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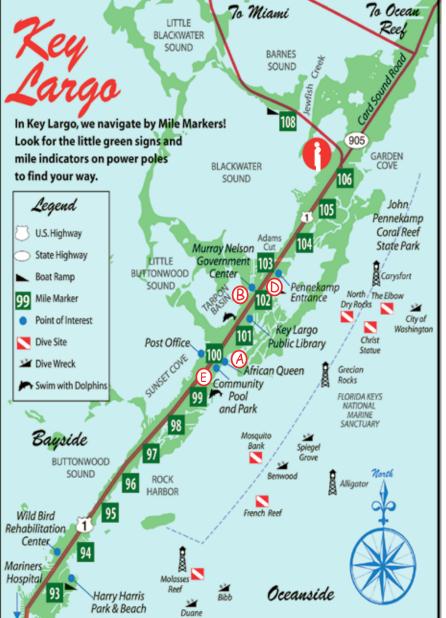
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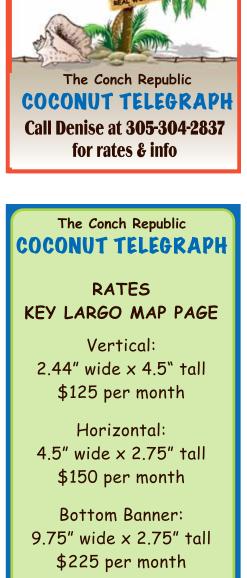
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ON THE MAP

HUGE Selection

Award Winning





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If you wake up late - don't worry about it! WE HAVE BREAKFAST UNTIL 3PM DAILY WE NOW HAVE BLOODY MARYS & MARGARITAS! HAPPY HOUR: 4-6 excluding Sundays Eat in or take out - breakfast, lunch & dinner. LOCALLY OWNED 305-453-2660 BREAKFAST, LUNCH & DINNER 99411 OVERSEAS HWY • FORMERLY DJ'S DINER

(E) ON THE MAP)

Living Dockside and Furloughed

Living Dockside No More!

Well that's if the sea trials go well tomorrow. One day I'm happy; the next I don't even leave She Breeze, I just kind of hide and pretend I'm not really selling her. And she is fighting me all the way! Last week it was a five-inch piece of water hose that chose to explode under the galley sink. It was an easy fix. Now the windless is not functioning properly. I can be down inside checking the wiring, but unless I'm two people I can't be up stepping on the foot pedals and down under checking the voltage, scheeeesh!

Yes, life on a boat with a mate is optimal. But the feeling you get from fixing a leaky hose to redoing an electrical system, to learning how to bleed your diesel engine when you run her out of fuel... yes

I've done that just once. My dear friend once said he is only happy when living outside of his comfort zone. I am finally realizing that is a good description of me also. So why, you may ask, am I selling She Breeze? For one reason, we are now into my sixteenth hurricane season where every morning I look at the NOAA hurricane website to see what, if anything, is heading our way. And at this moment there are two items that need monitoring. I keep She Breeze ready to sail at a moment's notice, as staying at the dock during a category one or two storm is not a good plan. Not so much due to the integrity of the dock as much as the danger from the neighboring boats that nobody gives a shit about. Bottom line, I have cowered

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in my bunk pleading to the universe to not let the lightning hit She Breeze, blow out a thru hull and sink us, or strike me and render me an idiot, wait, I already am, I chose to live on a sailboat!

So the sea trial went flawlessly. The young new owner and I put up the jib and main

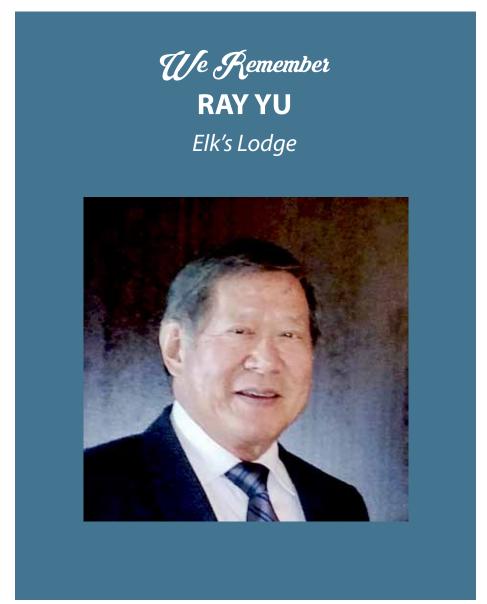
and I put up the jib and main sail. We cut the engine and were doing four and a half knots. We managed to successfully tack a couple of times under minimal winds, she was just showing off for the new owner I'm sure. So now I'm packing up my meager belongings, which is far less than what I came here with. When I drive out of the Keys over the Jewfish Creek bridge crying all the way, I'll look to the left and see all the sailboats out in the mooring



Ginny Jones aboard She Breeze

field. I will stop crying and say to myself, hey, I'll buy another sailboat, a smaller one I can solo. Yep, still an idiot!

The Coconut Telegraph thanks Ginny for her amusing and interesting articles over the past several years.





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