

Part 1/6 Atlantic Crossing West – East 🚢 RONDÉE ATLANTIQUE 🤗

Our Atlantic crossing West-East on Aaron's daily English expressions 🤗

Sailing the Atlantic 🌐 34° 02'N 045° 18'W 📅 Su 10.05.26 ⌚ 13:30 / 14:30 (19:30)* 🌬️ SE4 ☁️ cloudy
🌡️ 22°C 🌊 1,5m 6sec + wind waves 🚢 main + small jib, beam reach 🕒 045°, 5 kn, to the Azoren



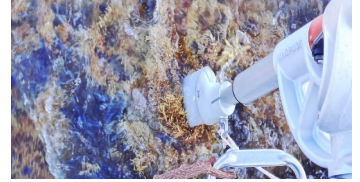
Anchor up

00 We leave Saint-Martin Fri 24th of Apr 2026 heading to the Azores (although it is said to be light wind) with one other sailor "Shanty", we shoot the breeze with, in the evening via VHF.

Shooting the breeze

To improve our English and to prove that *you can teach an old dog a new trick*, Aaron sends us English expressions every day.

You can (not) teach an old dog a new trick.



.Sargassum remover stick

01 Sa 25th of April recognizing, whenever the windpilot changes the course from beam reach to close reach, there is Sargassum at its rudder, we remove these clumps of algae with a forked stick. Free of Sargassum, the Wind Pilot works a charm. In other words, it's magic.

Like a charm



Watch paint dry

02 On Su 26th of April we watch paint dry. The only remarkable are three white and one red light sliding along the horizon in the middle of the night.

Watch paint dry



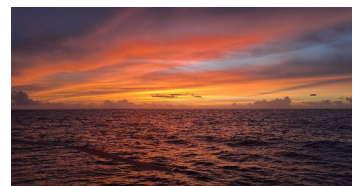
03 It's all Greek to me, how on Mo 27th of April the wind can vary so quickly from 2 to 4 bft and from South to SE and SW forth and back again in the middle of the wide ocean with only the clouds and sargassum as obstacles.

It's all Greek to me.



And instead, that *it's raining cats and dogs* with thunderstorms, we see a red sundown painting the sky and sea all red.

It's (not) raining cats and dogs.



Sundown paint it red



Downholder work around

04 Our first real damage on the boat occurs Tu 28th of April when the fixing of the boom downer breaks. We install a workaround with one line along and one around the boom, instead of *crying over spilled milk*, Same with the spilled rice the day before and the lost sailor's glove the day after.

Don't cry over spilled milk.



Rainy Cloud

05 In the evening of We 29th of April our eyes are bigger than the stomach, having rice with potato curry, a yoghurt desert and a cookie.

The eyes are bigger than the stomach.

06 The next morning Thu 30th of April the wind – up to 13 knots – makes us *bite off more than our windpilot can chew*. Finally we reef down the jib for a while. In the evening we had a green flash sundown.

I bite off more than I can chew.