

DOWNLOAD PDF THE TOPSIDE OF DOWNUNDER AND THE LAND BELOW THE SEA

Chapter 1 : 3 Best Ways to View Sea Lions & Seals in La Jolla - Walk, Snorkel, Kayak

*The Topside of Down Under and the Land Below the Sea: Around the World in 45 Days [Frank Cobb, Frank Jr. Cobb] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Does the land underneath an island go all the way down? Could I swim underneath an island? What creatures could live in the gap between the bottom of the island and the sea-bed? The answer is no. Like all land, an island is simply the top of a mountain or cliff rising from the sea bed that is sufficiently high to remain above sea level. You can sometimes swim under overhanging coral growths but the island must still be anchored to the earth. Creatures eg fish lobsters etc could live in crannies in the substructure. The only island, if indeed it is an island, that floats on water is the ice that forms the North Pole. The exception is ice-bergs, which do float, ice being less dense than water. There is no gap. Islands are notable for being made of land, i. Rock is notable for, in general, not floating in water. Rock and sand floats. You can swim right underneath islands. Elvis, Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy. Michael Fisher, Brisbane Australia Most islands certainly go all the way down. Look at the Isle of Wight, for example; nothing underneath but chalk and dinosaur bones. However, nobody has checked underneath all islands. There s a kind of rock which comes from volcanoes called pumice, which is light enough to float, so far out in the vat oceans, there could be floating islands of pumice. Sometimes, sailors try yo reach islnds marked on their charts only to find them gone. Perhaps they were floating islands that sank, or drifted away. You could certainly swim underneath one of those isalnds if you were brave enough and had enough air. As to what creatures you would find, they might be pale and ghostly, like those found in caves or in the deep ocean, or they might be brightly luminous to find their way in the darkness; no-one knows. Maybe the time is right for someone to find out and to tell the story. If there was nothing between the "underside" of an island and the sea bed it would sink. However there are islands where there are sea caves that extend far inland, the island of Andros the one in the Bahamas, not the Greek one is a good example. Dave, Oxted Surrey Of course it does; otherwise, it could be towed away. Granite would float if you carved it right, but concrete is easier to mould. There would be no islands. As it continued to rise, some of them would be completely submerged. What we see as islands today are merely those parts above where the sea level happens to be. So the answer is yes - the land does go all the way down, so to speak. Charlie, Manchester Greater Manchester Within a few hours boat journey from the shores of Puno on Lake Titicaca, the traveller will come across the floating islands of Uros, complete with its floating school. The islands, like the buildings and boats are constructed from the reeds that line the lake. So be advised amongst all these other descriptions, there is a place upon this planet where one could, if inclined, swim right under an island. This question is distressing. Barbara Jones, Devonshire, Bermuda Perhaps we should tow the floating United Kingdom away and park it up by the Canaries or Balearics for some decent weather. The question was excellent. John Ramsey, Vale Guernsey.

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Chapter 2 : Back of Bourke: Tales from Down Under

Islands like all land masses are made from rock and stone. Rock & stone are significantly heavier than water. If there was nothing between the "underside" of an island and the sea bed it would sink.

