. It's hard... In short, although I cannot answer each of you individually, please know that I feel the tone of each of you in my heart.

Anyway, let's talk about our long cruise; a very enjoyable dinner, sunset and night cruise preparations. According to the sailing rules we learned from our dear commodore Teoman Arsay, (let his ears ring); When it gets dark, a life jacket must be worn, if leaving the cockpit, it must be tied to the boat, no disappearing without notice, a "dri bag" in the cockpit, a Ray marine life tag on the arm. As you know, precautions are taken only once at sea.

You take it, if not you're in big trouble...

Actually, my aim was to write about night and fifties syndrome at the beginning; look where I've come to. These pirate reports started to be full of emotions rather than events... Let's see, I'll surely find something to write to you somewhere... And I'll spoil the mood of the captain...

PANesrinK 28.08.2007

Smoke Colour 28.08.2007

*I felt a new emotion.
It's something I've never felt before,
This constant feeling of getting far away.
Always getting further and further away.
Further and further away.*

*We have travelled to the far corners of the world.
There was no feeling like this.
Arriving by plane in 1-2 days
And coming back at the end at the same time,
We did not feel this ever.*

*We are always moving away.
Phone calls are decreasing,
E-mails are decreasing.
Being accustomed is settling in.*

*I talked with Oral.
It's not about reaching the destination,
It's about being on the way.*

*To be going, not stopping.
"Being on the road."*

*This feeling is new.
I wonder if it's this letting me having that constant feeling of getting further away.*

*01:00 am at night
We're in the Sicilian-Sardinian passage.
I'm on watch.*

*According to Nesrin, tonight
We celebrated the most special birthday.
The two of us,
On the open sea,
Two glasses of wine,
Carpaccio Brezoala,
Pasta Francesca.*

*I hear my brother Gökmen's ears ringing.
No more raki.
No more fish
We are moving further away...*

We say that reaching the target is not important, but it was different in 1994.

Our second boat was "Morning Star". Pala 9.20. It was a Polimarin-built sailboat of 9 meters and 6 years old. Don't mind the romantic name. The first owner's name was Necmettin Sabah. Necm means star, you know. And Sabah means Morning. He put his own name to the boat. We had some nice sailing with her. In 1994, we participated in EMYR (Eastern Mediterranean Yacht Rally) and travelled from Istanbul to Marmaris.

Morning Star was one of the smallest of the boats participating in the rally. Therefore one of the slowest. In the mornings, we would untie the mooring before the other boats left. before the given time. The aim was to make it to the next destination port together at the same time. But no way! The wind was coming from the aft shoulder. 25-30 knots. We were sailing full rigging, in addition, the engine was running.

Nevertheless, around noon all the rally boats were passing us one by one. They would talk to each other on VHF and plan to anchor in a cove for lunch. In the afternoon they would pass us once more, one by one. By the time we entered the harbour at dusk, everyone would have packed up their boats, tidied up their clothes and were on their way to dinner. It seemed like an insult to Nesrin and me that they invited us. Soaking wet, tired, the inside of the boat in shambles. We would need at least one hour to think about dinner.

Back then, it was essential to reach the destination on time. This episode is full of birthday messages for Nesrin:

Nesrin being a Virgo is a gift from God. So you have the chance to make your world tour with the most organised, cleanest and most planned boat. I think you should appreciate it and I think you already do it. Don't let me waste my breath. And Belkis is also a Virgo. These opinions are based on that. Happy birthday, happy journey. Grow old on the road, eh? May Allah give a Virgo wife to those who don't have one. Amen.
EROL CATALBAS, 28.08.2007

—

My dear friend Nesrin, Happy Birthday...
We follow your website and e-mails with curiosity every day. Thank you for sending us wonderful photographs, colourful articles and pirate reports to make us live your journey...Nesrin dear, I hope everything you wish for will come true. Tell Kemal to kiss you for us too. I am sending my kisses from here. I wish you a happy new year and you both a good trip.
BANU DOKUZER, 28.08.2007

—

I've been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I couldn't sit down at the computer. When my mom told me it was Nesrin's birthday, I wanted to write too. I follow your journey with excitement and interest, I wish you all the best :) I think how nice it is to do something like this together, to share it... I wish the evil eye will protect you:) Happy New Year with all your loved ones
GÜZİDE ŞENOZAN, 28.08.2007

—

All Kutay's wish Nesrin a happy birthday. May all beauty and happiness be with you, Nesrin.
JÜLİDE KUTAY, 28.08.2007

—

My Nesrin's birthday is today. Many many many kisses, many many healthy and happy years. I wish you many birthdays together. Actually, I wanted to send you a birthday card, but since I can't send you attachments with the e-mails, I am sending you this simple birthday greeting. Enjoy every moment and we are travelling with you.
BAHAR KORKMAZ, 28.08.2007

—

Thanks to the colour harmonies you send us regularly, so that we are on the same adventure with you... You are the best... Our prayers are always with you... Cagliari will be honoured to host you... We wish our sister Nesrin many more years of happiness and good health...

MELTEM-ENDER ÖZGÖREN, 28.08.2007

—

Happy birthday dear Nesrin, many happy years together with Kemal and Pinar'cık (that's Kyprian). May new dreams come true in all the seas of the world.

In the meantime, let's not neglect our duty. On the Cefalu page, the picture titled "Cefalu from the sea" won't open. Probably there is some kind of a layout error. It needs to be corrected. And the 3rd picture looks like a taunt :)) Did the Pirate Reporter prepare this page in retaliation? :))) Nesrin, your husband is still as hot as a rock...

BEKİR KARA, 28.08.2007

—

Dear beautiful person, brave woman.

Happy birthday. May your happiness be eternal.

SACİDE-BURHAN ÇOKBAŞ, 28.08.2007

—

Happy birthday... We all kiss your rosy cheeks. Happy birthday. Right now we are all singing Happy Birthday for you. And we feel the meaning of the words in our hearts. Because very few people have siblings in their lives who can create such positive energy around them... (the same for my brother Kemal and my niece Pinar also applies, of course). With you travelling the world

I remembered some feelings I had long ago, when you were married... That feeling of emptiness when you left home... We wouldn't share the same house anymore. Every minute wouldn't be filled with your pranks, your conversations... This feeling hit me very hard... Until I read the writing on the back of your passport photo I got from my brother Kemal... My brother wrote the following:

"We'll see each other so often that you won't have a chance to look at this photo." And that's exactly what happened. You have always been an important part of my life and you have always been by my side, even in different places. Thank you.

ÜMİT-NACİ BURAK-ÖMER ÇETİN, 28.08.2007

—

I learned about your birthday from your e-mails. I wish you a long life full of good health and happiness with your loved ones. It is incredibly enjoyable to follow your route every day and see new pictures. It is as if you are in a novel and we read you every day.

SERPİL ERTÜRK, 28.08.2007

"Smoke Colour" suddenly reminded me of the sentence Cem said years ago one night at my mother-in-law's house... He said "Gray is not a colour" and I am not going to discuss "WHITE" with you now:-)) Because I have made such paintings with that "white"... Gray also has shades and you have reflected that it is useful... I was always bored with raki and fish. I'm glad you took a break for a while, when you come back we can make bluefish-bonito-raki together, it will be good for you too... It would be good for us to be at that table with you...

SELMA MERGEN, 28.08.2007

Every morning I open my e-mails with great excitement to see what Kemal has written, and I read them with a feeling of missing you. I try to live you. Yes, as you say, you are going away day by day, but our hearts are always together, remember that... I love you very much, I console myself that you are on a trip, but I know that you will never return... I follow the places you visit on Google Earth, your pictures are wonderful. Especially on my Nesrin's birthday at the sea. I tried to imagine it as a more special celebration, one that belongs only to you. I wish you many happy anniversaries, hand in hand, heart to heart, heart to heart...

SEVDA SARIKARDAŞOĞLU, 28.08.2007

It's nice to celebrate birthdays just like that... A certain simplicity, solitude but togetherness... I've always wondered when you'll reach the feeling you've reached now... My guess was that you were crossing the ocean, as if you had arrived early... I wonder if it's the feeling of getting away or the timidity of getting away. Maybe it's best to leave it for now... It may not be very healthy to suddenly delve into an emotion that has just come upon you, to examine it...

In fact, we are all on a "long thin road"... Let the road remain thin, we lose perspective when it gets wider.

ERHAN İZMİR, 28.08.2007

Dried Rose Colour 30.08.2007

Location Cagliari

South of Sardinia Island.

We've tied up PANK

We jumped in the car.

Sardinia-Corsica by car.

*Both islands were very mountainous.
Sardinians were islanders first, and then Italians.*

*But more than the sea they were land people.
We hit the mountains and mountain villages.
They're cute.
Wine and olive oil.
It's delicious.*

*Not without the Costa Smeralda.
We met Porto Cervo, with bays like Göcek,
Kerim Aga Khan's 50,000 acres of land,
Berlusconi's, Putin's villas,
Rose-colored dominated*

*We were in another world
With its unique architecture and
Megayachts with helicopters.
We passed through forests.
A melody came to me in my subconscious.
I started humming the first song I learned about the forest.
As we all learned in elementary school,
"Axes in our hands, long rope around our waist...
Stand by the tree! Swing the axe from the right.
If not, hit from the left... But with force."*

*The words suddenly struck lightning bolts in my brain.
Look at the song we teach our little ones about the forest.*

*And about the sea, I remember:
"Be careful my child, you'll drown!"
That's how I acquired a love of nature.*

— —

Pine Green 01.09.2007

*We took the ferry to Corsica.
To the famous Bonifacio.
It's such a beautiful natural bay.
Sadun Boro came here when nothing was here 40 years ago.
Haluk came here when 2 piers were in the bay 20 years ago,
We saw it filled with marina pontoons.
There was even a boatyard.*

*With its steep cliffs,
High castle and cozy cafes
We love Bonifacio.*

*We turned inland from Porto Vecchio.
To the mountains and forests.
Like New Zealand, our Black Sea coast,
Now Corsica
Unforgettable mountain and forest views.*

*We saw cyclists on the roads.
People of all ages, couples.
They are climbing the narrow mountain roads that reach a thousand meters high.
With their bags and tents.
We saw similar cyclists in New Zealand.
I guess they especially choose mountainous and forested places.
We were very jealous.
But how can we do it?*

*You know what they say,
Wealth is not having a lot, but needing a little.
They must be filthy rich.*

*The next day we were going to the Balearics.
But I think the weather won't allow it.
We'll be in Cagliari for a few more days.*

We read the news carefully, I understand that you are slowly getting used to the rhythm. My general approach is that trying is more important than achieving. If we do everything within our goals and don't enjoy the processes, we will become the model of the Western People who consume endlessly. In conclusion, it is a super way, you are moving step by step on the path of self-discovery. To all of us though may it be granted. (Not necessarily in the same way). Take a good look at the horizon, and take care of yourself.
KERIM GÜRÇAY, 01.09.2007

—

You're finally getting into the mood. It will be even better from now on. Values will change places, they will change order, some will go down to the bottom and disappear, and some will rise from their hiding places. Don't be surprised, enjoy it...
TEOMAN ARSAY, 01.09.2007

—

Nesrin my Girl,

I watched your pictures today, I was very touched and proud. I pray to you saying "Mashallah and barekallah la havle vela kuvvete illa billahil aleyyül aziym". Many years ago, when I was young, I followed the world travels and adventures of Sadun Boro, his wife and their cat Miço in the newspaper day by day. Now I hope we will travel the world with you and share your excitement and joy.

My beautiful sweet daughter Nesrin, my dear Kemal whom I know in absentia even though I do not know him personally, Be in the care of our great God at all times and always. Mother of dentist Serpil,
SÜHEYL A ERTÜRK, 01.09.2007

—

PIRATE REPORT Sardinia Corsica

I'm always like this on the boat, what day is it today? What time is it? What month is it? I try to get rid of the notion of time and just enjoy the sea, the boat, and the place where I am. I completely adapt to whatever I am experiencing. I don't even carry my mobile phone. In case there is an emergency, Kemal can be reached.

We sailed very smoothly to Sardinia Island. We tied up at Marina Del Sole. The water is filthy, and the sea stinks. It's worse than Atakoy. The marina is under construction. They are trying to renovate it. On the same day, we went up to the castle with the suggestion of dear Nilgün. It was wonderful... The most important feature of all the places we have visited is that the old cities are preserved most beautifully and life continues in them.

Even the city's university is located in the old town. A magnificent cathedral (S. Maria Cathedral). The tombs under the cathedral were also very interesting. Fortunately, the Captain sent you photos.

The car was rented immediately after arrival and there are so many places to explore and see. Thanks to friends for their suggestions and we made super travels with spot-on information. We set off from Cagliari, drove through the interior of the island, first we went to Barumini, an ancient city. The ruins here date back to the Bronze Age. So the island has a really ancient history. But the sea invites again...

We immediately went to the shore and started heading towards the Costa Smeralda, which we had heard so much about. We spent the night in a nearby hotel and arrived in Costa Smeralda the next day. We especially loved Porto Cervo. Kerim Aga Khan was the first to discover this place in the 1960s. They take you around the city in tiny train-shaped cars. Just as we passed by Berlusconi's house, a huge truck was loading Berlusconi's black sports car. By the way, there was no police stand in front of the house.

May God grant all the beauties to their owners. Putin's house was white right on the hill overlooking the city. The views are superb, the bays are wonderful. We promised ourselves to rent a boat and visit these places from the sea later and we left the beautiful shores.

S.Teresa is the northernmost tip of the island, we will take a ferry from here and go to Bonifacio that Haluk talked about so much. We will also cross to another island, this time by car.

The weather is heavy, fall is starting to make itself felt around here. It is impossible to walk straight on the ferry because of the waves. But we were still able to take some photos both when we left S.Teresa and when we docked in Bonifacio. Even the entrance to Corsica, the island of pirates, is different. A beautiful harbour among the steep cliffs, a castle on the hill, a settlement where the buildings do not disturb the eyes. So, what more could you ask for in a coastal city?

We left sightseeing for the next day and headed towards Porto Vecchio. More beautiful bays on the Costa Smeralda. The next bay is called Golf Di Pinarellu. When I heard our daughter's name, it sounded very nice. We immediately went there for the night. Alas, there is a jazz festival in Pinarellu. A different band is giving a concert in each restaurant. While some people are eating, others are having a drink, the majority are standing and listening to the music with children on their shoulders. And there is no room in the hotels. Don't be afraid, later we found a place to sleep, of course.

We set off early on Saturday morning and this time we headed into the interior of the island. Incredibly steep rocks, a modest but very smooth road and cyclists we kept meeting. What a beautiful island Corsica, with its tiny little villages, cute cafes inside the villages and beautiful houses with tiled roofs. And back to Bonifacio. We visited the castle, a little bit of the city and then back to Sardinia.

At the Ferry, I put on my headphones, turned on my music, Vivaldi was playing, with a wonderful interpretation; I closed my eyes. I put my body on hold so that my soul could catch up with it. When you move at such a fast pace, you have to hit the brakes every now and then. The body's credit should also be given to the soul...

The next day the aim is to visit the west of the island and return to Pank. However, the west of the island is not very interesting both because the coast is steep and the prevailing wind is from the west, so we take a shortcut back to Cagliari. Tomorrow the car is delivered back, we have a 30-mile cruise to the west of the island and then a Balearic crossing of 250 miles. The internet in the hotels was either non-existent or very problematic, so Kemal couldn't do much. He immediately went to the internet cafe for the weather and came back with a black face. The wind is 40 to 50 knots. Captain didn't like this weather. Murat from Istanbul confirmed it. What can we do? We're cruisers. We wait for the right weather. There are many books to read, the Balearic Islands book is waiting for us to review... We've been away from you, let's catch up.

In the meantime, I'm reading Susanna Tamaro. "Every Word is a Seed." She deals with today's life with sensitive observations and striking determinations. I humbly suggest that you should read it.

*I have written one by one
Here are the news from us to you*

*Don't wait too long
Send us an e-mail ...*

Goodbye.

PANesrinK 03.09.2007, Cagliari

— — —

Mom, mom;

I swear, every time you write, it gets to me... I miss you so much, to hear your voice. I'm calling and calling, but I can't get through or there's no answer. Why don't you call me?
PINAR AYATA, 03.09.2007

—

Turquoise 04.09.2007

*What does the sea evoke?
The most common answer to this question is: Freedom!
What freedom, for God's sake?
We want to go out now.
But blowing north, north-west 45-50 knots.
We're waiting.*

*The Freedom we all seek.
We have to describe it.
What do we want?
To be able to do it whenever we want?
At home?
At work?
In traffic?
On vacation?
On the mountain?
At sea?*

*Always limits,
Always restrictions,
Everywhere.*

*That means we are not free.
Are the most powerful free?
Are the richest free?
Are the most famous free?
Are the wisest free?*

*What about Robinson Crusoe?
Was he free?
Freedom must be defined correctly.*

*Freedom is the tranquillisation of the soul.
Freedom is ending the fight with oneself.
Mine doesn't seem to be over.
At least not close.*

— — —

Unfortunately, none of our friends participated in this discussion on freedom that I opened. Sinan Soley, my friend from German High School, had promised to say a few words, but it was not to be. I would have liked to read and listen to different thoughts and comments on freedom.

I believe that there is no consensus on the definition of freedom. Because it differs according to people, cultures, environment and time. How different and fun it would be for all of us to ponder and try to answer the question "Under what conditions would we feel free?". Provided that the answers are not trite, but sincere and courageous. And the interesting thing is to realize and enjoy the fact that at different times we give different answers to the same question.

Our friends did not even come close to discussing freedom. They obviously did not want to swim in dangerous waters. But their heartfelt support continued uninterrupted.

Tomorrow the weather is very harsh and it's west, don't get out of there... If you empty the role like this, new meteorologists will take your place, they will pontificate after studying two websites...:]]]] Come on now, even the fish in Red Fish have hennaed themselves for waiting...

SERMET TOLAN, 04.09.2007

—

Last Saturday night at our house, Anner Bylsma was accompanying us with Vivaldi while we were chatting over garlic and chilli jumbo shrimp and salmon with a nice chardonnay... For some reason, I remembered you...

Hopefully one warm night we all together will sit on the balcony of our house we call "Bebek", clink glasses and enjoy licking our hands greased with jumbo shrimps...

ERHAN İZMİR, 04.09.2007

—

Despite the growing distance between us, witnessing your adventure with your warm impressions became an addiction for me. I try to feel and understand every line you

record with your heart.

For those of us left behind, some of the beautiful places you set foot in evoke familiar feelings, while others ignite the irresistible excitement of new places to discover.

