

Sunny Spray's travels, episode 12

Kourou, French Guyana, June 18, 2016

Dear friends,

It is about a month now when I wrote the previous episode, nr. 11, whilst we were crossing the Atlantic Ocean. My mind and hands are now eager to finally describe our Atlantic adventure to you.

As you might remember, our last anchorage in the Sine Saloum in Senegal was at Djifere. There we quietly prepared for the crossing. The plan was to depart Sunday April 24th. On Wednesday the 20th we went to Dakar by bus and bought as much fresh fruit and vegetables as we could carry; on arrival in Ndangane we bought more, including a fresh chicken and some more fruit and vegetables. It was far from sufficient, and we knew that we would have to be very careful. Therefore we did not want to delay our departure by too many days, because every day at anchor we were consuming fresh food, including meat, (for details about food on board, see annex 1, at the end of this travel episode).

Everything went according to plan, we checked and triple checked rigging and household items, I baked bread and, being a proper housewife, hung the duvets with extra big clothes pegs on the railing, for a final airing in the dry and sunny African air. Two hours later I returned on deck, only to discover that one of the duvets was dragging a corner through the water. Unfortunately it was our only duvet filled with down and feathers!

Of course I quickly hung it out to dry, but next day it was still sopping wet. The only thing to do was wash the corner in soapy fresh water, which one does not like to do knowing that you have to use fresh water sparingly because of the coming crossing! But the alternative, being stuck three weeks with a wet duvet, was no option either, so wash I did. Fortunately, it had dried a bit by Monday, so we decided to leave next day, Tuesday morning.

We left at 06.45 h, benefiting from a favourable current and from the sun on our backs, so that we could easily identify the buoys marking the newly-formed channel.

We motored during the first couple of hours, since the wind was due west. After midday the wind started turning north, so we could sail in a southwesterly direction. Soon it became evident that the Cape Verdean islands would be unreachable from our position and the Northerly wind. Gradually, the wind would turn more to the northeast, allowing us a broad reach. We ran 4, 5 to 6 knots, accompanied by hundreds of small dolphins. A wonderful start.



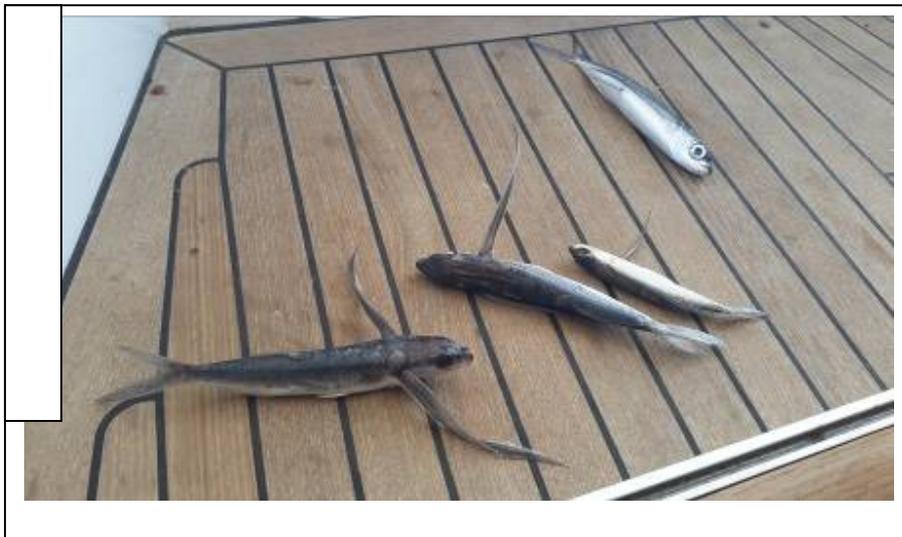
Until Bob wanted to empty the grey water tank. Its capacity is 120 liters, and it was nearly full with 90 liters. The electric pump's motor started, followed by a high whining sound, the smell of something burning, and that was it. Nothing happened. Next day Bob disassembled the Jabsco pump, hardly one year old, and found that the macerator could not turn because of debris. He cleaned the macerator, re-assembled the pump, but the problem persisted. This was a big nuisance: with 90 liters in the tank, we could not add any more, and since the system cannot drain directly into the sea, we could no longer use the shower, nor the wash basin, in the bathroom, and worst of all, not even the sink in the kitchen.

