

# Aboard Sengo

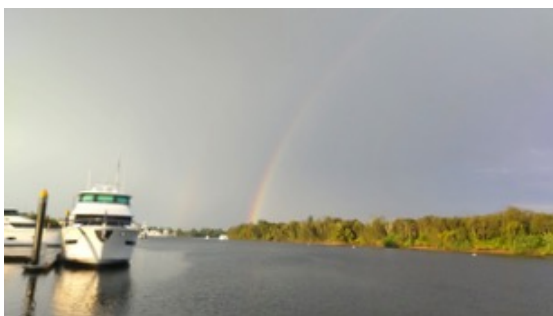


**Occasional Blue Skies...  
But plenty of rain!**



February is traditionally a wet month on the Gold Coast, at least that's what we have experienced. Whilst we had a few clear days, most were not, and during some we got downright 'drenched.' The rain is needed in some parts of the country; you can't deny the drying environment - animals and trees are desperate. As indeed are some struggling farmers. But when one has leaky top hatches, one tends to have a different view of all that water coming from the sky. We survived, but it wasn't a 'stress-less' month. There was lots of dodging of rain and drying of towels!





### BACK TO THE BOAT WORKS

1<sup>st</sup> February 2022. At around 1930 we raised the main sail. It was almost dark. And there was almost no wind. But it wasn't raining! The reason: to get rid of the water that has been accumulating in the sail bag with all the recent rain, and this afternoon would not have helped. Fortunately we avoided the walloping that those either side of us got, but we still copped quite a bit of water. As this had been building up for a couple of weeks I finally spat the dummy, threatening to put a needle hole in the sail bag to help drainage. Andrew was not fond of that idea.

I had started the day early, getting up around 0430 because my back was getting a bit niggly. I had gone to bed really early last night so the time did not concern me. I spent the first part of the early morning recreational reading, finishing that around sunrise. By 0620 I had put a topcoat of polish onto those areas I had polished last month. By 0720 we were motoring up the Coomera... 'for a fitting.'

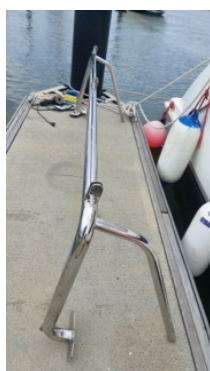
The day was exceptionally hot and horrible, as news articles had warned us so. We tied up to E3, technically too short for us but we were being shuffled

around to fit bigger boats in, and the staff *were* trying to satisfy my preference for an end berth.

By 1000 we had picked up a hire car and were back in the yard. We had envisaged using the car this afternoon but it was not to be. Upon pulling our old flexible solar panels off the shipwright discovered that, due to the heat they had produced, the fibreglass beneath had blistered. This area would need to be re-glassed but it was unlikely to happen today. Before this could be done we needed to remove the silicone that had been around the edges of the panels holding them on. A scrubbing brush didn't do the trick. In the end it was a plastic card. By sundown, and after a couple of interruptions due to rain from the edge of weather systems, and stopping for the admiration of rainbows, I was only half way through. Tomorrow will be an early start to finish before the stainless steel guys turn up.

In the middle of fiddling around with things for contractors today we needed to take the back panelling of our covers off. This meant no rain protection during downpours and no midgie protection during the evening...we were both bitten, as were the neighbours!

2<sup>nd</sup> February 2022. The newly minted stainless steel frame got attached today; fortunately the boys managed to install it just before the rain came down. It looks terrific – and the attachment to our davit poles looks as though it was always there; such a great job.







3<sup>rd</sup> February 2022. It was a busy day. The panels were attached to the frame today and then connected up so we had two lots of contractors on board. I tootled off to my eye appointment and then off to an underwear store for some bras. This is a big thing for me as I decided as I am shaping up that I should be refitted (I have been surviving on cheap and opshop bras for a long time). Because of Covid they now have 'contactless fitting.' Which was a novel concept. New undergarments secured I headed back to boat to check on works.

I got back with dry skies but there was a screen of incoming blue rain on the rain radar.

4<sup>th</sup> February 2022. It was windy. 'Very windy! We saw over 30 knots on the gauges. I cleaned up some bird poo on the port gunwale. (Which wasn't as bad as the day before). I also managed to wash-down the back cockpit mesh. Andrew changed a line on the dingy davits and replaced part of the cleating system as well as rewiring the winch. He also took a road trip down the Whitworths in Southport.

We turned the shore power off today and turned to solar panels only. There was plenty of power coming in. It was magnificent! But... The first warning of the new system was probably due to rapid tilting as the

stainless steel guys came back to pretty up a weld.

The second warning was a shock. Apparently the warnings are probably related to the panels over-charging in the port box (whatever that means). We changed back to shore power; the electrician didn't have time to see us today – but he was to come back on Monday to fix – this meant we were stuck here for the weekend (which also meant extra dock fees!).

5<sup>th</sup> February 2022. It started raining around 1530. At least that was the first time we had noticed it. We had been back to boat for a late lunch but we had spent the morning out, buying adventure sandals for Andrew, straps to tie our canvas windows to the lifelines, an extra sd card and conducting a light food shop. In the middle of that we had stopped at a caravan place because we heard it advertised on the radio. There was not much on display but we met an ex AFL footballer and Andrew got a free coffee. Back at boat I had an afternoon snooze and we both did some recreational reading.

The wind was up. We didn't bother with the gauges...at least mid 20s and prob high 20s to low 30s.



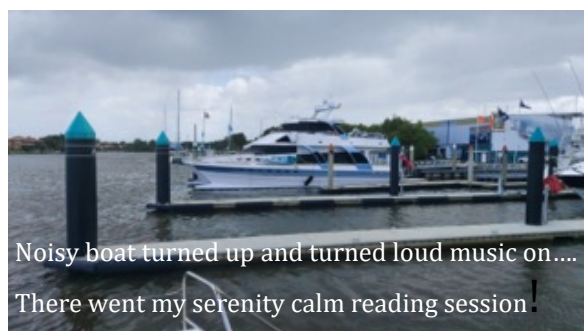


### A CENTRAL SUBURBS WALK

6<sup>th</sup> February 2022. We saw up to 30 knots on the guages today. Big winds and sporadic rain. And grey skies where the sun poked through on the odd occasion.