I don't know if it will be my destiny, but I am adding many stops on your route to the list of places to see, in my memory with a childish eagerness. One day, when your ears will suddenly ring, maybe I, or maybe someone else who witnessed this adventure from afar, will be remembering you from the shore of one of those ports you visited, looking at that melancholic horizon where red and blue spiral.

CEM YÜNLÜ, 04.09.2007

Purple 07.09.2007

We're bored in Cagliari.

We untied the ropes yesterday.

We wanted to sleep at anchor in Malfatano Bay.

Southwest of Sardinia.

We threw the anchor into the water.

The bottom is full of weed.

Check to see if it holds.

Nesrin says: We're drifting!

I say: We're like concreted.

Nesrin insists.

I glanced at the speed instrument.

We have a speed of 2.5 knots.

Reversing immediately.

What kind of a bearing is that?

A seagull came close.

He was so happy for a few crumbs.

For hours, two fathoms away,

He never left us.

Come, we said, let's go together.

He didn't answer.

Today we came to Carloforte, west of Sardinia.

It's a small island.

Tomorrow the passage to the Balearic Islands.

190 miles.

Zeynep and I got married on August 22nd and went on our honeymoon with our boat on

August 24th. I saw your e-mails as we have only just returned.
Zeynep and I sincerely wish you a happy birthday. We are following your trip step by step and with excitement as it is our dream too. Reading your e-mails before starting the day makes it easier to endure the rest of the day. "One day I will be in those waters," I say. "Hang on a little longer, we are almost there".
ZEYNEP & DENİZ AKALTAN, 07.09.2007

—

This week I will be in Barcelona from Thursday evening until Saturday noon, I will wave to you from the beach. Actually, you are not that far away. It's 3-4 hours away by plane, so keep your heart at ease. Getting away is a relative concept. On the other hand, you have to feel that you are getting closer. You feel it better in Galileo's homeland.
BEKİR KARA, 07.09.2007

Red 09.09.2007

*Last long passage of our first stage
195 miles-28 hours
Moonless night again
But it was full of stars.*

*We arrived in Mahon,
The capital of the island of Menorca.
3 miles inland, a long bay.
With 7-8 small bays scattered on both sides
An interesting place is Mahon.
It reminds me of our Bosphorus.*

*There's a local festival.
And today was the last day.
Crowds, music and spectacular fireworks.
The city lights went out.
Fireworks like we have never seen before
Created cold front clouds in the sky
That Ayda loved so much.
And among them colourful flashes of lightning.
It was very special and beautiful.*

*After that the island of Mallorca and Palma
It took us 200 hours to get here.
But from there to Istanbul it will only take 4 hours.*

*We will be there Inshallah.
We're taking a 10-day break.
You know, due to our working conditions.*

Confucius Kemal said! Love, patience Your brother.
SINAN SANLIMAN, 09.09.2007

—

We read Nesrin's writings and finished quickly. We are still looking for those lines in our taste buds. Travel, and see the world for us too. Who cares about Gül's presidency at sea... And this is from me...
EROL CATALBAS, 04.09.2007

——

I learned about your trip from Nermin's e-mail today. I was so excited. I read the articles and looked at your pictures in one breath. You're living an adventure. Good for you. Good luck to you.
AYÇA BAĞIŞLAR, 04.09.2007

——

Oh man!!! We got the news. I was worried because I hadn't heard anything for two days... Kemal, what's the hurry? You get bored when you stay a little too long, be spacious, enjoy every moment.
TİJÖ, 09.09.2007

——

We follow your path and your wonderful poems with a smile. May your path always be open.
ÖZLEM-SERDAR-KAAN-RENAN GÖKSAL, 09.09.2007

——

With the pictures, writings and poems on your site, those who visit the site almost feel themselves in the same environment. I wish you a smooth journey. If you take pictures from Spain and Portugal, which I admire, I will be able to see them too. We continue to follow you and your route.
BÜLENT BULUT, 09.09.2007

——

Even though I cannot reply to every single message, I always think of you and pray for you. I admire your courage and especially Nesrin's courage!!! Keeping watch alone at night and looking at the stars is both romantic and scary.
SERVISIMIN BİRCED, 09.09.2007

PIRATE REPORT Sardinia Menorca Passage

From Coordinates:

39° 38' North, 005° 42' East

THE MAP OF PIRI REIS

*Piri Reis drew our dreams
And painted them with the colours of cool sea mornings.
Piri Reis drew our dreams on his map
With unseen, untouched star groups.
Piri Reis drew our dreams on his map*

*From the shores reached, to the untouched beaches
Between uninhabited islands and green parrots
The path to the billowing mansions.*

*On Reis' map, horned fish bigger than continents
And monkeys with crocodile heads, bigger than volcanoes
On Reis' map, sailboats are as big as hearts
But fish and monkeys can't swallow sailboats.*

*Journeys do not begin unless the heart calls
The mind may get tired and frustrated, but the heart will never give up.
Sailboats going to cosmos
With sailboats the size of hearts floating on Piri Reis' chart.*

*Nazim Hikmet
December 29, 1960, Moscow*

The night, the most night, the blackest, black night...

There is no moon, the Milky Way has made an elegant crown tonight, illuminating only itself. But you still catch shooting stars. Never neglecting to make a wish... We're in the middle of the Mediterranean, at the coordinates above. Kemal is asleep, I'm on watch. My heart first becomes two eyes and then two ears. Then it turns into our boat, my heart floats in the middle of the Mediterranean.

PANesrinK 09.09.2007

PS: The poem is written in its original form.

— —

Palma Grey Blue 5.09.2007

*We returned to Palma de Mallorca yesterday.
When we were about to take off from Madrid,
The plane turned back from the runway
Because of a hydraulic failure.*

*We waited for an hour and a half inside the plane.
Another 3 hours outside.
Then they replaced plane.
We met PANK at 11pm.*

*However, we had left home at 8 a.m.
It was a long flight for Europe.*

*How beautiful Istanbul has been for the last ten days!
It was more beautiful than ever.
That's how we felt.
When we experienced beautiful people so intensely,
Everything suddenly became different.*

*Our girl waited for us quietly.
She didn't misbehave.
So we loved her, hugged her,
Did the maintenance jobs and cleaned her.*

*Then we visited Palma.
The pictures are on our web page.
And lots of rain with thunder and lightning.
If the weather improves tomorrow
We'll untie the mooring.*

*From now on, our route is always southwest.
And the closer we get to the equator,
Hopefully the weather will get warmer.
But it's getting colder and colder for you.
Come to us.
The appointment book is open.*

We could not see you when you returned to Istanbul, but it was very nice to talk to you on the phone for a long time. We are with you at every stage. We are reliving the countries we have seen, with your colours and pirate reports. Thank you for sharing.
NILGÜN and ALİ GÜNDÜZ, 25.09.2007

Nilgün is our dear sailor friend who says "How did we get into this?" and even made a short movie about it. We were together with Nilgün and Ali on Kayra Yacht Rally in 1998. They sailed a similar route two years before us on their boat Vagabond. We benefited from their experience on our Mediterranean cruise.

— —

Paella Red 27.09.2007

*We're in Port Andratx.
Don't look at the spelling,
Don't try to read it.
We asked. It's Andrach.
A beautiful bay and town on the island of Mallorca.*

*Nilgun was right.
We couldn't tell if this was Spain or Germany.
There are more German speakers than Spanish.
This island is really under German occupation.
Even the island radio broadcasts non-stop only in German.
I think it's fine.*

*We had paella for lunch.
It was nothing like Cüneyt's.
Don't ever ask which one was better.*

*Tomorrow we're changing islands.
Our route is Ibiza, 60 miles.
But we're still in the Balearic Islands.*

We went to Andrac by car. I liked it very much, I like any place with a restaurant by the sea. And any place with a restaurant by the sea is beautiful. The season is slowly passing, may be the number of boats has decreased, but when we were there in July, the anchorage was full of boats. What a beauty!
MURAT SOYDAŞ, 27.09.2007

—

Espalmador Turquoise 30.09.2007

You remember our mother's washing machines?

"Arçelik with rollers"

The cauldron spun rhythmically.

To the right and then to the left.

This was the case in the Ibiza passage.

Pank was swinging both ways with swells.

On a flat calm weather.

It took us 9 hours.

We felt sorry for those clothes in the washing machine.

I saw more gay people in Ibiza than I've ever seen before.

Some of them were funny and entertaining.

Yesterday we slept at a mooring in the bay of Espalmador Island.

A tiny island and a house on it.

Private property.

But the owner has made the beautiful beach and the sea

Available to everyone.

And he did it very well.

With the boats tied to the moorings,

His view is also exquisite.

We woke up in the morning.

What the hell is that?

A small motor yacht is landed on the rocks opposite.

It is sitting on the rocks.

It wasn't there yesterday.

It must have been at night, but we didn't hear a sound,

And there is no one inside.

If it weren't for the pictures

We would think that maybe it the effect of

The third season of the TV series "LOST".

Today we sailed 62 miles to the Spanish mainland.

We're on the Costa Blanca.

We've never met you, Yesterday at noon I bought sailing magazines from the newspaper kiosk on the corner. I read about you on the page of those who travel around the world.

Towards the end of my working hours, I googled your name and found your website. As soon as I got home, I read every line and looked at all your pictures until 3:00 a.m. Almost without getting up from my computer. All night long I had visions mixed with dreams, as if I was on a journey like you... I was excited...

First thing in the morning I started to write you this e-mail... :-] I will follow your website continuously... Based on the idea that you cannot bathe in the same water twice, even if you follow the same routes, I think that your "cruise" is special for you, your trip is not similar to what others do. I wish every sea lover to make his own cruise... I hope I will do it too... :-] I wish you a good trip, a clear bowl and an easy wind...

DR. M. EYÜP OĞAN, 30.09.2007

We still haven't met Mr. Eyüp, but his e-mail meant a lot to us. We are both proud and happy that people we have never met, but who have a similar life view and mindset, are included in this intense flood of emotions that we have created together with our friends. People we have never met are among the authors of this book. We will take their copy of this book and go and meet them all, if we can.

Castello Yellow 03.10.2007

Moraira; our first stop in the mainland.

Resort town, a beautiful marina

We spent a cozy night at the end.

The next day we wanted to sleep at anchor.

60 miles to Torrevieja.

Nothing special, but the harbour is huge and safe.

Next stop Cartagena.

Distance 45 miles.

A historical city dating back to prehistoric times.

On all 4 sides are hills and castles on top of them,

We are at anchor in front of the Castillos Cafés.

The night wind increased.

And the direction is not in favour of us.

We stay here today.

Maybe more. Who knows?

There are fish farms in this region

That require a lot of care in coastal navigation.

*They are marked but hard to spot in the rough sea.
And they're a few miles off the coast.
We almost sailed into one.
Full rigging sailing.
Then start the engine
And reverse,
Manoeuvres and success.*

— — —

In 2000 we weren't so lucky, we couldn't get away. We are in front of Zeytinburnu with the first PANK. It was in July. We were returning to Ataköy Marina on a Sunday. Pınar, Nesrin, myself and 3 foreign guests are on the boat. Our genoa was open, Pınar was playing her flute. We were all in the cockpit. The autopilot was holding us on our course. There was a sound and then we saw a man running towards us from the bow of the boat. And he was shouting: "He can't swim! He can't swim!"

I cannot describe my astonishment. Questions are running around in my brain, tangling with each other. Who is this man? How did he suddenly appear on the bow of the boat? What was that noise? Who can't swim? What do I care about all this?

The next thing we saw was a small wooden dinghy, half-submerged up to its half in water and partially damaged, skimming past us. Another man in it was standing still, looking into the emptiness and probably in shock. These two gentlemen went out fishing in this wooden rowboat. In front of Zeytinburnu, they saw a sailboat coming towards them. At first, they didn't care, thinking that the sailboat would see them and change its course anyway.

But none of the six people on the sailboat saw them. Everyone was concentrating on PANK and the flute concert, and the genoa was already blocking the view. These two people saw that there was going to be a collision, and one of the gentlemen jumped and landed on the bow of PANK, just as they were about to hit the boat. He saved himself, but he realised that his friend can't swim and started shouting that he can't swim.

Then it happened fast. We threw a lifebuoy to the paralysed man in the sinking boat but no reaction. Then Pınar jumped into the water. She swam to the man and gave him the lifebuoy. She took him by her arm and brought him to the aft of PANK. We all took the survivor on board. He was shivering.

We immediately wrapped him in a blanket. When he asked for a cigarette after a short while, we realised that he was out of shock and relaxed. We gave him some clothes. We asked for help from our dear friend Haluk, who was eager to come for help to every sailor. He jumped into his boat and came and slowly pulled the damaged boat, which was filled up totally with water, to Ataköy Marina.

We apologised to the victims by repairing their boat to be better than before. But we couldn't get rid of the gossip of our friends from Ataköy Marina. There was a race cocktail at the Marina on that day and all our friends witnessed this story. Jülide still remembers it like it

was yesterday and says: When famous PANK was passing through Zeytinburnu, all the fishermen out at the sea were looking for a place to escape.

Flipping through the morning papers, it's a pleasure to run into old friends. Especially their adventurous spirit, to see that they haven't lost it. Happy Eid, may your energy be abundant and your path be clear.

MEY ÇAĞLAYAN SIRAL, 03.10.2007

PIRATE REPORT Crossing to Spanish Mainland

The day we set off on our journey, both Sevda and Erhan brought the same CD. We listen to '40 Love Songs' with pleasure. But the worst thing is the opening song, Sezen Aksu's "Keskin Bıçak" (Sharp Knife). I wanted to listen to Turkish songs today... Touching deeply.

We took a break in Istanbul because of Kemal's work. And it was very good. I hadn't been able to visit my parents before we left. The first thing I did was to go to Eskişehir and visit their graves. I prayed for them and thanked them for the virtues and values they had given me to make me what I am today. For their auspicious prayers for Kemal... 4 sisters we met, we caught up with each other, When our 4.5th sister Sevda joined us, our joy was complete.

I didn't recognise how Istanbul time passed, it was over in a flash. But we still managed to get a lot of work done. We ate bluefish every evening. We bought our fuel for future cruises. Let's go to Palma, we said. Our return flight was via Madrid. We liked Madrid airport very much, so when Spanish Airlines delayed our flight to Palma for 5 hours, we had enough of Madrid Airport. Anyway, we arrived safely, Pank waited for us well, there was no problem on the boat. Then get going now!

September 27, 9.00 a.m. We started our crossing from Mallorca to Ibiza. The sea was rough but not too much. The amount of meals was decreasing. We could eat more dried simple snacks and nuts. At 17.30 we already tied up at the marina. Even though we were a bit dizzy, we immediately went out to see the city.

It's a vacation destination like a mix between Bodrum and Mykonos. Nilgün had warned us before we left; beware of junkies, satanists and gays in Ibiza she said. We didn't see any junkies or satanists but there were plenty of gay people.

We went to a restaurant for dinner, and I have to share this with you. We ordered tagliatelli with parmesan cheese. They brought a wheel of parmesan, on a cart to the table. They hollowed it out like a bowl. The waiter scraped the bowl a little bit and collected some parmesan. Then they poured hot tagliatelli into the bowl, and mixed with the parmesan cheese and cream. Was beautiful. Bon appetite!!!!!! Now Kemal is looking for a parmesan wheel for the boat!

The next day we anchored in the bay of Espalmador, a tiny island opposite Ibiza. It was Sunday, the weather was perfect, a day like summer. A quick swimming break, Goodbye to turquoise seas of the Mediterranean.

On Monday morning, we intended to cross to mainland Spain. First, we wanted to take a look at Formentera Island. In the morning, with the psychology of the long cruise, we turned our route directly to Puerto de Moraira. With a very comfortable sailing, we tied up at the marina in the evening...

Thank God we crossed the Mediterranean from one end to the other. We set sail from Istanbul; Bozcaada, Zakhyntos, Sicily, Sardinia, Menorca, Mallorca, Ibiza. All islands. From now on, we will go a little south, then we will say "Hello Ocean" ... We decided to stay at anchor in the harbour of the city called Torrevieja, 60 miles away. An hour after we set sail, our girl Pank also crossed to the western hemisphere. First Pinar was gone, then our girl cat Badem, and now it's Pank's turn. She mustn't miss!!! Let her also cross to the west...

When we anchored early in the harbour, I made the rice with eggplant that I promised Kemal. Fresh food is great and unfortunately, it is eaten a lot on the boat. Wednesday the weather was good again and we continued on our way and arrived in Cartagena. There are castles all around the city. Very impressive but I think it is not suitable for a long vacation. It is just one of the places to see.

It is October and fall is in full swing. As soon as the sun goes down or hides behind the clouds for a while, you start to feel cold. The beaches have become lonely and quiet. The last remaining tourist groups are mostly retired people... The coastal cities are left to their real owners. However, the Spanish coasts have been plundered just like our coasts, high-rise apartment buildings or housing estates are really disturbing to the eyes.

The marinas provide very decent service. If there is no one to help you, you tie up at the diesel dock. They somehow show you a place or you sleep where you're tied up. In the morning you go sailing anyway. At least that's what we are doing for now. In October Kemal will go to Istanbul again for work. Me? I miss our daughter so much. I won't have a chance to see her until New Year's Eve, so I'm going to see her inshallah.

*CÜNEYT AND SEDA HAD A BABY...
CÜNEYT AND SEDA HAD A BABY...
CÜNEYT AND SEDA HAD A BABY...
WE ARE SOOOOOOOO HAPPY.*

I found fresh beans in Cartagena. Beans in olive oil for the road, of course. Same-day laundry and cleaning. Luckily the weather worsened and I had a chance to do some work!!! To reduce the ironing work on the boat, as soon as the laundry comes out of the machine, you fold it neatly as if you were ironing it. You leave it for 1-2 hours and hang it again very carefully. And many clothes can be used without ironing. These clothes are for travelling anyway. In short, this is a womanly trick.

*WE TALKED TO CUNEYT AND SEDA.
THEY ARE VERY HEALTHY.
IT'S ALL SO GOOD. OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!*

October 4th, Thursday morning, we are ready to sail. Windy and rainy, the weather has calmed a bit, we are ready to set off. Who will stop my German Kemal... We set sail in the rain. The surroundings are full of dark clouds, but the weather seems clear on our route. Don't be fooled by the view, it is a wet sailing. We tied up in Garrucha at 15.30 in the occasional rain. When I arrive early and get less tired, I can find the opportunity to write. Goodbye. Don't worry, we tasted the paella, we are off to discover new flavours...

