FPB 64

A feat of formidable function to cross oceans on, get beneath its austere skin and the FPB 64 has a soul like no other

Text: **Dave Marsh** Photos: **Lester McCarthy**

BOAT REPORT SPONSORS
PANTAENIUS
Sail & Motor Yacht Insurance

Shortly after we picked up an abandoned rowing skiff drifting in the English Channel (an unexpected side show to the two-way Channel crossing that we were using as our *MBY* boat test on the FPB 64) the boat's owner Peter Watson mentioned that, during his 12,000 mile delivery trip from the builder's base in New Zealand to *Grey Wolf's* home in Guernsey, he had been hailed and asked to identify which navy his battleship grey aluminium boat formed a part of. It's easy to see why – the aptly named *Grey Wolf* firmly refuses to comply with the contemporary aesthetic, which on the modern powerboat frequently sees function as wholly subservient to form.

However, although at first sight the FPB 64 represents the polar opposite of that idea, there is beauty of a different sort in this ultra long-distance cruising boat, it just takes a couple of days on board to really appreciate. FPB 64 is designed by legendary long-distance sailor and explorer Steve Dashew, using his own aluminium 83ft *Windhorse* as a sort of prototype test bed and melting pot for his countless ideas (see *MBY* June 2009). With 250,000 miles of cruising behind them, Steve and his wife Linda know no bounds when it comes to intrepid voyaging, and yet paradoxically I've heard Steve described as the most risk-averse sailor ever. The result is that every part of FPB 64 is designed for the worst case scenario, for the worst possible weather you're ever likely to encounter, however bold your cruising ambitions.

Take the stabilisers, for instance. They are over-specified to the point where the boat is designed to sit on the fins and dry out. Yet despite their obvious strength, the inboard mechanisms that drive the fins live inside watertight compartments. So in the almost improbable event of a stabiliser being struck hard enough by a passing container to tear the aluminium hull shell, the FPB 64 would stay watertight. That's something I've not encountered on any boat of any stripe. Equally impressive are the windows in the deck saloon. Steve wanted FPB 64 to be able to recover successfully from a capsize or a serious roll, so the toughened glass windows are a remarkable 19mm thick. That also makes them invulnerable to the pounding they receive when solid green water crashes over the bow, and funnels its way aft to the deck saloon.

THE GREAT ROOM

It's all very well designing for marine Armageddon, but even survivalists want to enjoy life along the way. After the highly functional but bare aesthetic of the outside, the lovely warmth of the inside comes as a surprise, as does the layout. On board what most of us would regard as the FPB 64's closest long-distance cruising rivals – the trawler yachts from the likes of Nordhavn, Grand Banks, Fleming and Outer Reef – the typical main deck layout comprises a lower saloon and galley, with a raised or completely separate pilothouse forward. In contrast, the FPB

Every part is designed for the worse case scenario, for the worst possible weather you're likely to encounter

64's single level, all-in-one arrangement could well have been stolen from one of the current genre of galley-up planing powerboats such as the Prestige line. Well, stolen were it not for the fact that Steve utilised this very layout on *Windhorse* way back in 2005.

Although the advantages of this arrangement are evident on many boats, having spent two long days cruising on board *Grey Wolf*, I feel they reach their apotheosis on the FPB 64. That's principally to do with the size of the windows and the underlying geometry of the boat. By keeping the sheer relatively flat and the wave-piercing bow low, the helmsman gets a terrific view out without the inconvenience of the usual steps up to the helm position. There is a small blind spot aft, on the centreline where the steps to the flybridge live, but otherwise this amazing view out is a key benefit for everybody on board. I've driven tiny enclosed boats like the Paragon 25 and the XO 270 that are a match for the FPB 64 in this regard, but no other boat this size comes close. Even armed to the teeth with AIS and radars and chartplotters, crossing the end of the busy traffic separation lanes as we approached Alderney felt so much safer simply because the view out was so extraordinarily good.

FPB have dubbed the deck saloon 'The Great Room'. It achieves its greatness not just because of its size but because it's such a sociable, safe, enjoyable and practical place to spend time. Single level living allows the crew to keep a safe lookout while they carry on with all their other activities; cooking, eating, reading, passage planning and so on. Safety first comes in the form of overhead and waist level handrails, extra grippy rubber flooring, and the biggest fiddles this side of a Ponzi scheme. Forward of the Great Room lies the owner's ensuite cabin, an elongated room with generous amounts of stowage. Aft lies a passageway office, another much smaller ensuite double cabin, and a tiny crew cabin adjacent to the engineroom.

