

My First Sailing Trip, by Lola (Age 10)

Alan Glanville's granddaughter shows that she is almost ready for DCA membership – as well as doing a good publicity job for the Ness Yawl, porridge, pizza and Mars bars! (See also photograph p38)

Lola and Lowly Worm, Bucklers Hard launch



My name is Lola, I am ten years and ten months old, and I live in Oxford. My granddad Alan suggested we went on a sailing trip together. I was excited about going away, and all my class mates were jealous! Alan has a lovely boat named *Lowly Worm*. She is a Ness Yawl. He built her himself.

On the 26th of September, Al picked me up from school, and we set off. We were going to launch at a place called Bucklers Hard. We were going to sail to the Isle of Wight, which would take about 4 hours. We arrived at Bucklers Hard at about 0800h, and we had nice hot showers then after we settled down on the boat. It felt odd when I stepped onto *Lowly*, a whole new experience was about to begin. I slept well that night, but when I woke up I was frozen! Alan had long woken up, (I am very lazy!) and he had a mug of hot chocolate waiting for me. Breakfast was porridge, (made with water!) and honey, which was, surprisingly, delicious. Hot showers came all round, then we were setting off for the Isle of Wight.

It was a hot day, and I lay back next to the tiller, (the steerer of the boat,) and sunbathed, which was very nice. It was lovely sailing out of Bucklers Hard, because every single boat is motorised down there, so imagine the scene, huge

big white plastic fantastics everywhere you look, but then something red catches your eye, *Lowly*! Small, cosy, handmade *Lowly Worm*, because sometimes, it's nice to be different. Anyway, Alan and I munched a Mars bar each, as our healthy, nutritious, early-morning snack. With the Isle of Wight looming, we were well on our way by 1100h. We had a spot of lunch, and then the Isle of Wight was there.

We explored the small area at Newtown Harbour entrance, collecting firewood as we did so. Minestrone soup and tuna pasta was for dinner, and then we sat around a campfire in the moonlight. I slept worse than the night before, and Alan woke me up at 0530h! Outside it was dark and there was thick fog but we had to catch the tide to get back. I had a hot breakfast and then crawled back into my sleeping bag whilst Al packed up and rowed. Outside the harbour he put the sails up. We kept very close to the shore for safety. After two hours we started to cross the Solent. We used the compass to know where we were. Then the fog went and it was hot and sunny. We stopped on a beach at Lepe Country Park for a walk. We then sailed up the river to Bucklers Hard. When we got back we had a lovely lunch in a pub, pizza for me, ploughman's for Al. Now with full tummies, it was time to go home. I had really enjoyed my trip on *Lowly*, and doubtless to say I will be having a few more trips on her. I hope people enjoyed reading about mine and my Granddad's sailing experience together. L

Lola writes her log