PANesrinK 04.10.2007, Garrucha

— —

Dorado Green 08.10.2007

*Finding good weather,
Being able to do long cruises every day
We're near Gibraltar.*

*Southern Spain.
It is the cheapest among
the developed countries we have seen so far.
It is considerably cheaper than Istanbul.
Wine in the restaurant is 12 Euros on average.
The bill for two people is 30-50 Euros.
Average grocery shopping is 15-20 Euros*

*Two days ago we caught our first fish.
A small to medium Dorado or Lambuka.
The picture is on the website.*

*To calm him down,
We put a little Burgaz raki in his gills,
We felt sorry for him,
He was so beautiful.*

*One of the three marinas in Gibraltar has been sold and is under construction.
There's no place in the other two.
We're 20 miles before in Duquesa.*

*We finished the Mediterranean,
25 stages from Istanbul,
Totaling 2,017 nautical miles.
Now it's time for the
700-mile crossing to the Canary Islands*

*Then there's the 2,800-mile Atlantic crossing.
Both are exciting.*

Dear PANK's,

I have been trying to find your website for a while. [Sergeants who don't take notes on time return and grab the keyboards :)]. It was destined for tonight. The information and photos on your website are super. It is as if we experience what you have experienced. You can keep what you eat for yourself :) I guess you will have entered the Atlantic by the time you read these lines...

SAMIYE-AHMET ORHUN, 08.10.2007

—

Gibraltar Grey 24.09.2007

*After Nesrin's New York and
My short trip to Istanbul,
Nesrin and I met in London.*

*The passport police is a woman in a turban!
This is England.
That seemed weird to me.
Is our attitude a bit psychological?*

*We flew together to Gibraltar.
We picked up Pank in Puerto Duquesa
And came to Gibraltar Marina Bay.*

*A tanker with its bow in the water
Right in front of the famous Rock of Gibraltar.
How did it sink?
Pictures are on the website.*

*The Blue Water Rally group filled the Marina.
They're around 30 boats
They are travelling around the world together.
We met a few of them.*

*We're thinking of following them to Lanzarote
And then to Antigua.
I think we're gonna do the Canary Islands crossing earlier,
We will go out with them On October 28th,
Here's our Iridium satellite phone number*

*For the 5-Day crossing:
+ 88 16 31 61 18 68*

*We climbed the Rock of Gibraltar.
It's 426 meters high.
We met the famous tailless monkeys.*

*Gibraltar is a separate country inside Spain.
Tax haven.
But it's dominated by England.
It's actually a tiny city around a rock.
45 minutes on foot from one end to the other
29,000 inhabitants.*

*When Spain didn't give them a place for the airport,
They built a runway in the sea.
Right behind the runway is the border.
To get to Spain people and vehicles pass over the active airstrip.
When an aeroplane is about to land or take off
Warnings are being issued,
Cars, pedestrians and boats are moving away from the runway.
It's like walking on a railroad track,
But it's a really strange feeling to walk on the runway.*

— — — —

My parents probably had the hardest time adjusting to what we were doing. For a very long time, they disapproved and found it strange. But finally, in 2005 I got their approval in a holy place. From that moment on, we had their full support and prayers.

My Kemal

Your e-mails make me happy. We love and kiss you very much. May everything be to your liking and stay happy for the rest of your life.
LEMAN AYATA, 24.10.2007

—

The mail you sent with SSB through the Pactor modem arrived without a problem. Passage Weather is a great site. They have wind wave and pressure maps for a week. I will provide you with regular information, and if you give me a location when you can, we will make the forecast for the right area. You leave on the 28th. The wind always seems to be behind you. The first day after leaving the Gibraltar Strait, the swell coming from the

starboard side may disturb you. After that, the swell and wind are from behind. There's usually 10-15 knots of wind. It will be 20-25 from time to time. I wish you a good sailing. I will report the weather again on the evening of October 30th.
ALPARSLAN TANSUG, 26.10.2007

—

When at sea, weather forecasting is at the top of the priority list. Of course, the traditional sailor methods of looking at the clouds, "sniffing" the air, checking the wind, watching the storm calendar and making forecasts may still work. But, it is now possible to find long-term weather forecasts, weather maps, etc. on the internet. It is also possible to access this information anywhere in the world via long-range radio.

All this notwithstanding, it is very important that this data from different sources is collected and discussed with relevant and knowledgeable people. After all, it is called prediction, and therefore interpretation is necessary. For us, this person was our brother Alpaslan. Throughout our entire trip, he never missed his support, knowledge and comments. Including the ocean crossing.

The first opening message to the Atlantic is from "First Mate" Nesrin:

— — —

PIRATE REPORT Leaving the Mediterranean

Yeeees: "The day has come to heave up anchor from the Mediterranean". Tomorrow morning, God willing, when we start our engine, we will sail towards completely different seas. We will start the longest cruise (Ocean Cruise) since our departure.

It's actually an extremely short period in the cruising life we have programmed. But for some reason, like everyone else, we are very focused on this passage. Maybe it is a lonely process that requires real endurance, and when there are two people, the responsibility becomes very intense. Being responsible for the life of the person you care about is a big burden. Maybe we have the same responsibilities in normal city life. But in the hustle and bustle of the city, we don't realize it. However, when we are alone, the conditions suddenly become different!!!

We had left Pank at Duquesa Marina. On Sunday, October 21, we were ready for Gibraltar. We tied up at Marina Bay after a 21-mile pleasant cruise. The marina is mostly full with Blue Water Yacht Rally participants. They are all very excited and prepared. We made friends with a few of them, exchanged some information and suddenly found ourselves in a circle of friends.

For one thing, Turkey and our southern coasts are very well known at sea. Most of them have either been to Turkey or are very well-informed. Those who learn that we are Turkish, approach us with "Hello". We are very proud, very proud...

A new boat arrived at the marina yesterday, and when they told the next boat that they were going to Marmaris, they immediately directed them to us. A great conversation... 10 years of cruising. Atlantic Ocean, Pacific, Indian Ocean, West of Africa, Azores, Swedish and Norwegian fjords and now Turkey. I hope they come back with good memories. At least we tried to guide them well!!!

I'm too excited to write anymore. Can I write the rest from Lanzarote? And I'll tell a bit about Captains' memories of the ocean, what do you say?

I embrace you all with love. PANesrinK 27.10.2007, Gibraltar

— — —

Atlantic Dark Blue 28.10.2007

Crossing the Strait of Gibraltar requires some effort and Understanding of what is happening with wind and currents.

The Mediterranean is an inland sea.

Its surface area is large.

But its overall depth is small compared to the world's oceans.

Therefore, the amount of water it holds is small.

Since it is in a hot climate, evaporation is higher than in the oceans.

For this reason, water is constantly filling the Mediterranean from the Atlantic.

In other words, there is a continuous flow from west to east.

Another factor is the tidal current.

Every six hours, the water level rises or descends.

As it rises, the waters of the enclosed sea, the Mediterranean, flow into the Atlantic.

And vice versa when descending.

The two currents are sometimes in the same direction and

Sometimes in the opposite direction.

And their speed changes every hour.

So currents are complicated in Gibraltar Strait.

According to the direction of your crossing,

You have to calculate the time of your departure.

You have also to decide on which part to cross:

North, South or in the Middle of the Gibraltar Strait.

Why am I telling you all this?

So you can understand what we're dealing with.

Long story short, with a good calculation,

We crossed the Strait of Gibraltar in 4.5 hours and sailed into the Atlantic.

*Our course is 222 degrees, destination Lanzarote.
Total distance is around 650 miles.
It will take us 4-5 days.*

*The wind can't be any better.
Genoa's is on the starboard side with a boom.
The mainsail is on the port side.
Gybe preventing rope is tied.
Mizzen is on starboard.*

*When one sail is on one side and the other sail is on the other,
It is called a "Bear's Leg" in Turkey.
In German, it's called "Butterfly."
Cross-cultural perspective.*

*We are doing 5.5 knots in 12-13 knots of wind.
We still have a long way to go.
That was a bit too nautical.
Sorry if you're bored.*

We took care not to include information and details in our e-mails that we thought would not be of much interest to our friends. We didn't want to take up their valuable time, we didn't want to write too long. We wanted to send people something they could read easily and follow with interest. And we usually did. But there were still moments when we couldn't help ourselves. We wanted to add a little spice. It might increase the flavour.

So now it's off to even greater distances. Sailing into the ocean.
Godspeed, may the winds be with you.
In any case, you will still take a plane to here from somewhere. Or else we'll come anyway.
Take care of each other.
Please send emails frequently.
It seems to me that there is a bit of laziness these days!!!
BAHAR KORKMAZ, 28.10.2007

—

Our dear kids,
We were very happy for you when we heard that you had sailed into the oceans during our phone call. You know we were going to watch you crossing the ocean alone with anxiety. But I guess you and we are both God's beloved ones, and God will accept your mother's prayers and grant you the opportunity to spend more pleasant crossing.
LEMAN-ILHAN AYATA, 28.10.2007

Dolphin Grey 31.10.2007

*We finally saw dolphins today.
They always bring luck to us.
We finished the third day today.
151 miles on the first day,
150 miles on the second day
On the third day, we did 142 miles.*

*On the first day, the wind was very good and the swell was moderate.
So we were in a good mood.
On the second day, the wind dropped.
We continued with sail and engine support.
On the third day, the wind strengthened and the waves grew higher.*

*There are two separate wave systems in the Atlantic.
One is the wave generated by the wind at that moment.
This is the wave system we see in our seas.
So wherever the wind blows, the wave direction and height is dependent on the wind.*

*But the Atlantic is such a huge body of water,
That human consciousness can't perceive in numbers or by sight.
Different winds are blowing on this huge mass in different places.
The waves created by them spread far and wide.
This is called "swell".
The direction and height of the swell are also reported in the Atlantic weather forecasts.*

*If the wave and the swell are coming from different directions, the ocean gets confused.
It is not clear where and how the waves will come from.
I mean the situation last night.
Add to that 35 knots of wind and it becomes clear why we couldn't send e-mails.
We aim to be in Lanzarote tomorrow afternoon.*

Farmer Purple

What's up, sailors?

Congratulations on your Atlantic cruise. I'm about to burst with jealousy, I'm purple in the face. Look, days passed and our girl Pank tasted the Atlantic waters. Well, you shouldn't look forward to anything. It just comes and life passes. Now it is time to enjoy the ocean, not to dream of ports.

It's time to listen to dolphins, observe the horizon, realize the size of the world and get lost in the deep sky.

Fish, read, chat. Say goodbye to the sun with a drink in the evening. Don't neglect stargazing, and if you accidentally get bored, remember that one day you will end up like us and you will miss this moment like crazy. Our hearts are sailing with you, have a pleasant sailing...

CÜNEYT-SEDA GÜLERAY, 31.10.2007

I received an SMS from Nesrin yesterday. She was saying, "We sailed into the ocean." I don't know if my reply will reach you, but I wish you a safe journey... It's no wonder you feel so strongly about your responsibilities to each other. not lay. We don't live here like you... "on land"... not at all... Here, we are living it up:-:)))]

Good luck to you...

SELMA MERGEN, 31.10.2007

Yuppiee!! (PIRATE REPORT)

We are in the ocean now. One inevitably gets a bit stressed before starting. When the days start to pass, you get caught up with the flow...

Gibraltar is a small, chaotic settlement of not very clean construction sites. It is an Arab-influenced country. Because of the tax exemption, everywhere is full of stores selling electronic goods and perfumes. Therefore, it is surrounded by many shopping tourists. We still couldn't understand why it was so famous.

Anne-Charlotte and Per from Blue Water Yacht Rally and I have developed a very pleasant friendship. Keith and Susan are a great couple and then there's Brian and Margaret. I think I will talk about all of them in time.

We set sail from Gibraltar on Tuesday, October 28 at around 10.00 am. The sea was very rough. Even the boats that we saw huge in the marina looked so pathetic in the rough surf. Of course, so did we as a midsize boat!!!

Because of the currents Kemal had mentioned, we had to cross the strait at the specified time; otherwise, if we were caught in the reverse current, our journey through Gibraltar Strait would take a long time. Fortunately, we crossed the strait in 4.5 hours and let ourselves into the cool, deep and even dark blue waters of the Ocean.

We set the sails in the ocean position. It's very exciting and it's going very well. Without the sound of the engine, there is only the sound of the boat on the lap of the sea. The sound of the waves and the sound of the sails are added to the sounds coming from the boat. Big waves come from time to time. Since we get wobbly in big waves, the sails are trying to

recover themselves sounding 'flap, flap'. I can't listen to any music yet. I'm concentrating on the sounds coming from the boat. I don't listen to music with headphones while sailing in case something goes wrong and I can't hear it. And the sound of the sea; it's pleasant enough and creates its own melody suitable to the environment...

Preparations are done. We have organised ourselves more like we are going to live on the deck. Hot water thermos, cold water thermos, food in ice boxes. It's like we are going on a picnic in the cockpit. But it is so hard to work inside in the turbulent sea. We have to use ourselves carefully, there may be watches and sleepless nights ahead of us.

The sea is as we expected. So I went inside to prepare lunch and the world changed. Kemal immediately put a "relief band" on my arm, which is used against seasickness. Anyway, I recovered enough to be able to eat.

It is like a wristwatch. You put a gel on the inside of your left wrist (acupuncture point) and wear it. It gives tiny vibrations. The only important feature is that you need to feel the vibration on the tips of your middle and ring fingers. It was good for me and I wanted to share it with you.

In the excitement of the first day, we couldn't start the watches. Anyway, the watches settled down at night. This time we'll keep 3 hours each night. Because we couldn't get a full rest during the 2-hour shifts at night. This arrangement was better.

The nights are cold, the nights are damp; while during the day we wear t-shirts and shorts, at night we support ourselves with long sleeves, fleece and even thick shawls. The first night we could only see the lights of the rally boats, the next morning there were only three boats on the horizon! As usual, the captain arranges the watches at sunrise and sunset for me, so that I can perform my ritual at those times comfortably. But still, the night watches take you to completely different realms. I go back and forth between concepts such as existence, nothingness, multiplicity, and non-existence. Sometimes memories, sometimes dreams envelop me. I used to dream of the ocean, now I'm in the middle of the ocean. "Don't hold me".

Our course is right in the middle of the Strait of Gibraltar traffic. Many freighters are passing by. So we are moving in ship traffic. Some are crossing the strait, some are heading south.

The second day was spent with sail trim and some radio conversations. Now we take care to lie down and rest during the daylight times. When the wind slows down a lot, that is, when our speed drops to 3 knots, we support the sails with the engine at a slow rev.

On the third day in the evening, one of the boats in front shared a bad weather report. There was also a lot of swell in the sea. Just our way, we immediately reduced the sails, tidied up, got dressed and adjusted the sails for the night. We really got into that weather, we rocked and rolled, but no damage. We heard all the noises from the boat that we didn't hear in the first three days. It was like everything was shifting in the boat.

In the morning, the weather calmed down and the sun started a brand new day by showing its smiling face. Our spirits lifted too. That day, during the noon watch, I think I saw the freighter named Beşiktaş again, which I had seen before in Cartagena. It passed by us splitting the waters... Leaving behind a pleasant smell of Turkey, a tear in my eye, a tiny pang of longing in my nose...

We spent the last night much more relaxed and easy. All the boats entered the marina one by one. We heard them on the radio. We docked around noon and we left behind another really important stage for us. Immediately welcome drinks and crossing gossip... How many hours engine did you run? How did you set the sails? Did you shake a lot? It's a great feeling to find a common ground, to share it, and to live it to the fullest.

We are in Lanzarote now. The marina is new, everything is clean, we are connected to a pontoon (for the first time after Atakoy Marina...). Everything is inside the Marina; restaurant, café, market, souvenir shop, and tourism office. It is greaaat! We are here for two weeks. We will rest, sightsee and prepare for the big crossing.

Ericsson sailing team has set up a base inside the marina. They prepare for the races here. They are all beastly athletes and they take care of all the repair and maintenance works of the boat. Captain is in a good mood, Murat and Kerim cheered up our day with their pleasant e-mails. My mother sent a wonderful welcome e-mail, very nice, very nice, very nice. I embrace you all with love and longing to share the details of Lanzarote later.

PANesrinK 07.11.2007, Lanzarote

--

Lanzarote Lilac 02.11.2007

*We arrived in Lanzarote yesterday afternoon.
The Atlantic showed us its various faces.
More wind, less wind,
High swell, sensible swell,
Much swell, little swell.*

*Sometimes we said what are we doing here?
What about scratching our belly
At home in front of the TV,
Holding a beer glass?*

*Sometimes we enjoyed it very much.
We were mesmerized by the infinity of the ocean and the sky.
We gave our thanks to God.*

*You may be wondering what we do during the crossing.
Try the suggestions below and maybe you can feel it.*

- *Set your alarm clock for 3:00 am. When you wake up, put on your wet suits and run to the garden (or to the bathroom). Shout as you hose yourself and your partner down: "Honey, we've got to shorten the mainsail!"*
- *Have a cup of nescafé for breakfast and eat leftovers from the previous evening.*
- *Call radio stations to discuss the approaching cold front and the measures you plan to take against it.*
- *When the wind picks up, open and close cupboard doors, scatter plates and glasses around the kitchen, and grumble to yourself that you didn't clear the mess earlier.*
- *If the wind is completely gone, bring your sewing machine into your living room and run it for a few hours.*
- *Never dry your clothes completely.*

If it still doesn't work out, you're welcome to join us.

I guess you got a little taste of the Atlantic! And you sound like a beast, keep it up. For us, the movements of the sky are important for traffic, for you, for the depths of your soul...

So if you are wondering what we do; try the suggestions below and maybe you can feel it:

- First of all, get up at any time in the morning and first say, "Oh shit, I have to go to work."
- Then sigh, "Oh shit, it's almost 8 o'clock, I'm stuck in traffic."
- Immediately after that, you should feel your butt tighten up, "Fuck, I have Friday payments today".
- The moment you step out into the street, confront not the beauty of the rain but the wobble of the mud.
- If all this doesn't tell you enough about our situation, wear a pair of stylish pants, a shirt and preferably a tie,
- Then stand in line for a nescafé in front of the kitchen, touching each other.