CROSS CHANNEL HOP

Putting the remarkable engineering and construction to one side, the fit and finish (visible and behind the scenes) is fine, but it's certainly not up there with Fleming or Grand Banks. It's sturdy and serviceable, which is what you'd expect given the nature of the FPB 64, and items like the custom-made fridge/freezer impress with their robust and doubtless very expensive construction. Nevertheless, I reckon there will be potential buyers who, asked to part with almost twice the cash that Nordhavn want for their 63, would appreciate a little more finesse.

Looking at the slender shape of the FPB 64, it's clearly influenced by Steve's years of cruising on his big, powerful sailing boats. Its shape is more sailboat than powerboat, and it's designed to pierce the waves rather than skip over the top. And that's very much what it did during our double Channel crossing, out from Berthon's marina to Alderney and back again. Unsurprisingly, it has an unusual motion for a powerboat, more akin to the bigger sailing boats I've cruised aboard, even though *Grey Wolf* is fitted with stabilisers instead of the ballast keel that Steve designed *Windhorse* with.

In my opinion, it is the single most important thing a potential buyer needs to experience. Stabilisers and autopilots can be fine tuned, and Peter had set up his boat with what could unscientifically be described as the 'soft' settings. This allowed *Grey Wolf* to move around instead of rigidly fighting every wave we encountered, typically two to three metres high with the very occasional four metre peak. After only a few hours on board, perhaps thanks to my sailing boat background, my body settled into a symbiotic rhythm with the boat and I only occasionally noticed the movement. But I suspect that, just like power cats, the unusual motion will not suit every single owner.

However, for those in tune with this boat it's a joy because the words slam and crash, or even bump, are not in this boat's vocabulary. Whatever it encounters it just hoovers up in an indestructible, unrelenting Terminator-like way. There's another crucial joy to be had from the FPB 64. Although this is outwardly a displacement cruiser, capable of just 11 knots flat out with its single 236hp John Deere diesel, its slender bow and notably flat sections aft also allow it to surf at amazing speeds. On the way back from New Zealand, the Berthon apprentices who accompanied Peter competed to see who could achieve the fastest surfing speed above 20 knots! A thrill doubtless denied to Nordhavn owners. The other monumental differences between a Nordhavn and the FPB 64 are fuel consumption and range. Cruising at 9 knots, the albeit roughly 60% heavier Nordhavn 63 gets less than 1mpg, whereas the FPB 64 is achieving over 3mpg. Stir in 74% greater fuel capacity, and even with a 20% safety margin the FPB 64 has an astonishing 7,000+ mile range at that speed. It's indicative of the serious intent of the FPB 64 that our double Channel crossing counted as no more than a short hop.

SEE THE VIDEO
mby.com/fpb

Our aft deck had a single tender plus seating, but there is enough space for two tenders on the aft deck

Skipper Glenn Harman and I discuss AIS ship movements as we approach Alderney

Although there's a covering rug, the owner's cabin sports rubber flooring beneath for the ultimate grip at sea

A flexible space, the 'Great Room' is where you'd spend all your time, be that eating, navigating or relaxing

The huge galley would not be out of place on a boat half as big again

The guest cabin has an en-suite that also serves as the day heads

This is the owner's en-suite heads, complete with a separate shower

A CLOSER LOOK WITH DAVE MARSH

WINDOWS
The toughened glass windows are 19mm thick, in anticipation of the worst case capsize scenario that Steve wanted the FPB 64 to be able to recover from.

FLYBRIDGE
It may look austere but thanks to the FPB 64's gentle motion through the water, the flybridge is a remarkably comfortable place to while away the time.

WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENTS
The FPB 64 is divided into a number of watertight compartments. One of these comprises the huge forward lazarette shown here.

THE ENGINEROOM
Rather than hide wiring and plumbing, it's left fully exposed so that servicing is as easy as possible. All it takes is this single 236hp John Deere engine to push the 41-tonne FPB 64 at its hull speed.

