



Day 4

The four surfed alone from dawn; a perfect session in non-stop clean, long, four foot. The feeling was so good.

BREAKFAST: Fried egg and noodles was eaten with stoke at eleven thirty.

In no time they were out again.

Two more surfs each this day, interrupted only for food. During one, Hames saw a three foot shark breach the surface chasing a fish. He told the others who just smiled. None had a concern in this world. It was P73's birthday. He later said "What a day I've had. Did we die in the car and are we in heaven? TC has been whingeing about his sore knees. Doctor's prognosis: riding waves almost a kilometer long. The sun set red again this evening and with the bonus green flash. Food is terrific and the company great. Even Megawati is looking quite homely. There were monkeys on leads knocking coconuts from trees, and tears of laughter as Nev tried to win a CD"

Gusti baked a birthday cake that was enjoyed after dinner. They then retired to the Club and drank and strapped protectively. Everyone helped. There were protests about tobacco so that was abandoned for clean living Indo style. They stayed at the Club for hours that night watching the mechanical waves running off into the dark.

The tasty food they had eaten for LUNCH and DINNER that day: fish, cabbage, chicken, and choko ensured that they were totally satisfied when sleep set in.

