



## TCN/FRASER SHORT STORY COMPETITION 2020: 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize

### GEORGIA REX: DEAR DIARY

Dear Diary,

It has been a while since we spoke. It is day 867 of our Pacific crossing. Only kidding, but it definitely feels that way. Who would have thought I would ever end up working on one of the biggest, most glamorous super yachts in the world? The same girl who hated boats growing up. The ferry from Dover to Calais was bad enough, but to work on a boat? Absolutely not. How times have changed.

It has been a crazy few months. Only six months ago, my office view was the grey, bustling streets of London, when the highlight of my day was popping over the road to buy a pasty from Greggs Bakery. These days my office view and tasks are somewhat different. Dealing with car insurance claims has changed to decorating Christmas trees in Mexico, with ornaments which cost more than my car, along with sitting on deck 7 waving to the locals in the stands, while cruising through the Panama Canal. My Greggs pasty has changed slightly too. And by 'slightly', what I actually mean is I get to eat Wagyu beef - when the guests decide they would prefer seafood (or mozzarella sticks on occasion) and the crew can have the steaks instead. On the occasions we eat 'regular' food, I am more than happy to settle for brunch every weekend, especially when there are pancakes involved.

Today was a good day though. In fact, today was a GREAT day. Today was one of those days where you think: 'Ahhh yes, this is exactly why I do this job'. Amongst the long boss trips and hard work, the 16+ hour days, the sore feet, inhaling your food at meal times, missed birthdays and spending four hours bringing provisions on board (provisions definitely being my least favourite part of the job), these are the days that make it all worth it. We had finally arrived in Tahiti. Yes, Tahiti, as in turquoise water and cocktails in coconuts Tahiti. Granted we were only stopping for fuel for few hours, but it was Tahiti nonetheless. 'The crew will be split into two groups' said the Captain, 'each group will get four hours ashore'. Anyone would think we had won a three-week, all-inclusive vacation in a \$10,000-per-night water villa. I've never seen the dive boat be put in the water so quickly. In went the dive equipment, the masks and snorkels and fourteen excited crew. Christmas had come early. We raced over to Moorea island, engine off and anchor down.



Perfect. It was everything I imagined it to be and much more. The sun was shining, the water was clearer than a swimming pool, the fish were mesmerising, every colour of the rainbow, which makes a change from the brown Goby fish at home. The company was the best I could ask for too, 'colleagues' is not the right word, your crew are more than that, 'family', 'soul sisters and brothers' would be a more accurate description. Anyway - I digress, the snorkelling today was like nothing I have ever experienced before. My local beach at home is now ruined forever. Is a 'beach snob' a thing? The Piña Coladas at the beach bar were definitely not to be forgotten either. Why do they always taste better when someone else makes them for you? Yes, yes yes, this is the job I am meant to be doing. What other job is there, where you get paid to snorkel in Tahiti, watch the clear, starry nights in the middle of the ocean and take helicopter rides with celebrities whose songs you grew up singing. Oh, what an adventure life is. Until next time diary, but for now, next stop, New Zealand....