THE RIVALS

NORDHAVN 63
Price from £1.1m ex VAT
Philosophically poles apart but similar unbreakable design for ocean crossings.
BUY THE TEST
mby.com/nord63

AQUASTAR 65
Price from £1.9m ex VAT
Not really in the same world-girdling club as the FPB 64, but still a terrific long-distance cruiser.
BUY THE TEST
mby.com/aqua65

Larger FPB may have a proper crane to launch the tender, but on the FPB 64 the tender is launched using this manual system

The aluminium is left unpainted to keep maintenance to a minimum, but this aesthetic will not suit everyone

In many places the Lloyds Special Service Rule scantlings have been further increased, e.g. 12mm hull plating in place of the recommended 8mm (a threefold increase in stiffness)

THE **DATA**

LENGTH OVERALL 64ft 11in (19.79m)

BEAM 17ft 9in (5.42m)

Engineroom is as far as possible from the Great Room and owner's cabin, which is good for noise levels

There's a colossal storage area amidships – adding weight here leaves the trim largely unaffected

The owner's suite is very roomy, but the huge forward lazarette is equally impressive

FUEL CAPACITY
2,816 imp gal (12,800 litres)
WATER CAPACITY
1,496 imp gal (6,800 litres)
DRAUGHT
4ft 6in (1.37m)
AIR DRAUGHT
25ft 9in (7.85m)
DESIGNER
Steve Dashew
CLASSIFICATION
Lloyds Special Service Rule
FULL DISPLACEMENT
41 tonnes (full fuel & water & stores)

The amazing view out is a key benefit for everybody on board, and no other boat this size comes close

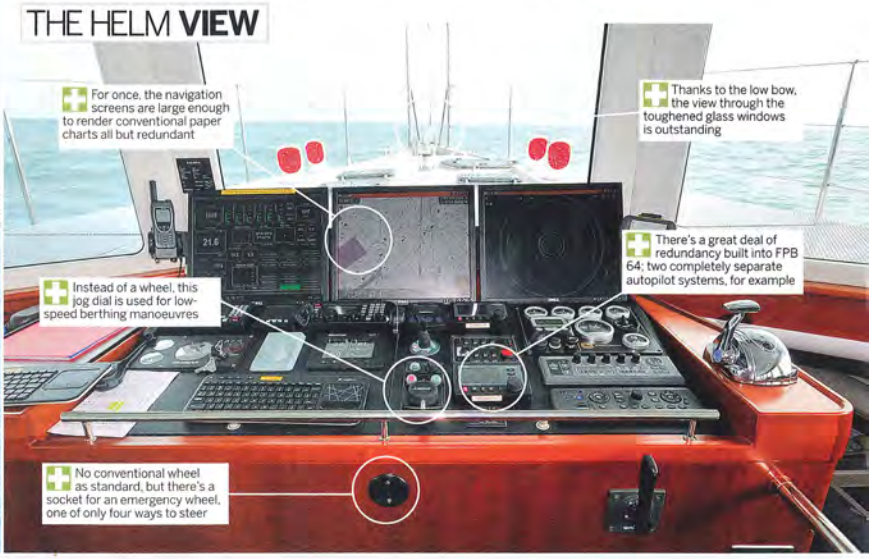
VERDICT

Verdict implies critical judgement, a tricky thing to do when a boat brings along its own unique frame of reference. Superficially, the FPB 64 might be considered as an alternative to the long-distance trawlers. And it could well be used and cruised in the same way as, say, a Nordhavn or a Fleming owner might undertake their passage-making. Scratch the surface, though, and the FPB 64 reveals itself as a different breed of boat, with a different way of fulfilling its vocation.

Quite why it's named FPB is a mystery. FPB is the unromantic acronym for Functional Power Boat, and yet beneath its starkly functional aluminium skin, it has so much personality and character. And if you possess even a shred of engineering appreciation, there's real beauty to be found on board, albeit of an industrial nature. Certainly, during the two days on board, it got under my skin like few other boats. The morning after the test, I just wanted to climb back on board and set sail. If for no other reason than the whims of aesthetic appeal, I don't think there will be many who feel the same way. But for those that do, there just won't be any other boat for you. MBY

Contact Berthon International. Tel: +44 (0)1590 679222 Web: www.berthon.co.uk Web: http://setsail.com

