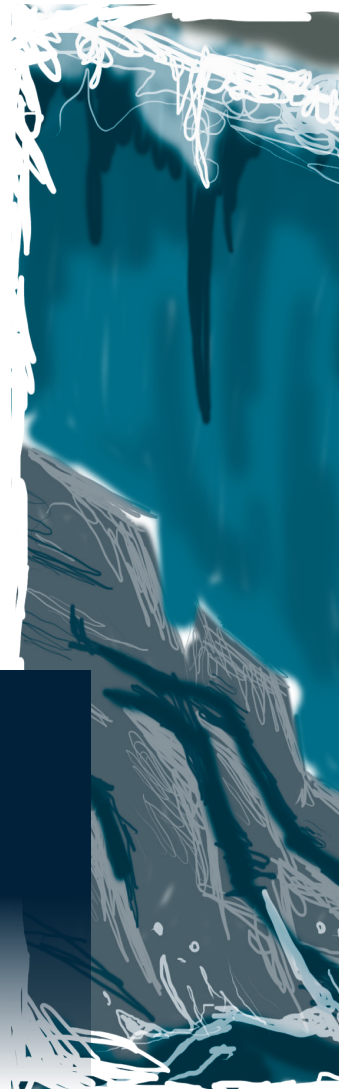




A PERFECT STORM

BY MICHEAL KEW



I was on a Quiksilver/TransWorld SURF boat trip to Fiji's Forbidden Islands with Strider Wasilewski, Mark Healy, Clay Marzo, and a few of Strider's friends...

When we got to Fiji, the captain of our 140-foot boat said the anchor winch was broken, but it would be fixed that night. So he drove us halfway to Suva, got us a hotel room, then took us out to Frigates in an expensive yacht.

The surf was actually pretty good, but it was impossible to shoot from the water because the current was too strong; you'd get swept straight out to sea. We didn't have a dinghy, and the yacht we were on was too far from the waves, so I couldn't shoot at all.

Since the other boat was supposed to be fixed that night, we weren't too worried.

But during dinner, our guy came in and said it wouldn't be fixed until the next morning, so we had to spend the night where we were, near Frigates.

Of course, the boat wasn't fixed the next morning, so we surfed Frigates again. Still no photos. It was day two of a weeklong trip, so time was precious. Healey broke a board, and one of Strider's friends got raked across the reef. He had these huge tiger-claw gouges all over his back—really gnarly.

After surfing all day, the boat still wasn't fixed, so we decided to drive to Suva and physically get on the boat to force the issue, because if we didn't leave soon, we

weren't going at all.

Suva has one of the world's greasiest, gnarliest harbors. Diesel fumes were everywhere, you couldn't even breathe—and we all got crazy headaches. The whole harbor was filled with black smoke ... it was just hideous.

the harbor. We'd sat on the boat for 24 hours straight, so at that point we figured we'd check out Suva for a little while.

The boat was finally fixed at around 2:00 p.m., so we all got back onto the boat, left the harbor, and drove straight into

We got back on the boat... straight into the gnarliest storm ever—35-foot seas, gale-force winds. It was seriously straight out of *The Perfect Storm*

We sat on the boat all day; we were supposed to leave at midnight. But when we woke up the next day, we were still in

the gnarliest storm ever—35-foot seas, gale-force winds. It was seriously straight out of *The Perfect Storm*.