

Graveyards - Secret Spot Sunday 26.10.2008



A Stink Nugget Production—Special Report



Secret Spot? So what's the friggin secret?

Believe it or not - Parking!!!

It's not because we are over protective of this rare down the line spot and want to keep it to ourselves, oh no, its because to get to it, you have to park in the farmers back yard, on private property, the parking slots are limited and if you aint in the know, you basically don't get to go, Sorry.

To get into the club, first you have to get know someone who knows where it is, then you cadge a lift in their van. Periodically leaving a bottle of wine, just to keep the farmer sweet. Despite this, when you do mention the place, its surprising how many people know where it is, and know the rights of passage, but don't go there?

It's the Aloha Posse's lil retreat used when the wind in Rhos is pushing F9 in a S.Westerly.

Getting there from where I live (Nottingham-ish) takes all of 4hrs plus, and the route is not a pleasant one, the people who know where the place is know the difficulties in getting there and this helps to keep the location quite select.

I took Steve Thorp along on one occasion some time back, and Steve brought along his Alsatian puppy - Izzy.

Steve is a free living kinda dude, who is not big on discipline, Steve decided he would tie his dog to a post whilst he went off sailing. Apparently Izzy was not too chuffed at being tied to a post whilst his master was out of her paws reach and had a few words to say about her discontent, (Bark, Bark, Bark, Bark, Bark, Bark, etc. etc.) a result of which had the farmer banning everybody from ever sailing from his launch site ever again. Not Good. The Aloha Posse put me up for lynching, and it took quite an effort for us to re-establish a good relationship with the farmer, serious shit!

Any way, the place where you launch used to consist of a small oasis of sand in an otherwise harsh pebbled runway. Unfortunately the farmer has opened up the small river that runs into the sea at said location where you launch, which has now washed away what little sand there was, which really does add to the charm of the place, NOT. The pebbles shelve sharply down toward the water line; with the tide out, it's quite a trek over the now slimy pebbles (courtesy of said river water) down to the waters edge and as the tide gets up, and the wind shadow increases, launch and recovery starts to get rather interesting, especially at this time of year with the light failing so quick and so early.



Currently the Aloha Posse are all rather well equipped with their new 2009 RRD twin fins, and Ezzy sails, Richard opted for (12.5 stone) 4.7 over 82, Steve(11 stone) 4.5 over 74 or 66? and Carl (11.5 stone)4.5 over 74. I was travelling with the 60yr old advanced intermediate Richard Jayes or RJ. (11.75 stone) who was on a 4.0 Simmer over 75ltr RRD FWS with myself (14.5 stone) opting for a 4.2 2009 Ezzy Panther over 2008 RRD Wave Cult 85. Point to note, I'm the heaviest sailor here, on the smallest set up?? What's that all about?

When we first arrived Janine and Chris from Rhos were already there, with Janine out on the water on a 3.3 whilst Chris was on child minding duty for their 2 young men. The two of the aforementioned are both really light sailors, which made it difficult to use them as a measuring stick on what sail/board size to use, Janine is a very capable wave sailor and was out doing the do, but seemed a little downwind on occasions, putting herself into areas where the wind would have been quite tricky so she was having to pump the sail quite a lot.



Out of the boyz I think I was one of the first to stumble my way down to the water, bare footing regardless of the pebbles, and once out there, I very quickly found myself a big vertical take off ramp and literally shot up heavenward, going up and up and up, bolloxed if I was going to try and back loop that one! I decided to come straight back in and change my board down to the 2008 RRD 75WCHC Once back on the fackin pebbles I decided I needed boots on as well, the pebbles are not fun in bare feet and that river water was freezing.

Problem! Major league! The van key I carry around my neck was missing, EEK. I walked back down over the pebbles to the water to wave RJ in, to see if he knew where the hell the key was, I knew for sure, 100% that I was the one who had locked up, and that I had put the key around my neck in the waterproof bag it goes in.

RJ started making his way in, then disappeared from view. He'd lost the wind and was having no luck at all finding it again. He very quickly got pushed down wind in the rip, which I didn't even realize existed and before you knew it, he was a long, long way away, and looked to be having serious difficulties getting into shore. I was laughing my head off, until I realised that he was also bear foot. There was no way I could go and help him, he was miles away with nothing between me and him but rocks and rock pools and pebbles and more rocks, I thought, tough shit Rich, your on your own mate.



He separated his gear and started stumbling his way toward the launch site. Bollox, I couldn't let him do it, so I quickly started toward him over the rocks, whistling for him to stay put until I got to him. I put his gear back together and sailed it back for him, The area he had come in at was a minefield of really nasty rocks, just below the surface of the water, problems made hugely worse by the action of the waves. RJ was very surprised that I could sail his gear, the wind was very holey.

By the time I got over the rocks to RJ to help him, I had made a nice job of bashing my toes against rocks, so, by the time I got his gear back into the water and sailed it back to shore I no longer felt the need to put boots on - funny old game innit.

So, down the line action all day, bigger than you normally get at this particular location, say half mast to mast high, staying out on the water for an absolute age, which is a lot more than I presumed I'd be able to do, what with my nerve damage affecting my arms as they had done the week before. Only two sessions, seeing us right through the day, the later one of which was back on my 85 WC coming in as the light was fading. One sail all day a 4.2 It's surprises me that even though I was easily the biggest fella out there, I wasn't on the biggest sail.

A great day, its good to be back into the thick of it. Till next time.....

Russ 'Crazy Horse' Tetlow
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Pics taken from file, Graveyards 20-09-2006