THE HELM **VIEW**



PERFORMANCE

TEST ENGINES Single John Deere 6068TFM M3 rating. 236hp @ 2,400rpm. 6-cylinder 6.8 litre diesel

FPB FUEL BURN FIGURES

RPM	1,400	1,500	1,600	1,800	2,100	2,366
Speed	8.2	8.6	9.1	9.7	10.5	11.0
LPH	10.2	11.8	13.5	18.9	38.8	46.6
GPH	2.24	2.60	2.97	4.16	8.53	10.25
MPG	3.65	3.31	3.06	2.33	1.23	1.07
Range	8,234	7,465	6,904	5,257	2,772	2,418

Speed in knots. GPH & MPG figures use imperial gallons. Range in nautical miles and allows for a 20% reserve. Calculated figures based on FPB projected data, your figures may vary considerably. All prices exclude UK VAT. Projected figures based on 100% fuel + 100% water + full cruising stores including tender and liferafts.

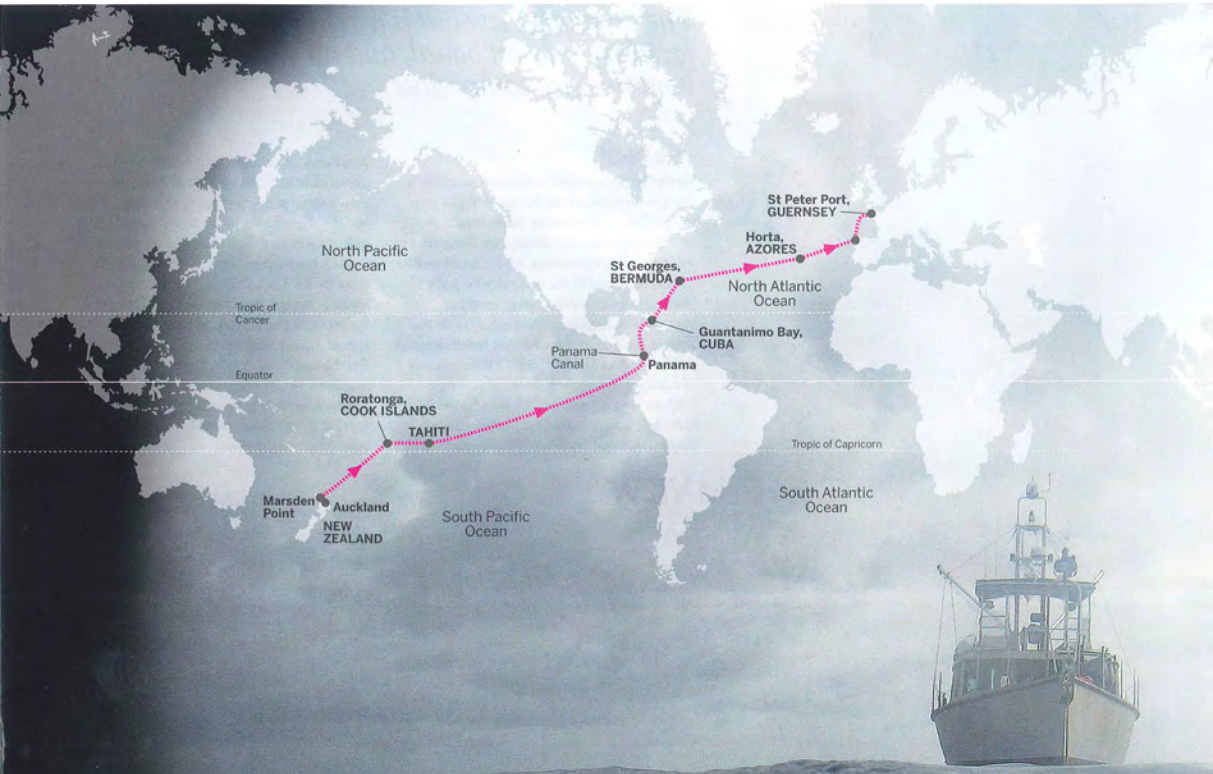
THE COSTS & OPTIONS

PRICE FROM APPROX **£2.1 million (single 236hp)**
PRICE AS TESTED APPROX **£2.1 million (single 236hp)**
Based on £1.00 = US$ 1.67 and £1.00 = NZ$ 1.98