In short, as of day 1 of the crossing, I had to make do in the kitchen with buckets and bidons: a bucket to rinse the hands while working in the galley, a bidon to collect dirt water or cooking water, and a bidon to collect organic waste. These three items made for a full sink and a smelly sight. It was workable, but a big nuisance. Several times Bob tried to install a mechanical hand pump which we carried as a spare, but he lacked the right connections and the site where he needed to work, down below in the engine room, was not very inviting when at open sea.

Apart from water management, getting rid of your garbage is quite a chore. There is organic waste, which I collect and dump into the water; potentially burnable matter such as paper and cartons I keep apart, to be burned once quietly at anchor; bottles and tin cans I clean, fill with seawater and sink once we are over very deep water - at least 1000 m deep; plastic waste I clean and cut into small pieces, so that you collect a rather small bag with waste that cannot be dumped or recycled. This plastic eventually needs to be brought ashore.

Not being able to shower or use the wash basin turned out to be no problem at all. We simply filled two small pots with hot water, sat ourselves outside in the small cockpit leading into the pilot house, and used one pot for soapy water and the other to rinse ourselves clean. Actually, it was an improvement over standing in the shower, sitting down was much more comfortable, and using two pots with water allowed us to control our water usage very exactly. It turned out that the two of us could get comfortably clean with less than 5 liters of water in total.

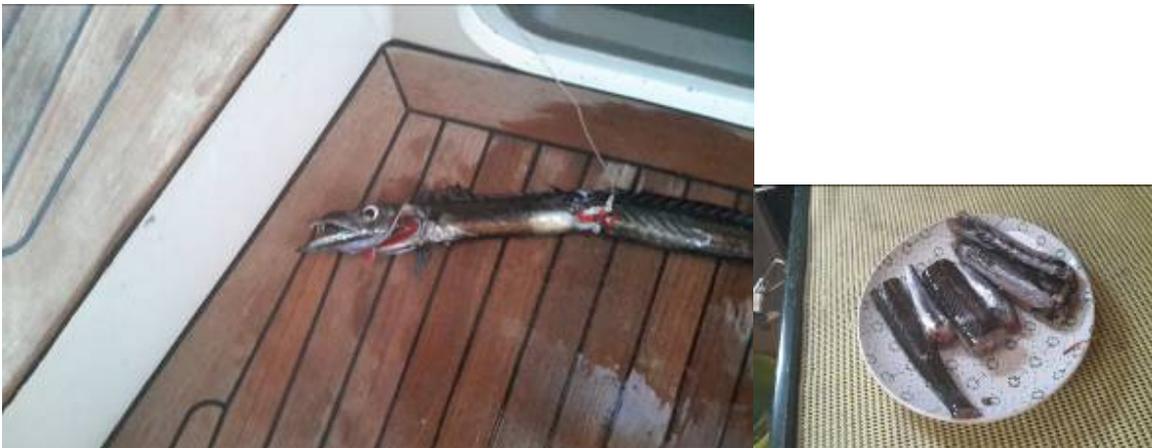
Apart from the inconvenience because of the grey water tank, the first few days of sailing were quite idyllic. There was quite a swell, but we nicely cleaved through the water and made good progress, with typical daily distances of 123 nautical miles (nm), 117 nm, 112 nm, 104 nm, 113 nm, 124 nm, 112 nm etc.



Daily harvest of flying fish. They are not that big, but big enough to serve as an appetizer for lunch.

We saw many different kinds of animals. Small dolphins, larger dolphins later in the trip, dolphins that made big jumps, a shark, a turtle, jelly fish (Portuguese Men of War), flying fish and even flying squids!

Occasionally we caught a fish, mostly dorados, but also a really ugly one, identified by our fishing guide as a *Lepidopus caudatus*. The flying fish we collected every morning off the deck.



*Bob uses home-made bait: he binds a piece of red cloth around the hook, cut into strips on one end. The top part is then wrapped in aluminium foil. He catches quite well using this bait. Our strangest catch was the ugly black fish with the big head and very large and sharp teeth. It was identified as a *Lepidopus caudatus*. The fish guide said it was edible, so together with some flying fish it was enough for a meal.*

Daily, at 07.00h and 19.00 h, we would draw our position on our chart. The chart we used was the same one that we used in this area during our earlier trip in 1983-1984.

