

# THE GRINDING ROAD TO JALAMA IS ALWAYS WORTH IT! IN SOME WAY OR ANOTHER.



Photos by Drew McGill  
Words by John Holder

Packed in like sardines we make the semi rough trip through the hills to the glory land that is only known as Jalama. Obviously, we arrived around 3 hours after expected so a lovely evening surf session was out of the question. Next order of business, setup the campsite, once again an easy feat, get the sleeping bags from the car to the beach. Around this time the festivities began. Armed to the bone with our own bottles

of red wine we took off into the night. Our goal was to get as much firewood as possible. We walked south for a few minutes, then decided to turn around and head north. We stumbled across a rivermouth and into a land with wood everywhere. Drinking, smoking laughing jollily we hauled our bounty back to home camp. By this time, the sauce was kicking in quiet nicely and all that needed to be done was create a fire on the beach next to the sleeping bags. This was an easy task and made falling asleep a bliss.



The next morning, heads filled with red wine, we made our morning drink of mate and then proceeded to get into our rubber suits. The surf didn't look that good or hectic but the paddleout changed everything. There was a massive rip just sucking out to see and trying to catch a wave in the zone was impossible. Luckily, we are all sick ass surfers and found ways to catch a few little gems. Then it was back to the car, pack up the site, have one last torch and then hit the road.