

# WIND ON THE SOUNDS

*A novel set in the  
yacht race around  
Vancouver Island Canada*

A NOVEL BY  
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## PRAISE FOR *WIND ON THE SOUNDS*

Sophisticated and action-packed; authentic and smooth!

—Avra Love

CAPTIVATING story. Grabbed our attention on page 1. LOVED the weaving of First Nation history in the story. *Wind on the Sounds* was COMPELLING *wondering* what each day would bring, how Rebecca would grow, how she would earn the respect of the all-male veteran crew. This is a great read!

—*South Sound Book Group*

The *Wind on the Sounds* offers breathtaking detail and a touching tale that everyone will love, all while taking you on a journey of self-discovery. I wholeheartedly encourage you to read it and travel along with the protagonist, and perhaps even grow a little yourself.

—*Samantha Pottie*

This rollicking tale is set aboard Gallivant, a 42-foot sailboat competing in the Van Isle 360, the international yacht race around Vancouver Island. Rebecca, a mild-mannered but determined college history professor, is a last-minute addition to the race crew.

A great addition to the lore of the Salish Sea!

—*Lu Lazzarotto*

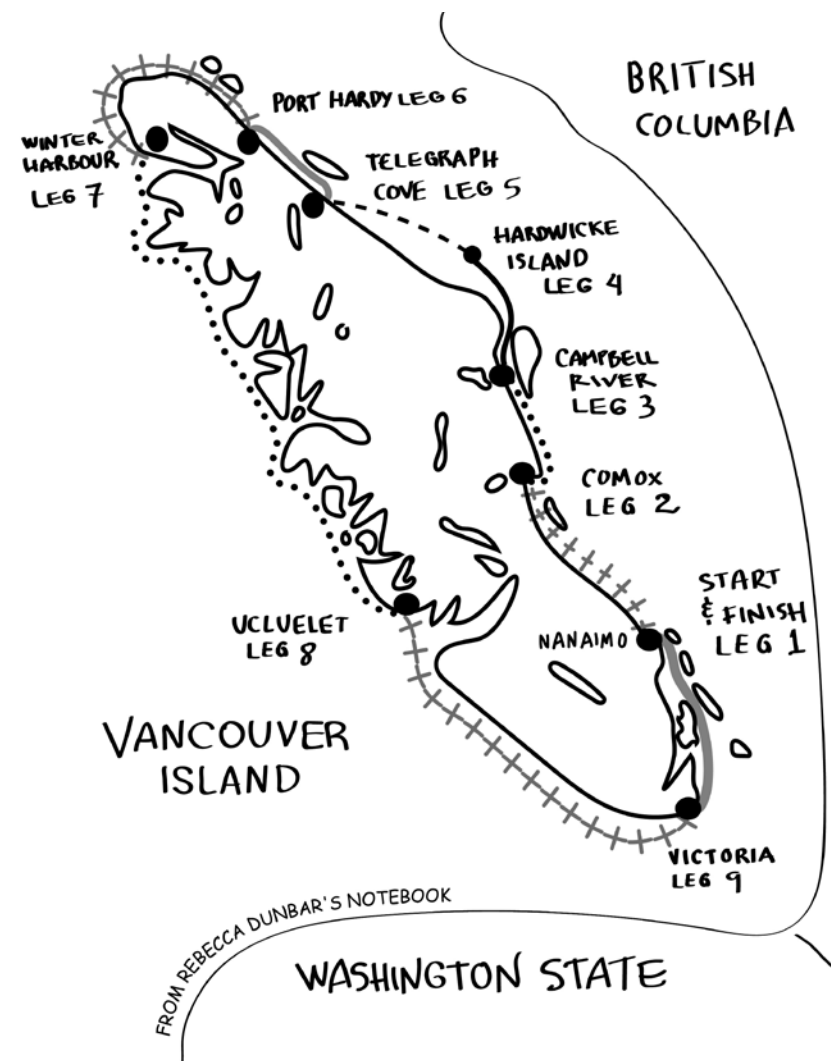
*Wind on the Sounds* is an incredibly multi-layered novel about a woman conquering her fears and insecurities. In doing so finds her inner strength. The author makes the story engaging and relatable while also tackling a niche subject matter.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to be in a sailing race, this book is accessible yet doesn't skimp on nomenclature or rich description. The pages are filled with detailed, hand drawn illustrations that make the seemingly complicated terms such as 'leeward', 'heave-to', and 'hard a'lee' approachable to a layman.

This is not only a book about sailing: Wyatt also captures the rich history of Southern Coastal British Columbia and weaves it seamlessly into her tale. As the Van Isle 360 Race unfolds, we learn about not only indigenous history, but also first contact, early settlers and the effects of WW2 on the coast. Her knowledge not only of the currents, tides, landmarks but also local lore engages the reader to share her experience through her eyes.

As someone who has been a novice aboard a sailing vessel, Wyatt describes exactly how I felt when I was starting out. Although the protagonist begins timid and unsure, as she learns to sail, she gains not only her sea legs, but also learns to believe in herself. *Wind on the Sounds* is an inspiring account of how if you put your mind to something, you can accomplish anything you want.