And gradually something remarkable emerged. In 1984 we left the Gambia in March; in 2016 we left the Sine Saloum, hardly 60 miles north of The Gambia, in April. Two days after our departure we noticed that our daily positions were very close indeed to the positions noted down in 1984, eventually they would even overlap!



Sea chart with the positions of our previous sailing boat, Fint, in March 1984 (black circles), and positions of Sunny Spray in May 2016 (red circles). Occasionally, the red and black circles completely overlap!

In other words: after 32 years and 1 month, wind, current and swell were pushing us into exactly the same route with the same speed, despite the fact that the boats are quite different: Fint was a 9 meter Bermuda-rigged polyester vessel of 6000 kg, and Sunny Spray is a 12 m steel, junk rigged vessel of 20,000 kilos!

This observation might help to explain why the old navigators also always followed the same route, even if you try hard to do it differently, you mostly end up in the same spot anyway!

And we noticed another remarkable feat. As during our voyage with the Fint, we regularly caught a fish, most often a dorado. In 1984 they would weigh in at several kilos; anno 2016 we were glad to catch one of at least 1 kilo! Tuna, very prevalent in 1984, we did not see nor catch at all this trip.



*Top: 1984, on our way from The Gambia to Barbados, a much younger Helma with a large dorado.
Below, Helma as nowadays, with a much smaller dorado!*

On day 7 we were visited by a house swallow. The poor bird had clearly lost its way and was exhausted. After circling the boat several times, he finally landed in the companionway, where we found him next

morning. We moved him to a more sheltered spot, but soon found out he would not survive, he could hardly move about and had its head tucked away in its feathers. He died that afternoon.

We were very sad about its demise. We are very fond of birds, but what struck us is that while you would normally read that, say 30% of birds do not survive an annual trek, you do not blink an eye, it is just statistics. However, once it happens in front of your eyes, and you see how far it has come and that it will not make it, you feel very sorry for the brave little fellow.



Apart from such interludes, our days followed a regular pattern. Typically as follows:

We start in the evening at 20.00 h, since that is the start of the first watch period, taken up by Bob until 23.00 h. In the meantime I try to sleep a bit, but especially in the early days of a trip it is too early for me to really sleep, so I rest.

Bob wakes me up at 23.00 h, and I take over the watch until 02.00 h. We have made only one seabed in the cabin, on the low side of the boat. So if you go to bed it is always a bit clammy and warm.

The person on watch uses the pilot house, where we lower the table so the person on watch can stretch out if needed. However, it is NOT the intention that this bed is too comfortable, the watch person is not supposed to fall asleep! But there is nothing against a bit of comfort.

And using the pilot house certainly makes watchkeeping very comfortable. Once every 15, 20 minutes you stick your head out of the door, and you look around really slowly and carefully, in particular watching out for unexpected obstacles or ships. Rarely do you need a vest or coat, the protection offered by the pilot house is very good. Whilst looking around, you also check the sails, the boat speed, any changes in cloud formation, changes in windspeed and wind direction, direction of the swell, and whether Olivia is still keeping us on course - if not, we correct this, primarily by turning the main rudder the tiniest of bits, and if really needed we have to turn Olivia's vane a bit. By the way, Olivia has functioned perfectly, we are really very happy that we bought her at the end of last year!

Once back inside the next 15-20 min cycle starts. Normally I read a bit, but it also happens that I just sit around, watching the sea pass by, or watching the stars while seated in the door opening. Bob does not read, he just sits, philosophizing a bit. He does not listen to music, although he is very fond of doing so during the day. He says that reading or listening to music take him out of his concentration.

At 02.00 h my watch is finished and I wake up Bob (if he is not already awake by himself, something that happens automatically once you get into the rhythm). I then make some delicious hot chocolate, and serve cookies or spicy raisin cake (which I bake myself, a rich and calorie-full cake). Now it is my turn to go to bed.



Advantage of the early morning watch: spectacular sunrises!

Around day 8 Bob noticed he had no difficulty keeping awake until 03.00 h, meaning that I could sleep a bit longer. While my watch would normally start again at 05.00 h, toward the midway point I only needed to start again at 06.00 h. That helps a lot, also because the early morning watch at 06.00 h starts with sunrise and daylight. Easy peasy! Officially my watch would then end at 09.00h, but like Bob, I would try to hold on a bit longer so that he could catch 4 hours of sleep.

