



The Pandozer

IN BRIEF

- Encouraging words on my birthday last week from a friend;

Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! You look like Great White Shark bait, and you smell like it too!!!

- And this from a brother;

There once was a boy named Andy
Who thought he was incredibly handy,
He could pedal a bike,
Or take a long hike,
But really he's just a big pansy.

He decided to kayak the coast,
Three things to remember the most,
Shout and no-one will hear,
For months you will go without beer,
But lose your paddle at sea and matey you're toast.

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And The Winner Is... Sidonee

The Sydney Olympics were six years ago! That's more than a fifth but less than a quarter of my entire life. I remember the year well because I was doing something similar to what I'm doing now. It was a on a bicycle and the journey was around this big, beautiful country. Matt reminded me of one of the funny stories from that trip last night. It started by listening to the radio by the fireside and ended with me splayed across the Eyre Highway in the middle of the Nullabor Plain. Camped in the stark saltbush of the Roe Plains with a crackling winter fire

and a galaxy of stars that had never seemed bigger, I tuned in to the radio. A woman was explaining the theory behind left-right brain wiring. Apparently it's important for youngsters to play games that 'cross-wire' left and right hemispheres. Twister, that zany party game, was mentioned as an example. Cycling along the following day I thought about that conversation. I was sure that my brain could benefit from some cross-wiring, anything really to distract from the loonngg straight road I was pedalling. No-one to play Twister with out here, I thought. Maybe there's an-

other way? Punching along at 20 km/h I took my left hand off it's grip and moved it to the right grip. It's not clear anymore whether I even got the right hand to the left grip before I ploughed sharply into the bitumen in the middle of the road. It was un-sightly as bags went everywhere and I dusted myself off. Not much has changed. But back to now, and I've had a sporting fortnight of fair winds, cheeky campsites and friendly locals. Good travelling. I'll stay here at my brother's place until I'm good and ready to leave or I'm evicted. Probably on Saturday.

Day to Day

57. Eden R&R
58. Eden to Bunga Head, 57km
59. Bunga Head to Barunga Point, 40km
60. Barunga Point to Boulee Island, 45km
61. Boulee Island to Bawley Point, 42km
62. Bawley Point to Ulladulla, 21 km
63. Ulladulla R&R
64. Ulladulla to Murray's Beach (Jervis Bay), 38km
65. Murrays Beach to Currarong, 23km
66. Currarong to beach near Stack Island, 48km
67. Beach to Bulli, 35km
68. Bulli to Jibbon Beach, Port Hacking, 40km
69. Jibbon Beach to Darling Point, Sydney, 37km
70. Sydney R&R

Uh-Oh, Coastal Patrol

Kevin was sitting behind the desk with all the radios. He was smiling but not contributing much to the conversation. Roslyn was explaining the potentially treacherous nature of the local waters to me. I was dividing my energy by listening and looking out the window at the fishing boat coming in to harbour. "Had any incidents lately?" I probed, enjoying the surrounds. "There was the trawler a while back," Roslyn ventured, "damn fool didn't have a clue what he was doing. Had to go out and tow him in when his engine failed. Threw him the line but he tied it badly. It snapped and got caught in our props. We were both stuffed then."

"Real Laurel and Hardy stuff that night." Kevin chipped in. I shifted my weight and made ready to leave. "Thanks for the weather report, I'll probably

have the day off tomorrow and see what happens after that." As I turned Roslyn dropped the bomb, "I'll tell the Sussex boys to expect a call then." What! "No, no, no," I blurted back, now less relaxed, "please do NOT do that." I went on to explain that I almost certainly would not be calling anyone from anywhere in the next few days, all the while running scenarios of fruitless search and rescues through my mind. We jostled for a few minutes. My reasoning made no dent in her stubbornness, it was a powerful magic she possessed. Luckily for me I also excel in the dark art of inflexibility and stood my ground. When she referred to me as 'some mad kayaker' I realised I was already in a box in her mind, the inescapable mad kayaker box. She eventually compromised with, "Well then, you must, must, MUST at

least tell us when you leave our harbour." I wanted to kneel down and bang my head into the floor, but then I saw the opening. "I'm leaving from the beach actually." I replied with a defiant grin. My only remaining defense was indifference with good humour. I deployed it with brutal effectiveness. Her every thrust was parried with a smile and non-committal nod. "Uh-huh" and "We'll see" entered my vocabulary. The insistence, without a target to aim for, left her voice. It was over.

As I receded down the stairs the predictable final salvo came, "Well don't expect me to give you mouth-to-mouth to save your life!" Three naughty replies came immediately to mind but I stayed strong and laughed. Then I ran.

Note: Names have been changed to protect 'Kevin'.

"Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world."

