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The Adventure of Team Tiger

(Part One)

Mehgan Pearl

It was the morning of July 9, 2000. We were lounging around our campsite on the island of Meganisi in Greece when our trip leader Jan called us to gather around him. He was about to divulge to 14 anxious faces who would be on which boats for our sail to Ithaca that afternoon. Nervously, we all awaited his announcement, wishing silently to be put with our friends. There were three boats, one of which would not include an instructor. My jaw dropped! Not only had Jan named me a captain of my own boat, but also he had given me my three best friends as a crew.

My mission seemed simple. I was to sail a two-sailed schooner across part of the Ionian Sea (a section of the Mediterranean) with the assistance of my three crewmates. The beginning was slow because the wind was weak. During this time, as we basked in the sun drifting across the calm waters, we decided to call ourselves Team Tiger in honor of the Frosted Flakes we had eaten for breakfast that morning. Later, when we reached the midpoint of our voyage, the wind began to roar, thus beginning one of the most exciting adventures of my life. I gripped the tiller in one hand and the main sheet with the other so tightly that my knuckles turned a sickly shade of white. We soared quickly over the clear blue sea screaming with delight and fear as we crashed over the tumbling waves. It took all my strength to keep the boat on course for the island in the distance. I shouted directions at Team Tiger like a drill sergeant: "Lean back now or the boat will capsize! Switch sides now! Let go of that rope! Pull it in! Wait! Never mind –let it out!"

(to be continued...)