From about 10.00 h we abandon the regular watch keeping system. The one who is up and about keeps an eye on things, and we both try to catnap the occasional hour. However, sleeping in full daylight does not come easy.

The rest of the day flies. Of course I spent quite some hours making the Dutch and English travel episodes. And I cut out and sorted a 15 year backlog of recipes, which have now finally been glued into my two big personal cooking books. A nice and rewarding job. Occasionally I read something on my tablet. Bob sits behind his computer (we do NOT have Internet when sailing), watches our old pictures or films (needless to say that the pictures and films with our dogs and Sarah's litter of 8 puppies are favourites!), or is working with design workshop. At sea he designed two wonderful new houses, you would nearly be tempted to start building one again!

Around 16.00 h, 16.30 h I start preparing dinner, which we try to finish eating not later than 18.00 h. This gives me two hours to clear away the dishes and tidy up the boat, while Bob tries to get some sleep. We never have such a tidy boat as we do when we are at sea! We clear away all items that might come loose or would be in our way if we need to find something in a hurry.

If we need to make changes to the sails or have other outside work, we will normally do that together between 18.00 and 20.00 h. And then it is again time to start the next 24 h cycle!

We do not spend much time on navigation. In the past we had to resort to astronavigation, including shooting the sun, making lengthy calculations and keeping an accurate log for dead reckoning. Nowadays we look at our GPS and draw our position in the paper chart. Or we check our position directly from the AIS and the electronic chart.

We do not have an SSB radio, no internet, no satellite telephone. Accordingly, we cannot receive grib-files and thus no weather reports.

This may sound irresponsible but in reality it is ok. Before leaving you study up until the last possible moment general weather systems, and we download 10 day weather forecasts. Looking further ahead is quite senseless, the predictions are getting increasingly unreliable too far in the future. After that you are on your own, but you are helped by pilot charts, which give statistical wind directions, wind speeds, currents, calms, etc for every month of the year in a given area. Using the latest weather reports and the pilot charts, one can plan a route.

We decided to remain as much as possible at latitude 10 degrees North, and to start heading south around 40 degrees West. Theoretically, this should have enabled us to pick up a favourable westerly current of 2 knots. In reality this turned out to have been a bad decision, we should have stayed north at 10 degrees to the last possible moment. As it was we ended up in the Inter Tropical Convergence Zone, with its associated calms, floating seaweed and counter current (coming from the west, thus dead against). We never found the favourable 2 knot current.



Sporadic seaweed gathers into large plaques.

Our quiet rhythm was rudely disturbed on day 13 (no, we are not superstitious, but still.....): Bob noticed a lot of play between the main mast and the mast shaft. Inspection showed that one of the mast clamps, made of 6 mm steel, had completely sheared off, and that the second clamp was showing cracks.



This is about the last thing one wants with an unstayed mast, because the mast shaft needs to be tight around the mast, it is the only thing holding the mast in place! We reefed the mainsail heavily, reduced speed to a sedately 4 knots and set to work finding a temporary solution.



The broken clamp was positioned next to the white piece at the right hand side of the mast. We removed the mast ring, normally carrying blocks, downwards to exert some kind of pressure on the mast shaft. Duct taped clothes pins served as pegs.

Bob came up with an emergency repair, consisting of dozens of wooden pegs shoved between the mast and the mast shaft. Source: wooden clothes pins, halved. We lined up the halved pins vertically, and attached them to a horizontal strip of duct tape. We made four of these strips and wriggled them between the mast and the mast shaft. The entire set up was lashed into place using duct tape. Our

reasoning: if they can get Apollo 13 (what's this with the number 13??) home from the moon to earth using duct tape, it should get us across the Atlantic!

In addition, we moved the metal mastring, normally holding our blocks and tackles, downwards and tightened it as good as possible in place (it was not a good fit, because the mast is wider at the bottom than on the place where the mast ring normally sits), but anyway, it exerted some pressure on the shaft.

The entire repair worked reasonably well, but there remained some play between the mast and the mast shaft, so gradually the wooden pegs slid down. There was nothing wrong with the principle, but the execution needed to be improved.

Bob slept on it and came up with the following improvement: instead of wooden pegs and duct tape, he would make a belt with dozens of long strips hanging down from the belt. Material: polycarbonate. So early next morning he was sawing away on deck, making dozens of 2 cm wide and 20 cm long polycarbonate strips. He also made a 1 meter long, 4 cm wide and double thickness belt. He then drilled holes in both the belt and the strips, and bolted each and every strip to the belt. The end result was a kind of apron, with a belt and the strips hanging down as a skirt.

