



Finally, fatigued and perhaps a bit slack he mistimed one off The Point, took a trip down the mine and got pounded all the way back to the shallows; a wake up call, fortunately undeclared and tax free. Meanwhile the others had set up a seating area at the fence, soon named The Club, and were enjoying a few cold ones before

DINNER: Satay fish, wet fried mixed veges and rice.

Over the table that evening TC mourned the lack of company in the water and without malice assured all that the swell was settling. P73's low grunt guaranteed that he would be early next day. Hames too, even injured, bristled. Peck though remained unaffected and this would be his disposition in Sumatra. Only back in Jakarta would the web untangle.