Tim was just about to leave Google, and before he left the lifestyle of a working stiff to travel the world, he thought he might kill some time by traveling the world. And I decided to tag along. Our intention was to go a bit further afield, and spend a fair amount of time underwater. Spirits high and bags bursting with dive gear, we headed to the airport. I suppose this is also an appropriate time to mention that shortly before we were meant to fly out, we found out that Air Niugini had canceled one of the two daily flights to Alotau, and moved us to the earlier one. We only found out when we were looking at the flight schedule online. The flights to Port Moresby were fairly uneventful, with the exception of a moderately humorous moment right off the bat. I had been assigned a window seat, and Tim was given an exit row, despite requesting a window seat. I chose to use this opportunity to gloat, since I would have a lovely view of the country as we flew into Port Moresby, and he would have to attempt a semi-obstructed lean to get a view. Sadly, my feeling of superiority did not last long. I could hear Tim chuckling heartily from a few rows back. The good news is that the flight was barely half full, and shortly after takeoff, I moved toward the rear of the plane, where I had not only a window, but a row all to myself. I watched out the window as we crossed over the Coral Sea. It was a mostly clear day, allowing us to see some stunning reefs as we flew over. Upon arrival, we headed to the Air Niugini customer service desk to sort out our hotel as instructed. A fresh-faced young local boy was the first to help us, and Tim took the lead in explaining our situation. He seemed to be buying whatever it was we were selling, right up to the point where he called over his superior, a large woman with a face like it was carved from a granite cliffside who looked as though she wanted to eat Tim alive and pick her teeth with his bones as soon as he opened his mouth. Feeling victorious, we strode out to the curb to wait for the hotel shuttle. The shuttle took some time to arrive - what I think ended up being close to 2 hours. We busied ourselves chatting with people whose shuttles actually arrived at some point, as well as a friendly curbside concierge named Eddie, whose arms were riddled with a plethora of mysterious tattoos. Finally, our shuttle arrived and we trundled through the streets of Port Moresby on our way to the Hotel Lamana. This was where the gorgon from customer service had chosen for us to stay, so we were expecting the worst. As we drove through the city, we peered out the windows. There seemed to be quite a few businesses, but a lot of people were just sort of standing around. And many of them were chewing betel nuts, the fruit of a ubiquitous palm found across much of southeast Asia. The chewing of the betel seems to have effects akin to nicotine, with one noticeable difference: The inside of the nut is blood red, and you can tell a betel chewer by the fact that his or her teeth are stained this color. To make matters worse, the chewing of betel is much like tobacco, where the chewer spits regularly, leaving what looks like blood splatters all across the sidewalks in the city. The betel nuts are also gathered in great quantities and kept in nets on the side of the road. Because they are harvested in such large amounts, they just sit there, eventually rotting and attracting hordes of flies. Not a pretty sight. We soon made it through the city to the large iron gates of our hotel - which was really more a compound than a hotel. There was some noticeable colonial influence, with squat, white buildings, columns, and wooden shutters. Sitting there for some time sipping stubbie bottles of SP, the local brew, we people-watched. Immediately apparent was the fact that we were pretty much the only white people there. Most everyone else appeared to be locals. One other guy wandered in at one point, but he finished his beer fairly quickly and made his exit. Sitting there taking in the scene also had additional benefits, such as the free snacks they regularly brought around to our table: We debated how long we could sit there and if we could make a meal out of it. Then we remembered the dinner vouchers we had been gifted, and opted to use those instead. After a brief rest, we reconvened at the restaurant. Their menu offered a variety of cuisines, all of which were very tempting, but we finally decided on Indian - naan, papadams, chicken tikka, biryani, and samosas. That, paired with a few drinks, and we were