KERIM GÜRÇAY, 03.11.2007

—

What are you doing at home, beer in hand? You will be overwhelmed in a week at most, and if you can't find anything to do, you will fight with each other. As a junior sailor who partially knows what you have written and who spent the first 3 days of the Atlantic expedition vomiting, I say that what you are doing is very enviable. I mean, if it wasn't for my troublesome issue, I would feel as if I had come there with my bag, But you know Kemal, we are responsible men, we wait for our time. All these torments always come back as sweet memories and happiness afterwards. I guess that's where the philosophy begins. Imagine how a life without any problems and troubles can also be very depressing and unpleasant. We followed your first 650 miles with excitement, and now here are many thousands more. May your path be clear and your spirits be high...
SERMET TOLAN, 02.11.2007

MyKemal, grandson of Barbaros, 21st century explorer,
Come on, my dear brother and sister, you ate this important stage. If you have Kismet's world travel book with you, open it and read what happened to them on the Gibraltar-Canary Islands crossing! If you don't have the book, I can write you a short chapter about it in the e-mail if you want.

You wrote: "The Atlantic has shown us its many faces". This statement of yours told me some important things. As the distance travelled increases, one encounters more than one face of the sea, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that one discovers more than one face of one's relationship with the sea.

It's like getting to know a person better over time or liking a town more or less after staying there for a while. So I guess you need to work a little bit at various points in life, to discover what is what.

From Southampton to Istanbul, I saw the different faces of the sea. Not necessarily in the sense of hard weather and soft weather, but I saw myself better in the sea. Standing against time, physical adaptation, endurance, worries when the weather gets rough, sailing-engine relations, the sea and alcohol, discovering the boat, the colours and smells of the harbours. There are many more things to count, but most importantly, you are in a state of great discovery about the sea and yourself and it is very difficult to describe the beauty of this. Am I making myself clear, my Kemal?

I thought about you this morning and some non-serious questions came to my mind. I would appreciate your answers:

- Did you bring your accordion? (whoops!)
- Have you thought about work in the middle of the Atlantic? (ball lifting question)
- Does the company tax the consulting fees it pays you? So are you still officially an "employee" (subtle question)?
- Are my Nesrin's criteria for hosting guests (eat, drink) still the same? (I hope not, but the pilot house is good for everyone)

- Is the effect of sea life on sexual life positive or negative? (tricky question)
- Do you realize that by always going to the west you will be extending your life by 1 day? (Stressful question)
- What would you like to live this free day doing? (question to create a challenge for husband-wife compliment)

Until the next time we communicate, be in good health. Love [for you] and respect [for your work]. MURAT SOYDAŞ, 02.11.2007

—

I have always been amazed by Brother Murat's thinking mechanics, observation and humour. Of course, there are answers to his questions. But only to himself.

—

When I read about the happiness of your reaching the ocean, I was very happy to hear from you and to hear that everything went well. The detailed notes of your trip added a lot to me and I am very, very happy that you achieved your goals. My dear Nesrin, we are waiting for a book from you at the end of this journey and I am sure you will not believe to the number of editions, one after the other. We wish you a pleasant rest in Lanzarote my dear friend.

GAMZE-ÇETİN AKAY, 16.11.2007

— — —

PIRATE REPORT Canary Islands

Human beings are really very interesting. They adapt to their environments instantly. It seems like we have been living here for months. But we have only been here for 10 days! First you discover the Marina, then the immediate surroundings, then the distant... The Marina is about 30 km from the city, but there is everything in the marina. There is no problem in general. You just need to drive to the big markets. Boats that are going to visit Turkey come and get information from us. Without feeling it, you realize afterwards that you are doing a really nice volunteer missionary work for your country. And every step you take sometimes leads to different beauties that even you cannot define. How nice!!!

Lanzarote is one of the 7 islands of the Canary Islands group. And the youngest. Kemal uploaded the photos. One feels the definition of volcanic island clearly and distinctly while visiting the island. First, we drove around in a rental car. A few days later we went on an island tour with a group. Every scene was very striking. I hope the pictures reflect what we saw a little bit. The island is a "World Heritage Site" and under the protection of Unesco.

The European Union has also transferred serious funds. It is just being restructured. I hope this virginity will be preserved.

Volcano chimneys emit really serious heat. I burned my eyelashes when I leaned over the chicken grill you see in the photo!!!!!! Although there is a water shortage on the island, there is a very serious planting work. They are trying to do this with water purified from the sea. They have very big and brand new hotels. And also the customers filling the hotels...

British and German tourists make up the majority. Car rental is very common, especially small cars. Everyone rents a car and travels around the island. The inhabitants try to get touristic income from everything. Tiny volcanic museum, cactus museum, camel safari, submarine safari, scenic spots, fishing trips, catamaran trips, and the house of an artist named Cesar Manrique. The artist adapted 5 volcanic chimneys to the rooms in his house. A different feeling!!!!!! This felt worse than living in Stromboli. A different creative personality...

At the weekend we went to Grand Canaria for two days, a bigger, older and greener island. Especially the interior of the island is full of unimaginable landscapes. Tiny little mountains, narrow roads, immaculate villages, green craters. One of them even had a house inside!

Las Palmas, the capital of the islands, is a classic big city. But the administrative capital is alternating four years in Tenerife and four years in Grand Canaria. This is a Canary-style peaceful solution. The island is very crowded, especially these days. Because 250 boats are in the marina for the Atlantic Crossing Rally (ARC). You have to see the excitement, the rush.

We're back home again. Now I make a food list for the crossing, for every day. Because there will be as little as possible. Both in terms of grocery and utensils. Everything needs to be as stable as possible. The less noise from the boat, the more comfortable the journey will be. It can be nerve-racking to go for three weeks with the same clanking noises!!!

I talked to Cüneyt yesterday. He said that he was still squeezing something somewhere on the 16th day of their crossing. Let's see what we will do. Kemal is doing all the engine maintenance, checking engine spare parts, rudder parts, sails. And each boat is working harder by looking at each other. We intend to set sail on Saturday, but we are watching the weather. Hopefully, everything will go well.

Oh, by the way, Captain is calmer and more peaceful than in Gibraltar. As I've written before, crossing here was good for both of us...

That's all Lanzarote news for now. We will say goodbye to you again before we leave. Thousands of thanks for the news you share, the good wishes you send, and the doping e-mails. Your presence, your articles, and your good wishes really add strength to our strength. I am glad you exist and I am glad you make us feel you.

I am one of those who say "Love is touching". I embrace you all tightly again to feel and make you feel my love. Goodbye...

*PANesrinK
13.11.2007, Puerto Calero-Lanzarote*

Pure White 16.11.2007

*We're out.
We started our adventure,
Our first e-mail was PitchBlack,
Then it gradually became coloured.*

*We are going out again.
Tomorrow morning at 10:00 UTC,
This time crossing the Atlantic Ocean.
Pure White ... Emptiness...*

*Christopher Columbus was the first.
Year 1492
Then Sadun Boro passed
Year 1965
Now it's our turn.*

*Mixed emotions,
Excitement, fear, joy, sadness
All at the same time
It's getting weirder.*

*We have been preparing for days.
They are in two parts:
Those for disaster scenarios,
Those for cruising in comfort.
Let's skip the disaster scenarios.
Hopefully, good things will happen.*

*As for comfort:
Engine maintenance,
Sailing rope, pulley maintenance,
Fixing all the cabinets,
The list is too long*

*The striking point is that the duration is long,
About 3 weeks.
Everything wears out, and gets old.
We, ropes, sails, tools, equipments.*

*The two most important issues:
Planning and decision-making*

*To live without needing anyone or
Anything from outside,
Being safe.
To get the boat safely to the harbour.*

*Have you ever shopped for three weeks?
We did it for the first time.
We bought things we never bought in our lives.*

*There are criteria.
Cooking is sometimes torture
As the ocean swells up and down
Rocking our boat left and right.
And sometimes cooking is impossible*

*Fresh fruit and vegetables, salad
For the first week.
Cabbage, a little more.
Then ready meals.
Less canned food.
A balanced diet.
Let's look at the expiry dates.*

*Two huge grocery carts.
We hope those who come to the other side in February
Will finish the remaining.*

*We have gone on too long.
No internet these three weeks.
There will be E-mails, weather and ocean permitting.
We will send Bekir on HF and Bekir will e-mail you.*

*Please send the messages you want to reach us on the ocean
Both to us and to Bekir Kara.
He'll get it to us on HF radio, God willing.*

*If you want to talk,
Our Iridium satellite phone will be on
Around the clock.*

*Surely one of us will be up.
We'd also appreciate it
If you wake us up when we're asleep.*

*Tomorrow at 10 o'clock
Zerrin Özer will say it one more time.
WE SHOULD BE LEAVE.*

*Goodbye, friends.
We love you all very much.*

During the Atlantic crossing, it is possible to send and receive e-mails via long-distance HF radio and pactor modem. But it is limited to two pages of text and a tiny attachment. For that reason, we said we will send our e-mails to one friend. He will distribute them to our group of friends. The e-mails from our friends will be collected by him and he will forward them to us.

So our radio traffic becomes less busy. It also reduces the risk of e-mails getting lost in cyberspace.

We thought a lot about who to put this burden on. Bekir is my dear speleology friend from Boğaziçi University. Due to his profession, he lives very close with the computer. Since the first day we embarked on the website adventure, he visits our site every day, sees deficiencies and errors, notifies us and makes suggestions. We said that he would gladly take on this burden and do it meticulously. And he did. Once when he was in a meeting, he went out and sent an e-mail. When he was travelling, he took care of it on his mobile phone.

One day we couldn't send an e-mail. He got on the phone and called us, asking what was happening. He was amazing in everything.

It's Friday and we haven't heard from you. Or did you set off without us knowing? No, let us know that you are on your way so that we can experience our state of waiting here with curiosity and anxiety, and who-knows-where you are now...

SERMET TOLAN, 16.11.2007

You write so beautifully that it is as if we are there too and we see those places. I will do what Kemal suggested, but while you are on the ocean crossing. I'll go out in the garden and I'm going to wet myself and Cem. Then go to the kitchen and clink plates and glasses!!! I promise I won't leave you alone :)

Joking aside, there are many more details besides the danger and loneliness. Honestly, a

constant squeak will make you sick. I like that you're with the rally guys. It's great to be able to share something that you really like, a feeling, and of course, the idea that there is someone close to you and that they share the same fate as you. I don't know about you though...

TiJO (TiJEN MERGEN), 16.11.2007

Dear Nesrin and Kemal;

I found the right to address you with this sincerity by following Nesrin's wholehearted excitement, joy and a little bit of fear on your website, full of fluent humour and Kemal's poetic travel memories and your complementary photographs. Dear brother and sister, may your path during the Atlantic crossing be clear and easy.

YUSUF MESCIOGLU, 16.11.2007

We wish the whole family a pleasant and safe Atlantic crossing. Godspeed and good luck. May God help you.

We love you too and embrace you both with all our hearts and best feelings. We have also recorded in history that you mentioned your name with brother Kristof ;))

iDiL, BELKIS and EROL, 16.11.2007

Still Pure White 17.11.2007

I swear we're out.

17.11.2007 at 10:30 UTC

We're half an hour late.

Now we will get to the Caribbean half an hour late.

What's the difference, right?

Balloons with Turkish flag decorate our mainsail boom,

Zerrin Özer sings loud: "WE MUST LEAVE",

We left the port of Puerto Calero with horns, whistles and waving hands.

So now the destination is the shore across,

We will cross the ocean.

We'll change continents.

We are having headwinds and very light, 5-10 knots.

The intention was to motor towards the African coast.

We sailed a little bit off Lanzarote,

Then we saw that the wind angle wasn't bad, 10-12 knots.

*We set all sails, and trim;
Our girl can sail comfortably at 40 degrees to the wind.
We put the autopilot at wind angle mode: 40 degrees,
Waves are low.
We're cruising Gocek style.
Our average speed is 4.5 knots.
That's more than enough.*

*But we know that won't last,
Carpe Diem.
We are enjoying the moment.
Let's see how these three weeks of good fortune will be going.*

And we're singing "You are great". Go in peace and Godspeed.
Tonight I will toast you at Red Fish or Peymane, and I will include whoever is with me in this honour.
KERIM GÜRÇAY, 17.11.2007

I read your emails with curiosity and pride. You write very well... :) I hope that your Atlantic crossing will be very comfortable, very enjoyable, according to your hearts. I am sure that you are preparing in the best way, I wish that nothing will bother you. Take care of yourselves, take care of each other...
ASLI ÖZDAŞ, 17.11.2007

Hello, Friend,
We became friends with the same friend Pank, many years ago. We couldn't make a plan for HF before you left. If the frequencies and times are known, I will try to watch you.
MURAT EMİRALIOĞLU, 17.11.2007

Good morning, Pank team,
It is as if we are travelling with you, experiencing your excitement. But for some reason, I have never been so excited reading any of your e-mails.
It will be a long 3 weeks but I am sure you will always have a clear path and plenty of wind. My prayers are with you, may you have an accident-free, trouble-free, very, very pleasant, comfortable journey...
By the way, the foods that last the longest are chips, snacks, junk food... But not if Nesrin doesn't cook delicious meals...I miss her meals, how good they were... Anyway, I won't get

nostalgic.

ELA POLAT, 17.11.2007

Pirate reporter Nesrin has started a new series of articles. And she wrote: Atlantic Nights. Tirelessly, she tried to reflect every night in the Atlantic, every night of ours, with its pros and cons, its hopes and despairs. Here comes the first Atlantic Night:

ATLANTIC NIGHTS: 1st NIGHT

Sometimes I can't believe it myself, whether it's a joke or real. But this time the long passage has really begun. Because we have experienced so many departures, so many goodbyes since Istanbul, that I ask myself again and again which one is it this time.

It may not matter to many people, but it matters to us... Why? We made a decision, that's number one. We put a lot of effort into making it happen, that's number two. Well, we got all the fuel from you, so we need to be on our way...

Now you have learned that when it gets dark, you wear a life vest and if you are outside, you tie it on the deck. We already have "life tags" on our arms at all times. This is a device that immediately gives an alarm if you fall into the sea. On the other arm, I wear a watch and a "relief band" which is like a watch against seasickness. We are sailing with full accessories.

The moon is close to a half-moon shape, clouds are scarce and stars are abundant. In Turkey, when I turned my head to the sky, I would always find the Ursa Major, Ursa Minor and the polar star first. Here, however, it is the constellation Cassiopeia (Pinar was the first to show it to me) that catches my eye. I see it first and I immediately blink at the constellation, as if I am seeing Pinar, echoing my daughter's ears.

Actually, we know that the next few days will be windless, but our friends are leaving, so we said, come on, if it's not too windy, we'll be motoring. Then we'll go to Cape Verde instead and fill up our diesel tanks. Let's see what's in our destiny.

After motoring all day, we put our sails in the butterfly position around 22.00 and the real passage conditions are in now. A very comfortable cruise at 4- 5 knots. A few ships passed but from a distance. You can't see the lights of the other boats, but they are close to us, within radio range. A few boats are on a direct Caribbean route. Some of them are on the middle course (if they will be very windless they will go to Cape Verde). The rest are Cape Verdeans like us. This is our current decision based on the wind conditions and the guidance of our weather forecaster dear Alpaslan.

I think we were too tired because of the preparations, or we were too stressed, I fell asleep quickly. Sleep, watch, sleep, watch, sleep, watch. 3 hours each, am I falling apart? It's

morning, and the first night has already passed. The sun has risen through the clouds. It's not very bright. Let's see what the new day brings.

First 24 hours; 10 hours motor, 14 hours sailing. Super; while we were saying that we would motor for 24 hours, this wind came like a relief, I hope our luck will always continue like this.

I said we'll always have good luck, but I only meant better than expected, because we need the wind... Inevitably you start calculating. The calculation we make when we say our luck is good is below;

2,950-120=2,830 miles to go (about 24 days).

When I look at the possibilities ahead of us, it seems soooooooooo long to me, to my heart. But when I think back to the years of dreams, this journey is so short. I don't know whether to end it or make it as long as possible.

But there is only one thing I know that is true right now, WE ARE ON THE ROAD...

Pink 18.11.2007

*Our position at 10:00 UTC:
27 degrees 28 minutes North
14 degrees 52 minutes West*

*We have completed the first 24 hours.
Thank God everything is fine.
We ran the engine for a total of 10 hours.
We're at 120th NM.*

*He's currently sailing on the butterfly position,
In 10-12 knots of wind.
We're doing 4 knots.
If the wind dies down
We're going to help with the engine.*

*There was dinner before we left.
It was the Marina's 25th anniversary.
Towards the end, someone came to the table.
He said: "I am Rod!"*

*While I was philosophising about his name, thinking of "fishing rod",
The man started with a big Hello,
Then continued with Sadun Boro.*

*While we were chatting about Marmaris and Göcek,
The Englishman sitting next to me said:
"Man, you should know this guy.
He is Rod Heikell."*

*How could I not?
Scanning, sailing, examining all our shores,
This man wrote the Pilot books that guide us all.*

*With his wife Lou and his 46-foot boat,
He was also on his way to the Caribbean.
I hope we meet again somewhere.
We couldn't get enough of their conversation.*

From our Aunt Suheyyla, Serpil's mother:

To our beloved daughter Nesrin and her husband Kemal, we embrace you with all our hearts. We have spent beautiful and sweet days until today. Our Lord is with you at all times, materially and spiritually.

I hope your ocean voyage will be a beautiful one.

Yes, as you say, we will receive your beautiful messages 'from the other side'. We love you, we congratulate you.

Allah, you are one. Bismillahirrahmanirrahim May 70 thousand Ayat al-Qursi stand like fortresses around you inside and outside of you and help you insha'Allah.

God bless you...

Aunt SÜHEYLA, 18.11.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS: 2nd Night

Although last night was tiring, I feel better tonight. Kemal had the 19.00- 22.00 watch. I couldn't sleep so I got up and prepared dinner, and it was a good thing we ate early. We had a nice first day. We shared our excitement with those who called us. In short, we tried to live the day to the fullest, the dream day becoming reality.

21.00-24.00 Watch: The moon is now half a watermelon slice, how it illuminates the sea. The moon shines brightly over the sea. I watch the stars dance, accompanied by the music of the waves... I hear the applause of some stars from time to time in breathtaking views.

The ocean is showing us its soft side. Those we love and those who love us have prayed a lot and the Ocean behaves nicely. No wind, no waves, the sea is like a mirror...

03.00-07.00 Watch; the moon has set, and the stars are more distinct. It is as if the constellation Cassiopeia has gotten closer "Hello, my daughter". Kemal managed to call her and thank God we got the good news, heard her voice and felt better.

Now I'm alone, I'm on watch. When the moon goes down, the phosphorescence on the sea are more distinct. They are dancing with the boat now. And 2-3 fish; I can see them around the boat with our light, it's amazing. They jump like dolphins, they shine brightly in the sea like my aquarium. The shooting stars are incredible. I don't even count them anymore.

