

A Cape Horniers Brotherhood evolved from the grand old days of sailing ships in recognition of those who successfully navigated this fearsome stretch of water, but also to mourn those who were lost. The striking Cape Horn

Memorial stands on the summit of Hornas Island, a magnificent sculpture of a soaring albatross atop the small weather beaten, wind-whipped island. Proudly thrashing itself into a fury, the Chilean flag nearby leaves no doubt about who controls the teeny island at the end of the world. Stepping ashore

to disembark. Conditions change so quickly, but today the weather Gods are shining on us. The excitement is palpable. Though, Barman Juan chest deep in freezing water steadying the Zodiac doesn't seem quite as thrilled as I am as we land at Lions Cove.

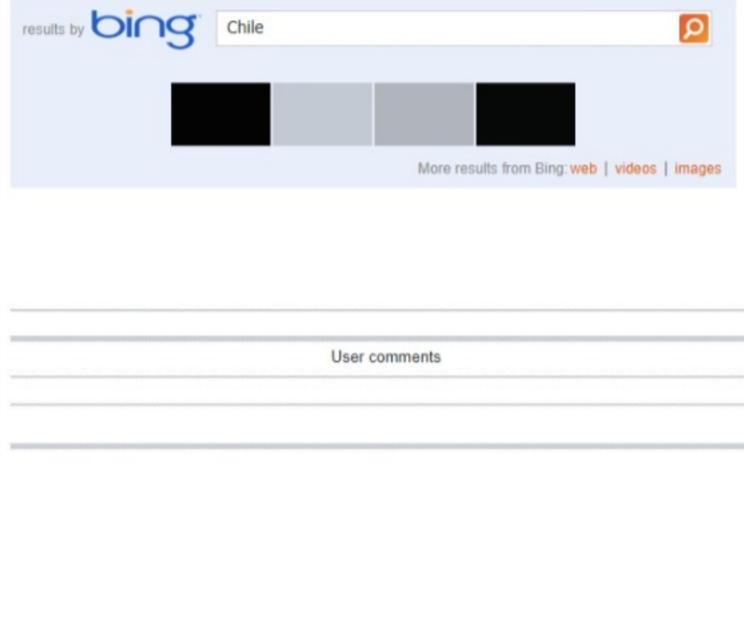
Stepping ashore on the rock strewn beach I resist the crazy urge to kiss the ground. Up on the island's summit, despite the ferocious winds that whip the moisture from my eye sockets, dehydrating my tongue, lips, any bare skin not covered in fact, euphoria makes me giddy. Reaching the monument, I adopt the stance of a windblown mariner:

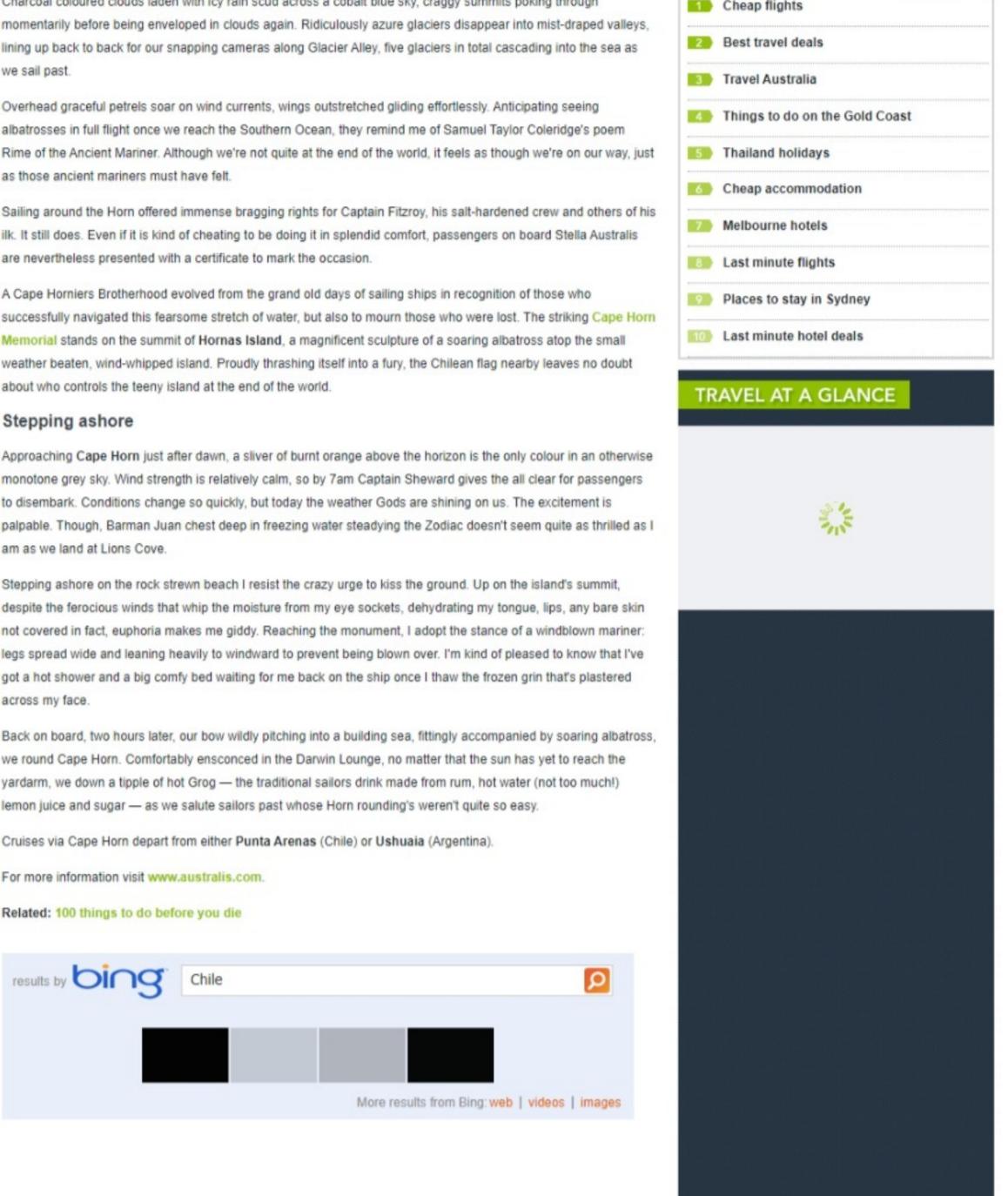
got a hot shower and a big comfy bed waiting for me back on the ship once I thaw the frozen grin that's plastered across my face. Back on board, two hours later, our bow wildly pitching into a building sea, fittingly accompanied by soaring albatross, we round Cape Horn. Comfortably ensconced in the Darwin Lounge, no matter that the sun has yet to reach the yardarm, we down a tipple of hot Grog — the traditional sailors drink made from rum, hot water (not too much!)

Cruises via Cape Horn depart from either Punta Arenas (Chile) or Ushuaia (Argentina). For more information visit www.australis.com.

Iemon juice and sugar — as we salute sailors past whose Horn rounding's weren't quite so easy.

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