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both fat and happy by the end of the meal. We agreed that this was some of the best Indian food either of us had ever had, which was saying a lot considering both of us have been to India. Once we were at a point where we could walk again without groaning in pain, we decided to check out the bar, where we could hear music and muffled singing. A band was playing some what I assumed were traditional songs. At one point, a couple of patrons turned around and engaged us in conversation by asking if I was in the Navy. Really, it could have been any number of things. We made small talk until an older, much drunker man stumbled up, shouted something slurred, smiled, and wandered off through the crowd with his drink toward the pokies a notably Australian influence. A couple more songs down, and we retired to our respective chambers basic, but very comfortable, eager for the adventure to fully begin the following day. Up bright and early to catch the shuttle back to the airport, we dined on an airport meal of beef pies and chocolate milk how I managed to actually lose weight on this trip is beyond me - most meals consisted of pies and beer. We also ran into Eddie again, which would become a regular occurrence each time we passed through Port Moresby. After a slight delay, we were finally in the air and on our way to our first destination, Alotau. I have to say, I absolutely love tiny rural airstrips. Our plane touched down on the tarmac, and we exited to go collect our bags. These guys just opted for a shelf. Immediately apparent was the fact that it was absolutely bucketing down rain. The deluge seemed to be planted squarely above where we were, but some of the locals seemed convinced that it would break at some point. We met our driver, hopped in a large shuttle that seemed to be held together by twine and hope neither of which were terribly effective, and started what would be a minute drive further along the peninsula to Milne Bay. The ride was quite fun, provided your idea of fun is little-to-no forward visibility, constant rattling and shuddering from the suspension, and a window that would slowly creep open with every vibration of the van. Fortunately, that is my idea of fun, so I was pleased as punch to just watch out the window as we ambled along. The rain had been good for one thing: The downpour had also flooded some of the causeways, leaving us to drive through waters of questionable depth and safety. Tossing our gear down and climbing aboard, we made our way to our final destination at Tawali. Damp but pleased - the boat ride to the Tawali pier. The mist hung low over the vegetation, which grew right down to the water line. At long last well, another 20 minutes on the boat we reached the pier. Making our way up the wet wooden boardwalk, the main lodge eventually loomed before us. Fresh coconuts were thrust into our hands. Nothing tastes as good as milk straight from a coconut. It was still raining at this point, just not as hard. In between these two piers was a house reef, visible from the walkway as we made our way across the property. After another nap it had been a long day already, we went to check out the dinner situation. It was predominantly western cuisine, but tasty and filling, nonetheless. The resort was fairly quiet that evening, as a group of Japanese tourists was scheduled to arrive the next day. We awoke the following morning to some completely different scenery - the rain had stopped, the mist had all-but-cleared, and the sun was starting to shine through. Breakfast was quick, and we sauntered down to the dock to board the dive boat. Several others had joined in the past 12 hours, including some Aussies and the Japanese tourists. Once we were all gathered, we pushed off and headed out to the dive sites. Tim got quite a few shots while we were under, and has posted those separately. As such, I will do my best to describe my experiences for you in spectacular 3D vivid detail. Departing the dock early in the morning, hoping to fit in dives today. Our wake, and the well-known and respected nautical flag of our ship, The Mop. Shocks of iridescent blue shone through the water as we motored by shallow reefs. A small island in the distance, fringed by reefs. Local islanders sit on the beach. All that sand and no sign of a sandcastle competition. View of our boat deck featuring a few of the Australians. The crew members were all excellent - competent divers, great at swapping out our gear, and just generally fun to be around. Much of the topside time was spent on the front of the boat, which was surprisingly roomy. Tim in classic adventure pose. Our first day diving was extraordinary. The visibility was a good meters. Life was everywhere on the reef, from the almost invisible little pygmy seahorse, to hollow coral barrels so large you could fit into them. Regarding the former, our DM would regularly spot them on fan coral. How, is beyond me, but he was somehow able to pick out something the size of half a grain of rice amongst the other silt and detritus clinging to the coral. We saw a

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small stingray, an assortment of turtles, a whole host of sharks, bumphead parrotfish, schools of barracuda hundreds of members strong, swimming slowly, shifting slightly, eyeing you always. Nudibranchs abound on every rocky shelf. A lone cuttlefish made an appearance at one point.

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Chapter 3 : Downunder Over and Backagain

Lyrics to "Down Under" song by Men At Work: Travelling in a fried-out Kombi On a hippie trail, head full of zombie I met a strange lady, she mad.