We had managed to get a walk in this morning, before the really bad weather; a circuit of Emerald Lake in a housing estate near the Nerang River. The village has the feeling of ye olde Europe about it, not least because it has a giant statue of David along the main street. It was populated – the cafes full of people; down for their Sunday brunch perhaps? It rained a bit on our way around the lake. We sheltered under vegetation for the first shower to go through. Because other showers were on their way we didn't walk around the residential islands, instead heading back to the car past a dragon boat gathering; there were over 200 competitors and support staff - and a lots of team tents.

Back at boat there was some recreational reading, a laundry run, and a bit of polishing. We finished the night watching the Olympics.



Noisy boat turned up and turned loud music on....  
There went my serenity calm reading session!



7<sup>th</sup> February 2022. At around 0800 we were moving the boat backwards. The big power cat that had gone out a couple of days ago (when we also had to move) was coming back in. We moved Sengo further back than before but given the width of the pen and the wind it was going to be tight. As we were moving back a Beneteau was coming in next to us so Andrew was temporarily occupied giving a hand with that (the help was reciprocated and gratefully accepted when we moved Sengo back along the dock so we could get off). The only fender to ward off the very large boat that we had easily to hand was small, all other fenders that were not flat were between Sengo and the dock. Fortunately the boss of the company moving the big boat decided the adjacent pen (where the noise machine had been (see photo)) was more practical. And to help against the wind they used a massive inflatable as a tug. For windy days we need one of those!

The travel lift had started this morning at around 0530; somewhat earlier than the usual 0645/0700. The noisy boat from yesterday was gone by the time I looked (up or out?) and the electricians arrived to fix up the issue with the solar panels moments before the lad arrived to ask us to move. By the time we had retied the boat at around 0800 the mechanic had sent Andrew a text letting him know he was on his way. .

With a bit of luck both issues will be fixed by lunchtime and we can relax for the afternoon. Of course we could still wash and polish the boat and do all manner of other activities but although easier to be on dock, not exactly urgently necessary

We do need a big shop and that can't really wait as we are almost out of food. A run to the tip for comingled recycles could be taken as well, although that too could be delayed as there are comingled recycle bins along the Paradise Point foreshore. A load of washing tonight however, for big items, would be prudent.

**BACK INTO THE BROADWATER**

8<sup>th</sup> February 2022. We were anchored opposite the end of the Coomera River at around 1100. The morning had consisted of a shower, moving the hire car to Paradise Point (with the assistance of a Boat Works car to get us back again), a phone chat to another yachtie, making pancakes for breakfast, chatting to a contractor that we are currently not using, and paying the electrician. We were helped off dock by J from The Boat Works and R from the mono who had come in to the adjacent pen a couple of days ago. It had been glass when we got up at 0630, normally a perfect time to get off dock for us, but by the time we separated from dock it was blowing over 10 knots. By the time we got to the end of the Coomera River it was blowing over 20 knots. Consistently. It wasn't supposed to be blowing that hard. And the wind was from the south east. We did motor a bit south to check if there were any gaps at Paradise Point that we could slip into but the anchorage along the shoreline was full. Not crammed, but I like to put a bit of chain out and we would end up far too close to the boats that were there if we put the anchor down even in the bigger gaps. We haven't been able to get a holding in the spot between the islands ever since friends suggested it wasn't good holding, so it was off to our gutter we went. The afternoon consisted of a heap of jobs between recreational reading: cleaning swallow poo off port gunwale, cleaning Coomera river gunk off the bottom of the fenders and putting them away, dinner, dishes, organising a hamper for a departing property manager, applying for a credit for a heater installation and money transfer to the credit card

At around 2015 in the dark, a helicopter with a large red flashing light, dipped almost to ground level behind the mangroves not far from us on South Stradbroke Island. We have no idea what he was doing. But he was noisy.

**TO TIGER MULLET CHANNEL**

9<sup>th</sup> February 2022. I have no notes for the 9<sup>th</sup> February except I know we moved to Tiger Mullet Channel.



10<sup>th</sup> February 2022. For the briefest of moments Andrew thought he had a fish. And then it was gone. A brief tug at the line turned slack within milliseconds. This was our second fishing run of the day, mid afternoon. On an excursion that lasted around two hours. We had also gone out in the morning, a one and a half hour jaunt, then in calmer winds when a lot more people were out. On both occasions there had been the occasional fish seen under the tinnie with the fish finder but clearly our lures weren't attractive on the day.

We had got up at a reasonable time; me around 0630, Andrew around 0700. A casual morning before the fishing included catching up with the news on the slowish internet (reception is not what you would call lightening fast here) educational reading, and for me, eye exercises. After we got back from the morning fishing session I made lunch and we filled in a couple of hours looking at news, and educational reading before we headed out again. Neither of our excursions coincided with any of the three bite times listed for the day, not even the 'fair' one. No wonder we didn't catch anything!





11<sup>th</sup> February 2022. Andrew had mentioned yesterday he might like to go fishing again this morning. I had suggested if that was the case he needed to go early; the wind was due to pick up in the 1000 tranche. This morning he suggested a walk instead, which suits me better but I suspect it had something to do with trying out a new toy. However by the time we left the new toy got left behind; it was blowing low teens and gusting to 18: funnily enough just about exactly what [windy.com](http://windy.com) predicted.