With every movement of the boat there appeared some play between the mast and the mast shaft, so we took advantage of these openings and gradually slipped the strips in. We could have done with 8 arms, but unfortunately had only four, so after a lot of wriggling we finally had the strip in and the belt nicely resting on top of the mast shaft. Hey presto, the strips could do their work, and they could not slide down because of the belt!! The total set up was covered in a watertight cloth, and the cloth taped really tight around the mast with duct tape.

The next two days we eagle-eyed the mast for signs of play, but she stood as a rock, so gradually we shook out reefs.

But we soon found out that during the past few days something else had gone wrong which we had not noticed. The lower battens on the main sail were hanging in a really strange angle. And why were the lazy jacks hanging loose? We could not find out why, but the situation with the battens deteriorated rapidly. The cloth of the sail covers was ripped and tearing away over 50 cm. Later we found that two battens had been bent severely, and one broke in two. Why why why?

So now we were looking ahead at repairing the mast set up, repairing sail covers, replacing three battens, repairing the grey water tank pump. Pffffffffffff



Did we still like our sailing trip? Well, no. In particular Bob was having a hard time, he was enormously disappointed. Such a lovely and beautiful ship, and we keep having problems. I tried to keep spirits up by baking nice cakes and cooking tasty meals, but it was difficult and the end was not yet in sight.

One morning a couple of days later I had taken my morning bath and after drying off decided to dry my glasses as well. Crack! Vertical tear right through the middle of one of the glasses. Surely, I carry spare glasses, but as these things go, they are old, and I cannot read with the spares. So glasses on, glasses off, it drove me mad. The moment we arrived in Kourou I ordered new glasses, and received a new pair only yesterday (after a 3 week wait).

On day 16 we had arrived at 5,5 degrees North, so changed course to due west. Finally wind and swell were coming from the right direction, and we made good speed towards South America. It was the end to sunny blue skies though, we entered a cloudy zone with frequent squalls (heavy rain showers).



We did not care. Despite our problems with the mast, we now knew that *Sunny Spray* could easily handle the 25 knots wind that preceded the squalls. Actually I was quite pleased, the heavy rain drenched masts, sails, ropes and the deck, taking off all the accumulated red dust and black soot from Africa and the Canary islands. *Sunny Spray* became cleaner than ever, daily several bathings in nice fresh water!





The last few days the wind was variable, sometimes a lot, sometimes nothing at all. Sometimes we could sail, sometimes we started the engine. The waves came from all sides. We finally found the promised 2 knot current pushing us onwards.

We counted miles. As always, the last miles are the hardest. We wanted to arrive at our destination, Isles de Salut, with daylight, but all of a sudden the wind picked up and we flew ahead. My notes mention the following: "heavy night, many squalls, nasty sea. Uncertain about correctness of waypoints. We are approaching too fast". So we started to zig-zag awaiting daylight. At 6 am we sighted Isles de Salut and proceeded to the anchorage. We dropped anchor and went to bed. Completely exhausted. It was Monday May 16.



Land in sight: les Isles de Salut. To the right Devil's Island, known from the book and film "Papillon"

In total we spent 21 days at sea. We covered 2,367 nautical miles (4383,68 kilometers), giving a mean of 113 nm per day. Not bad, considering the bent battens, the loose mast and the need to often sail heavily reefed. Fortunately we did not encounter any bad weather, but we did suffer bad luck and discomfort.



At anchor in Coconut Bay on Isle Royal, one of the three Isles de Salut. The atmosphere was intensely tropical, with hundreds of coconut palms.

On May 17, after a long night and day catching up on sleep, Bob started work to repair first the pump of the grey water tank: he installed the mechanical hand pump, and it is now working fine.

I cleaned the boat and returned her to her normal living status. We were too tired to inflate the rubber dinghy and go ashore to Isle Royal. When we leave Kourou we plan to spend some days re-visiting the islands (it is a popular tourist destination).

Wednesday May 18 we left for Kourou, very carefully, because whilst the entry channel is well buoyed, it is very shallow and there is a strong cross current.