Plan at least an hour to enjoy the path including lots of photo stops and time to admire the breathtaking views. The iconic sea-wall, constructed in , was to protect the small beach from the incoming surf. The internal waters and beach were going to be a safe spot for children to swim. Over the years, these calm waters have also proved to be an excellent haulout for sea lions and seals. The walking path along the top of the sea wall is open to the public. The wall is an excellent spot for viewing the pinnipeds when the ocean is calm. There is often a rope barrier limiting access to the beach. The limited access is to protect the harbor seals, especially during pupping season. You will pass an offshore rocky outcropping, Seal Rock, a great area to spot seals frolicking in the surf. The small beach is fantastic for tide pooling at low tide when the ocean is calm. Yes, we play cards at the beach in California! Look below; these rocky cliffs are a favorite lounging spot for sea lions and seals. Climbing over the low wall to access the cliffs and tide pools below can be quite dangerous with high surf. Also, be sure to always keep a safe distance from the sea lions and seals. This stunning beach area is sea lion central! The waters below are part of the protected La Jolla Ecological Reserve and marine park. Sea lions love lounging on the sandstone cliffs framing the north and south ends of the beach. A staircase next to the lifeguard tower leads down to the beach. Early mornings you may even find sea lions and pups right on the sand. Continue walking past the Cove and uphill toward the caves area. Below on your left is the giant Clam Cave, a favorite swim through for sea lions. You can walk right out onto the top of this cave in a few minutes. The ocean inlet below is Emerald Cove. Named for the bright green seagrass growing below the waters. Look for sea lions and seals sunbathing on the small rocky beach and adjacent cliffs. Around the next bend is the Cave Store. Listen for sea lions barking below! Behind the store, the path turns to dirt. Take the wooden staircase down to the observation deck for incredible views of La Jolla. The cliffs are unstable so be careful to stay away from the edges. The ocean area below the northern tip of the cave is Goldfish Point. Named for the hundreds of orange Garibaldi fish swimming in the waters below. The rocks below are a favorite hangout for sea lion pups. To the east, you can see the rest of the seven sea caves carved into the giant sandstone cliffs. La Jolla Cliffs Walking Path Leaving the top of the cave walk back up the wooden steps and take the dirt path to the left. From this point on you may not see many more sea lions and seals but get ready for some stunning ocean views! Get your camera ready for some epic photos! The path ends at the dead end of the street called Coast Walk. Following the street up to Torrey Pines Road, it is a quick walk back to the La Jolla Village area for a cold drink or lunch. The best spot to jump in and go snorkeling with the sea lions and seals is the La Jolla Cove. Access to the ocean is by the small beach at the base of the staircase. This area is part of the protected marine reserve. Sea lions and spend most days relaxing on the rocky cliffs that border both the north and south ends of the beach. The playful pinnipeds love to swim and fish in the surrounding waters. We recommend you join the fun! Grab some snorkeling gear or take a tour. The Cove is also a beautiful area to see a variety of fish. The rocky ledges along the lower cliffs are very popular sea lion haul-outs. Gliding along the shallow ocean in front of the seven sea caves is also a great area to spot colorful fish below. The nearby rocks and waters of Emerald Cove are a favorite playground for the sea lion pups. Keep your cameras ready for some super cute pics. The coast of La Jolla has both sea lions and seals, but how can anyone tell the difference. Of course, they are both adorable with finned feet typical to all pinnipeds. And even though they have many similar features, their differences are easy to pick out. Look at the flippers Seals have tiny little furry flippers with claws. Seal lions ears are little, easy to identify, flaps on the side of their heads. Listen for barking Sea lions love to bark, and they do it a lot! Seals make only little grunting sounds that are quite hard to hear. Notice their location Sea lions prefer heights. They will climb up the cliffs to higher rock ledges. Seals like the soft sand covered beach or rocks closer to the surface of the ocean. Watch for personality Seals are quite shy

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and spend much more time alone. Sea lions are rambunctious, very social with each other often laying in big piles. The sea lions and seals come to the shore to rest. They need to be on land, relaxing for at least eight hours a day. Disturbing these animals is against the law. For safety, please keep a safe distance when viewing or taking photos. Sea lions will bite when frightened. Where to Park Parking in La Jolla is terrible. Plan to arrive in the earlier morning for more accessible parking. Most street parking is free but time-limited, usually to 2 to 3 hours. There are three public parking lots on Fay Avenue alone.