We left boat around 0810 and at 0830 landed the tinnie at the southern end of the lagoon near the top of South Stradbroke Island. Andrew said he hadn't a time in mind for a walk and he is the one to usually pull the activity up short. For several reasons I thought it might be a short walk. We left the tinnie at 0840 after taking a call re getting a tenant from a real estate agent, and waked part way round the back of the lagoon at the top of South Stradbroke Island. Andrew had got grumpy coming over as a wave had breached high enough to get him soaked, but by the time we crossed over to the east beach he had other concerns. The wind was already up here, as expected, and the predicted large and powerful surf conditions obvious. 'It is windier than expected,' he said. He was not sure how long he would be happy walking in this. So I checked after 15 minutes and he asked how far down it was to our usual cross over track (not that we'd done this cross over for a long time). A fair way, I commented, thinking that last time we had done this run it had



taken around 40 minutes. True we hadn't started from the very top, but we had started pretty close. After thirty minutes of walking against the wind (who needs resistance training when walking into a strong southerly) I climbed an adjacent dune to see if I could get any clue as to our location. We could now see where the ridge of vegetation started to the south and moved inland for the final walk before we crossed over. We headed for the no longer used 4wd track being very careful where we stood. There were plenty of small plovers around and this area is protected for their nesting. Indeed I had spotted a broken shell earlier as we had started the walk - although on reflection it may have belonged to a larger bird, it was a big egg.

Getting closer to the end of the vegetation I spotted an orange flag. Nothing looked overly familiar as I acknowledged that the landscape may have changed a bit since we were last here (some one once mentioned that the sand here has possibly migrated up the coast from from Sydney). I wasn't sure, Andrew thought we had to walk a bit



further. He was correct as when we followed the track marked by the orange flag we emerged at the swamp north of our usual route. Fortunately the swamp was relatively dry and we were able to walk across it, emerging at its southern end with the junction of track to our normal route. From there we had to rack our brains for the way back, accidentally taking a couple of animal tracks, but we emerged on the western beach no worse for wear.

The stroll back to tinnie was uneventful, taking a slight detour where we again lost the original track (although as it was close to a cliff edge last time, the original may no longer be there - it looked as if some erosion had collapsed the edge of the cliff), chatting to one camper, being ignored by a new camper, and walking through the back of Horseshoe Bay tidal zone, working as much as we could to avoid the flock of Eastern Curlews, who moved anyway when they saw us coming from some distance away.

The tinnie ride back wasn't as wet as it could have been. The wind had picked up somewhat (steady mid teens when we got back to boat) and instead of motoring down the west coast of South Stradbroke Island until we were opposite the entrance to the channel south of Green Island (we had taken a short cut north of Green Island on the way over) we headed straight across the choppy waves (so choppy Andrew had made sure we had easy access to the lifejackets before we left the beach) and headed to the north side of Crusoe Island. Once in its lee it was a rather pleasant, flat and non windy (and non wet) ride back to boat, the only interruption of this was feeling head on breezes coming down McKenzies Channel to come out just east of Sengo. Fortunately it was slack tide when we got back, so getting the tinnie back up was not a problem.

The afternoon was spent recreational reading, more Canada, making lunch and dinner, eye exercises, and snoozing. We had left the tinnie at 0840. We had got back to the tinnie at 1100. It had been a three hour 20 minute walk.

The bird list included eastern curlews on the shortcut over, pelicans, egrets, the osprey on his usual perch, red capped dotterels, terns, gulls, and pied oyster catchers



12th February 2022. Today wasn't exactly exciting. I managed a yoga session, some eye exercises, some recreational reading and some educational reading. I also got some of December's newsletter done, and cleaned up the top of the gunwales in preparation for polishing them - but that job was rain interrupted and any thought of actually getting the polishing done was put out of my mind. We saw over 29 knots on the gauges today. The wind strength was probably higher but because it was so high we gave up checking the gauges regularly - we are becoming a bit blasé with the Huey's blowing.

The troops were gathering in the sheltered anchorages for this blow; there were three boats behind us at end the of the sandbar to our west that hadn't been there when we had put our

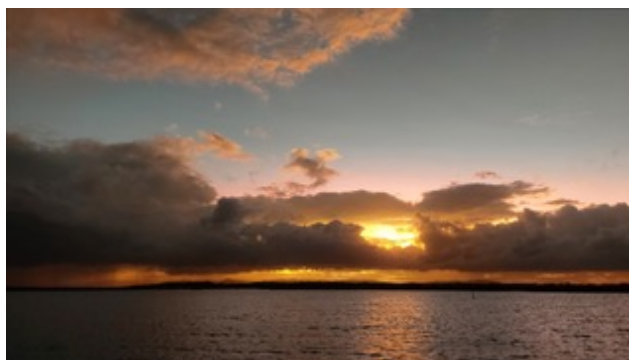
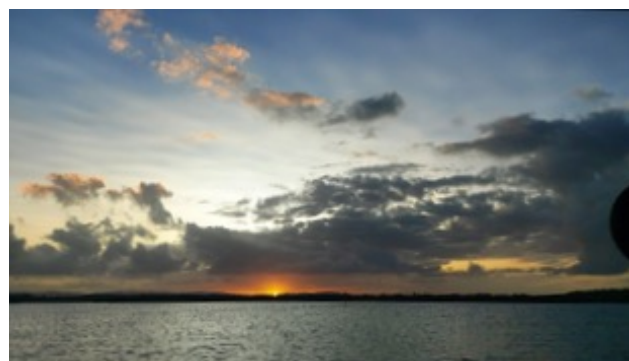
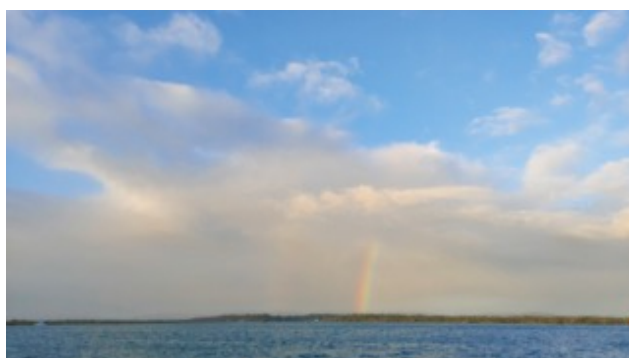


anchor down, and the anchorage on the south side of Green Island from this distance seemed full, from being practically empty a couple of days ago, to an even line of at least 10 anchor lights tonight.