I guess there is no need to explain that we are going by motor, our only flaw is this engine noise... There is a glow very close to us, the light from the mast of a boat is reaching up to the boat. The boat doesn't show up on the radar screen, there are no navigation lights visible as well. I changed the course a bit and it seems like it is still approaching. I woke Kemal up, he immediately took out the searchlight. Before he even turned it on, he told me: it was a satellite and I had an optical illusion. I was so embarrassed. Imagine an atmosphere where you can feel a satellite so close...

A thank you to Cüneyt; because with his suggestion we bought a foam mattress 8-10 cm thick for the cockpit. We placed our sitting chair in the middle. We don't strain ourselves in swells anymore. Our spines have less load, so our fatigue rate has decreased. We make soft touches left and right without holding on at every shake.

The day has begun to dawn. Let the third day bring goodness, first to everyone and then to us. It's a cloudy start to the day.

Orange 19.11.2007

Second 24 hours in the Atlantic at 10:00 UTC.

Our Position:

25 degrees 40 minutes North

15 degrees 45 minutes West

Daily cruise 118 miles, 18 hours of engine work.

So the wind is close to zero.

Right now it's south-westerly, 8-9 knots headwind.

We're close-hauled sailing at 3 knots.

Today and tomorrow we seem to have low headwind.

Crawl slow with the sails or

We ignore the diesel planning

Wednesday afternoon, God willing,

The winds seem to be settling.

So trade winds,

*The ones that will pick us up and take us to the other side.
Because we're still 50 miles off the coast of Africa, heading south.*

*The old sailors' way of crossing the Atlantic was
To keep heading south.
"Turn Right",
Where the butter starts to melt on its own.*

*It's still cold at night.
There is dampness.
Night shifts with coat, blanket, gloves etc.
During the day, a sweatshirt, then T-shirt.
The butter is on the table, but it hasn't melted yet.*

*Erhan called a little while ago.
Nesrin's answer to his question about what you're doing:
The retirement life exercise.
"Have you eaten?"
"What didn't I eat?"
"You lie down now"
"No, for God's sake, I'm not lying down."
"Have you taken your pills?"
"You are negligent!"*

*Blah, blah, blah.
Life is hard.*

— — —

This message got through or it didn't. So what if it didn't. May you have good luck, good journey, strength, patience, judgment for the right decision, etc. etc. during this really difficult passage.

CEM MERGEN, 19.11.2007 —

— — —

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 3rd Night

The evening started great. There is no wind again but we promised each other that it won't make it to be a problem. Depending on the wind we will make a final decision on Wednesday at the latest. Either Cape Verde Islands or crossing to the American Continent. Selma and Selçuk called after dinner. We had a good conversation. The mid-ocean brotherly talk actually felt very good. Kemal rested for a while and then took over.

(21.00-24.00). I wake up and the phone rings. It's Erhan Izmir calling from Sydney. He and Kemal are having a great conversation. I looked around and we were in front of a wall of

fog. Kemal tells Erhan that 10-15 dolphins came and accompanied Pank until they took us out of the fog. Now we are in another cloud of fog.

We checked the radar and there are 2 ships and 1 boat 10-12 miles around us. Kemal is on high alert. I can't go to bed in this situation. However, you have to go to bed when the captain tells you to sleep. Because if the mood and condition of one of us falls, the other one has to be OK. I pressed myself to the bed and "put myself to sleep". About 1 hour later I woke up with Kemal's voice. The fog had lifted and he gave a watch report. The wind, radar, etc. I took over the watch. There were clouds all around, the stars were far away, the sea was black and deep. It's as if the Ocean is saying;

"Let's go, Aunt Pollyanna! Ha ha ha! Since you came onto my lap, let me show you another one of my faces!!! "

It's like last night we were in a different ocean and tonight we're in another ocean...

— —

Smoke Colour 20.11.2007

*We finished the third day.
Daily distance 114 miles. 18 hours of motoring.
Our position as of 20.11.2007 10:00 UTC:
24 degrees 11 minutes North
17 degrees 06 minutes West*

*We hope to catch the trade winds tomorrow, if we can.
I fell asleep on watch last night.
I was freaked out by a ferry whistle.
You know, like the ships horns crossing the Bosphorus in the fog.*

*There's nothing around.
But it's definitely a foghorn.
So the fog is coming.
Before I could say anything, it surrounded us.*

*At the same time, the wind died.
We switched from sailing to motor-sailing.
Thank God we have radar.
We've located the whistling ship.
We've arranged our course.*

*We're cruising blind with radar.
Suddenly there are 25-30 dolphins around us.
They played with us.
But all sorts of tricks*

*For an hour till getting us out of the fog.
They always bring us luck.*

*Fog, moonlight, dolphins.
Look at that combination.
It was amazing.*

*By the way, I forgot to tell you the other day.
Rod Heikell is Kiwi.
So he is from New Zealand.
But he calls Turkey his home.
Isn't that interesting?*

You are always in my dreams. Thank God I hear from you thanks to Bekir. But my heart is at ease because I always see my dear friend Nesrin sitting at the table with her smiling face and happy expression, chatting... When you said dolphins were around us, I couldn't help remembering our journey to Datça. Hey, those were the days... They are taking you away from us, stay in good health, I kiss you both very much...
SEVDA DOBRU-AYATA, 20.11.2007

—

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 4th Night

Early dinner and early watch again. I woke up, Kemal said, "You won't believe it, but it's foggy again, I'm not going to go to bed". This time I was the stubborn one. I said, "It's your turn, you're going to bed, I'm following it on the radar, and I'll get you up in a troublesome situation." Just then the lightning started to flash. We immediately tidied up the deck outside and the inside. Because if lightning strikes the mast, all the electronics could be damaged. We hid the portable electronics inside the oven for protection. It works like a Faraday cage.

We can follow the rain clouds on the radar. Depending on the wind direction, we steered in the direction where the rain was less intense. Around 02:30, miraculously, we moved away from the clouds without entering the area of heavy rain and lightning. It was 03:00 when Kemal went to bed.

Clouds are everywhere, not a single star is visible. The moon is hidden behind the clouds, casting a scary glacial glow. Lightning flashes in the distance and there is obviously rain. We've changed our course a lot to avoid them. New rain clouds are forming on the radar. Just then the dolphins came again. They are very close to us. You know when you blow the

*water out of a snorkel and it makes a sound, they make the same sound as they pass by us.
All of them; do the same dance in the same place. It's like they are trying to distract us.*

Meanwhile, we miraculously escaped the rain and lightning again. It's 6:30 a.m. Kemal wakes up. It's my turn to rest. It's been a tiring and tense night; it's as if the ocean is whispering; "Just wait, new faces are coming..."

— — —

Moss Green 21.11.2007

*Our 4th day is over.
For 24 hours the engine never stopped.
No wind at all.*

*Our position at 10:00 UTC:
23 degrees 04 minutes North
18 degrees 56 minutes West*

*Last night I was on watch again,
I was sleepy again.
It was midnight again.
I was about to get Nesrin up and go to bed.*

*I was startled again.
This time it's not sound,
It's light. Nesrin must be up.*

*No, lightning.
A cloud bank on the starboard side.
I started tracking it on the radar.
24 miles away.
But it doesn't seem heading towards us.*

*The air suddenly turned cold and
There was a sharp smell of moss.
I turned to the port side.
Another thick fog.*

*Radar shows rain on three sides of us.
We have to go through them.
Zig-zag manoeuvres.
But it is stressful,
Everything's fine, no problem.*

*This time, Pank was surrounded by the phosphorescence.
I've never seen them so bright.*

*The inside of the boat lights up with the waves.
After the dolphins, it's their turn.
They are also from the animal kingdom.*

*And a whale just passed by.
Spraying its breath with water.
One natural wonder after another.
Simply incredible.*

You finished day 1, day 2, day 3. One day you will realise that the ocean crossing is complete. I hope you will finish your longest and most challenging crossing... The habits never die brother, keep on napping!... My sister, your latest pirate report was published in yesterday's (20/11/2007) Milliyet newspaper, with 2-3 pictures of yours... When Kemal mentions cabbage, let me know if you make capuska. I will come to you... :))) May your dolphins be plentiful and your winds be easy.

SISTER NERMİN, 21.11.2007

—

Brother and business partner.

After reading this email, I feel as if someone has done something to block my breath, or I had too much food, or there is not much air in here, or I have a health problem, or I put myself in your shoes. Since all the other options are invalid, the last one is the correct one. What does it feel like when a whale passes you with a squirt of water, for God's sake?

I can't even imagine.

LEYLA KURAL, 21.11.2007

— — —

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 5th Night

As a result of conversations with dear Alpaslan and examining the grib files (weather forecast map), we TURNED OFF THE ENGINE as of 16:00 today. We gave up going to Cape Verde and changed our route to the Caribbean Islands. The wind continued to decrease until 18:00. Until that time I was saying to myself;

-Ohhh! -That's it.

-The real passage starts now.

-This is too far from civilisation.

-This is really the treatment of the soul, learning patience.

I was practising self-discipline. No more running the engine, more sailing, even if it's slow. Then the wind speed is zeroooooo.

When Kemal said he was starting the engine, me, the philosophising sailor was silent. I must admit that I was inwardly very happy.. Thank God civilisation is a good thing... Fortunately, within an hour we caught the wind again or it caught us. We turned off the engine again.

As I write this (Thursday, 23.11.2007) we have been sailing nonstop for 18 hours. Yuppeee. In the evening 10-12 whales circled around the boat and then swam away. It was very impressive.

We caught the wind, but alas, this time the sea got mixed up. I can't tell you how the boat is rocking. It is not possible to move normally. We are doing some kind of acrobatics for daily movements inside the boat. We can manage to eat, even if it is difficult. We just rock and roll. Our speed of 6 knots is very sufficient for us.

Night watch, again a cloudy moon, a few dolphins, a starless night. I was misery and sleepy on watch tonight. I stretched, jumped, drank tea, ate sunflower seeds to keep myself awake. Believe me, the only thing I was thinking about was how to fill my watch time. Ohhhh! 03:00 Kemal on watch. Good night to me.

Direct Route Dark Blue 22.11.2007

*We've made it through the 5th day.
Yesterday, the engine only ran for seven hours.
Because we had wind.*

*The day before yesterday we did 120 miles.
Yesterday we did 125.
Our position at 10:00 UTC:
22 degrees 06 minutes North
20 degrees 56 minutes West*

*We are sailing well at the moment.
But we have a turbulent ocean.
Now we're back on the direct route.
Everything's fine.*

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 6th Night

The sun is setting through the clouds again, and it's not very pleasant. Haluk calls with news from Istanbul... Kemal is on watch between 21:00-24:00 again. Now that the ocean weather

has settled in, we don't even have to trim the sails. We are going rolly polly (our rock and roll). It's not the lack of sleep that makes you tired, it's the ability to maintain a normal life in this constant rocking. I got up at 24:00 and we needed to trim the sails. I was a bit careless after my sleep and my finger got caught between the rope and the winch. I was thinking that night about changing wind, carelessness, and all accidents that happen like this. Then I let go off the rope.

There's a tremendous noise, the sails are making a strange noise. Kemal is scared of my voice, "Did it break? Did it break?" he yells. Anyway, first we adjusted the sails safely, and then we put some ice and treated my finger. I think it's a serious bruise. Let's see what we'll see in the morning.

It was 1:00 a.m. when Kemal went to bed. The moon is full but the sky is so covered with clouds that I can't perceive the light. But tonight the clouds are having a show on the full moon. The wind is blowing so fast that the clouds change shape so quickly. It's hard to catch them all. It's as if all the Greek gods were painted looking up at the sky. All the cartoon heroes paraded in the sky tonight as the wind blew. A tiny baby turned into a puppy in an instant. How we neglect to capture these tiny joys when we live in big cities...

Thousands of meters of water below us, being surrounded only by water, endless sky above our heads. A tiny Pank'cık in the middle of the ocean. At that moment you feel so helpless. Then you think, it will happen, it will happen, we will do it, we have started, we are progressing...

I didn't wake Kemal up at 05:00 to let him sleep because he was tired. He woke up in a panic at 05:30. Someone wanted to talk to us on the radio, giving our coordinates. He was passing near us. He said hello. A 36-meter mega yacht. We were on the same pontoon in Lanzarote, we had never spoken to each other. Now a conversation on the radio, they were going to Barbados. When he found out that we were Turkish, he excitedly told us that he had been in Yalikavak last year and he was very pleased. We are really proud carrying 'Turkishness' on the seas...

Rolly Yellow 23.11.2007

6th day is over.

Yesterday the engine only ran for 2 hours.

We traveled 136 miles.

Our position at 10:00 UTC:

21 degrees 42 minutes North

23 degrees 21 minutes West

*Last night was hard.
The wind started coming from dead stern.
We started bear-legged sailing, and Pank started to roll.*

*Nesrin got her finger caught in the winch during the manoeuvre.
God helped her. It's just a bruise.
A little cold treatment and it's gone.
It's all right.
Everything's fine.*

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 7th Night

We're both looking into each other's eyes, trying to get the other to lie down and rest. The weather has gotten worse: sprinkles, rain. Kemal keeps watch inside. This time I slept for 4 hours without waking up. I can't tell you what a cure it was. When you're sailing for a long time, you need to check the battery status. When the battery starts to alarm, we run the generator for about an hour and the batteries get full. Now we use all kinds of energy very carefully. We need to be frugal...

Have you ever made sense of the clouds by looking at them? I do. Ouch!!! This cloud has a bad look, is the weather going to get worse? Look, this cloud has opened its mouth, it might even eat us. Those clouds with such unpleasant looks, what do they mean? I belong to a repressed generation that understands a lot from the looks of their mother and teacher. Maybe that's why I attach so many meanings to clouds. Who knows? When the sea is high, I distract myself by looking at them. Because it is not possible to read.

Actually, I realised that it's too late. But I am currently reading Orhan Pamuk's novel Istanbul. The chapters I read during the day, flash before my eyes at night. Istanbul passes in front of my eyes, neighbourhood by neighbourhood. I suddenly get emotional. Just like the author says, sadness overcomes me. I don't know if I am after him or he is after me, but I miss Istanbul.

In the meantime, we started to get friendly with the Ocean's trademark flying fish. Since they fly blind at night, first there is a loud noise and then a clatter on the deck. Get out and throw it back into the ocean. Although Pank is high above the water, we are always cleaning fish scales from the windows. Unfortunately, sometimes we don't hear their voices and send them dead into the ocean in the morning. That's why every morning we take a flying fish tour around the boat.

We are still sailing!

Wobbly Green 24.11.2007

It's been a week today.

Yesterday's progress was 144 miles.

The engine ran for 2 hours and the generator for 1 hour.

The reason was to generate electricity.

Otherwise, the wind's 15 to 25 knots from dead stern

We're proceeding towards the target.

We seem to have completed more than a quarter of the way, if we are lucky.

We are joyful.

In the meantime, our stomachs are also "joyful" from continuous rocking.

Our coordinates as of 10:00 UTC:

21 degrees 07 minutes North

25 degrees 52 minutes West.

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 8th Night

We left now 1/3 of the way behind. The bigger the waves get, the more the boat shakes. This limits our movement on the boat a lot. My arms and legs are bruised. I've hit everything.

The clouds are a little lower tonight. Let's see if it rains again. The sails are on the same trim as this morning. Even if the angle changes a little, we leave the sails at the same trim. It's not an easy thing to trim in this state of the ocean. First, the life jackets are put on and we get tied to the boat. Kemal and I go to the bow first, he adjusts the boom and I adjust the ropes.

It is very difficult to stand. You have to work with both hands but you have to hold on with one hand!!! Kemal stays at the bow and I move to the stern. This time I have the cenoa reefing rope and sheets again. Kemal gives the final shape to the sails by instructing me to wind one and let the other one go. This is a process that takes about 45-50 minutes. Why did I tell you this? Everyone asks me how time passes on the boat...

Food preparation is the same; hold on, don't slip, don't let anything slip. Wash this and tidy that. Let's make sure everything is in order before we go downstairs again to sit down for dinner. It is messy around, clean it up. The fridge is low on drinks and needs replenishing. Fruit and vegetables should be checked. The ripe ones should go upstairs and be consumed, the ones that will last longer should go downstairs. Put in order what can be eaten without spoiling. Set the menu.

Always have hot water in the thermos, don't use the battery when heating water, heat water when the generator is running. Don't leave dishes lying around, put them away so they don't make noise. It's getting warmer, put the thicker clothes in the closet and the thinner ones in the front.

By the way, it's watch time, it's bedtime. Let's take a photo or two. Let's take a shower, the sea is calm. Let's phone our daughter. Get the weather forecast from Alpaslan. Internet time; what are the other friends doing? Who's where? How are the winds? What did you write in your e-mail today? What colour should we be? We are working hard....

*Full moon tonight, fewer clouds. Tomorrow hopefully we will have a sunnier day
(pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeee)*

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 9th Night

We are rolling a lot. You can't even control your movements. We live horizontally on the boat except for urgent work. Although it was sunny today, in the evening suddenly clouds covered the whole sky and the sun set behind the clouds again. I miss seeing the sun setting over the ocean. When there are clouds, there is rain, when there is rain, there is lightning. When there is a risk of a lightning strike, put the electronics in the oven in a protected package. Then wait in excitement (and fear) for at least an hour until the squall passes.

Due to the rain, we continue to keep watch indoors. The one on watch sits comfortably, the other lies down. Then we switch beds. "One of us is sleeping officially and the other one unofficially," Kemal says to Pinar on the phone, we laugh. Kemal's parents ask if there are any boat lights around. Kemal replies: "Sure, sure." Then he says to me: "I'm lying to them for the first time. We'll explain when we are back, these are pink lies. For their peace of mind". However, we haven't seen anything for 3 days, neither a boat nor a ship, not even from a distance. But we communicate 2 times a day on the internet. We also make at least 2-3 phone calls every day. One of them is always Selçuk, the others are Kemal's mom and dad...

Tonight again the sky is full of clouds and the moon seems very far away and does not illuminate our path enough. Human beings are interesting, light is a factor that affects psychology (especially mine) a lot. For some reason, my heart, which is exuberant and hyperactive on sunny days or in the moonlit sea, becomes sadder and heavier on hazy and dark days and nights. Even if I swipe off the extra weight, sadness remains. Then the disaster scenarios begin.

We have done only 1/3 of the passage, so we're sailing for at least two more weeks. What if the mast breaks, the sails tear, something happens to the engine, the boat hits something, and most importantly, something happens to Kemal.

The moonlight began to shine and flying fish appeared. One jumped onto the deck and now it's jumping around. We must throw it overboard. Today is the day to throw the fish overboard. A 2.5-3 kg dorado came on the hook. The boat is rocking heavily. At the same time the wind changed, trimming the sails, at the same time Murat is on the phone. So who deals with that fish? How to cook it in this rolly polly situation? The fish is immediately thrown overboard back to the ocean.