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Chapter 4 : Boothbay Harbor Lodging & Accommodations | Topside Inn

Weedy sea dragon Nevertheless, the combination of diving, scenic landscape, worthwhile bush walks, wine sampling, and savory foods amounts to a heap of perfectly fantastic reasons to put this beautifully tasty island on your radar.

The Video Game and the last episode of Cars Toons: Tales from Radiator Springs and by Keith Ferguson in all other media. McQueen is not modeled directly after a specific make and model, although his design contains some elements inspired by the Chevrolet Corvette C6. His Corvette lineage is further suggested by the "retro" paint scheme he acquires in Radiator Springs, which resembles that of a Corvette C1. The grill on him suggests a nose and his top cover with the Rusteze logo suggests a baseball-style cap. McQueen exhorts Mack to drive through the night to his tiebreaker race with Chick Hicks and The King in Los Angeles, despite federal DOT regulations which legally grant Mack ten hours daily of much-needed off-duty rest [1] alongside "all those sleeping trucks" at the last truck stop on I Lightning hopes to reach the venue first and to hang out with the Dinoco team. As a result, Mack falls asleep and, distracted by the Delinquent Road Hazards who attempt to push him off the road to the shoulder, loses Lightning. Lightning, who is glad to see him, forgives him. Following the race, he congratulates McQueen on his loss for helping Strip Weathers after he is taken out. The truck was one of my first loves because I used to ride around with him in it from time to time. In Cars 2 he appears in a pair of brief cameo appearances at the start and end, where his two lines are "Oh, his best friend greetings. They get longer every year," and "Oh, those two are perfect for each other. On their way back, he is forced to pull over when Cruz opens his hauler and decide to part ways. In a deleted scene, before McQueen heads to the tiebreaker race in California, Mack heads to a truck stop, after his grill is covered by a moth blizzard, to be washed. In another deleted scene, albeit a dream sequence where McQueen is in radiator springs, his V8 Alcohol motor is inside a steamroller, and Mater borrows his body, he makes a mistake, thinking Mater is McQueen, and takes him to the race. They quit after McQueen said that he is a one-man show. After the official crew chief had decided to quit, he is referred to by McQueen as "Chuck", and retorts angrily afterwards, "And my name is not Chuck! McQueen had a crew chief before the film, but was not seen in the film, because McQueen fired him believing he was a one-man show, which later came back to haunt him for his return. The chief was mentioned several times at the Dinoco race. In Cars 2, McQueen has apparently hired a new pit crew as he mentions having given them all a vacation when asked to attend the World Grand Prix, but his friends from Radiator Springs again offer to become his crew for a race and he accepts. Harv is voiced by Jeremy Piven in the U. Although he is not seen in the actual film, Jeremy Clarkson believes that he is a Ford Granada Ghia while the American version, he is thought to be a Oldsmobile. Rusty and Dusty Rust-eze[edit] The Rust-eze Brothers, Rusty and Dusty, are the spokescars and owners of Rust-eze, the team that sponsors Lightning and that gave him his "big break", they are somewhat awkward. They appear four times in the third film, when they talked with McQueen about his winnings, McQueen was going to see Cal Weathers, when the Radiator Springs gang members and McQueen were talking on the phone and at the Rust-eze racing center to hand the sponsor over to Sterling.

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Chapter 5 : VARIOUS ARTISTS - UNDER THE SEA (HOWARD ASHMAN, ALAN MENKEN) LYRICS

The connections are basically on the sea floor and it has permanently located platform at below level. Oil Storage tanks which usually stands on the supports and when oil gets extracted it get stored in these tanks.