13th February 2022. A double rainbow greeted me this morning at around ten to six. The sun was already up.

It was a day of not much. It was too windy to get off boat but we didn't even turn the gauges on. It would have been blowing low to mid twenties, gusting high twenties.. There was not much rain activity over us, just to both our east and west. This allowed me to do a base polish above the rub rail on the starboard hull. Other jobs included rinsing the back rope from our stay at Coomera on which the gunk had soaked in. It is not perfectly clean but is much better. Recreational and educational reading ensued, as well as one half session of yoga for both of us and an extra small sequence in the evening for me. I also did a bit of a tidy up. Chunks of time were also spent sorting out more of Canada, and sorting out menus and a shopping list for the next week. That last subject took the better part of two hours -I had forgotten the time menu planning takes.

We watched the sunset from the back step in mildly windy conditions.







14<sup>th</sup> February 2022. Our hatches fortunately aren't leaking like they used to, but some of them still leak in heavy rain. Which makes it a pain trying to tidy up, and to re organise the absorption or water catching containers and their placements when the rain is due.

We awoke to a light shower of rain but outside didn't look too ominous. I managed to open up the back but it soon got closed off again as the rain came in light spits and farts and then in more steady bouts...we had a waterfall coming off the top of the new solar panels.

Jobs for the day included putting away the polishing stuff, there was no more chance to use that today! Equipment that had been used on excursions over the last few days got put away, recreational and educational reading, half a yoga session before we both got dizzy, and a bit of newsletter editing.

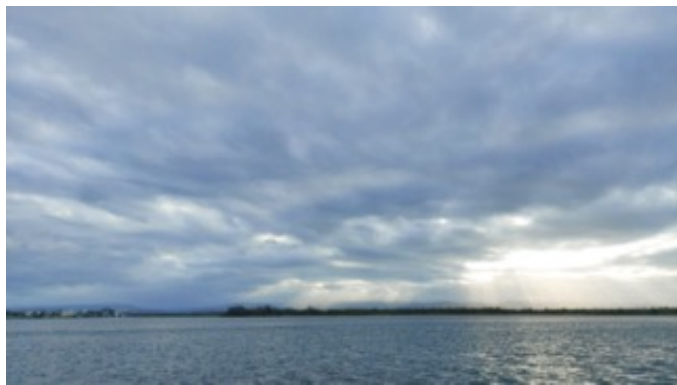
### BACK TO THE END OF THE COOMERA

15<sup>th</sup> February 2022. High tide at Whalleys Gutter was 0908. Our anchor was up and we were on our way at 0920. There was a very short smattering of rain at 0921 and then there was nothing except wind to worry about. MetEye had 15-20 knots predicted from the 1000 tranche. We saw 24.9 on the gauges at one point. Anchor was down at 1050 in our anchorage near Brown Island across from the end of the Coomera River. It was an outgoing tide with an opposing south east wind and the sky was essentially a uniform grey.

The dance was started. Initially we found ourselves side on to the waves (wind) but as the wind dropped the tide took over and we started the dance that would take us around and around. And around

Reading was our main activity. We put the tinnie chairs away because I had missed them yesterday but apart from the usual cleaning up after oneself, and standard daily chores like the dishes, there were very few other activities. We got half a yoga session done.

There was less rain than expected, and according to the rain radar, most of that was inland. The grey of the day persisted until after dark (the sunset was a tiny dot of yellow briefly showing near the horizon) but eventually the cloud broke up and we could see stars above us.



16<sup>th</sup> February 2022. Exhausted...but not by a pleasurable walk. Yes we were on our feet a long time but it was in a supermarket. The first job of the morning was to get to the podiatrist to pick up some new orthotics. Normally we would walk down to Runaway Bay from Paradise Point but we went by bus. So after dropping off a pumpkin to *Koolsid II* we dropped off our recycles and rubbish in the parklands adjacent the jetty and headed for the bus stop. We didn't have long to wait. The run from Paradise Point to Runaway Bay is only 7 minutes so we were at the podiatrist in no time, and a few minutes early. Of course being a 'medical' practitioner he was a few minutes late!

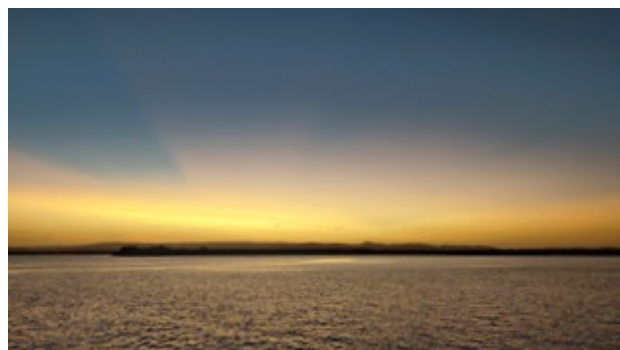
New orthotics on, we walked down to the shopping Centre. The sign in QLD App requirements have been removed from the centre but still remain on some shops. After buying a book in Big W and a set of scales (like the ones I dropped to an op shop a couple of years ago) we headed into Woollies for a weekly shop. As we had recipes to cover we had a specific list...and it took us ages...We have temporarily stuck ourselves on a strict calorie controlled diet. This has been relatively doable so far. The only stressful day until now had been

yesterday where there was around six hours between meals. Today we had another six hour break (albeit with a couple of nuts in the middle) but I think where we really came apart was lack of water. By the time we got back to boat to cook a late lunch it was after 1300 and we were physically and mentally exhausted.

So subsequent to that we had no energy to do anything. Apart from put the food away, get the other fridge going, and cook lunch, we read all afternoon

No boat jobs were done today - there was not enough energy in the tank.

I weighed myself today; on the little mat, because I didn't want to put the scales on the floor. The reading was around. the same as I was four weeks ago. But they say not to use the scales on carpet. On the bathroom floor they read several kilos lighter. I will use that as my start weight for week two of our diet. We went to bed around 2130.



