

Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name?

... Rolling Stones

and, I have a nickname!

First of all, sound it out: it's a soft "ca," a strong "**PREE**" followed by a soft "**ka!**"

ca-PRREE-ka sounds like the pepper spice.

Our ownership of *CAPRICA* took more than a month; boat search, owner contact, viewing, price negotiating, survey, more viewing, more price negotiation, closing, and final ownership. Throughout that arduous series of events it seemed to rain every day.

It was apparent that *CAPRICA* hadn't been sailed for some time, or used for several years. Her interior was dirty! Her "leaky-teaky" decks affirmed the term "leaky-teaky." Everything inside was damp, sticky, and smelly.

Ownership day was depressing. It rained!

As my better half and I were dragging stuff from the boat to the marina's dumpster... She asked, "What's the name of this boat?"

I replied, "**CAPRICA.**"

**"Don't you mean, *KaStinka* ...
and you actually paid money for her because
you are *KaStupid* !!!!"**



Somehow, even though *CAPRICA* is now (and has been) pristine and odor free, the family still calls her ***KaStinka***. "Grandpa, let's go sailing on ***KaStinka***."

Nick names can be cruel.

Post scrip:

The original owner told me that her name was supposed to be a variation of the word 'Capricious.' The definition of "capricious" is a whim or an impulsive act, but somewhere in the CG documentation process it got misspelled to "*CAPRICA*" and they left it as is. Prior to *CAPRICA* the original owners were Hobie-Cat sailors. Everything seems to fit.

Think hard if you want to change her name or nickname. Sailing superstitions are just that. And, yes, there is a 1977 coin under the mast step.