— — —

Swing Blue 26.11.2007

*We completed the 9th day. We're on day 10.
We couldn't write yesterday.
Our "swing" was out of balance.
We could not balance it back.
It doesn't even know which direction to swing.*

*For two days the waves have been big and confusing in the ocean.
Life inside the boat has become difficult.
Everything is difficult in a heeling of up to 35-40 degrees.
Forget cooking, even eating is a talent.*

*Going to the toilet, sleeping and even the simplest tasks require courage.
This is the Atlantic.
This is it.
Whether you take it or not.*

*Not to mention the little mishaps like:
The freshwater leak,
Wind instrument malfunction,
Gas hose damage.
Even intervening in breakdowns is impossible.*

*Thank God we are in good health.
Humans get used to all kinds of conditions.
See, I'm getting used to it. I'm e-mailing.*

*The important thing is that we're sailing.
150 miles the day before yesterday, 138 miles today.
The total distance traveled is 1,180 nautical miles.*

*Remaining 1,750 nautical miles.
We've done about 40%.*

*Our position today at 12:00 UTC:
20 degrees 29 minutes North
31 degrees 14 minutes West*

—

I am a sea lover who follows you with admiration. You are now realising my dream. I follow you in the press and on your website. You must be somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic right now. I hope you have a good wind and you are sailing south-west with pleasure. My boat is in Ataköy. I brought it to Istanbul from Gruissan in France last June after a beautiful 14-day cruise. I am making short-term voyages in the Marmara and Aegean seas. One day, God willing, I will follow in your footsteps.
EFE KARAIŞMAİLOGLU, 26.11.2007

—

We have not met Mr. Efe yet. He is one of the surprise authors of this book. God willing, we will meet him and present his book as a gift.

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 10th Night

As the name suggests, it's night like night. No moonlight, no stars, it's pitch black. The sea is black, the sky is black. The navigation lights are reflected in the foam of the waves, so you see only your own lights and you keep going...

Then we can go to other spaces. Imagine, you are in a simulator and you are rocking. It's like you are sitting in a boat and you don't do anything. You don't need to do anything. The start button is pressed once and here you go. And there is no exit until it says "Game Over"! That's exactly how we pressed the button a while ago; and we are going. We are rolling in darkness as far as we can see. Between a sea thousands of meters deep and a space billions of years away.

I think "We are nothing". I look at Kemal who is trying to sleep inside. We are working hand in hand, trying to reach something somewhere. We are labouring, working, striving, making sacrifices. When we look back, even though we have come a tiny way; I say, "We are everything".

There are clouds everywhere, we're used to the rain. The electronics are on, we don't pick them up every time and put them in the oven. Rain clouds come, the wind blows, it rains and rains and rains and then goes away. No problem when there is no lightning. Our sails are like butterflies again, flying us to the target. The autopilot is in wind vane mode.

In other words, we are on autopilot, but the autopilot adjusts the boat course according to small changes in the wind. That's why our captain always wakes up during my watches and asks:

- What's the wind angle?*
- What is the wind force?*
- What is our course?*
- How's our speed?*

Even though I say, "Go to sleep!", he says, "Don't worry about me, I sleep better during my shifts"!!!

We got the weather forecast from Alpaslan. Since it will be cloudy tomorrow, I have no moon and star dreams tonight either. So let's enjoy the flavour of darkness. Let's get used to moonless nights.

GreyBlue 27.11.2007

*Today we got a bit better.
Day 10 is over, we're on day 11.*

*The night was rocky again
Morning: showers under rain clouds
In the afternoon: the sun and a calmer ocean.
A little bit of sail trim.
Then relax.*

*First a shower, then Eskişehir style tarhana soup
Afterwards a frothy Turkish coffee,
So the Atlantic is more attractive than yesterday.*

*It's my niece Yasemin's birthday today,
So many happy days for her from the heart of the Atlantic.*

*The distance we covered yesterday was 142 miles.
Our coordinates as of 12:00 UTC:
19 degrees 51 minutes North
33 degrees 41 minutes West*

For the curious ones:

You can navigate with the mouse on Google Earth over the Atlantic,

Capture our coordinates and locate us.

Competition Started

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 11th Night

Today the sea state improved a bit. When Kemal trimmed the sails comfortably and the sun came out, meals were cooked, things were tidied up, pillows were aired, showers we hadn't taken for three days were taken. A rush and comfort on the boat. Thank God we could walk normally (without crawling).

In the evening we were again attacked by clouds, the sun was again lost behind the clouds. Suddenly sadness ascended. In this atmosphere, one usually listens to sad music, but I thought: let's listen to Strauss. Immediately a New Year Concert CD "Radinsky March" comes on, and we stripped of all our sadness, the two crazies started to conduct the orchestra together...

The night started well. There's a lot of wind. At times the wind is reaching 28 knots. Our speed is 7-8 knots, we seem to be flying and the rolling is reasonable. Now we can start talking "When we will be in the Caribbean..." Probably encouraged by the fact that we're close to the halfway point...

Cengiz Özgül's brother called from Ataköy Marina in the early morning. They were on their way after buying diesel from Las Palmas. He was taking the boat Rosinante to the Caribbean. He asked if we needed anything. He took our coordinates. I think they will cross before us. Godspeed to them. How nice Turks are in the ocean waters. We wished each other a safe voyage and hung up the phone. ARC (Atlantic Rally for Cruisers) boats also set off. Some 247 boats are on their way.

THE OCEAN IS GETTING FESTIVE.

Flying Fish Transparency 28.11.2007

*Today, around 12:30 UTC, we passed the halfway point,
So we're counting down.*

Now we will start calculating the remaining miles.

We'll say that there are 1,470 nautical miles left.

We have a half-way celebration dinner in the evening.

Nesrin is preparing rice with tomatoes and roasted meat with thyme.

The thyme is fresh from Datça.

145 miles on day 11. The waves are moderate.

Our position at 12:00 UTC:

19 degrees 16 minutes North

36 degrees 10 minutes West

Today in the morning the Iridium phone rang.

Cengiz captain's brother Salim Ozgul:

They're crossing the Atlantic in a 36-meter boat.

He says we're coming after you.

We wished bon voyage to each other.

Flying fish are cute creatures of the Atlantic.

After leaving the water, they fly 400-500 meters.

Then they get stuck in a wave.

At night, they fall onto our deck with a bang.

It's a blind flight, what can they do?

We collect 2-3 of them from the deck in the morning.

The picture is attached, we can send it to those who want it.

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 12th Night

We crossed the halfway point around noon today. So we're halfway through the total mileage that we had planned to do, and then the countdown started. In a sense, we're going downhill. We're like, "Well, that's something." And we are cheerful. We decided to make Turkish food for the halfway celebration dinner. (Pilaf with tomatoes, roasted meat with thyme) A shake in the evening. Kemal says never mind; I worked acrobatically in the kitchen, prepared the food, and we enjoyed it. Selçuk called and had a long talk with Kemal again. Thank you, brother, thank you very much.

I'm outside on watch duty, I'm lying on my back looking at the stars. There are clouds all around, but there are stars right above us. It's like a halfway gift to us. I went back to the day we left Istanbul. In fact, even though no one would admit it, the part that both our friends and we were the most scared of was the Ocean Crossing.

We're a bit slow, but thank God we're sailing safely. If this keeps up, we should make it safely across. Let's see which faces of the Ocean we are destined to see.

We saw a sailboat today. Suddenly it disappeared. We couldn't understand what it was, whether it was a dream or real, how it disappeared so quickly. Later, according to the information given by the friends we talked to on the radio, it was a trimaran traveling

around the world alone and traveling 300 miles in 24 hours. So it was normal for it to disappear in the blink of an eye. Godspeed.

*The clouds are on night watch again, it's raining and it's going to rain. What do you say, which mood should we be in now? I say none of the above and prefer to take a nap tonight.
Zzzzzzzzz...*

Cloud Grey 29.11.2007

Today we are in the 13th day.

13 is my lucky number.

Many important things were on the 13th.

First and foremost, of course, our beloved Pınar's birthday.

Let's see what beauty the Atlantic will show us today.

We talked to Alpaslan.

We're entering a windless period and region.

So we may not be halfway there.

It's boring, but what can we do?

There's no going back.

No pulling the boat to the right and saying I'm not playing.

Once you set off, you have to reach a point.

We're surrounded by rain clouds.

They are grey and hide the sun.

Poor performance yesterday.

131 nautical miles.

Our position at 12:00 UTC:

18 degrees 51 minutes North

38 degrees 26 minutes West

There are no countries in the Ocean that set the local time.

The system of setting local time works like this:

Since 360 degrees of longitude makes one turn in 24 hours:

360 divided by 24 equals=15 degrees

So every time we move 15 degrees westward:

We set our clocks back one hour.

We are currently in UTC-2 time zone.

— — — —

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 13th Night

Kemal said we should watch a movie after dinner. I chose an action movie to make the time pass quickly. We started watching. After the first few minutes, our ears couldn't hear the sound of the sea and the sails, we felt strange. We stopped the movie and listened to the sounds around us. Nothing, everything was normal. We started again, after two or three minutes, the same uneasiness, once again stop the movie and listen to the sounds. We decided not to watch the movie again. According to Kemal, Ocean didn't want us to watch it. For me, we were in such a special atmosphere that we felt strange to witness such a contrived world full of hatred and hostility...

The ocean doesn't challenge you much if you play the game by its rules. If you play by your own rules, you have no chance of winning a battle against nature. Except for miracles... We immediately returned to our small, calm world.

Radio conversation with one of the boats near us and watches. We are 3 miles apart but they are caught in the rain. We got a few drops only. It's a calm night, the moon is getting smaller and smaller, so it's getting darker and darker.

*Let's throw our heads to the sky
Let's go through...
Heeey, where should we go?
Barefoot, running
Cross where the giants crossed.*

Nazım's poem is running through my mind this evening, I couldn't remember the title of the poem and the rest of it.

The rain clouds come regularly with their winds. It's blowing and raining, and after an hour or so it calms down. After an hour passes, another one. And this is how we are trying to move forward. I think I will be sad at the end. I am in a different pace of life that I have never experienced in my life. Priorities and values are so different, and so simple here. I don't know if we will ever catch this frequency in life again, but it is certainly a very special experience for me and us.

— — —

Red 30.11.2007

We are on the 14th Day.

*It will be almost two weeks.
Looking back, it doesn't seem like it was that long.
Looking ahead, 8-9 more days seems like a long time.
It's Kismet, we'll see.
Yesterday was a slow day.
We decided to watch a DVD.
Nesrin chose an action movie.
An alternative to stagnation.
"60 Seconds" Robbery, car, action.*

*We started,
5 minutes later, a restlessness inside me.
Pause button.
I looked at Nesrin.
She was agitated too.
We couldn't make sense of it.*

*We continued.
5 more minutes.
It's the same feeling again.
There was something strange.*

*We put the DVD away.
We looked at each other.
Then we realised what had happened.*

*The ocean was objecting.
It was saying:
"You cannot bring here the awkwardness, tensions, ambitions, fights in your virtual world
that you have created.
There are my laws here.
There are the laws of nature.
There is danger, of course, but not predominantly from humans.
Leave yourself to the rhythm and harmony of Nature
Experience the ocean to the fullest.
You will go back to your virtual world anyway."*

*It was so right.
Our position as of 12:00 UTC:
18 degrees 15 minutes North
40 degrees 41 minutes West*

—

What's that, brother? Did you love it so much that you decided to stay in the ocean? Get the fuck across! You can't take it so slow just because your boat is comfortable! How's

life? Is everything going well? I guess this part might be a bit psychologically difficult. We didn't see this part of the movie. You're going through a serious test. The lack of wind is pretty bad and exhausting.

But most of the work is done and I think it was a great experience. Now don't let this part spoil the previous one and take back what you had. Take it all in good humour and let it all hang out. Whatever you do, it will be a distant memory in the blink of an eye.

CÜNEYT GÜLERAY, 30.11.2007

—

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 14th Night

When Alpaslan warned us of heavy rain and thunderstorms, we decided to go a little further south. We are at latitude 17. The weather is a bit lighter here. However, the wind also got lighter. At the beginning of the passage, when our speed dropped to 3-4 knots, we would immediately start the engine. We would somehow catch the wind in a few hours.

But now an inertia has come upon us, a patience, an understanding towards the weather. Be patient, the wind will come anyway and we will speed up. We are cruising comfortably. We say: "What if we arrive a day later."

I got another VHF radio call tonight. A 31-meter mega yacht with 7 crew. They talked about their crossing, they were going to Barbados. To the marina, we had been before with our dear Commodore Teoman Arsay. He promised to drink rum punch for us at the bar in the middle of the pool of the marina.

Two people who only see each other's light in the middle of the sea, or sometimes their signal on the radar, chat for half an hour even if they don't know each other at all. They wish each other well and look for that boat wherever they go. Sometimes they may meet in a bay. Everyone has the mood of unity and solidarity that comes from sharing a common denominator.

So we didn't have to deal with sail trim as much. We are going anyway! Talk on the net, read books, do sudoku, write a little, sleep, don't eat. That's what life is all about. Unfortunately, there is no moon, moonlight or stars tonight to make me romantic. Just a little wind rustling, wave splashing and sail whispering.

— — —

Navy Blue 01.12.2007

*First day of December,
Day 15 of our life in the Atlantic.
Two weeks are over.
It's like a joke.*

*Selçuk called again today.
We talk to him regularly every day.
He lives every moment of our excitement together with us.
He asked a good question again.
"Do you want it to end?"
I thought for a moment.
"Yes," I said, "I want to."
But we're so used to the Ocean.
To be on the road, in peace, on its lap.
It's a different world here.*

*The pangs of being able
To get out of the habit of living fast
May make me want it to end.*

*But; after it's over
We are so sure that we wish it hadn't ended!*

*At 3:00 am; a call came over the radio.
I answered it.
15 miles behind us,
A 31-meter sailboat spotted us on radar.
He was looking for a chat.
They left Tenerife and were going to Barbados.
To the marina, we went to with MAT in 2002.*

*I told them to remember PANK
When they drink rum punch
At the bar, inside the swimming pool of the marina.
They loved the idea.*

*Our position as of 12:00 UTC
17 degrees 44 minutes North
42 degrees 49 minutes West*

We have not been able to call you because we have been travelling back and forth on the Eskisehir-Istanbul line. We could not even respond to your beautiful Eid greeting. You broke the chains of civilisation and chose freedom, while we are still wearing chain after chain on our hands, feet and necks. Travel all the seas for us too, with your heart as vast as the seas and your always smiling face.
BERNA & AYKUT HEREKMAN, 01.12.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 15th Night

We are getting ready for another dark night in the Ocean. We have entered our 3rd week and we have lived the last two Saturdays at 26 hours each. We are now in Antigua time, we have set our clocks back 4 hours on both Saturdays, two hours each. The calculation of local time when cruising the ocean is one hour difference at every 15 degrees of latitude. In short, we will not have a time problem as our biological clock will also match accordingly.

According to the news we received during the day, the boat Orer from Ataköy Marina cut its ropes and sailed towards the Ocean. We immediately phoned them and found out that they had already passed Corinth Canal and were in Patnos. The weather was perfect for sailing, says Captain Yavuz. May their weather be clear, their seas calm and their winds easy. May they always have at least two inches of water under their keel.

The phone rang around 3:00 am. I said it was either Erhan İzmir calling from Sydney or Cüneyt from New Zealand. Our second choice was right. Seda is on the phone. They talk for a long time with Kemal and then Cüneyt picks up the phone and gives his enthusiasm to us... Their experiences made this journey so much easier for us.

Their minds are also here. I was outside the boat when I was talking to Cüneyt. He suddenly started shouting; "I hear the sound of the ocean, I hear the sound of the ocean" and then he started to accompany the sounds with the same rhythm; hşşşşşş hşşşşşş hşşşşşş...

His excitement was indescribable. I can only say that only those who have lived it know. Since he has this crazy spirit, he will repeat this journey as soon as possible. We live in a monochrome world now. Everywhere is grey, everything is grey...

Tonight our dolphins were our guests again (or hosts and companions). And also our flying fish. They came to visit the boat and we returned them back to the ocean. We were very busy tonight.

Sun Set Burgundy 02.12.2007

*At the end of the 15th day, we're under 1,000 miles.
We've got 965 nautical miles to Antigua.
What a great feeling;
Getting closer to the goal step by step.*

*The ocean teaches us patience.
Whereas I thought I was patient already.*

*We are on windless days.
In terms of diesel planning
We have to use the engine properly.
When our speed drops to 3 knots,
I decided to start the engine twice yesterday.*

*The first time, I held myself to have a little more patience.
Exactly 15 minutes later the wind picked up.
Without making any changes, our speed increased to 5.5-6 knots.*

*The second time it was 3:00 in the morning.
I had reached the end of my patience.
I woke Nesrin up.
We were wearing life jackets.
We would start manoeuvring.
Zırr!!! phone, Cüneyt.
We talked for 20-25 minutes.*

*A nice breeze. Voila: Speed 6.5 knots.
It must be the Ocean's operation to: "Ripen the raw".*

*Now we started reading our Antigua, St Vincent, and Caribbean Books.
Who wants to come where and when?
It's time to let us know!*

*Our position as of 14:00 UTC:
17 degrees 44 minutes North
44 degrees 54 minutes West*

—

I follow you step by step and wish you continued joy. It snowed in Eskisehir, that beautiful and famous cold is getting into our bones. I say let it be cold, I miss it,... While I wish you to enjoy every moment, the fact that you are miles and miles away from us makes my heart break. But we will get used to it... As long as you are happy, blissful and prosperous...
SEVDA SARIKARDAŞÖLU, 02.12.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 16th Night

The nights start early again since the clocks have gone back. It gets dark around 17:00. Our time difference with Turkey is now 6 hours. Now we have to think about each place separately. Pinar is 1 hour behind, Turkey is 6 hours ahead. New Zealand is 17 hours ahead. So before making a phone call, you have to calculate the time.

Kemal had the first watch. We entered the windless area. We knew this would happen through the information coming from Alpaslan. We are motoring, rain clouds in front of us again. We will face a squall tonight too. As a matter of fact, the wind first increased to 30 knots, the sails were immediately hoisted. Then the rain started, it poured for about an hour. The wind continued to blow for about two hours, so we continued sailing; alas, the wind died. Sails down, give way to the engine. This is how the nights pass on the ocean. At 05:00 am İlker called from Istanbul. The most important news, dear Murat Elyazar got married. Happiness as big as the ocean to them.