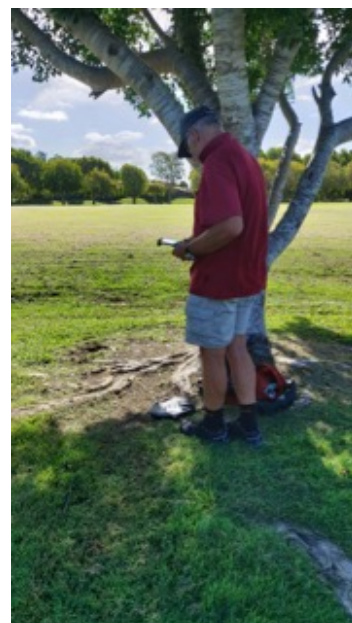
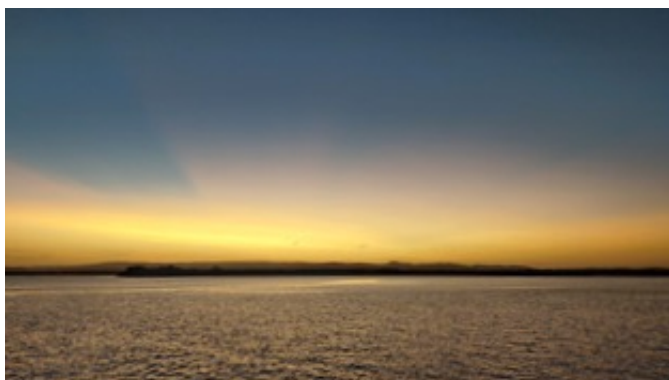
17<sup>th</sup> February 2022. 'Just fill 'er up and drive away.' Yup - that was the instruction. The last time I just 'filled her up and drove away' the police were called. Admittedly at that time I had been in a confused state. Fortunately, prompted by the passing of the regional headquarters of the police, I realised my mistake and headed back to the servo to pay my bill.

The car today was picked up around 30 minutes earlier than we expected, so our arrival at Varsity Lakes for my eye appt was early, and we could only fill in so much time going into the Chemist Warehouse and saying hello to a local dachshund outside a cafe. Andrew read in the car. I went to the clinic early.

Andrew has a new toy and because conditions were so good we figured we would try it out. I asked a local. 'Is there a park nearby that has open space that is not likely to be occupied by kids and dogs?' At this time of the day, apparently not.

However we were directed to Flascott Park that has large open spaces, a dog run and an outdoor basketball court, the latter of which was unoccupied and was not covered in freshly mown grass. Its unpopularity didn't last long. After about 10 minutes a mother with her sub 10 year old turned up with a basketball. It was easy for us to retreat to the other end, but then six kids turned up on bikes with no compunction about riding over the court and into our space. I mean really into our space, within a foot! Fortunately we had seen them coming and Andrew was packing up his new flying toy as they stopped next to us. Have you got a drone? Yes. That's cool. Yes it is. And we left.

The traffic congestion was apparent in a couple of places on the way back to Paradise Point. We found the wind had clocked as expected to the east and north east when we got back to the jetty. It was light and it was a pleasant 20-minute or so tinnie ride back to boat







18<sup>th</sup> February 2022. Thor was beating a drum in the background when we got on board at around 1550. It had been a rough tinnie ride from the Paradise Point jetty, Andrew claiming the tinnie had been airborne. I know I certainly had been! But the sun was beating down. Thunderstorms had been forecast.

We had just spent a delightful time catching up with *Joule* so we were on a high, so even a few jolts from landing on waves couldn't dampen the enthusiasm.

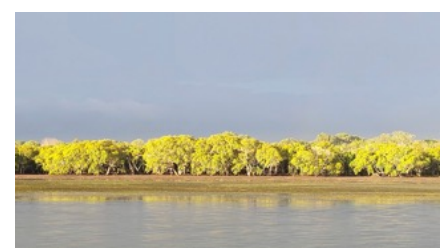
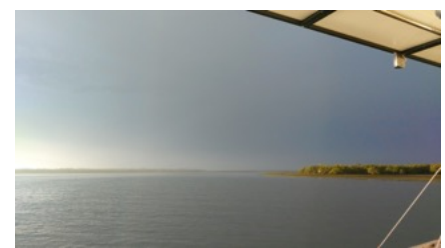
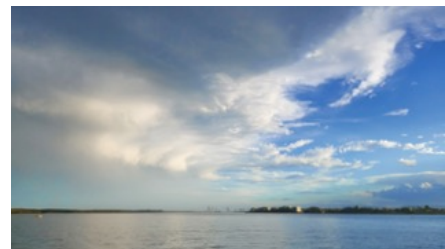
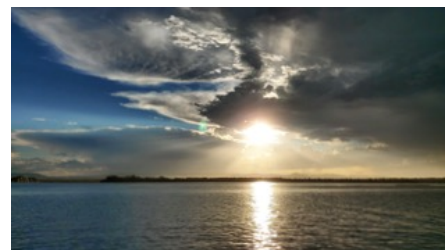
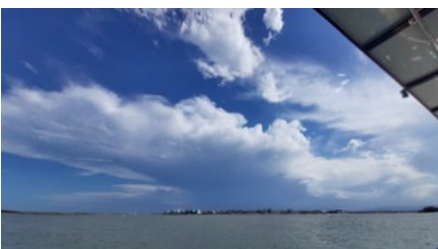
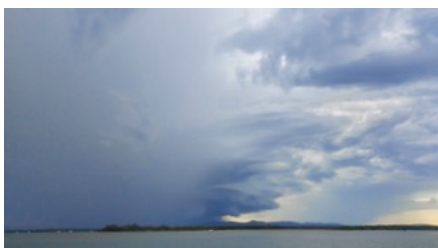
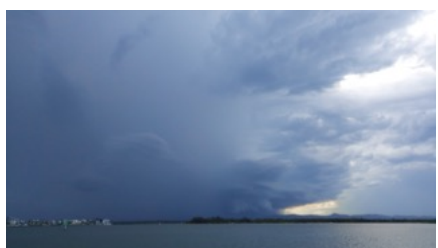
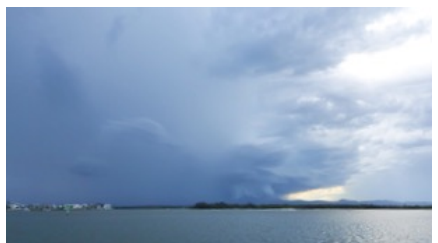
The morning had been spent inland I had sort of allocated this morning for Andrew to have more of a play with his new flying toy. His statement this morning was he was happy with yesterday's inaugural run so if he didn't get any time today that would be fine.