Yanmar 100hp wing engine	**£42,929**
Flybridge enclosures inc. screens	**£2,525**
Two 320W solar panels	**£2,020**
Custom chocks for tender	**£909**
UV steriliser for water maker	**£758**
Built in ships safe	**£758**
2-level saloon table	**£3,030**
Additional electronics	**POA**
Pilothouse raised 2in (50mm)	**£5,050**

= Options on test boat

BOAT REPORT SPONSORS
PANTAENIUS
Sail & Motor Yacht Insurance
Europe's top insurance provider
No matter where you cruise, Pantaenius will be there to cover and support you with its worldwide network of experienced surveyors. Call us for a quote and find out why we specialise in marine insurance.
Tel +44 (0)1752 223656
Web www.pantaenius.co.uk



THE LONG WAY BACK

In his voyage from Auckland to Guernsey, Peter Watson proves how tough FPBs really are

As told to: **Pippa Park** Photos: **Peter Watson**

As a youngster, my only ambition was to go to sea. I even served in the Merchant Navy for a few years as a radio officer. But despite owning a handful of different craft over the years, I was eager to own the ultimate blue-water boat – one that could take me to places others couldn't. Steve Dashew was one designer who really stood out for me thanks to his innovative design principles and multiple back-up systems. He creates FPBs (Functional Power Boats) with blue-water capability that also deliver in terms of comfort and speed.

In June 2013 I flew to Auckland, New Zealand to take a look at his boats and was so impressed that I ended up buying two on the spot. I put in an order for an FPB 78 and also bought an FPB 64 that was just six months old, called *Grey Wolf*.

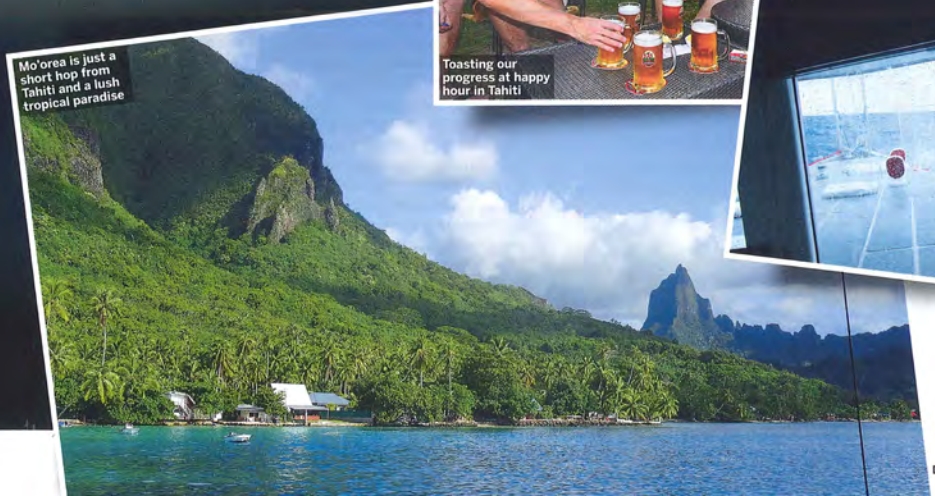
Anyone else would have loaded her on to a ship but I felt I had to bring *Grey Wolf* back home to Guernsey by sea. She was such an able vessel, it just didn't feel right to me to do it any other way. I wanted to get to grips with all her systems and what better opportunity than on an extreme maiden voyage?

The fact that I was friendly with a marine engineer and a naval architect, who were keen for a trip, helped solidify my decision. Together we had the basis of a very strong crew and I asked Berthon Boat Company in Lymington to offer four of its apprentices the chance to join us. It was such a fantastic opportunity for some significant sea time.

When they agreed, I flew back to the UK and left *Grey Wolf* in Whangarei. For the next three months, I continued with preparation in the UK, sorted out insurance, took a medical course and planned our route. The north-west passage can be dangerous as it's full of ice so

Toasting our progress at happy hour in Tahiti

Miles and miles of open ocean stretched to the horizon


Mo'orea is just a short hop from Tahiti and a lush tropical paradise

We crossed paths with a couple of ocean turtles and spontaneously drifted before leaping in for a swim

Leaving Great Barrier Island, New Zealand, behind us in the mist

instead I decided to travel via the Panama Canal. I was certainly apprehensive, but also excited and raring to go.