Now we only have tomatoes, cabbage and carrots as fresh vegetables and apples, oranges, kiwi, and mangoes as fruit. 1-2 of each. We also have lemons. We support ourselves with vitamins. Even Nutella, which hasn't been on our breakfast table for years, now appeared on the boat. Serotonin support. Psychological endurance is a must.

I guess everyone gets stuck on something during the crossing. I've been obsessed with grey and clouds lately. The sky is grey, the surroundings are grey, the sea is grey, the fish are grey. It's a bit difficult to live a monochromatic life like this... Then I say what can we do? This is our faith coming from the ocean menu...

Pistachio Green 03.12.2007

We are on the 17th day.

Our position at 14:00 UTC:

17 degrees 43 minutes North

47 degrees 02 minutes West

There is a saying I say every day in the morning on the Ocean:

“Another day is over, and we cannot bring back yesterday! “

Is it an expression of boredom?

The joy of a day well lived?

I don't know.

We've been motoring with no wind since yesterday.

The ocean swells have also diminished and gotten smaller.

Looking at the horizon,

It turns out that our visibility was a few swells away before.

We couldn't see the horizon from the height of the swells.

We realised that when we saw the depth of the horizon yesterday.

*Yesterday the horizon was far ahead, almost infinite.
There was even a sense that the Earth was round.
A sense of vastness, and infinity;
We are very impressed.*

*Last night we were with the squalls,
The surprise clouds of the Atlantic.
They're scary in dark colours.
They appear on the horizon, they approach, and they spit on you.*

*At the same time, the wind increases to 30 knots and changes direction.
All in half an hour.
Then the same old Ocean.
We had a little excitement this morning.*

*The mizzen was hoisted to reduce the rolling.
As we were rolling starboard and port, it started to bang.
When I went to lower it, what did I see?
The Mizzen boom had no connection to the mast.
The screws had fallen off or broken,
The pin had come out of its socket,
The boom was hanging idle, banging,
The awning was carrying it.*

*Quick action,
Lower the sail,
Hang the boom with the halyard.
Find the screws,
Assemble them,
Put the pin, twist it,
Relax.
We were a good team.*

Greetings, loving people of PANKKKKKK... We follow you with great curiosity and excitement from the website address we could just get from our Aunt Leman... Believe me, you have made even us love this job so much that we are now making plans for the future :). We, the Savaş family, send you our BIG love in this magnificent and enthusiastic adventure...

TÜLAY, OYTUN and MERT SAVAŞ BEYÇİK, 03.12.2007

—

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 17th Night

If there weren't swells, the ocean would be like a lake. We are motoring. Today we were very excited when the mizzen boom came out of its place (we coincidentally saw it). The pin was dislodged and the boom was standing only on the electric cable and the sun awning. Our captain immediately put it back in place. But we were very lucky because the weather was very calm. Nevertheless, working on a rolling boat at 30 degrees in the noontime heat was really troublesome. Hopefully, nothing worse will happen and we won't have to work in bad weather.

Today we received another e-mail from the friends we set out with. We e-mail with them almost every day. They tell us about their daily work, the food they eat, the fish they catch. There are four of them on the boat. They share watches, they play games. At the end of their e-mails, they send the message that they are bored. Whereas the two of us barely find enough time for getting bored. We get exhausted from the watches. Now we have 6-7 days left to reach land. Will we experience "land sickness" like sea sickness?

At night we talked to a boat passing by again. They were also going to Barbados. Now everyone agrees that the size of boating has grown a lot. For this reason, many marinas are organised to serve mega yachts. Except for friends, the lengths of the boats we contacted in the last 17 days were 32 meters, 36 meters and the last one was 28 meters. Bigger, more powerful, more flashy. Natural lifestyles that are step by step moving away from naturalness...

*We are listening to David Arkenstone (New Age). I don't know whether he is accompanying the swells or the swells are accompanying him, but it is a very harmonious music. In Kemal's words, the Ocean adopted this music.
"How nice to live in harmony..."*

Violet 04.12.2007

We reached the 18th day.

The windlessness continues.

Motoring, but we are cruising at a very low speed.

Our engine is max of 2.400 rpm,

Our normal cruising rpm is 1.800.

The engine burns 9 litres of diesel per hour at cruising rpm

At 1,200 rpm, it reduces its consumption to around 3.5-4 litres per hour.

The speed drops from 7.5 knots to 5.5 knots.

Therefore, with a rough calculation, the diesel spent per mile is almost halved.

The distance the boat will travel with a tank of diesel is about double.

*Please excuse if it is unnecessary information,
For those who say, "What do I care?"*

*After all, once our diesel for charging batteries and making water are allocated
We have enough diesel for two more days.
The weather forecasts are already saying that the wind will come without waiting that long.
In the meantime, 3-5 of the boats we are in contact with,
Have already stopped and are waiting for the wind.
At the same time, the current was not in our favour for two days.
We were going against the current, decreasing our speed around half a mile.
It changed to be in our favour today.
Last night one of the ARC boats picked us up and passed us.
MATELOT, 27 meters
Seven people in it.
We had a short radio conversation.*

*Around 250 boats set off a week after us.
Some big boats have already caught us.*

*If you think about it, it's quite crowded here.
We are around 30 boats.
250 ARC boats,
There are other groups.
So around 400 boats are currently crossing the Atlantic.*

*My investor entrepreneurial spirit says:
I wonder if we could build a floating marina on the Atlantic,
Put in a diesel pump, water maker, generator, shower, and toilet.
How would that work?
Do any of you want to make some money?*

*Our position is 14:00 UTC:
17 degrees 32 minutes North
49 degrees 14 minutes West*

Really the only thing in life that doesn't come back is the time you live, like a river... It flows away. It is not possible to relive even a second ago with its bitter and sweet moments... Even though there are moments when we say "If only we could live again", it is not possible to turn back time... The important thing is to minimize the "if only's"... :))
I try not to miss even a single second you spend in this "walnut shell", I try to read your mood between the lines.

YOUR SISTER NERMİN, 04.12.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 18th Night

The first days we cried for wind. The wind came with the clouds and rain. This time we got tired of the greys. We started to look for the sun, for the blue ocean. When we started to see the blue of the ocean and the sun, the clouds were gone, taking the wind with them. This is the strangeness of human beings: They realize the value of what they have, much better after they lose it.

We continue to travel slowly with the engine. The trade wind clouds, which were cottony during the day, gathered in the evening and took their places to bring us rain. Beautiful clouds at sunset. It is as if there are icebergs over the sea and the sun is setting behind them this evening. As soon as the sun sets, the clouds' colours turn black.

They are like black cotton wool interspersed with red, grey and blue. As if you blow on them and they'll all shift. How naive do they look?

The moon is now the waning crescent and the stars are clearly visible in the sky. The occasional satellites, with their incredible false glow, take their place in this natural picture. But the shooting stars are real, the wishes are lined up one after the other, I feel like a child, the watch is super tonight...

At dawn, the black cotton wool again took its place on the horizon; first a greyness, then a sweet yellow, then a pink ray of light all over the sky; grey clouds everywhere, as if the brush of a novice painter had accidentally touched them.

And finaaaaaaal: The fireball shoots its yellow and red arrows through the clouds, coming out of the dark grey blanket of the sky, and a brand new day begins with its own special colours...

Blue 05.12.2007

We are living the 19th day.

It's all blue.

There is no wind.

We also stopped the engine.

Because we have 24 hours of diesel left.

We are waiting.

And very BOOOORIIING!!!!

Position:

*Somewhere in the Atlantic.
It doesn't make a difference anyway.*

We eagerly await your messages full of love and excitement and read them with enthusiasm. Do not be saddened by your low fuel. We know that the wind will be with you and will carry PANK to its destination. As long as you show the necessary patience in this long and tiring journey; do not think that you are all alone in the middle of the ocean. Please remember that many of your friends are with you with the same excitement and enthusiasm.

PANK has set sail to realize also our dreams and desires. Her sails will soon be filled with the necessary wind and you will experience the beauties that nature will give you.
MEHMET AKSAYAN, 05.12.2007

—

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 19th Night

After 2,5 days of motor sailing, when we had only one full day of diesel left, we decided to turn off the engine and wait for the wind. We have a speed of 2,4 knots, and with 0,5-0,8 knots of current, we are trying to drift. We trimmed the sails a little bit according to the wind we anticipated.

after 1-2 hours the wind started to blow slightly from that direction. Then it gradually increased and tonight we are having a great sailing with 5-6 knots. Thank God...

Evenings still start early. Around 5:30 pm it starts to get dark. By 6:00 pm it's completely dark. That's when we take care of dinner. At 7:00 the shifts start. Everyone can sleep for 3 hours. Even this much sleep has started to be enough. We don't sleep during the day anymore. We can read books easily. Kemal spends time on the computer and the radio and I spend my time with sudoku and books.

We started to read Caribbean Pilot books. We have many books from dear Cüneyt, Nilgün and Ali. I also bought a few with Pınar together. We have lots of info, come here friends, let's enjoy it together...

The moon, the stars, shooting stars, the moonlight, a cruise with waves and no engine noise. How much more can one ask for! We've also gotten used to the occasional rain clouds passing over us, they don't bother us at all anymore. Time, as we have seen, is the greatest medicine for getting used to...

By tomorrow, our remaining distance drops below 500 miles. At this stage, I think we'll reach Antigua on Sunday night or Monday morning. It doesn't matter. We have enough, food, drink, wind, sail, clouds, sun and PANK; we are enjoying it.

— —

Blue Everywhere 06.12.2007

We have come to the 20th day.

*Yesterday afternoon, the wind came.
Stop the engine and hoist the sails.
And our spirits are back.*

*Cuneyt once said;
"The last two days will be tough."
I guess we started earlier.*

*Our position as of 14:00 UTC:
17 degrees 07 minutes North
53 degrees 34 minutes West*

*470 nautical miles to go.
Considering we've come 2,480 miles,
It's nothing.
But those last moments.
I guess they'll be hard.*

*The wind angle is very favourable at the moment.
It gives us full rigging and wide-angle comfortable cruising possibility.*

*The ocean grabs PANK in the palm of its hand and carries her to the other shore.
It's a very pleasant feeling.*

Keep waiting. What else do you have to do?
How nice, you're not going crazy waiting in traffic like us... Start a backgammon game if your boredom doesn't go away... Make bets that can be made when you get ashore. On the other hand, enjoy the wait. I know that I cannot show the courage you have shown, I could never cross the ocean in a boat. Enjoy the fact that people like me envy you. Read the books of the new ports you will visit .[save St. Thomas for me] It is still unknown when we will meet you, but we will embrace in a place we have never seen before. We will share

our experiences by talking without stopping, and everything will continue where we left off. Maybe we will even make you miss the silence in the ocean:-)
SELMA MERGEN, 06.12.2007

—
You write so beautifully that we find it difficult to write back to say how are you... Now I hope our brother Sermet will compile all these e-mails into a book.
RÜYA POLAT & AHMET TULEZOĞLU, 06.12.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 20th Night

I got an e-mail from Alpaslan. "Don't relax because you have good wind, you are approaching a windless area. You'll be there in two days." When he said that, we got in a little panic. We immediately trimmed the sails more carefully; our speed of 5-5,5 knots immediately increased by one knot. However, as we got closer to land, the squall clouds increased. Tonight, one very serious squall passed over us during my watch and four very serious squalls during Kemal's watch. The squall moment is what we call a red alert. The wind rises above 30-35 knots, and the autopilot can't do its job properly when the sails are fully rigged. Kemal takes the helm, the wind blows for a while and then a heavy rain pours down. After the rain and the wind drop everything returns to its original state. The duration of this event varies between half an hour and an hour. Actually, I have to admit that if this weather had happened in the early days, we would have been very excited, we wouldn't be able to sleep, we would have stayed up all night. But now, at least the one not on watch can sleep.

We are sailing quite close with the boat Baccus today. We often talk and share developments such as wind, swell, ships, and boat issues. With the wind, we are in a good mood. As with every boat, there are some problems on that boat too. We talk about them and exchange ideas. Our to-do list has become quite long too. As Kemal said, aging happens faster in the sea. In long-term, continuous use, natural wear and tear accelerate the process even more. I hope we can complete our journey without encountering any serious problems.

Tonight we're going below 400 miles. Sermet says, "Like the distance between Atakoy-Göcek" That's true, but the excitement seems to have increased. Cüneyt is on the phone; "Come on brother, have you decided to live in the Ocean?" Seda says; "You've been in the sea too long, beware of getting hit on land." This means we should stay away from cars for the first few days. She says Cüneyt was hit by a car twice.

Let's see what happens to us??????

Blues and Greys 07.12.2007

*The blues and the greys joined hand in hand,
I think they'll let us pass through.*

*It was as if we had been at sea for 1,000 years.
Is it ending or what?*

*We even saw a ship yesterday.
So we're close now.*

*On 21st day our position as of 14:00 UTC:
17 degrees, 19 minutes north,
56 degrees 04 minutes West
330 nautical miles to go.*

This is the second time I am experiencing this exciting wait. But believe me, the feelings, worries and prayers never change... We used to get news from Cüneyt and Seda thanks to İnanç's radio, and now we hear from you thanks to Mr. Bekir...

By the way, Derin has learned how to read and may send you e-mails soon...

OLGA LULECI, 07.12.2007

It was wonderful to hear your voice. Right now, on my way back from Abant, I sat down at the info counter. Since I can't reach you on my phone, I thought I would send you an e-mail. You are incredible with your patience, your devotion to each other and your love. God bless you.

The fact that Tayfun and I travelled thousands of kilometres without making a sound during our domestic trips was highly appreciated among my friends. But I don't know if we can show the same performance in the ocean. Your e-mails are so beautiful that it is impossible not to be impressed.

OLGAY-TAYFUN-GÜZİDE-CAN, 07.12.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 21st Night

What happened tonight? I thought about it, but an e-mail I received today was so meaningful to me that I decided to leave the space to this master.

"Here's a description of the Atlantic. Does it look like yours? "

Sailing on the ocean is a completely different excitement. Sometimes it makes your heart soar, sometimes it makes your blood freeze. Running with the ocean is one thing, going against it is another. Sometimes it is difficult to try to eat in the waves that rise and fall 6-7 meters.

You can't stand, you can't open doors, cabinets.

Sometimes you don't want to go to the toilet for fear of getting seasick. At night you try to squeeze yourself into a corner and try to kill time with great effort.

Just when you think you've settled in, the wind starts to swirl, the sails flutter and a crazy rain starts in the night. The clatter of rain, wind, waves and sails mingle together.

Everything happens in half an hour.

Trying to trim the sails that flutter in the pitch-black darkness, and then everything suddenly returns to normal.

A deep silence falls.

You hear again the wet howl of the wind, which is slowly trying to catch up with you from behind.

...And you start to listen to the chattering of the boat, which crunches and crunches as it twists in the big waves.

A tropical squall has done its job, carefully passed over you and woke you up.

You have maybe half an hour, an hour to sleep until the next one. So the night goes on and on in the ocean.

Then it gives way to the sun rising in perfect redness.

With the calming air, an easy cruise begins.

The trade wind clouds lying on either side of him cheer him up with their caricature-like appearance. The hangover of the night mingles with the coolness of the morning and the smell of coffee.

At first light, sometimes a pod of dolphins hangs out at the bow. After they have finished their show, a shrill sound is heard from the reel of the rod.

You pull a 10-kilo Dorado on deck with great effort. It's as if the ocean repays you for your patience all night. Like a lover whose anger has passed, it gives its gifts generously. You can't get enough of this relationship. You get great pleasure..."

But I think you've had enough ...:) Patience, captain and his crazy crew."

And this is Cüneyt's description.

The Master wrote and wrote. I don't need any other words...

Kebab Red 08.12.2007

We are on the 22nd day.

We had kebab today.

*What sort of kebab?
Atlantic Kebab, of course.*

*For those who want a recipe,
Chef Nesrin explains:
Moroccan pita bread (Pita Bread)
Cut into small pieces kebab-style.
Cook Corned Beef (similar to canned ground beef) in butter
With tomato paste, green pepper, garlic and onion.
Place it on the pita bread and serve.
If desired, butter and tomato paste sauce can be added.
Enjoy your kebab.*

*We are coming to the end of the ocean movie.
We have 177 miles left.
We thought we had seen this movie before,
But we hadn't.*

*As a couple, as a team of two,
This passage was different with
Its responsibilities, decisions and consequences.
Details later.
Be a little curious.*

*Our position at 14:00 UTC:
17 degrees 08 minutes North
58 degrees 55 minutes West*

— — —

Soon, in less than 24 hours!

You will remember your windless waits, I think you will tell us many times, and we will listen to your memories without getting tired of them. You are about to reach the end of something that to me is impossible... I am very curious about your feelings. On the one hand, I can't help but wonder how many people will be able to do it, and on the other hand, I am happy for you that it is not over yet, because you have become an adrenaline addict!:-))]] Such a journey is much more difficult for 2 people, especially for 2 people who have been in a husband and wife relationship for years. If you've never met or barely met, you know...

Well done... what can I tell you... We were scared, we tried not to show it, we interjected words to dissuade you, and we did a lot of tricks. But we were always afraid that something might happen to you. Ohhhh!! I admit it now. I prayed for you after my husband's phone calls... Even though we have been living apart for years, you are so precious to me, both of you... Now I would like to see myself on the opposite shore waiting for you and embracing you for the first time. I'm so selfish, aren't I? But I believe many

people want to wait for you with this intensity of feeling.
See you on the opposite shore or in Istanbul...
SELMA MERGEN, 08.12.2007

ATLANTIC NIGHTS 22nd Night

I think tonight is the last night of our passage. I can't even analyse what I'm feeling. The mission and the journey continue. I am preparing our dinner, keeping watch, tidying up, and making sure the night preparations are not interrupted. Again a sky full of clouds and we said hello to the night. 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm Kemal saw 2 ships, talked to Baccus, and two squalls passed over us.

10:00 pm - 01:00 am Nesrin; a ship, a squall, a few stars, lots of clouds. Thoughts pass through my brain as the clouds are dense, as the waves beat PANK.

One side of my brain tells me: Tomorrow will be like this... But the other side says: No, no, tomorrow night you will be in a completely different realm....

I close my eyes, and sounds coming from the electronics;

Now the automatic bilge pump is draining water;

26-34 beeps

3 beeps; wind wane wind angle changed

2 beeps; need to start the generator, batteries are low

1 trrrrrrrrrrt; the phone will ring soon, someone is calling...