—Mikaila Lironi





## CHAPTER 1

AN ICICLE JABBED HER RIGHT EYE. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT IT FELT like. The salty, frigid water slapped Rebecca awake. Her body slammed into a wall of icy fluid that enveloped her, weighing down her shoes, socks, and sweatpants. She forced her mouth open to call out, but—nothing. Not a cry. No plea for help. Nothing.

"Rebecca, focus!" a voice cried out.

"Breathe, girl, c'mon!" Terri took a step forward, her foot landing with a thud on the pressure-treated wood of the dock. A knee brace—one that resembled ancient Roman armour—locked her knee in place.

Lined up on the Tacoma Yacht Club's dock, Rebecca's twenty-four classmates encouraged her to stay calm and breathe. Instructor Terri Hogle took another step closer to the edge of the worn planks.

The fifty-degree Puget Sound water had knocked the wind out of Rebecca. It was warm and dry on this summer day in June, and her classmates had burst out laughing when she had hit the surface and exploded with a high-pitched squeal. The Ice King had punched her in the gut with his cold, liquid blast.

Terri alone did not laugh. She waited for the sign. Seconds ticked slowly.

She kept her eye on Rebecca. When a volunteer jumped from the dock into the cold, murky water, they too usually gasped for air, followed by quick, short exhales. Within seconds, the body relaxed, and breathing became more regular—provided the volunteer stayed calm.

When Rebecca opened her mouth, only short, unintelligible stuttering came out. Her eyes widened, then stinging from the acute fishy odour that hit her nostrils.

Terri ripped open the top Velcro strap of her knee brace, preparing to jump into the water and rescue her student.

Rebecca couldn't give Terri the OK sign. Her stomach clenched into a deep cramp. Icy water gushed up her pant legs from the ankles and flooded into her collar and down her front. Rebecca forced her arms to move, grabbing her collar tight to her neck. Too late! She was being dragged down under the surface, away from the warmth of the sun.

*I can't let it happen. Not to me. Fight. Not . . . to . . . me.* Her mouth opened wide to fill her lungs with air, but a salty wave responded with a splash against her face. Her eyes clenched tight from the stab. *Ow! That hurts. I don't want to be here. I don't want to do this.*

Terri ripped open another strap of Velcro.

Rebecca let go of her collar, clenched her fists, and struck the water. Her fists and then her chin disappeared under the surface. *No! No. No. This will end if I stay calm. Be quiet. Like a good girl.*

She stretched her arms out on the surface then laid her head back. Her face remained above water. She inhaled. Once. Twice.

"It's . . . not . . . that . . . bad." Rebecca could breath more evenly. She swept her arms horizontally to keep her head above the surface. *I will never let it happen. I will not drown.*

She lifted her hand above her head, extended her thumb, and managed a fragile smile.

"I . . . can . . . do . . . this," she assured the other trainees and Terri. And herself. "Just one . . . thing."

Members of the class leaned forward.

"I'm never going to . . . volunteer for this again."

They laughed.

"Try to pull yourself onto *Second Wind*," Terri said, pointed to the boat moored a few feet away. She re-secured her brace.

Rebecca turned and saw the boat's owner standing on the boat's deck, one hand on his hip, the other holding a glass of scotch. She clumsily raised her arm and took three awkward strokes over to the hull. Her legs felt like blocks of ice.

Her fingers reached up to the hull, white with blue stripes, so shiny and smooth. It towered over her and buoyed up again. When it rocked up, a line of green-black slime made of sea-plant life and barnacles rocked inches from her face.

"I can't," she called out to Terri and the class. "I'm not touching that."

"How do you feel?" Terri asked.

"Disgusted!"

"No, I mean about being in the water."

"Cold. Tired. But I haven't done anything," Rebecca acknowledged.

"That is the lesson," Terri told the class. "If you hit the water, take your time. Conserve your strength. You're losing heat twenty-five percent faster in the water than in the air. Let's get her out. I need a spotter."

Two classmates stepped forward.

"A small, bobbing head is easily lost in the horizon when someone goes overboard," Terri told them. "Don't ever take your eyes off her."

Three other classmates worked together to pull out a yellow harness out of a red box mounted dockside, LIFESLING printed on its side.

"Don't throw it directly at her," Terri instructed. "Over there." She pointed a few feet away from Rebecca. A classmate threw the harness, which was attached with a long line to a box mounted on the dock.

"Good. You see how it landed about five feet from her? Easy here, but when at sea, first stop the boat," Terri continued. "Throw the harness out and motor in circles around the victim." She waved her arm in a circle. "This drags the line around her so she can grab it."

"The water is freakin' cold," Rebecca complained. She heard giggling from her classmates.

"Rebecca, grab the line," directed Terri.

Rebecca reached out to the line, instinctively pulled the harness toward her, and wrapped it around her shoulders. She lay on her back, let her feet drift, and was comforted by the steady, strong, tug as classmates pulled her to the dock.

"With the block and tackle system of the Lifesling," Terri said, "it takes only one person to lift dead weight from the water."

"Please don't say *dead*," shivered Rebecca through chattering teeth.

Her classmates surrounded her and laughed at her joke, but she turned away. A tear slipped from her eye as she remembered how her father had drowned in these same waters.

*This was such a bad idea*, she thought.