



Coast Range Chronicles 8: “Perfect”

by

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The point is fickle. It breaks only a few times each year. The elements have to converge just right: tide, wind, swell, sediment. A rare synergy, but when it happens, the place is perfect.

A December morning dawns calm and clear. My buddy and I check the point from the bluff. The waves are mushy garbage, breaking on the rocks, unsurfable. We wait. We pace the bluff. The tide drops quickly from the recent full moon. A critical bathymetric threshold passes unseen.

The first surfable wave breaks along the point. Then the second, third, fourth, each wave better than the last. Like the swell is testing the bottom contour, working out the kinks. Soon it's overhead and perfect.

We scramble into our wetsuits and paddle out. Waves jack on the point and peel flawless into the cove. We catch countless waves and surf to the beach, run up the point,

and hop back in the ocean. We're giddy with our luck. And greedy. We check the bluffs constantly for interlopers, fearing intrusion into our secret gift.

But for three hours the waves come and the people don't. Sets reel as we surf and run, surf and run. We're gluttonous with stoke and fatigue.

The tide bottoms out and rises fast. The narrow window closes and the point shuts down. We paddle to shore, slip into dry clothes, and watch the ocean from the bluff.

Unsurfable once again, the perfection gone as quickly as it came.

Like it had never been there at all.