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## Rhosneigr 19 October 2008

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*A Stink Nugget Production—Special Report*

Decision decisions!

Sunday just gone! Rhos looked to be going off.

When I say off, I mean somewhere off the ricta scale. But what to do? Does one do Rhos in what could potentially be a Force Nine, or do I in its stead do the secret spot...Graveyards.

Direction was to be SSW meaning the launch from graveyards would potentially be in wind shadow, not much fun.



Graveyards launch is pretty shitty at the best of times and I have just come back from a two week lounge in Dahab, so I was leaning toward a comfortable launch, with the possibility of maybe too much wind as apposed to a real shitty launch with potentially some nice down the line action.

I didn't know what to decide. I put it to my travelling partner of the day, the 60yr old Richard Jayes. He wanted Rhos, but was happy to go with whatever decision I made - as I was so undecided, Rhos had it. Graveyards is further to travel and the journey is a pain in the arse, **excuses, excuses** but this helped us make our decision.

Before I even stepped out of the van at Rhos, I was being troubled by a pins and needles thing running up and down my arms, but I ignored it and suited up. 3.7 Panther over 75 Hard Core. I was using a brand new **Spartan** Wetsuit courtesy of my new sponsorship deal with them and had it in my head the sleeves were a little on the tight side. I'd do one run, come in and be knackered. The first hour was OK with the 3.7, but the wind just got stronger and stronger, and my runs, out and back just got shorter and shorter.

I never made one gybe on the outside, which is unheard of for me, and I was having to put my moves in quite close to the shore. Some of my fronts were not even cheese rolls, very peculiar. Whatever moves I tried, if I didn't land it dry, the following wave, usually a mass of white water, would threaten to completely ruin the rest of my day.

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The days tide was a biggy and right up against the wall, leaving me constantly worried about getting myself washed up onto the rocks.

Come about 3pm I was back on the grass de-rigged and talking shite. Rich was on an old 3.4 of mine and said he was off back out. Rich had been sailing in the safer water off to the left of the shop and it actually looked pretty good out there, nothing like the white water mayhem I had been contending with over on the right. I thought to myself, 'there's no way I'm being outdone by that old git', so I re-rigged the 3.7. and went back out to play.

The wind was now blowing itself stupid, I popped a nice Pushie, landed it dry and continued out, nice big ramp, and launched into a Big Front. Half way round the rotation my arms told me to get stuffed and the landing was a less than glamorous affair. Time for another break.

I had another three short sessions after that, landing another Pushie and some nice fronts, these short sessions where a huge improvement on my attempts earlier in the day, but could I get the missus back out with the camera!!! A thoroughly exhausting day for me, but nice to finish having put some nice moves in, now I'm just gonna check what theses gales I've been hearing about on the news are up to.....



Ref the arms... turns out I have nerve damage in my seventh vertebrae or something, I've been told to cold compress, take brufin and to keep off the computer, reckon I need a new computer chair, the one I have looks great, but is a pile of shit.

Tried acupuncture and osteopathy for the first time this week, expensive! and a waste of money. I have also been told to avoid looking upwards which is kinda difficult what with me being a pole window cleaner! unless I only clean downstairs - and that aint going to happen. Any way till next time.

Russ 'Crazy Horse' Tetlow

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Have it.