

GOLD COAST MALIBU CLUB



**Newsletter 10
October 2008**

Next Club Round: The next club round will be on Sunday the 19th of October. Meeting at the Kirra Pizza Hut at 6:00 am QLD time. The time difference is due to the bandits over the boarder, who rocked our world enough to have a complete time shift of 1 hour into the future, but as we all know us Queenslander's shall have the last laugh as the curtains will fade faster and the cows won't know when to get milked south of the border. The 9 Foot Open, Old Mal and Retro divisions will again be hotly contested, now as a side note there may be a prize (to be confirmed) for the first person to knobble Matty and Issac so as to even out the retro division.

September Round Wrap:

Well sadly folks I obviously have a bit of Nostradamus in me, because if you notice in the last newsletter I predicted that summer would be here soon and so would the crowds, clubbies and northerlies. For those of you who were there, you can back me up, all of the above came true. We surfed Rainbow because it was just as bad as everywhere else. Not even Kingy had a wave? I must admit though fun was had by all.

OTHER NEWS:

Evans

Evans, Evans, Evans, If you have never been to one of these comps do not start. We had a blast. This is one of the most highly sort after entries to get now, according to The Over 8's guys. The comp was situated down off the rock wall again with all the spectators sitting on the grassy knoll in front of the surf club watching proceedings and beating off king browns. Sadly this year the winds were not kind at all, it was straight onshore and strong enough that I offered assistance to a Siamese Twin out looking for his brother. Evans is a great place but the waves can be a little fickle at times, this however sorts the men out from the boys. Again in the last issue of this blatant misuse of the English language, I predicted that the beer would be cold and the surfing would be hot and frankly I don't want to blow my own horn I am unfrigging believable the beer was cold and the surfing was hot, hot, hot. The guys and girls that competed really turned it on, it

was unreal, in the topsee turvee conditions some people really know how to seek and then destroy the best wave coming through. I on the other hand got completely pants in my heat but I have a valid excuse I found that the grass was too long, the sun got in my eyes, I am getting too old for this shit, my old footy injuries came back to haunt me, I was the oldest guy in my heat (except for the other guys that were older than me), the judges couldn't see me in pink and every other excuse I can think of, sadly truth be known I just got done by much better surfers. Others in the club faired much better than this broken down reporter, with Lisa, Neville, Jacko making the Finals in their respective heats and Matty Aldridge making 2 yes 2 count them 1, 2 Finals. I would like to apologise if I have missed anyone but the mighty Super 8s won the best club trophy and subsequent slab of beer, the latter has not helped me remember all the things I needed to. Word has it in true surfer's style you should have been here yesterday, or in this case Neil tells me you should have been here after Tuesday, it got better and better. Thank you to the Over 8's crew who yet again put on a fantastic weekend.

Poke Neil. Go on.

There comes a time in everyone's life when you get up and go to bed that many times that it becomes confusing. More senior people stay up all night because they can not sleep but yet they fall asleep as soon as they stop moving (this can be a big problem if they are in a que for something). Well our poor Mister Neil sprung out of bed nice and early Saturday morning for his heat, competed and returned to the beach. On the returning of his rash shirt he had obviously decided that he had expelled his daily requirement of energy and retired to his Bedouin site at the Silver Sands and promptly nodded off again. The result of this is that he missed his next heat. So in an effort to ensure the safety of Neil please go and poke him to make sure he does not nod off out in the water, Grandpa Simpson style.

Happy Birthday Stevie. Sal's darling baby girl has hit the big time now. A surf comp is one hell of a place to turn 18 but what happens on tour stays on tour. So many happy regards on your 18th birthday Stevie and our commiserations go to Sally.

The Last Word:

Look forward to seeing you all again this weekend, and dare I say it, it looks like there might be some waves. Send 'em in Huey!

The Super 8's Scribe Dean ☺