

Moon (six o clock) Shadow

Seahorse dive club was split into many vehicles and the wacky races started at 7am (6.50 HT) with several drivers chomping at the sat navs to get to Penzance first. No thought to mass/weight ratio was considered and BMW's carrying 3 people were raced against trannys with 3 tonnes of dive kit and 6 hairy arsed divers.

After several "where are you now" texts and the obvious "on the A30 – obviously" replies we all converged on the harbour with several thousand conversations asking what time we left and how long it took and yes didn't we have a GOOD RUN DOWN....!

While all this occurred Nigel (hates being called Nige) was in wetherspoons having thought it was clever to travel on the Friday night NO-sleeper train...

After throwing our dive kit and bags in to various containers the pub was visited, the pirate shop raided and eventually we boarded the Scillonian. Funnily enough the bar was soon filled with many hairy arsed and bald headed divers, and rumour has it the bar takings have never been better on a single trip. To those not in the bar, basking sharks guillamots, herons shearwaters dolphins and gannets were observed. To those in the bar a vague attempt at looking at dive books/bird books was noted. Phil made attempts at booking up dive trips for 2012 but Dave Hall has some weird theory the world will end so little cash was pledged....and more beers bought.

Two hours later after a GOOD RUN we all disembarked the ferry and Ozzy was the first one off the gang plank and into the Mermaid, and was heard whooping with joy at this accomplishment. After a strenuous walk we all found our accommodations within 900yds of the Pub and all was well with the world.

MoonShadow was besieged with divers on day one. A bossy blonde was heard barking about a 'man chain' but it seemed only Scottish muscle men, or females were in the said chain and mutterings were heard. Once we loaded all our kit and tanks onto moonshadow Jo our lovely skipper (but silently cruel) then told us we needed to access the hatch to put our boxes in. All 24 tanks were then re-ordered around the boat – while waving and smiling through gritted teeth to a fully geared up organized (central consoled!!!)Tiburon...(bast£\$%!) and calm was restored.

Now I could go on about dive sites and dives, jewel anenemies, nudibranchs, cannons (!) seals, colossally boring wrecks, double wrecks, dead mans fingers etcetc but we all know that aint my thing and every one has their own experiences when diving, most of which we have spent all week hearing about, but we all know moonshadow had the best dives of the week so no more said!

There was very little upset on our happy little boat, Jo was an excellent skipper and despite the fact she was actually a woman her ability on manoeuvring the boat with minimal drama, lack of shouting and minimal use of aggressive reverse thrusts was a lesson to all those skippers out there who like to be a little heavy handed!

Jo said very little but quietly observed the group like a psychologist watched his patients....She knew she was in trouble when a massive banana man appeared complete with yellow woolly hat, and when checking the list of names was surprised to find he was married to his hairy biker look-alike buddy.

Being simple souls , the daily rotation of Clare and Coen threw us all , unable to factor this into the counting of buddies/cylinder fills and the day Ian decided not to dive and both Klomps were on the boat nearly caused a numerical burnout. However seeing both Klomps together quashed the rumour that Clare and Coen were actually the same person.

One of the most critical parts of moonshadows day was the tea making rota after the first dive. This was a well handled operation and little arguing occurred over tea duty, probably because no payments were required and there would be no quibbling over who had milk and who didn't! Johanna shocked us all into silence when she repeatedly produced a batch of incredible home made biscuits , and told us they were from a Hilary Clinton recipe....the mind boggled- she maybe quiet but she has contacts in high places!!

Many a good chat was had, but probably the most shocking and revealing story came from Malcolm who has a very intricate and deep knowledge of the night life in Hong Kong. Once again Jo was intrigued to hear how banana man had been to a bar writhing with naked women in the seediest part of HK but without his buddy Paul- who seemed to know very little about this event .Malcolm refused to give us details on what occurred but he was seen smiling at the thought of it while he was stretching his new wrist seal...

Many comments were made as to a couple on the boat who were very touchy feely with each other. May it be noted that its only year one and rest assured this will soon wear thin and Mr. Horton will soon be back to his miserable gruff name calling abrupt self.

Having a lady skipper and ladies on the boat kept things very civilized and I was mightily impressed with the clean toilet and bog roll. Unfortunately it wasn't til day 3 that one of the more vertically challenged lady divers on the boat realised there was bog roll in the lavvy , and they admitted to drip drying all week unnecessarily.

It would appear many of us strolled around the garrison and observed the canons along the way - these were always saluted as we cruised past, by certain members of the group who felt a real affinity with the area. Ross was seen to sniff the canons at a later date and no one is sure why.

As we all know we had a few great nights out that week, some of us had a great night out every night (Nige) and missed a days diving as a result. This absence was welcomed by many on the boat after being reliably informed that the Tribute was running straight through him and that no one would have willingly opened his dry suit. Tony was visibly gutted his un dive fit, pissed up welsh buddy was absent for the day. Later that week Tony was sitting fully kitted up while Nige put all his dive kit on to discover his dry suit valve had broken and the piece he needed was IN HIS BOOT. Nige then de kitted with many welsh expletives and hot sweats and by the time Tony finally could get in Jo gave him the prize for the funniest entry of the week as Tony literally fell into the sea due to a freak wave.

And finally..

We are all hardened tough as hell divers but I feel special mention must be given to Ian who braved the scilly waters in a wet suit...None of us is sure if he is A-brave B-stupid or C-a naturist as between dives he spent a lot of time in the cabin with Jo trying to bring feeling back to his extremities by frantic towel rubbing and skin slapping.

Alas I think that is the end of my account. I do hope you enjoyed it. Please note no names have been changed to protect the guilty!

Laura Crowley