How about a drive instead I suggested, but take your toy with you just in case we find somewhere suitable.

We headed up Tamborine Mountain and stopped at the Gallery Walk. The tourist trap is a road lined with cafes and tourist shops. I was in the mood to browse, something we don't normally do, but was shocked at the lack of options. It was a quarter past nine and the street was practically empty of cars. Most of the cafes were shut, those open were doing well, and the nick-nacky shops, if their doors were open weren't yet open to the public. But it a Friday! The nick-nacky shop that we did find open (with the attendant having the same lovely English accent as my old boss in Panton Hill) actually made a bit of money out of us. Granted most of the items were food or food related with

one cosmetic item locally made. I came away satisfied I had scratched my 'touro' itch. We stayed on the strip for a cuppa, at the cafe outside which we had parked our car, and then headed over the hill to loop back to Hope Island. Third time lucky we found a suitable little park for Andrew to play with his new toy before heading south.

Back on boat the evening held some spectacular skies ...and lots of rain!



19<sup>th</sup> February 2022. I didn't get up until after 0700 officially, but then I had had an interrupted sleep, waking around 0200 with an exceptionally sore toe. The toenail had been pried off this toe some days before, mostly by itself but I admit I was impatient and had helped it along in the end. The separation wasn't clean, and it had been sore where I had ripped part of the skin. But nothing like this. This felt like infection. Just what I need with a big walking trip coming up! As I couldn't sleep I got up and to occupy my time and I managed a large load of dishes, before relaxing a little and reading a bit more of a borrowed book, 'Klondike'. Funnily enough after standing doing the dishes the toe didn't feel so bad, and so when I went back to bed at around 0330 I hardly felt it at all; getting easily back to sleep.

I was hoping to get to shore for a walk but the forecasts, and indeed actual wind speeds had changed. It was now a southerly, and, give or take, from 15 to 20 knots. Showers were predicted, and a possible storm. The showers didn't come until later, around 1700 for the first tranche, and with them came even more wind; 30 knots for the first bout, 29 knots for the second bout, we didn't bother checking the third bout. Our concern was for our leaky hatches as part of those showers included some intense bouts of rain. It is during these intense bouts of rain that the water builds up and finds the gaps.

The day had started out productive; newsletter, reading, and washing the floor of our head. But my efficiency had petered off. Most of the day was sunny but because of the wind and sea state it was quite jiggly with the waves, let alone the weekend traffic going past. We didn't get off. The afternoon was spent on more newsletter and reading.



20<sup>th</sup> February 2022. At just after 0600 the sky was a mixture of raincloud and blue sky. The rain radar had small scatterings of rain coming at our area from east south east - out to sea. It had rained overnight whilst we were in bed but it hadn't been heavy enough to be of concern.

It was low tide and I could hear shore birds peeping on the sand flats.

A calm morning. The predicted showers were obviously not coming our way. I wanted a walk. I was happy with a Paradise Point walk initially but forecasts suggested that the earlier the better. The problem was Andrew didn't get up until 0800 and that was late, even for him. So at 0900 we were looking at the rain radar arguing if Sengo was going to get wet, if the hatches would leak and the fact if we weren't here to control the water then I didn't want to be the one who was left to clean it up - which I invariably am!

Eventually we got to shore and started walking just before 1000. But not the normal Paradise Point loop. If Andrew was up to it I suggested a walk down to Runaway Bay Centre, technically one way the same distance (ish) of our usual Paradise Point loop so not a stretch. Whether we wanted to walk back was another matter.

Of course the walk down Bayview Road is nowhere near as attractive as the Paradise Point loop but I had a mission in mind. Having just bought a small wok I was now in the market for a new, better quality, non stick fry pan -the cheap ones bought almost a decade ago were on their last legs. At Runaway Bay Centre we had the choice of three franchise retailers, Big W, Target and a home wares store, and I guess Woollies and Coles at a pinch. We ended up buying from the

home wares store but we did check the other options out.

After a cuppa, where the service was terrible and they got the order wrong, we walked back! (Andrew ordered a mug of long black and a cup was delivered). Instead of just apologising they checked the docket and told him that a cup was on the docket. That's not his fault - that is not what he ordered, and nor is it what he paid for. My order came through immediately, maybe. 'Cappuccino' she said. 'Decaf,' I asked. 'Yes,' she said but given Andrew's order difficulties, I will just have to wait and see if I lose any hair. And as for the fact Andrew asked for almond milk for the frothing..it tasted a lot like cows milk to me.

We got back to boat early afternoon, made pea and mint soup for lunch and spent the rest of the day looking at screens or pages. We didn't have enough energy to do anything else.



21<sup>st</sup> February 2022. I got up early. It was exceptionally calm. Low tide. Great for a paddle but two 'ups' were missing. First the boards weren't pumped up and secondly Andrew wasn't physically up.

The forecast was for 60 pc chance of rain from late morning so when Andrew did get up we managed a walk at Paradise Point, our usual shore circuit. We were off boat just after 0800, starting the walk at just after 0830, and back on Sengo just before 1000. The rain radar showed two rain systems - one out to sea and one north east of us. The systems were moving from northeast to south west (ish). Andrew had a new line to one of the davit cleats installed by just before 1030, and I could see a system coming up fast from our north just as he was finishing off. Fortunately it missed us.

