

Jack regretted taking off, giving up on his family, and losing his job. He missed his family more than he could ever say, but Jack knew it was all his fault and had blown a good thing. "I am sorry for so much, my love," Jack said to his wife. He thought he heard her reply in the wind. "You blew it, Jack," Jack heard her say in a whisper in the wind. He knew that he did.

Jack knew that he put his needs before his family and his need to roam the sea. "I am a cold man. I put myself first over others," he said with tears of regret and helplessness. The voyage was to free him from the mundane life that he felt was boxing him in. He knew the risks and dangers of the sea, but the advantages outweighed them all. Now, he had lost it all: his family, his job, and now, most likely, his life.

The first leg of the voyage started in Hawaii, with calm seas and a steady wind from the south for the first four days. Andorra was on a twenty-three-degree southwest course, with her sails pulled to the starboard and running wing to wing. She was running a steady eight to thirteen knots most of the time. By

late afternoons, Jack set the jib with the mainsail windward.

Andorra kept on her course, making good time with two—or three-foot waves on her bow. She made about a thousand miles towards Australia on her first four days of the five thousand miles. Jack monitored the marine forecast twice daily for weather updates, listened to shortwave broadcasts for the world news, and listened to music.

All was well as he settled in for the rest of the voyage. It was smooth sailing until the fifth night when he heard a storm warning on the nightly marine weather forecast. Jack's heart raced as he heard the storm's details and put his hands over his face in disbelief. He was exhausted from the lack of sleep the last few nights at sea. Jack fell asleep at the radio table, thinking and listening to the weather.

Jack was awakened by Andora smashing through the high seas, severe lightning, and wind. "The storm!" He picked up the microphone and made a distress call: "CQ Mayday, CQ Mayday, CQ Mayday, this is the

Andorra. Our position is seven and seventeen minutes north, one hundred sixty-six degrees, and thirty-seven minutes west. We need help." Nothing but static and crashes from the lighting. He continued calling " CQ Mayday," but he didn't hear any response to his call.

He slipped on a harness and went topside to drop the sails. Jack turned to starboard and gasped. "OH, mother of god!" at the biggest wave he saw approaching him. Jack dived through the hatchway and secured the hatch just as Andorra went into a roll. Jack was tossed around and landed in the galley as Andorra up righted. Jack's was pinned between two cabinets that broke loose and pinned him between them.

He felt Andorra being pushed to the port and then heard the splintering of the port side hull. Water rushed into the cabin as Jack struggled to free his bound legs. Even if his legs weren't pinned, there was very little he could do to save them. The cabin was filling up fast. The water was already up to Jack's chest. It won't be long before they go down.

Andorra's hull being punctured was the death blow for her.

Jack thought about the day he sailed to Hawaii, hoping to start a new life and free himself from his past. Jack had sailed for many years with his family in California. They sailed to Catalina Island and the other islands off the coast of California. They even sailed up to San Francisco and many Central America and South America ports until Jack lost his job for being off sailing. His wife divorced him and took their two boys to the east coast. Jack moved aboard and soon after sailed to Hawaii to escape the loss of his family.

Jack worked in a boatyard repairing boats, on an island tour boat, and lived aboard Andorra. He dreamt of solo voyages, but now his dream was sinking with his faithful Andora. She took him on many great voyages in the ten years he owned her, but it was about over for both of them. Andorra was now on a steady decline. In her final moments, she leaned even more towards the port side. "She is going down fast," he said to himself, knowing

he was alone without anyone to help. Another wave pushed water through the broken hull. Jack knew he had to move fast before she went down.

Then, another wave rolled over them, causing Andora to rock enough to shift the cabinets that pinned his legs. "I am free," he yelled and swallowed more water. With very little headroom, Jack wades to the ladder. On the way up the ladder, he grabbed the sea survival pack and whatever else he could. Jack struggled to get the survival pack through the hatch. The pain in his legs grew as he climbed topside with the pack.

Jack quickly unfastened the raft on the starboard side and pulled its air-cock. Jack jumped in with the pack in his arms. He pushed off and got away just in time as Andora moaned one last time and quickly disappeared. Jack watched in horror as his love went down. "Goodbye, Andorra," he moaned with heart-wrenching pain and tears. The sea took Andorra from him, with only memories left of

her. The pain subsumed him as tears flowed from his loss.

He quickly slipped on the raft harness and waited for the wild ride. The wind howled its victory as it tossed Jack around. Waves submerged the raft and toasted him around like a rollercoaster ride, with the mainsail in tow of the rafts aft. Somehow, the stays and sail were entangled with the transit after it was separated from Andorra. It would've taken the raft down with her if it weren't.

Jack closed his eyes and recited a sailor prayer: "Heavenly Father, I pray that when there seems to be no hope, You will be the bright and morning star for us at sea..." He was cut off mid-prayer as another wave crashed over him and covered the raft with Andora's sail. He swallowed more of the salty water every wave, choking him and making breathing hard.

He thought about his family in California and their happy Sunday dinners together at home. The summer days were spent teaching his sons about the sea and sailing. Jack's eyes

welled up with tears as he remembered those happy days. The time his youngest son fell overboard while Andorra was mooring on one of their summer trips. Jack went in and got him aboard, gagging and coughing up water that he swallowed. He could swim but falling overboard took him by surprise. Jack went in just in case he had any trouble.

His son asked him why the seawater was so salty? "Well, the sea salt comes from the runoff from the land and openings in the seafloor." Jack paused and studied his son's puzzled look. "Don't drink too much of it, or you will swell up like a beach ball." His son rolled his eyes and went below.