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# Heaven on Earth!

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*A Stink Nugget Production—Special Report*

This adventure started with a tip off from Steve Thorp, I'm thinking that this is a dodgy tip off, far too much westerly in the forecast, Gwithian is a monster trek, 6.5hours each way minimum, equating to £130.00 in fuel alone!. As uncertain as I may have been, not only did I go, I convinced Richard Jayes to go as well. Unfortunately, having told Jayes I was taking my Missus, he, in turn had to take his, which meant all the fuel costs were coming out of our own pockets as we would no longer be sharing one van, bogus.

Location Gwithian Saturday 08.11.2008 then the break midway between Gwithian and The Bluff for Sunday.

My 2008 85ltr RRD WC was in for repair, two little dings, one on top, one on the bottom. The importance of which is that every other time I've been to Gwithian I have only ever sailed the 85ltr. Its not for want of trying, its just you need the float to get you out there.

Here's how it works, 4.7 weather. 1st hundred yards, maxed, sooo confident, nice little ramps. Then 100yards in(metes/whatever) some twit turns the wind off, just as you meet the really big vertical walls of water, not good! last time I was here, that's how I snapped a mast. With a snapped mast, you get a hole in your luff, and the repair knocks the value for resale, bummer.

On this trip, I had no choice, it was sail the 75ltr, or don't go. Last time I was on the 75ltr, I struggled...

Saturday saw high tide forcing sailors to have to walk miles up wind to the cliff path that leads down from the Lifeguard viewing hut.

The hut is no longer there, so don't send folk down there telling them to turn right at the hut like I did, or they won't love you for it as they disappear over the horizon?

The day passed in a blur, with some good solid DTL in the same spot used by the WaveJam earlier in the year. Once the tide started going out people could start to get down to the sea via the cliff scramble at the RH side of the car park.



The break was proving to be extremely popular with sailors from as far away as Greece on the water. Stand out moment for me would have to be the moment I had Blackie on my right hand side as the wave built beneath the two of us....

As you know, the guy on the right has the right of way, but as he drops in, goes underneath me and through his bottom turn, I become the guy on the right - right?. Smart thinking or what! I have this idea in my head where everyone, is kinda cool, wanting to share the love and all that bollox?

I've seen JP doing it in the vids, shared me a few waves in my time, so I was doing it like the pro's. As he gets half way through his bottom turn, off I go, man this is gonna look so cool from the beach.

Only Blackie goes and gets his knickers all in a twist, the miserable sod. So much for sharing the feel man, the man was so not in the groove Dude.



Saturday finished with a stupid arse idea, whereby I changed down to a 4.2 which in itself was OK, it was just that it was 4pm and already getting dark, two runs, on big waves, in the dark, Doh

Sunday.

Too onshore at Gwithian, met the King Bro's, followed 'em to the Bluff.

I personally thought it looked a bit on the small side. Steve Thorp was bitchin about it being just soo gusty, as is normal for the Bluff or so he said, I liked the look of it further down wind, midway between the Bluff and Gwithian.

The Bluff Inn car park was chocka, and out on the water it was gonna be rammed. I took some pix while the missus cooked breakfast. Rich Jayes didn't know whether to wait for me, or to get on with it. He went 4.1 and struggled with the fluky conditions.

I went off to this midway car park, I have to tell you, it looked absolutely beautiful, turquoise water and proper sized DTL sets, with a really sweet sandy walk down a very steep slope to the beach. So, 4.7 again over 75 Hard Core.

Getting out was interesting, but doable. I did a couple of runs, a couple of rides and came in to see how Jayes was getting on. He'd had all he could take, he just wasn't getting out and decided to drive off to Damer Bay to try and get a little bit of manageable sailing in before his day was through.

I enjoyed about four sessions, not overly long sessions, and not what I would have down as my finest hour, but it was uncrowded, challenging, inspiring and at least mast high DTL. What more can a man ask for, I came away lost in wonder at a place that just gets better and better, god I love Gwithian.

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