

One-Hand Job

By Paul Turner © June 17, 2003

My girlfriend and I had enough stateside experience to bareboat in Greece—no captain, just us. I got the boat from a broker that I found through the web. Expected a German boat capable of 50-mile trips. Instead we got a day-sailer with a tiller that was suitable for turns in a small bay.

You know tillers: one-hand jobs. I was pissed off. But hey, island hopping in the Greek Cyclades. I got over myself. Twelve days of adventures and rocking to sleep at night. And so I ramped up again.

Imagine fellas that you're 13 again and it's a mid-year school vacation. All-day self-exploration. You got busy after breakfast and expected to play for the next 8 hours.

Well, it falls off really fast. This was late September, and the *meltemi* wind off the Russian steppes was still slamming the Aegean Sea, at gusts of 25 knots. You can lean on a wheel. With a tiller, one hand is always overactive.

**Like you, holding a stick
with all your might,
no finesse or rest.**