Upon arrival we anchored on the river for a couple of days, and to our surprise we were given a berth on the private pontoon of the Space Center. The Space Center turns out to be the owner of the Isles de Salut, and provision ships, tourist catamarans and the local ferry all depart from this pontoon, which is further occupied by local sailing boats. We pay €50 a week, including water and electricity. That is very cheap by any standards, and in particular here, because this must be the most expensive country we have ever visited. That's the other side of the coin, the Space Center's presence has pushed up prices to ridiculous heights, since the center will pay these inflated prices anyway. We are not that bothered, since I still have sufficient ship's stores, which I am using slowly.

In Kourou we are locted on a pontoon in the river Kourou, which belongs to the Amazon delta. There is a lot of current. Daily, we are visited by a group of 20 cm long fishes, which line up in formation against the current. They give the impression that they are looking at you with their big eyes. In French they are called Gros-yeux (big-eye), in Latin Anableps anableps.

The feeling that they are looking at you is correct, they are! In fact, they have four eyes, one pair on top of their head, and one pair below the first pair on the underside of their head. With the top pair they look above water, simultaneously they look sideways and downwards with the bottom pair. Because they are really looking at you, it is as if they are tame, and nearly everyone we know finds them very “mignon” or cute. Their behavior is cute as well, with little ones nibbling at the head of the bigger ones, as if they ask for a hug. They are viviparous: a female can carry up to 40 little baby fish, measuring 4-5 cm. The groups behave very sociably, the big ones protecting the small ones. Fortunately they are not on the human menu.



Lots of love, and hasta la Proxima!

Helma

Hopefully, you can (again) follow us on www.marinetraffic.com

Boats name: Sunny Spray (or Sunnys Pray). MMSI: 244780434.

Annex 1, Food on board

I wrote this annex to satisfy the curiosity of those of you who wonder what we do mealwise.

Of course you do not leave without a certain amount of planning. Some people plan the food to store according to calories (2,200 for an adult man, 2000 for an adult woman). Personally I find this too much work, and I prefer to work according to menus. I assume that one adult eats a main meal of approximately 500 grammes. If you think your passage will take about 20 days, it is wise to plan for some extra days, for instance a couple of days waiting before you really leave, or to accommodate days once arrived but unable to go to the shore or unable to buy food.

We had planned that the passage would last 20 days, so I made menus and bought food to cover for 30 days. That's 60 meals of 500 grammes each, or 30 kilos food!! Of each 500 grammes you will probably eat 150 grammes fish or meat, 250 grammes fruit and/or vegetables, and 100 grammes basic foodstuffs (rice, pasta, potatoes etc). Thus for 60 meals you try to buy 60x250 grammes = 15 kilos fresh fruits and vegetables. In Dakar and Ndangane I managed to buy only 7 kilos in total, too little by any measure. Once again, I needed to improvise, despite all preparations.

The basic foodstuff I need for our meals consist of rice, pasta, couscous, quinoa etc. In addition, we carry, as planned, quite an amount of dried legumes such as peas, beans, lentils, chick peas etc. All these foodstuffs can be kept a long time (if put in plastic or glass jars), and were bought in advance, in our case already in Gomera. We also bought 15 kilos of flour, integral flour and dried yeast. I also carry quite an amount of raisins, dried figs, dried dates, biscuits, chocolate bars, knackebrot, olive oil, tomato paste, olives and capers. And everything else that will keep and serves as an easy snack during the night. I also count butter and hard cheeses among the basic foodstuffs, and I was very happy to manage to buy half a wheel of Gouda cheese in Dakar. In Ndangane I secured 30 eggs, which I rub with Vaseline. That way they keep a long time. After 35 days the eggs were/are still fine, despite the heat and humidity.

As for breakfast and lunch: Every 5 days I bake two loaves of bread, and as spreads I use marmalade (I carried 15 jars), 5 jars peanut butter, 3 jars chocolate spread. And then the most versatile of all foodstuffs, cans of tuna (40), squid (20) and 20 cans of other assorted fish. We do not like canned meat, so have none of those. But there remained two smoked sausages (rookworsten), from Tenerife!

For lunch I often make soup (from a package, spiced up with rests of the previous days), a pulpo (squid) salad, tomato salad, tuna salad, boiled eggs, fried eggs, omelette.

During the night we snack (biscuits, chocolate) or eat "kruidkoek": a heavy, calorie-rich cake with lots of raisins, ginger and figs. It's delicious, and I bake it in the oven at the same time as my two loaves of bread.

