

29/08/2019, 10:20 am - Micks Mob: Well the sun shined and the tides were kind. What more can you ask for?? Well great friends ( old and new), wonderful food and a belly full of laughter also helped make kayaking kapers an event that most refused to leave and go home. The advanced party ( i.e. those who donâ€™t work for a living or can dodge the odd day) arrived on Thursday and were on the water at lligwy catching supplies for the weekend on Friday. Dave claimed to have caught 30 mackerel, which was amazing because when I paddled past I only ever saw Sarah holding the fishing line? Sean Makin was well into double figures and The Pollardâ€™s could only bag 15 between them. In fact we caught more mackerel than England made runs in their first innings. After refreshments were had on the beach, we returned to bbq the fresh fish for everyone who had arrived. The hut was more than full but as usual we all found a bed somewhere. The next day people relaxed on the beach, some climbed on The Great Orme and seven kayaks paddled from Bull Bay to Lligwy, we went past the overfalls at Point Lynas, Robert Green the elder added more makeral to the supplies and we stopped for lunch at Dulas island. The seals swam around and under the kayaks, Owen Pollard and Tim swam out and joined them. Sean transported drivers back to collect cars and then it was bbq time again washed down with liquid supplied by the chairman. Sunday was the day I had been preparing for and fearing for several years. It was the stacks and Penrhyn Mawr. Diane Green, Robert, Chris and Natasha Fellowes, Owen, Dave, Sarah, Tim and myself were at Porth Dafarch for 8.45. We knew we had a neap tide and low water at noon. We hadnâ€™t planned for a thick sea mist. Sticking close together we paddled out towards Penrhyn Mawr keeping the jagged coastline to our right. These were new waters for us. We hit Penrhyn Mawr at 9.45 and it was, as planned, as flat as a pancake. Still embraced in the thick mist we continued on. The shipping horn from South Stack lighthouse sounding from the left, rocks to the right. Approaching South Stack the sun burnt through the mist and revealed the magnificent cliffs above. Climbers were abseiling down to begin their days climbing. We paddled under the footbridge and explored some magnificent caves. Then we continued towards North Stack. A paddle well worth the wait and one that will be repeated. We landed at Soldiers Point Holyhead at 11.59, perfect. Crowded beaches resulted in us retreating to the lagoons in the afternoon. Driving back along the A55 the day was being ruined as The Aussies took wicket after wicket. The radios were switched off! Relaxing at Tyn Twr Sean Makin dared to put the radio on and we sat for an hour, highly stressed as England inched over the line. You couldnâ€™t have written a better day. Monday we chilled out watching the kids throw each other into the lake. Well done to Sarah and Dave for hosting a memorable weekend and to the Ratti crew for having such a wonderfully, harmonious laugh.