In January 2014, I returned to New Zealand and spent three months cleaning the boat, equipping her with a CE mark and awaiting the arrival of my crew. This included Jeff Holden (a former Merchant Navy engineering officer), Tony Jones (a retired naval architect) and our first Berthon apprentice, Jack Gunstone-Smith (a third-year shipwright). We also took an apprentice, Matt Hamilton from the NZ FPB manufacturer Circa Marine.

RIDERS OF THE STORM: MARCH 24

Initially our start date was delayed due to bad weather so we took *Grey Wolf* over to the Great Barrier Island, which gave Matt and Jack a chance to practise taking watches, and for me, the opportunity to conduct safety briefings. Here we witnessed the first breathtaking sunset of our voyage, accented by a friendly school of dolphins blowing under the bows.

We finally set off, having cleared customs at Marsden Point the previous day. The wide blue ocean stretched out before us and we were immersed in a new world of sea and sky, with nothing else in sight. Jack took a while getting used to the pitch of *Grey Wolf* and suffered with seasickness, but once acclimatised we settled quickly into a routine. The rotating watch system (two hours on, six hours off) meant we all slept when we could and grabbed lunch when we were hungry. Dinner was a more organised affair where we'd discuss the events of the day and take it in turns to cook.

The night watches this far out to sea were very special; the stars are incredibly bright and flying fish would land on our decks in the dark hours. En route to Tahiti is an island called Mangaia, surrounded by coral reefs. We made up our minds to stop on the way past and take a swim.

However, 150 miles off Mangaia we were hit by a tropical storm. Winds of up to 62mph made for a frothy sea and the Force 10 gale forced us to divert to the Cook Islands. We ran north to an island called Roratonga, but another storm had developed close by and hit us just outside the harbour. Our barometer readings dropped through the floor before bounding up and down like a heart-rate monitor.

Four-metre waves shunted us and rain fell thick through daunting flashes of lightning; it was too dangerous to go in by night, so we motored up and down the coast until first light.

Once conditions calmed, Jack and Matt rented a soft-top BMW and disappeared inland to explore, while the rest of us indulged in a little rest and relaxation. After 36 hours we were ready to head for Tahiti. Our paper charts were updated and once again we were motoring merrily through the warm Pacific.

Matt managed to catch a wahoo on the fishing line, which was promptly served up for dinner and we received information that a quake measuring 8.2 had struck near Panama, generating a tsunami. Thankfully it rolled passed us unnoticed.

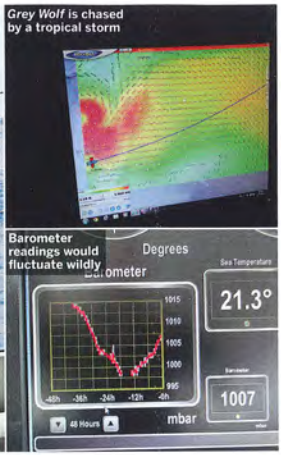
Final goodbye to New Zealand

Meeting the locals in Mangonui

Wildlife joined us at various points

Tahiti soon appeared on the horizon and we berthed safely in Papeete, where angelfish weaved lazily around the boat. The crew was sad to say goodbye to Jack, but keen to welcome our new apprentice, second-year marine electrician, Ben Pearcy.

Encountering tropical storms, Force 10 gales and four-metre waves



Grey Wolf is chased by a tropical storm

Barometer readings would fluctuate wildly

PARADISE FOUND: APRIL 03

While on dry land we installed a new Simrad radar and MFD, as the Furuno NavNet radar/plotter had a software glitch. To everyone's frustration the equipment turned out to be faulty, so we were stuck in Tahiti until a new scanner could be delivered from New Zealand.

I took the crew for a tour round the island to lift their spirits. Tahiti is nothing short of stunning, with striking mountain ranges framing every sunrise, huge surf rolling up the beaches and little streams tumbling down from silvery waterfalls. There's even a natural blowhole on one side of the island, near Papenoo.

Days rolled by and still no Simrad. It's true that this was only a back-up in case the Furuno navigation dropped out, but it was well worth waiting for. There was not much to be done until it arrived so we headed over to the island of Mo'orea, which we spotted from the marina.