Although I was reluctant to take the chilly plunge, I somehow convinced myself that I could survive a few 45 minute intervals of being unpleasantly numb. So, with mustered mental courage, and several Michelin Man-style layers of neoprene, I finally made a face-scrunching, butt-clenching giant stride into the southern waters off of Australia. The main objective was giant kelp forests, among added bonuses of a resident seal colony, a plumply pregnant weedy sea dragon, and the largest sea cave system in Tasmania. But though I had read about the state of the kelp forests, I admit I was surprised and rather saddened at the actual sight. No, my dive buddies and I were hoping to at least lose one another, but even hiding behind a few stalks was still obvious. We were however joined briefly by a delightful little species of shark endemic to South Australia known as a draughtboard shark *Cephaloscyllium laticeps*, but he soon slipped away below the layers of ground-covering kelp at the foot of the forest. As stewards of the local diving on the eastern side of the Tasman Peninsula, the folks at Eaglehawk Dive Centre will not hesitate to point to the rising sea temperatures, and with it, the decline in the growth and health of the kelp beds. The colder seasons bring a nutrient-rich spell that is vital to the growth of the kelp, and to the enrichment of the biodiversity within the local waters. From their observations and calculations since the late s, the water temperature in winter has risen from an average minimum of 10 degrees Celsius 50 degrees Fahrenheit to 12 degrees Celsius. The resulting higher temperatures have deprived the forests of this much-needed cooler season, and the effects are painfully obvious. Some of those species are having devastating effects on local marine life that are not otherwise accustomed to the new explosion of invaders. One such animal, according to co-owner Karen Gowlett-Holmes, is the long-spined sea urchin *Centrostephanus rodgersi*, native to New South Wales, which has moved in, and is likely affecting the growth and regeneration of the giant kelp. But fortunately, the giant kelp is not the only reason to visit the island. And though I am probably a little late to the ballgame, one of my highlights was diving with Australian and New Zealand fur seals. Australian fur seal Being my first experience diving with seals, I was highly entertained, and was tempted to ditch other sites to hang out with these extremely zealous and vigorous animals for the remainder of my dive time allotment. We watched them suspend themselves downwards, head down, flippers and tush pointing out of the water, as if they were blubber-filled buoys. Watching them bob up and down and scratch themselves then suddenly take off at warp speed was by far one of the most entertaining hours I have passed within my natural life. Fellow divers were interested in the pregnant weedy sea dragon in Cathedral cave, but having lived in Melbourne, the weedies were old news compared to these seals. Who knows, maybe I just felt like we were kindred spirits: Weedy sea dragon Nevertheless, the combination of diving, scenic landscape, worthwhile bush walks, wine sampling, and savory foods amounts to a heap of perfectly fantastic reasons to put this beautifully tasty island on your radar. And though the kelp might be forever changed, there are still ample reasons to plunder down under. The one thing missing on my trip was that totally wild, unprovoked, serendipitous encounter with a Tasmanian devil, however there should always be something left to ponder for a future visit. Wine route near Freycinet Peninsula Freshly shucked local oysters, one of the delicacies of the exquisite Tasman cuisine.

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Chapter 6 : Geography of Nauru - Wikipedia

Men at Work - Down Under: With lyrics that match the timings of the song.