Automatically, you turn in that direction, do your job, fix the problem, keep on with your watch. You understand that there is too much tension on the ropes from the sounds and immediately improve the trim. Even with your eyes closed, you can guess how many knots you are going by the wind, waves and the sounds the boat makes.

WE GOT USED TO IT.

04:00-07:00 am watch. Dawn is getting later and later. Around 05:00 am there is a slight brightening. After that it is obvious...

But what's that, this morning when the watch started, there was a light on the bow of the boat, not a light, but a shadow of light...

Do you know what a shadow of light is? You are in the middle of a dark night, in the middle of a dark ocean. There are only stars overhead, far, far, far away, and you are heading west. There is no way the sun can surprise you from that direction. But you see a beam of misty light stretching across the sky!!!

ISLAND? Yes!!!

The lights of the Island are filtering into the sky... It's like shadows lengthening in the sun, there are lights lengthening into the sky. This is the first time I say "LAND AHOY" quietly, without seeing land, because Kemal is asleep. I feel restless. But "So then?"

I can't find the answer. I wonder if I'll experience an emptiness.

At 06:00 Kemal was about to say "Good morning" when the autopilot started to give a different alarm. Kemal checked it, it was locked, not working. First, we activated the backup autopilot, and then we called our Raymarine friend Orhan, while we were explaining what was going on, Kemal suddenly started shouting "LAND AHOY, LAND AHOY".

I felt numb, and at the same time the autopilot started working again by itself. We didn't understand anything, we hung up the phone and looked at each other, dumbfounded. Then we started laughing, then jumping. Don't ask me why, it just happened!!!

This is how our expression was reflected. Immediately the spare electric autopilot was deactivated and the hydraulic one was switched back on. A deep breath; showers were taken, clothes were changed, all signs of fatigue were wiped off our faces, and we continued to move towards land.

Alas, is it so easy to reach land? In 5-6 hours, four squalls, the most serious we've experienced, passed over us. We didn't know if this was the Ocean's farewell or Antigua's welcome.

We listened to the conversations of our friends from several boats that had already reached the island on the radio. So we talked to them. It's wonderful. Even more wonderful is knowing that after such a special journey, someone will meet you on land.

It was Sunday, December 9 at 13:00 when we docked at Jolly Harbour Marina through a canal, like the entrance of Ayvalık. Tony and Christine welcomed us with fruit baskets and rum punch. Welcome to the world of palm trees, turquoise sea and islands...

Tonight our story has gotten a bit longer. Since Ataköy Marina on July 30, 2007, this has been the target point we wanted to reach and here we are. Even as I say this, I have a fist in my throat and tears in my eyes. I thank God for bringing us here safely and without any accidents, and I also wish that everyone can reach their desires.

I will share the rest in separate threads;

WE ARE WELCOME, YOU SAID GOODBYE...

THANK YOU TO THOSE WHO LIVED THIS ADVENTURE WITH US...

Rainbow 09.12.2007

23rd Day

We arrived and collapsed.

Just exhaustion.

We've been battered for the last five or six hours.

First the autopilot malfunctions.

Talking to Brother Orhan

A cry of "Land ahead".

"Land Ahoy" in nautical terms.

What an enthusiasm.

It is hard to describe.

Autopilot fixed itself and then the weather changed.

Squall after squall,

Rain, winds up to 45 knots.

We didn't know what hit us.

Was Antigua saying welcome?

Or was the Atlantic saying goodbye?

Rough seas,

Ocean waves hitting the hatches,

We came wet.

It's hard to believe, but it's over.

Thank you all for your support, and for your presence.

Special thanks to my friend Bekir.

For bringing us together without interruption.

— — — —

According to your information, you should be on land right now according to the daily travel miles.

How did you feel when you first saw land?

Or did you say forget about landing, let's go back? You never know.

You have realised the first stage of a very important desire. I wish you all the best. May everything be as you wish from now on.

SACIDE-BURHAN ÇOKBAŞ, 09.12.2007

Newton White 10.12.2007

*It was a battle.
It must not be misunderstood.
Not nature, not the ocean,
Not the weather, not the waves,
Not time, not the boat,
Not electronics, not each other,*

*It was our inner battles.
What Nesrin and I did together,
But each of us separately with ourselves.*

*Is there a winner?
No side can be victorious.
If I fight with me,
I am the winner and
I am the loser.*

*Weren't we scared?
Very much:*

*From getting appendicitis, a disease that requires urgent surgery.
From hitting a floating container,
From fire,
From Lightning strikes,
From capsizing,
From broken masts,
From consequences of hitting a whale sleeping on the surface at night,
From fractures and dislocations,
From falling into the sea
From the Partner's vital responsibility,
From major malfunctions that cannot be intervened (Autopilot, engine, electronics),
From Squalls
From even a slight chance of a hurricane
From thinking of these scenarios during night watches without seeing anything.*

*Aren't we happy? Yes, very happy:
About getting used to it after three days of swinging like crazy,
About the sun rising from the sea and setting in the sea,
About the whales, ocean birds, dolphins,
About being with the flying fish,
About the rainbows after the Squalls,
About the body rhythm slowing down,
About washing our souls with internal reckoning,
About rapidly reducing the remaining miles,
About repeatedly admiring the incredible nature,
About giving thanks to God,*

*About shouting "Land Ahoy!" after three weeks,
And finally about saying, "We did it!"*

*Yes, we finished.
2,965 nautical miles.
More than 3,000 miles with zig-zags.
535 hours in total
22 days and 7 hours.*

*Now we're in the Caribbean.
Central America.
We're going to rest and do some sightseeing here for a while.
We will host you often.
We will come to Turkey from time to time.*

When we are on the road again, we will continue with our e-mails.

*Those who listened to our feelings,
Those who shared their feelings with us,
Those who pumped us with energy through e-mails and phone calls,
Those who felt us when we were at rock bottom and helped us to rise,
Those who supported us with their hearts,
We owe you all a big thank you.*

*We did this.
This was our passage.
It was different from the others.
But the most important difference was you.
It was your presence.*

*We love you all very much.
Nesrin-Kemal*

— — — —

NESRIN and KEMAL CAPTAINS...
THE GREATEST CAPTAINS...

SANEM, YASEMİN, KENAN AÇIKALIN, 11.12.2007

— — — —

On Sunday evening, we were scared at home, ringing you on the phone thinking that they were about to arrive and heard the metallic unreachable announcement. We could not reach you even though I tried a few more times. Then we sat down and counted the hours and decided that you probably arrived, turned off the phones and fell asleep. I was just

relieved with your e-mail. You are super. The Marine community has gained a writer after the first part of your trip...

SERMET TOLAN, 11.12.2007

Thank God that I heard your good news. We were reunited with your lines that we missed. Believe me, I am relieved... I am sure you have many things to tell, but I wish you to recover and rest first.

I am very happy as if you came to Eskisehir to Nermin.

SEVDA SARIKARDAŞOLU, 11.12.2007

Believe me, we all reached the opposite shore under your leadership... Your sleepless nights were contagious. We are as happy as children now. Because our friends have crossed the giant Atlantic...

ERHAN İZMİR, 12.12.2007

You are amazing, and you have really done it. When you were leaving, I was telling everyone that I guessed what a difficult job this was. Now I realise that it is never possible to understand how difficult it REALLY is without experiencing it. I read all your e-mails carefully.

But let me tell you something. I am sure this experience has made you more enlightened and wise than you are, and I think it is reflected in your writing and style. Each article is like a poem.

CEM MERGEN, 11.12.2007

Welcome!!! Indeed, we were counting the reasons to be afraid as you have listed, and we kept saying inshallah it won't happen. We kept counting the days. If it was like this for us, who knows how these 23 days were for you?

I am so jealous of your whales, dolphins, and rainbows. You have achieved something great. I'm so happy for you.

TiJO, 11.12.2007

I don't know what to say, but you're the best.

Are we jealous?

No, we're not.

Are we envious?

Yes.

And we were proud.

It was the first time someone close to us had done such a thing. Going on the water in the dark, going without seeing anything!!!

YOUR LOVING AKAY FAMILY, 12.12.2007

The peace of your landing has enveloped us.

Believe me, while you were struggling alone in the ocean, we experienced uneasiness and excitement on your behalf. You know when a game is being played and the people on the field are not as excited as the spectators. That is exactly how our excitement was. Every mail we received from you informed us that another day had passed in good health. We were more bored than you in the minutes that passed. We made comments to ourselves, what was the point when we could be here together, we prayed every day for you to have a safe journey. We wanted to tell you how valuable you are to us with words, we wanted to give you strength with our phone calls, we wanted to make you feel how used we are to your friendship and companionship and how much we want to experience it for many more years.

We traveled as far as you have traveled, and for days we entered Google Earth together and determined your location. We calculated how many more days you would go. But now we feel proud of what you have done. It is as if we were with you on the boat. We also struggled with the waves. We experienced your fears too and we made landfall together. Thank you...

Come on, we are waiting for you...

Captain and pirate,

Well done, what else can I say? First I congratulate and then I thank you. First of all, every time I received an e-mail or news, I was excited as if I was on that boat and my adrenaline was rising. I lived as if I was crossing. Secondly, when the Atlantic crossing is discussed anywhere, I will now "show off" because my friends did it too. :))))

Welcome, you are happy, I share your happiness from the bottom of my heart. There is a saying: "Those who work hard also take time to have fun after work". Now is the time for fun and rest.

SiNAN SOLEY, 12.12.2007

What made me happiest today was the news I received from you. First of all, I am very happy that your passage was completed safely. I was very curious about your feelings. I immediately opened your web page. You have updated it. I read it in one breath.

You convey your experiences and feelings very well.

One's eyes fill with tears. I have never met you, I only know you through your photographs and writings.

I don't understand why your experiences thousands of miles away touch me so much. I

would love to meet you when you come to Istanbul. Now I will immediately open Google Earth, mark your route and read your writings again.

EFE KARAIŞMAİLOGLU, 12.12.2007

First of all, I congratulate you both with all my heart for this extraordinary achievement. You have done a truly incredible job. It has been a privilege to support you throughout this adventure with our thoughts, wishes and prayers, even from afar, and to witness your remarkable journey.

I think this adventure is actually in a sense your journey as a couple. I think it also symbolises your life story. It is a very difficult task to accomplish such a journey in any case, and the fact that you were able to accomplish it as a team is the best symbol of how special you both are as a couple.

I think the solidarity, common will and spirit of the two of you in this process, as well as this journey, contains some very important lessons for us here.

Even though I was unable to call during your Atlantic crossing, don't think that I didn't follow your fascinating adventure moment by moment with excitement in your warm diaries. I assure you that all the fears and worries you mentioned in that last article titled Newtonian white (no matter how hard I tried to banish them from my mind) have haunted me from time to time, just like you.

When Nesrin pinched her finger, I felt the pain in my fingertip. In fact, there were so many things that could have gone wrong...

But every time I dismissed it from my mind.

As I read your lines, I once again realised the knife-edge risks of your challenge to nature. You made us experience everything with the ease of crossing the Bosphorus by a little rowboat.

However, I am sure that for you this experience, this journey has nevertheless felt like an endless arm wrestle between uncertainty and fortune. Happily for you and for us, your fortune has prevailed.

But I think the most important and admirable element was the extraordinary patience, courage, fortitude, willpower, faith and teamwork you showed. Believe me, when the wind died down, I waited for the wind with you. On clear days, I followed the endless curve of the horizon line with your eyes with interest. I discovered the brightest shade of sky and sea blue with you. I watched the sunrise and sunset with you with admiration, as if sitting on a 360-degree blue platform. I imagined the darkness of the ocean and the magic of the starry night like never before. I felt the serenity of being the only human being on earth during night watches. I experienced that world with you, a world without noise and hustle and bustle, where only the sound of the ocean dominates.

I listened to the endless silence... I tasted Nesrin's cooking with you, I experienced your little disappointments and frustrations with you. But I have sent my best wishes and prayers to you every time so that there will be no breakdowns or mishaps. I am sure that dozens of hearts beating for you here have shared the same deep feelings as mine. Once again, I congratulate you both from the bottom of my heart with admiration and respect. You have given me a great deal of inspiration, hope and courage to pursue my dreams,

even though sometimes I feel that I have gone too far. I think you have not won the battle with nature, but you have won a unique prize for what it has generously offered you throughout this adventure.

The infinite pleasure of living in peace and harmony with nature, which many of us have long forgotten in our human arrogance, will perhaps sprout again in our thoughts and dreams by witnessing your journey.

CEM YÜNLÜ, 12.12.2007

Good for you, you've done it...

I heard Kemal's voice and I was very happy, but I realised how much I missed you all. Now have a good rest and have fun and come back later. I look forward to hearing about this adventure face to face (maybe with raki and fish).

BANU DOKUZER, 13.12.2007

Thank God you made it to the other shore safely. If I don't look at the map, it's like crossing from Üsküdar to Beşiktaş. You were so close to us with your e-mails. You never left us in the dark. You are very tired. Rest, travel and share with us. You've gotten used to it. What can we do? We are travelling around the world with you. By the way, let us know if you run out of Eskişehir -style tarhana soup.

AYÇA BAĞIŞLAR, 13.12.2007

First of all, I would like to start my article by stating that I found your site completely randomly while surfing the vast environment of the internet. After finding your site, I read your articles and examined your pictures in a snap. And I realised that I was right in the middle of a world tour, which has always been in my dreams before I die.

I congratulate you.

But I am also a bit jealous, why should I lie? :) I understand that you are now in the Caribbean and I think the most exciting part will start after this. Panama Canal, then the Pacific... I can't wait to read your new reports and memories...

UĞUR İLBEYİ, 14.12.2007

Another writer we haven't met yet. We have added him to the ceremony list and we will give him his book, God willing.

I read your e-mail with excitement again.

I also read Nesrin's nights about the crossing of the Atlantic. For a moment - not possible,

of course - I felt myself next to you. I bow to you with respect for making even someone like me, who has never been on a sailboat before, experience these things :)

ELA ÇOLAKOĞLU, 14.12.2007 –

Super super super super.

Actually, I don't know what else to say.

My favourite group of books to read are the ones written about events that happened.

I thank you very much for not keeping us away from the truth.

ZEYNEP ÇOKBAŞ, 14.12.2007

Kemal, first of all, thank you very much for your kind words. But I must confess that the work you do is so impressive in every aspect that one feels that words flow from the fingertips to the screen as a natural extension of the emotions, without even having to make an effort.

For my part, thanks to you, I have had the pleasure of living every stage of this adventure by feeling it with you. One step beyond that would be to realise a similar dream in person. Of course, for such a goal, apart from desire and willpower, many material and immaterial factors need to come together at the right conjuncture (I am not putting this forward as a classic excuse). But I think what makes you different from the vast majority is that you have shown the determination to pursue your dreams persistently and stubbornly. The overwhelming majority, myself included, live not to realise their dreams but to make excuses for not being able to realise them.

In short, they see walls, not windows.

In a sense, the vast majority of people seem to be chasing their dreams, but in fact, they live by running away from their dreams. Who knows, maybe this instinctive escape is expressed with:

"The most beautiful love is the one that has never been experienced",

"The most beautiful of dreams is the one that can still be dreamed"...

As a matter of fact, I think that when the combination of possibilities and opportunities generously offer us the opportunity to live our dreams, it can even put many of us into a deep shock. Isn't it for this reason that we keep coming up with excuses for not being able to do things?

However, the short but succinct saying "If there is a will, there is always a way." expresses in the classic pragmatism of the Americans summarises everything.

I especially envy, respect, congratulate and honour you for this.

You have also reinforced a belief of mine. When we are on a journey, probably because of our natural impulses, the vast majority of us impatiently focus on the final destination.

However, in my opinion, it is the journey itself rather than the final destination that makes it magical.

Lucky for you, you did not miss the magical mystery of this special journey as you slowly made your way to your destination. Even in the most ordinary, routine days, the magic of

this journey continued to reflect from your soul to your diary, as a little fish, or a little bird. Of course, it was a really different and special feeling to be able to be a part of this adventure, even if only from aside. I owe you a debt of gratitude for sharing this with us in all its warmth and, more importantly, for allowing us to be a part of it. I am sure that you have opened up new and vast horizons in the lives of many others who have had the privilege and pleasure of sharing this adventure with you, just as I have.

CEM YÜNLÜ, 14.12.2007

Those who shared this emotional journey, the authors of this book, are around a hundred people. If we take into account the beautiful people they also shared with, we must be three hundred to four hundred people. We thought it would be nice to immortalise this intensity of emotion.

Sermet's answer to the question "How should we do it?" was to introduce Ceylan Şahin to us. After reviewing our website, Ceylan asked, "What do you most want to do in the book?"

- . Is it to let people feel the words?
- . Is it to make people see what is missing in their lives?
- . Or are you a travel agency?
- . Do you want to take people to a new place with this book?
- . Is sharing your emotional inner journey the focus?
- . Or are you always on the road and you want to open a door for people who are desperate with similar desires?"

Which one is it in your opinion?

EPILOG

I don't know how I did it, why I did it; I don't know what happened. Thousands of emotions and thoughts flying around in my brain could not reach the tips of my fingers and get organised on the computer screen. Instead, they disappeared into the air one by one through my mouth, nose and ears. I blew behind them and added them all to the wind blowing towards PANK. Hoping they would find the route.

As I read the book in your hand, I repeated the question I had already asked many times: Why had I never written? Yes, we always talked on the phone, and we never lost touch

with PANK. However, words fly, and writing remain. Why had I persistently left no trace of myself in this adventure?

A brand new chapter has begun in our book of life. We are all changing our skin, in the process of being reborn. It's a painful process. The throbbing does not stop. I was just beginning to understand what it meant to be an independent adult. The faltering pride of being able to stand on my own two feet goes hand in hand with the guilt of having abandoned my family. While the most vivid memory I have of my childhood is life at sea, the story continues without me. And in a PANK that is not known to me. It is necessary to embrace this change, even if it is not easy...

That was the reason, or the subconscious urge not to be like everyone else, or something else. What's done is done. I didn't write. But it's never too late.

Picture by picture in my brain, I identified what they wrote with our shared memories. I understood them best. At least I believed so.

I witnessed them - the parents who raised me - change, wrap themselves around life like ivy, blossom, look into the sun, reflect the light from the sun into themselves, and be reborn as a rainbow. At first, I watched the transformation from a distance, but eventually, the excitement that began to boil inside me became unstoppable. Each time we met, I saw a new pair of people. A growing admiration. And I got to know them again as mentors, peers, friends and confidants.

You, mom and dad, You together have written the book of your departure from the nest. I welcome you to your new world and your new self on this side of the ocean. Welcome my friends!...

Pinar Ayata
