

Day 14

Feeling a little unsettled due to the earlier (six o'clock) departure of Hames and P73, Peck and TC paddled out for a head clearer.

The surf is excellent! The swell building, six foot and perfectly formed. Peck finds his Indo feet, surfing confidently and smoothly on some long, sizer walls. TC gets two tubes which inspire him to head straight back out after a quick

BREAKFAST of banana pancakes with honey and lemon.

He surfs solo for a couple of hours in six foot plus perfection. Big and beautiful.

During the siesta on a mat on the grass in the breeze and shade after LUNCH the swell continues to rise. By the time the sun's intensity has returned to sufferable levels, it is ten foot non-stop.

After some consideration, the Club is opened, P73's absence noted, and another cool Sumatran evening is safely enjoyed.



A show is provided by Indo Steve who fearlessly surfs some huge waves.

About nine thirty that night Nev returns from the airport and advises that he has crossed paths with Hames and P73 and they have left Sumatra OK. Soon after Peck and TC crack another beer and think of QF42.

Day 15

At dawn the biggest surf of the trip is witnessed. No-one ventures out to provide a measuring stick, but 15'+ is a fair estimate. The waves are clean but breaking wide, all through the outside peak. Clearly the town reefs are going to be the only option this day but Rinal and his van are nowhere to be seen.

The morning passes quietly. A coconut thumps into the ground near the shade table where Peck and TC are preparing for the likely trade wind. TC borrows a knife from Chuck the head of security, and carefully tops the nut. The delicious nectar is shared and the meat left to the numerous ants.

After the heat of the day has passed Rinal shows up still looking sleepy. Mechanical problems he says.

They head into town for a few juices (Es Campur and Alpokat) and a very enjoyable 3' evening session at the Righthander. The scene is again classic; the warmth, the smell, the chanting, the incoming fishing boats. The wave itself is very nice.

After dinner Peck and TC retire to the club and look over the settling surf which is lit up by the full moon. Its still over eight foot and similar to the first full day when Hames hit the reef. They discuss how, at the time it shook him a bit and he took a couple of days to settle; but by the heavy session at Landmine Beach he had come good and he kept firing through to the last day. Hope tomorrow might be a good day to resettle on to the Point.

