

Roseau was a brief but intense experience, we were so impressed with the SeaCat boys that we arrived in Portsmouth armed with the name of their partner, Providence, and were promised further adventures.

Prince Rupert bay disappeared just as we were arriving greeting us with a quick shower Which soon cleared



On discussing with our crew, we decided on heading for Les Saintes and Marie Galante to see as much as possible before their fast looming return to Italy.

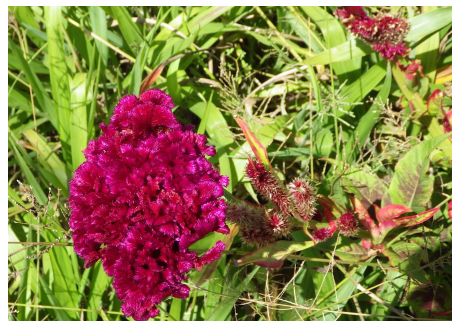
Actually I think they (and we!) weren't ready for such a gruelling sightseeing day so promptly after our first one.

We now have Mr Providence's contact details for future explorations, although he was a bit surprised that I voiced my desire to avoid the famous and very popular Indian river tour. He assured me that the only crocodile present on the river would be himself, but I still feel like avoiding mangroves and brackish water if I possibly can.

Meanwhile we explored Portsmouth and sampled the local juices, without much luck at bartering the price. I found the hibiscus divine, but Gino was disappointed with the sugar cane juice, it was too sweet!



After a walk through Portsmouth, which is still recovering from the devastation of hurricane Maria, we found that our lunch restaurant The Purple Turtle, was exactly where we'd landed with the dinghy in the morning.



The Purple Turtle has been renovated after hurricane Maria and as yet has no name...or Turtle



It has some purple though.  
It also has some local beer named Kubuli  
And some weird looking clients with shared hair-  
Lunch was very good.  
The Kubuli was very good too.



The plan now is to walk up to Fort Shirley, dating from the British colonial times and now situated in the Cabrits National Park where we should get fabulous views over Prince Rupert bay and Douglas bay.

Fort Shirley here we come-



The view over Prince Rupert bay is beautiful



The restored officers barracks are now a discreet hotel, (US\$120 per night)  
I say discreet because we saw no sign of life, but maybe the clients were out sightseeing.



The view from the north side of the promontory out to sea and over Douglas bay is also stunning



So, Goodbye for now Dominica. See you soon!



Marie Galante proved to be on a beat and battle against the waves. Our crew bravely said it was okay with greyish faces, but the boat was tapping and crash landing at every other wave. She said no and so did the Captain.

Change of course for Anse Fideling, a small bay on the eastern side of Terre de Bas, Les Saintes which naturally the French and the locals call 'Grande Baie'

It's beautiful and currently has a resident group of pelicans and leatherback turtles, which our neighbours witnessed, but we didn't manage to see. The pelicans' fishing skills are spectacular-



Photos courtesy Sabrina but I'm waiting for Gino's spectacular action shots...

Unfortunately the bay was filling with sargasso which for the moment seemed to stay to the eastern side of the bay



A walk into Grand Anse village made us realise how devastating the sargasso situation has become. The once beautiful beach is now a mass of piled up decomposing sargasso emitting an asphyxiating odour and buzzing with insects. Grand Anse was obviously damaged by hurricane Maria too and the buildings on the beach lean at strange angles.



It's saddening to see this pretty little village and it's friendly inhabitants affected in this way. The restaurants near the beach are empty and it seems that the inhabitants have moved away from this overpowering odour. They are obviously not equipped to deal with such an emergency. They need help!



We decided to move to Grand Bourg, Terre-de-Haut, next morning because it wasn't appealing to swim in the sargasso but by now we are surrounded.

We're all set to go but don't want to clog up the engine with sargasso, so we're waiting for an opening....



On our way into Grand Bourg we had a call on the vhf and couldn't think who it could be..... 'Bateau Tranquila, Bateau Tranquila' - we thought we were doing something wrong! It turned out to be Carlo and Loredana, some friends we'd met in Curaçao over a year ago and again in Martinique in January.

We met some other Sailing friends, Marie Joe and Jean Alain in Grand Bourg who helped with the cleanup operation on the east coast of Terre-de-Haut. They say that for the moment it is being stockpiled on land and used as fertiliser.



Luckily Grand Bourg is sargasso free because it is on the western side of Terre-de-Haut. The local fishermen tell us that it comes from Brazil with the current and that by November it will be gone...but gone where?! For them it blocks their engines and kills the fish as it inhibits reproduction.



We moved to Petite Anse to be near Loredana and Carlo who kindly invited us for dinner....



Loredana took us to see an amass of cushion starfish she'd discovered the day before.



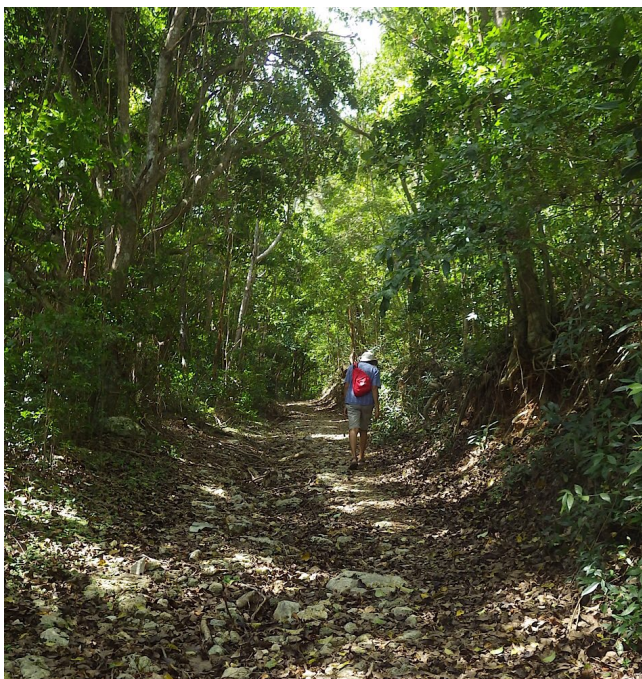
Marie Galante proved to be our hardest sail yet with Sabri and Gino, although not the roughest.

We had to beat against the wind and were greeted by a heavy downpour just before arriving at Marie Galante. We did nearly 36 nautical miles to cover the 17 mile distance!

It was well worth it though -



Sabri and Gino took advantage of the wonderful beaches and water and weather and we went for a lovely hot hike with magnificent views and flora... and fauna





And more beaches



For their last evening, Sabrina and Gino invited us for a lovely dinner at 'La Baleine Rouge' in St Louis, a restaurant overlooking the bay at St.Louis. The screaming frogs were with us as ever, invisible as usual.



Thank you Sabrina and Gino for the lovely dinner!!

And for putting up with the discomfort of staying on a tiny boat ...

And for putting up with us for 3 weeks!!