Below the menu list which I had prepared beforehand:

Vegetarian:

Lentil salad with zucchini, goat cheese, ginger and cucumber

White beans with sauerkraut and chorizo sausage

Garbanzos (chick peas) with red pepper, onion and tomatoes

Pasta-bake with egg, sour cream, yoghurt, green pepper and onion

Brown beans with green pepper and zucchini

Vegetable pie with eggs, vegetables, spinach

Grilled egg plant with berries and pine kernels

Chick peas with pepper and spinach

Menus with meat:

Moussaka (mince meat, aubergine, eggs, yoghurt)

Garden peas with minced meat and boiled potatoes

Indonesian green beans (toemis) with pork and rice

Babi pangang (Indonesian meat) with rice and cucumber

Couscous with chicken and green pepper

Spaghetti bolognese with peppers, minced meat and onion

Nasi goreng with porc and tomatoes

Oven dish with beetroot, mince meat and potato purée

Chicken breast with spinach and boiled potatoes

Cubes of chicken or porc with peanut sauce (sate sauce), rice and vegetables

Sauerkraut with minced meat/sausage and boiled potatoes

Chicken/turkey filet in stew of carrots and potatoes

Irish stew (with beef)

Menus with fish:

Beetroot with white fish, fried onions and fried potatoes

White beans with white fish and mustard sauce

Pasta with salmon and sauce with peas

Fresh fish with a salad and fried potatoes

Celery with white fish and spiced rice

Mackerel in vegetable pie

Pasta with canned tuna or fresh tuna with asparagus

Couscous with canned or fresh tuna and green peppers

Salad of pulpo with diced tomatoes, onion and cucumber (a favorite!)

In Dakar and Ndangane I bought those fruits, vegetables and meats that would serve in the menus I had prepared, but some foodstuffs simply could not be had.

So what did we eventually eat?

No matter how much you plan, you remain dependent on what is available, what remains edible after several days at sea, what is still edible after 30 days, and what you manage to catch. So that brings us to the menus we ate in reality:

Day 1: Paella

Day 2: Couscous with cilantro (I made a jar of cilantro pesto in Tenerife), chicken filet, onion, green pepper and mango

Day 3: Roasted aubergine in the oven with pesto, rice and chicken filet

Day 4: Baked pie of zucchini with chicken filet, cream, cheese, herbs, eggs and rice (it is obvious that we had to eat the fresh chicken first)

Day 5: Basmati rice with caponata (aubergine and tomato, fried with capers and olives), kouseband fish (the creepy black one) and flying fish

Day 6: Nasi goreng special (lots of things to eat with it)

Day 7: Spaghetti bolognaise with halal minced meat (of a terrible deep red colour)

Day 8: Integral rice with sauce of mango, chicken filet and a can of mushrooms

Day 9: Chick peas with sambal of mango (the mangos were getting over ripe!)

Day 10: Sauerkraut with pineapple, potatoes and deep red sausages from Ndangane (yuk)

Day 11: Dorado (fish) with fried potatoes and tomato salad

Day 12: Green pepper filled with chick peas, Philadelphia cheese, tomato and canned pepper

Day 13: Red cabbage (from a jar) with boiled potatoes, apple, onion and Senegalese red sausage

Day 14: Brown beans with bacon, chutney, and salad of feta cheese and tomatoes

Day 15: Lasagna with zucchini, houmous, Philadelphia cheese (extremely filling)

Day 16: Lasagna of dag 15 with melon

Day 17: Oven dish with leek, minced meat and puree of potatoes (spiced)

Day 18: Lentil salad with zucchini, cucumber, feta cheese and ginger

Day 19: Zucchini with boiled potatoes and Gouda cheese sauce

Dag 20: Bami with bacon and leek/onion

Day 21: Rice with Indonesian toemis beans (green beans from a jar with pepper sambal), and fried bacon

Day 22: Paella

Zucchini, leeks, onions and cucumber kept very well. Mangos and aubergines were fast overripe and inedible. I did not manage to buy cole, celery, carrots and pumpkin (normally my favorites on a long trip). Apples kept at 10 degrees Celsius in the top of the refrigerator were still delicious after 40 days.

As a rule of thumb: store vegetables and fruits from a cold climate in the refrigerator; store vegetables and fruits from a hot climate inside, at room temperature. This way the oranges, lemons and grapefruits kept very well. Mangos are vulnerable but delicious and versatile.