By the mouth of the bay the coral forms a natural breakwater, protecting it from bigger seas. Reef snorkelling was great fun there; the vibrant colours of the fish were mesmerising. Not for the first time I wished I had longer to make the journey. Perhaps I'll make a two-year voyage when the FPB 78 is ready!

Apparently the reason behind the delay was a public holiday over Easter. The parts eventually made it to us though and we embarked on the longest leg of our journey – the 22-day passage to the Panama Canal. Our actual navigation and position didn't pose any serious problems in the age of GPS. The interesting parts were tactics and strategy, which we discussed together. It was great to have a mix of ages on board and we found ourselves in a state of constant Kiwi/Brit banter.

Before long we were alone again on our blue planet. One day we crossed paths with a couple of ocean turtles and spontaneously drifted before leaping in for a swim. Soon we found ourselves surrounded by dolphins! We spent a day splashing around with them in the middle of the Pacific, the nearest land over 700 miles away. It's fascinating when you realise how shallow some parts of the ocean are. Our depth-sounder recorded peaks of just 9m surrounded by pits of 4,500m – this is where volcanoes are located just under the surface.

The days started to roll into one another and each hundred miles began to appear longer than the last.

Gazing out on blue seas and blue sky

Bermuda's bright colours were a sight for sore eyes after so long at sea

The crew of *Grey Wolf* leave their mark on the Great Wall of Horta

Navigating the Panama Canal, May 21, 2014

This crossing was too lengthy and it would have been more enjoyable to break it up – I was looking forward to setting foot on dry land in the future.

CARRY ON UP THE CANAL: MAY 21

There was another report of an earthquake off the coast of Panama, but again this didn't concern us greatly. We pretty much had the ocean to ourselves and at times would go for days without seeing another boat, which was unnerving. If anything were to go wrong, we'd have been alone.

The closer we got to Panama the more boats we saw and I began to breathe easy once again. I was a little concerned when we passed a 70m tuna boat hauling its net off our starboard side. Fishing isn't regulated this far out and a helicopter was showing them where to drop nets.

Coming into Panama was really interesting as we'd all been expecting a ramshackle old town and were surprised to find a developed city with enormous skyscrapers. Meanwhile the canal itself felt a bit like steaming through a tropical forest.

It was very hot and humid and there was a lot of form-filling to be done, but thankfully a pilot boarded and guided us through, which took the pressure off. Some boats were a very tight squeeze with mere inches to spare. There was plenty of wildlife to see on the canal too, such as the gangly pelicans, which made a mess of *Grey Wolf*.

On leaving the canal we were quickly out of the steamy Spanish Main and into turquoise Caribbean waters. On May 27, Nathan Smith (a first-year marine engineer) replaced Ben for the passage to Bermuda.

Things immediately took a turn for the worse and I became feverish. A terrible headache and high temperature kept me below deck. The north end of the canal is renowned for malaria mosquitoes and I'd been bitten five or six times.

Off the north coast of Jamaica we radioed the Falmouth Coastguard for medical advice. They didn't waste any time putting us through to a hospital consultant who prescribed a course of the antimalaria drug Malarone. After a few days, I was back to full strength.

SMOOTH OPERATORS: JUNE 09

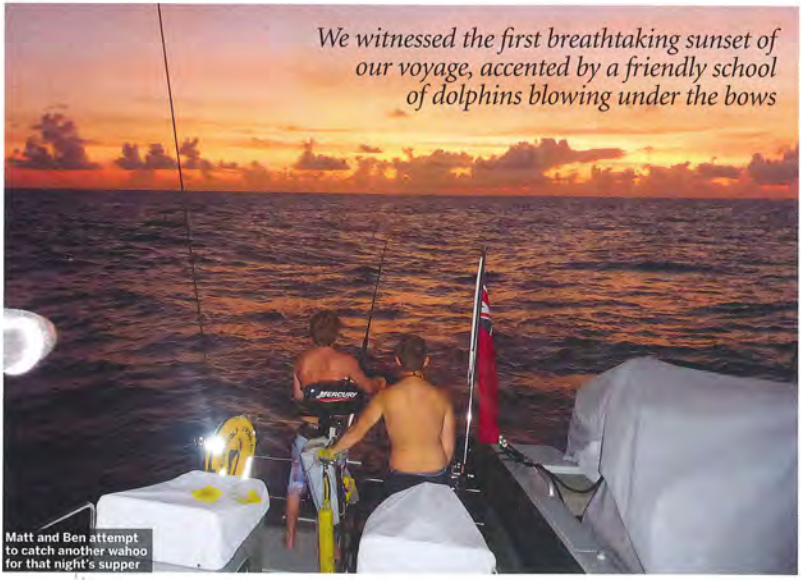
We passed the idyllic Montego Bay at about 8.5 knots (speed over ground, with the current) but had to change our passage plan in light of heavy weather. A faint looming lighthouse signalled our arrival in Bermuda and as we drew closer more lights popped up until the whole island was reflected in the sea.