That meant we were practically the last to get up. We had instant coffee which tasted very good and waited for space to open up at the breakfast table. We had cereal, toast, peanut butter and marmalade, and more coffee. The other couple at the breakfast table with us were from England and in their 20s. They came over to NZ for an extended holiday, working long enough in each place to get enough money to go to the next. They had just spent about six months working in Christchurch in a Mexican restaurant. By that time all the people and kayakers on the beach were gone. Our kayak, a large, plastic, heavy, two person kayak full of gear, was about 20 yards up from the beach and waist high in a rack. As we were getting into the kayak the nice young English couple arrived on the beach – they were last off the cat-a-rac. They were surprised we old folks were kayaking we were the only people staying on the Cat-a-rac who were kayaking -everyone else was walking. We felt proud to have surprised them. We had gotten a bit of a late start, but not bad. We were scheduled to meet a water taxi at Onetahouti Beach at 3: The brochure says four hours in calm water for experienced kayakers with no stops. We were at the South end of Anchorage Bay, and the bay itself was mostly one long, sandy beach, so we decided to kayak straight across the mouth of the bay and then start hugging the coastline and enjoying the scenery. That worked fine, but we had a bit more wind and chop than we were expecting. The point at the Northern end of the bay was rocky, and waves were breaking both on the point and a bit offshore. I was sitting in the back and doing the steering, and decided we could go between the offshore rocks and the point. The gap was about 20 feet wide and the waves were rising and falling over a foot. We could see rocks under the water in the gap, but I was pretty sure they were deep enough to let us through. We paused just before the gap, I yelled to Miriam to paddle hard, and we surged through the gap easily. It made us feel good to do that all by ourselves. Then we looked ahead. The kayak company provided us each with a large scale, brightly colored, laminated map of the area, only slightly smudged and blurred because of moisture. The map indicated that there were frequent beaches all along the coast. And Frazier had shown us the bright green signs with yellow lettering that were placed on each beach, identified the beach and gave directions to public toilets and such. There were lots of beaches, each with nice, barely pronounceable Maori names, shown on our map. Instead we saw 1 foot chop with a stronger onshore wind than we had felt the day before, blowing about 15 degrees to the starboard of our course. This meant it was blowing into each of the inlets and signless beaches we could see, giving us no sheltered water. Seeing the rocky shore up close is, of course, the primary reason to kayak the Abel Tasman coast. Traveling along the rocky coast takes a lot longer than traveling in a straight line between the rocky points at the end of the bays. Since there was no inland water that was sheltered from the wind we decided to take the shorter route and head for the next point, in hope of finding sheltered water beyond it. We made it to the next point, only to find more unsheltered, small inlets with onshore winds and no nice green and yellow signs. So we paddled to the next point. We rounded it and found the same, and so paddled to the next point. By this time we had been paddling two and half hours without stopping, all into the wind and in a chop that was as high as our kayak. I guessed that the next point would only be about a third of the way we needed to travel, and we had been paddling for more than two and a half hours. We decided we would round that next point and go into shore no matter how it looked. We were tired, cold and we needed to eat. The last point was the hardest. It was a blunt, rather than a sharp, point, which meant it took a long time to get around, and it was completely exposed. We paddled steadily and hard. We both watched the shore. We each refrained from telling this to the other. I started paddling harder, using up the strength and energy reserves I had been saving. As nearly as I could tell from the map, the point we were rounding was only slightly more than a third of the distance we were supposed to travel. We rounded that point and saw: We finally rounded the last point and saw a long beach with a lot of kayakers on it. We paddled toward it. Miriam asked what time it was. I told her about one fifteen. She said that

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we would never make the taxi. We were a fair way offshore and it seemed to take forever just to get to the beach. We were trying to make land before the other kayaks left so we could find out where we were; we also hoped that we would find a guide with a telephone, who could call our water taxi and change our pickup point. We beached the kayak and struggled out. Our muscles were too tired, and our bodies too cold and hungry, to move well. We must have looked like we were years old. After we beached the kayak I staggered over to the group of people who were sitting on the beach next to their kayaks. A nice young Kiwi came over to me. I was still have trouble understanding Kiwi when people say just a few words. I need to hear at least several words to get my translators working. This is Onetahouti beach. We had paddled all the way to Onetahouti in one windy, cold, choppy, tiring slog. We were there two full hours before our pickup time! We got back in the kayak to go a few hundred yards to the pickup point on the beach. On our way the wind died, the clouds thinned, we felt warmer, and a seal actually surfaced and lazily rolled around about 30 yards from our kayak. When we got about 10 yards from the beach I finally saw one of those green and yellow signs. We pulled in at the pickup point where we met the lovely German couple we had started out with. They were much younger and more experienced than us. While we were paddling we all had seen some other people on a one day guided kayak and water taxi trip, headed the opposite direction from us, cruising effortlessly with the wind behind them, pulled along by a sail. The German couple agreed with us that it was really hard to see those bums sailing home while we were battling the wind and waves. We ate lunch, lay down in the sand, took a nap, and waited for the water taxi. We actually got warm, although Miriam cheated, changed into a dry shirt and put on about three layers of clothing. We tried to figure out why we got lost, but decided maybe it was for the best. If we had known where we were we probably would have stopped at one of the beaches along the way. The water taxi picked us up right on schedule. The skipper lashed our kayaks to the gunnels crossways at the back of the boat, and headed on his way. By this time there were larger whitecaps out where we had been paddling, and the boat bucked and kicked in the swells. The water taxi took about half an hour to cover the distance we had taken two days to paddle in the kayak. We had pesto quesadillas and a carafe of red house wine. It hit the spot. We then drove home and hit the Post by.

