



Day 3

Perhaps it was rumble of the surf. Certainly they were excited. But at five o'clock, an hour before dawn, the four were revealed by the faintest light, standing at the losmen's fence line, peering out to sea.

Having arrived at Ombak Indah losmen, Ujung Bocur at only eleven o'clock the previous night, they were straining without local knowledge to assess the conditions.

The trip had been heavy, but not unexpectedly so. Only P73 had not experienced Indonesian driving before. Nevertheless, the seven hour drive, much of it spent hurtling along the dark, winding mountain roads of Sumatra had taken a toll; carsickness. Even the settling period of a late start to that day and a smoothly coordinated, incident free flight had not cleansed them of a big night in Jakarta. For one, that would take weeks.

The raging wild elephants and a massive landslide en route had provided only temporary distraction. So when they finally arrived and fell out of the mini-van, P73 and TC were grey green, both exhausted from holding back yodel. Peck emerged silent; physically and emotionally drained, and last out was Hames; surprisingly strong and alert. Hames quickly denied having any motion sickness tablets stashed for the trip home.

So on the morning of that third day, impressions came slowly with the gradual light: stillness; warmth; isolation. The swell was unsettled and certainly big, but looking at an empty lineup for the first time there was no way of knowing the size. They watched nervously.



They discussed the losmen. It was new and clean, had a solid but soft-to-touch coconut wood floor and twenty foot ceilings – the latter being a fortunately stylish result of a builders error. There were six twin share rooms which had thatched walls and plenty of windows. Three young women worked in-

doors: The losmen manager Gusti, Cici, and Eda. Also resident were several security men including the mighty mouse nicknamed Chuck Norris. Water was drawn from a well just ten feet deep and was clean, maybe potable...? As the discussion lost direction TC slipped away and took his old board from its cover.