-George Bernard Shaw

Sydney Harbour

My eyes are hungry for Sydney Harbour. They wolf down the crackling spinnakers of racing maxi's, and gobble up the Manly ferry as it blazes unflinchingly through the traffic. People dot the shores in various states of undress. The white bearded man in a lycra body-suit fishing from the rocks, the nudists draped over the rocks at Lady Bay, the tourists, the dog walkers and the young couples. I see you Sydney, and I stare because I'm anonymous, no-one sees me.

Through Watson's Bay I spy a phone box behind the strip of

sand and paddle until the boat grinds to a stop. I need to ring Matt but I've lost his phone number. Blue speedo's approach. Do I always carry a spare paddle? Yes I always carry one. I paddle on to his suburb and look up at his apartment block wondering if he's looking out the window. He's not. A hire dinghy with four young blokes is puttering ahead of me. They stop to heckle a sunbather five floors above the ground. Their movements are unpredictable so I call out and raft up. Do I want a beer? Yes I do. Just ask for the boys at Grassy Head when you come through. Maybe. Where

is this this park I'm supposed to pull it at? Private water frontage and six foot breakwalls is all I can see. There are stone steps near the ferry wharf and I can unload in the water. Nothing better springs to mind so get on with it. Give us a hand can you? What's your name? Rob, good one, grab the battery. Won't be long, just go and buzz Matt's apartment. Silverstein, Wilson, Darcy... no, no and no. Wrong unit number. Trot back in the afternoon sun. Thanks Amanda, I will use your phone after all. Matt. Five minutes away. Yep, I'll give you fifteen. I've got plenty of time for you Sydney.

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!! STUDENTS !!

Just Make Something up.

So far I have received ZERO submissions for your adventure stories. This is a good number only because it is very easy to improve upon. If you want to give it a go but don't have the 'adventure' material, just make it up. It's not fibbing, it's creativity... and how will we know anyway? **GET CREATIVE.**

Send it as a Word attachment with your name and school for publication. Get your teacher to check it because I'm a sloppy editor. Keep it shortish (100-200 words).

1507 Km

Ulladulla to Murray's Beach, 38km

Where am I? In a tent, yes, but where in a tent? Think, think, think... Ah! Ulladulla. Turn ABC Radio National on for the morning show as I put the water on the Trangia. Start packing whatever I can. Stuff the sleeping bag, roll the sleep mat, is that mould growing on the bottom? Another job for Sydney when I get there. Tent fly won't dry anyway, down it comes. Drag the kayak along the grass to the steps. One hundred and eight, my back doesn't need this. Sponges on hip and shoulder to soften the crush. Down, down, down. The council cleaner scrubs twenty-six toilets in the district, that's why he wears gumboots. I'd like a job where I could wear gumboots all day. Up, up, up... down, down, down... up, up, up... down, down, down... Do they pronounce it JERvis Bay or JARvis Bay Mr Gumboots? Both ways! up, up, up... down, down, down. Hatches sealed, sunscreen applied, don't have time to stretch the back properly. Paddle, paddle, paddle. The sun is hitting the water at the perfect angle with just enough rippling to create the illusion of a thousand floating lanterns. With Jervis Bay ahead in the far distance it looks like a painting that twinkles. Paddle, paddle, paddle. Bluebottle jellyfish, wouldn't want to drag my hand through their dangling blue stingers. There's a lot this morning. What if I carefully pinch one on the non-toxic float? Oooh, look at that, it contracts in the middle and raises one end like a striking snake. What if I tap it gently with the paddle? Nothing. What if I whack it really hard? Paddle,

paddle, paddle. I'd better pick up that floating spray can I suppose. It's WD40 and there's still some in it. Brilliant, I'll spray the deck screws tonight. Heck, why not do it now? Paddle, paddle, paddle. If I go hard and then glide in to that pair of seals I might surprise them. I'm busted, but if I was a shark, your natural predator, I could easily swim after you and feast on your fatty bodies. You wouldn't swim around me if you knew what I am thinking! Paddle, paddle, paddle. That faded wrapper may as well come aboard too. What used to be in it? A muesli bar. What's in it now? Three clueless little crabs with ink-dot eyes. Have you informed the Coastal Patrol of this outing fellas? On your way then. No, on second thoughts, back paddle, you can ride on the deck with me. Paddle, paddle, paddle. The crabs in the wrapper disappear with a wave over the deck. Paddle, paddle, paddle. What are you DOING bee? It's miles from shore and that wind is surely a killer to fly against. Oh, you're coming aboard for a rest. I'm going to Murray's Beach if you can hold on. Paddle, paddle, paddle. The bee is washed away. Paddle, paddle, paddle. Finally I'm around the first headland. Northwest wind, southeast swell, cliffs rebounding in two directions, this is messy. Maybe I'll pull in short at Steamers Beach. No, surf looks ugly and more swell on the way tomorrow. Paddle, paddle, paddle. Murray's Beach at last. Swim, swim, swim. Eat, eat, eat. Read, read, read. Sleep, sleep, sleep.