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Chapter 7 : List of ship directions - Wikipedia

Below on your left is the giant Clam Cave, a favorite swim through for sea lions. You can walk right out onto the top of this cave in a few minutes. The ocean inlet below is Emerald Cove.

Splits refer to a dessert involving a banana. This technique brings together the two worlds of air and water and when done well they can be compelling - but there are rules. Baby green sea turtle French Polynesia First Rule: Go big You need an SLR camera with a very wide angle lens. Something on the order of a 14 mm, 15mm or fisheye lens will do. The lens is not enough; you will have to have a very big dome to mount on the camera housing. Big means a 7 to 8-inch diameter dome. Both the over and underwater parts need to be interesting Both the underwater and topside halves of the image need to be interesting or you have a boring non-picture. The reason we see so few really good over-under images is because there are not loads of opportunities for incredible topside with magic happening below the waterline. I think this is why we see so many pictures of divers swimming in blue water under a live aboard dive boat at high noon. Take your time and look at your surroundings. If I think something might work I try it. Failures are ok; always better to reach for something. Fragile balance between human and nature in the heart of marine biodiversity. Papuan fisherman fishes from an outrigger as baitfish swirl below in Raja Ampat Indonesia. Some of the best split shots are made in shallow water - if you can stand, even better. Your lens will see the bottom and the surface of the water, adding a nice dimension. If you are in a current forgeddabout it, go find a school of fish. Local fisherman poles his mokoro over lily forest Ncamasere Third Rule: Be aware of the difference in focusing between air and water Over-under images involve complex optical problems that luckily have simple solutions. You must remember this for the bottom half of the image: Girls tend to hate this effect because their legs look bigger in the water. A dome corrects for this magnification. A dome is really in essence the rear element of an enormous lens called the sea. So now your wide-angle lens must focus to 18 inches. The optics of the dome does not affect focusing in air so infinity in air is still infinity. The increased depth of field from the high aperture should now take care of the difference in focusing in air and water. Tiger shark in Mexico Fourth Rule: It is all about light In simple terms the surface is bright and the bottom is dark. A brilliant white sand bottom is a gift but most of us find ourselves elsewhere and using strobes to light the underwater subject. Laugh, but I use lemon pledge to clean Plexiglas domes to get rid of greasy finger marks, small scratches and goo. Do NOT use this on glass domes. And finally when you are in the water and about to make the BBC underwater picture of the year, remember to dunk the dome quickly and smoothly to get rid of droplets. Photoshop is not the answer to this problem. More dunking, fewer droplets, less Photoshop. Blue water mangrove Raja Ampat Indonesia The bottom line is this: Half and half images are not easy and they take time and concentration - but they used to be worse. The digital camera has made our lives easier with instantaneous feedback. Now we know when to quit and chase a school fish.

Chapter 8 : Topside Definition | Investopedia

This list of ship directions explains dozens of related terms such as fore, aft, astern, aboard, or calendrierdelascience.com background, see below: Origins. abaft (preposition) at or toward the stern of a ship, or further back from a location, e.g. the mizzenmast is abaft the mainmast.

Chapter 9 : List of Cars characters - Wikipedia

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