The rest of the day was spent cooking, dishes, educational reading, watching a documentary on the Klondike gold rush, some Spanish revision and setting up the next weeks menu.

We never did get any rain.



22<sup>nd</sup> February 2022. I got up just after the sun. The forecast was approx the same. This time the clouds in the sky were a little darker...but there wasn't much on the radar

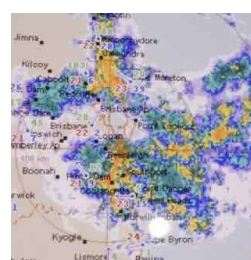
### **10 minutes earlier would have been good!**

Actually 20 minutes later would have worked as well. But no, our timing was perfect to get half way back to Sengo and get walloped.

We got our walk today but not the one I expected given the coming forecast. I rang the eye clinic at 0900 to see if I could change my Thursday afternoon appointment to Wednesday morning. Thursday's forecast was for 100 per cent chance of rain with 50mm to 120mm. Wednesday's forecast a more respectable 50mm to 90mm. The morning winds were calm but as afternoon arrived, as per normal, the wind picked up. Four hours later after chasing up twice. The answer was 'Yes'. I could have the spot. Great! All we needed now was to organise a car.

So the day's walk was to the car hire mob. Having the car today did have one advantage - it meant we could do a shop for next week's groceries - which helped. The rain on the way back didn't.

The evening was spent reading and finalising ideas for Canada.



## A little bit wet!

23<sup>rd</sup> February 2022. When I had changed tomorrow's appt to today, the forecast had changed. Tomorrow 100pc 50 to 120mm. Today 100pc 50 to 90 mm. In the grand scheme of things no different. But the forecast said, most likely from late morning.

Well, I don't consider 0300 to be late morning and that is when I heard the first vestiges of rainfall. Dreary eyed I got up and checked the rain radar. An enormous amount of water was heading toward us. Hopefully in 2.5 hours when I was supposed to get up, it would have passed over.

But it hadn't and a 0630 we donned our full wet weather gear and got ourselves drenched during the 20 minute tinnie ride to shore. On the plus side there were no waves on the water, it was practically flat, and there was no wind. A couple of hours before the wind had roared for a short time and I had wondered if we were going to get off boat at all (a check of observations later had the seaway at 35 knots at around 0300)

We got to shore, tied the tinnie up, chatted to another crazy soul docking on the Paradise Point jetty ( who said he was doing just fine until his wife insisted he go to shore for coffee) and then took shelter under cover to strip the bulky rain gear off. Did we get wetter going from the shelter to the car? Who knows.

Traffic to Varsity Lakes was very slow in the rain on the freeway but we got there like the last early appointment; early. By the time I got out of my appointment the rain had stopped, relatively speaking. The drive back to the car hire mob was pleasant and after picking up a bit more food we got a lift back to the Paradise Point jetty. We donned the wet weather gear back on just in case and after siphoning out the water that had filled the dingy to the height of Andrew's ankles we headed back to boat. There was no further rain to speak of until 1750 when we got a short drizzle. At 1850 it was a bit heavier.

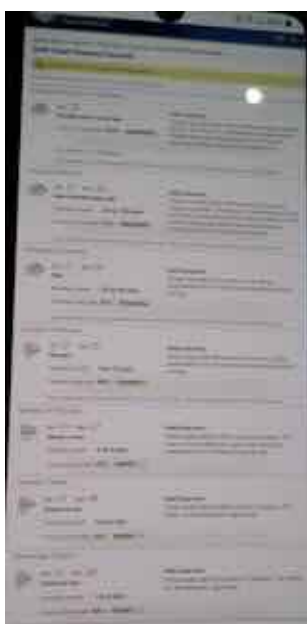
Notorious had turned up whilst we were away, anchored at a reasonable distance away. That was all well and good until a hire houseboat turned up and anchored between us. Initially 103.8 m away but that got reduced to 47.2. meters I yelled this to Andrew but clearly the occupants heard this as immediately after they left.

Back to a comfortable position with no close neighbours and now all we had to do was wait for the predicted rain.



24<sup>th</sup> February 2022. What rain? What irony. With a forecast of 150mm in general (and specific predictions of more in specific locations) we spent the day in anticipation of a wild and windy tempest. And stressed our system for nothing. By the time we went to bed the Gold Coast SeaWay (the closest official observation point from where we were) had recorded all of 3mm! The winds hadn't got as strong as they were expecting either and although maybe a little wet we could have got over to land for the original booking for my eye appt today in relative comfort even if it had rained; there was nothing today as intense as yesterday's morning downpour.

We spent the day reading mostly. No cleaning, no boat jobs, just a decant of some water from the collection containers under the hatches after one intense bout of rain. We got half a yoga session in.



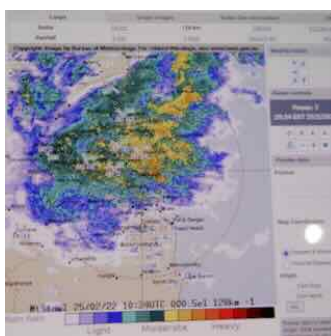
25<sup>th</sup> February 2022. At around 0645 it sounded as though it was blowing approx 20 knots, confirmed when I had turned the gauges on. It had sounded windier overnight but I hadn't bothered to get up to check. Observations on [bom.gov.au](http://bom.gov.au) told me that seaway had gusted to 29 knots at 0300.

There was no rain where we were at just before 0700 but the rain radar showed an enormous mass of it to our north, and a slow southerly westerly ish movement. Would we get it in the next hour or so? Or would we miss it by a waterway width?

It wasn't until around 1900 that we got any rain to speak of. In fact up until late afternoon Seaway had a reading of 0.00 in observations. We had been lucky, the enormous mass was moving and extending in a southwesterly direction, missing us by a skerrick, any rain during the day just the drizzle of the south-eastern fringe. But when it did start to come down it was enough to reinstate the drip bucket in our head. Not in an ideal spot. The hatch is directly over the toilet so if you want to use the facility and it is raining heavily you get wet.