Bermuda radio lined us up to enter St George's but some of the markers were unlit and we had a job finding them in the dark. A strong cross current didn't help and then our steering went (or at least I thought it had). Moving a 41-tonne boat in an unfamiliar harbour in pitch-black was asking for trouble. By then it was 3am, but customs were adamant we had to come in straight away. After a while, the control tower had to guide us in and just as we were tying up, the police arrived to find out why we weren't complying with regulations!

Once sorted, we put our feet up and relaxed with a slow beer while watching the sunrise. By morning we could truly appreciate the glittering water, leafy palm trees and intoxicating smell of Bermuda. The houses here are painted an assortment of candy colours, with clean white roofs serving to reflect the sunlight off them.

Once we'd all had time to unwind, we cracked on with the list of jobs. Jeff was keen to look at the sea strainer, raw-water cooling system on the generator and heat-exchanger anodes because we suffered from generator

We witnessed the first breathtaking sunset of our voyage, accented by a friendly school of dolphins blowing under the bows



Matt and Ben attempt to catch another wahoo for that night's supper

engine temperature alarms going off on passage. After the steering problems of the night before, I also wanted to check on the autopilot. Once we'd cleaned up and declared all was in order, we took to the roads with mopeds.

On June 5 our final apprentice, first-year marine electrician, Dan Pilcher arrived and we celebrated on some PWCs. Matt went freediving to clean the propeller and luckily noticed an anode was missing. He managed to hold his breath long enough to fit another, which was very helpful.

THE FINAL LEG: JUNE 14

Next stop was the Portuguese Azores and our ETA was in approximately eight days. The elements seemed determined to keep us from our destination and at one point we were actually heading in the opposite direction, trying to flee a storm. We did manage to set an FPB speed record of 22 knots though. I insisted everyone wore lifejackets when out in rough seas and we had walkie-talkies and headsets so we could hear each other over the wind. To add to our troubles, we'd run out of beer.

Horta in the Azores is something of a Mecca for sailing boats. There's a huge breakwater called the Great Wall of Horta where passing sailors have marked their ship logos for generations. Tony prepared a mural for us, which we painted on the wall with our names.

It's a short five days from Horta to Guernsey and everyone was looking forward to getting home to see their loved ones. But first there was cleaning to do and a battery issue to consider. We noticed that once the generator had charged the batteries fully and was shut down, it took just 30 minutes for the voltage to drop and activate the alarms.

We did a cell-by-cell check and found one of the batteries had a fault, but this could be dealt with in Guernsey. One thing I'd been really impressed with is the John Deere engine. For three months we ran her almost non-stop and we didn't need to do a thing except change the oil and clean the air filter.

Taking on fuel for the final leg in Bayona, Spain

Finally home, moored up in Havelet Bay, Guernsey

The last few days flew by and we arrived at St Peter Port in the early hours of June 24. We waited for morning and arrived at the port in time to meet our welcoming party for breakfast! After 12,600 nautical miles, we'd finally completed and made it through the long journey home.

I've definitely got the hang of *Grey Wolf* now, although we didn't do too much manoeuvring so I might need to practise that. What I love most about the FPB is the comfort you can expect, even in high seas. She glides into a Force 6 as if it were a Force 2.

The experience itself was nothing short of amazing and I couldn't have wished for a better journey. Hopefully when the FPB 78 is ready I can do it all again, but I'll take things slower next time. We only docked six times on the whole trip and I'd like to go to Hawaii and do the west coast of America.

What's next in store for *Grey Wolf*? I'm hoping to go down to the Med soon and next year I'm looking at Norway and Sweden. I can go anywhere, which is exactly what I always wanted, and have to hand it to Steve Dashew who designed a more than capable boat. MBY