The day was spent reading and internet exploring, the former educationally, the latter with regard to our upcoming Canada trip. Breakfast lunch and dinner were all stove/oven based so they took up some time on this grey and dreary day. One boat, a local who had anchored between us and Notorious yesterday, had left early, by 0730 this morning. I had thought he was anchored a bit close to the sand bank but being a mono perhaps it was the large bow waves at high tide from the passing power boats that moved him on.

By 2030 the rain mass had moved a bit more south and we found ourselves well and truly inside the edge of the moving mass. Patches of yellow on the rain radar indicated we were in for a slightly wet night!





26<sup>th</sup> February 2022. We finally got some wind over night and some rain but it wasn't enough to worry too much about our hatches. To 0600 Seaway just to our south had only recorded 8 mm for the previous 21 hours.

According to the BOM App we were 100pc chance to get 110 to 150mm today. We are very glad we missed that. Others we know further north were not so lucky and got drenched.

We only bothered checking the gauges twice yesterday, both readings around twenty knots. Seaway just to our south official readings were low to mid twenties gusting to high to mid twenties. This morning just after 0500 it apparently gusted to 32 knots!

'Deluge' is how a friend described the rain. 'Absolute deluge'. It had been bucketing down where she was for over 24 hours. I was having this chat with her at mid morning. By mid morning where we were we still hadn't had a lot of rain although it was a consistent light drizzle. We were still on the edge of the system we hoped would keep heading southwest to miss us.

As is our usual practice, the morning discussion on this boat, if we have internet reception, is a swapping of news headlines and occasionally reading one out. As we both look at different news sites in the morning this gives us a cross section of stories, and we pick up items that might otherwise been missed. Andrew had found one this morning suggesting the predictions for the current rain system were that it would turn south and sit over the Gold Coast, as it had sat over the Sunshine Coast. I hoped not. That would mean more active management of our leaky hatches and a little more stress.

Predictions are not always accurate (note last Thursday where predicted rainfall was 110 to 150mmm and we got 3mm) but in this case the forecast held true. So by lunchtime the rain radar was showing a distinct movement our way, the rain steadier and heavier, and our position in the mass inching closer to middle. When worrying about rain on a normal day I have the propensity to keep checking the radar. I deliberately didn't do it often today. I knew there was not going to be much difference but each time I checked in the afternoon, and right up to when we went to bed at 2315 we were sitting in about the geographical middle of the radar detectable rain mass. Buckets had been emptied throughout the afternoon. At this stage the worst culprit is the hatch over the couch, and we have an elaborate counter system in order to catch the water as it falls in an awkward spot; the balance system set up seems to catch most drops.

Reading was the educational order of the day finishing Klondike leant to us by another yachtie. Klondike is a history of the Klondike gold rush in the Yukon, Canada. We are not planning to go to the

old town at the centre of the rush, but we are passing through areas that some of the stampeders went through to get there. The rest of the day was spent on further details for our Canada trip. Three meals were cooked from scratch. No boat jobs were done. A small yoga session for both of us and I did an extra half a sequence before bed. Yoghurt was made.



27<sup>th</sup> February 2022. Observations on the Bom website had Seaway rainfall, until 0900 this morning, for the past 24 hours at 145.2mm! And it continued. There is not much to say about today but rain. Rain and more rain

Again we didn't check the wind gauges throughout the day but wind speeds varied from light to vigorous gusts. Rain varied from gentle to steady downpours although again not as heavy as some. Seaways stats gusting to high 20s and by midnight had 40mm. I went to bed before that.

There were a couple of respites throughout the day. The only storm we saw as such was after dark and to our north where there was obvious thunder and lightning.

Reading, yoga, eye exercises, three meals, a snooze, a game of rumukin, Canada, thinking about next weeks menu, Spanish

The only cover we opened today was the back door...for some light. There was too much rain from the wrong direction for the boat to open the others.

The water around us is brown, both tides now and the Coomera River actually made it to the list of Flood warnings, with three points listed and whether they were rising, falling or steady



28<sup>th</sup> February 2022. To 0900 this morning for the past 24 hours Seaway got 103.2mm

I awoke to the cantilever drip system falling off the couch. I supposed I shouldn't be surprised as it happened yesterday but the circumstances were different. It was 0530.

Checking the rain radar at 0540 was encouraging. It looked like we were on the top edge of it. Perhaps it will all be over in a couple of hours and I can dry the boat out and get some boat jobs done. The weather predictions included: 80pc chance rain with 50 to 70mm. Notorious moved off this morning, leaving us as the sole boat in this anchorage.

Despite the colour of the water we saw minimal debris from the Coomera River around us.

At around 0910 we raised the mainsail. As we had a load of water to decant from the sail's folds and the boom bag. There was practically no wind, although the water was not quite glass, and Andrews's preference would have been to leave the sail up for a while to dry it out; the sun was now out, but we prudently put the sail away again.

It was quiet. The only real sound heard was the surf pounding on the outside of South Stradbroke Island. Given the fine day, I started hanging the towels out to dry that had been our water stoppers from our leaking hatches.

The rain headed off to south, as expected, and the welcome patches of blue sky got bigger. The wind this morning was supposed to be calmer than this afternoon but I didn't think I could rouse Andrew for a walk. It was only after chatting to another boat early afternoon and discovering they were going for a walk I thought 'right. Why not?' Yes the wind had picked up a bit but it was not tragic. The trip to shore through baby cack brown water was spent dodging small bits of vegetative debris. We found Notorious between the Paradise Point islands. We walked our usual Paradise Point jaunt, did a quick shop and headed back to boat. The tide had turned and the current was quite strong despite being early in the process. That's when we

noticed the clouds. They were getting greyer and there seemed to be more of them. At around 1750 it rained again. Quite a lot and into the night. We went to bed with the rain steadily coming down.

