

## **Harry's Cockatoo Island Expedition – by Harry Janecek – 9 April 2020**

*In this time of social distancing, there's not much to keep one exercised, unless of course you have a kayak at hand, so that's exactly what I did on Saturday the 4th.*

*On that day I started off around 13:30 with the intention of kayaking [from home near Fullers Bridge] all the way to Cockatoo Island. But after I launched and passed the first corner, the wind hit me, however it wasn't too bad at this time and I was in my Sonic. Half an hour later, I passed Figtree bridge where I was blasted from behind by a consistent unceasing gust of wind, sending me quite literally, down the river.*

*From there onwards I was met by heavy winds and heavy waves, throwing me from side to side and up and down, all the way to Onion Point, I was unsure at the time whether I should keep going at all, but turning around was simply not an option.*

*When I made it to the tip of the Woolwich Peninsula, I was greeted with a sight that reinvigorated my optimism, the channel was calm, the land must be blocking the weather, and so, at the time,*

*When I broke from the shadow of the peninsula, and had the island in sight, the wind and the waves returned, but with Clarkes point just a few hundred meters away, it would be the perfect place to land, and then flip a coin as to what happens next.*

*From what I saw ashore, it looked like Mother nature has maybe skipped her meds that day, and tried to create a cyclone. The tall waves and tree/s bent at an unnatural angle was a menacing sight. "Next time" I thought to myself with a disappointed sigh the decision was easy, I would continue to Cockatoo Island.*

*So then I jumped back in my faithful Sonic and made my way home. Well it wasn't that simple, on my way in, I had what felt like strong winds at my back, but now they were in my face. From Clarkes point to Greenwich point, I took cover by staying as close to the shore as possible until I made it to the calm channel. From there on, it could only be described as a storm voyage, with waves that frequently engulfed the boats nose, and spilled over the side of the cockpit. For the next half an hour until I returned to the island under Fig Tree Bridge, it could only be described as a slow rocky crawl.*

*Until next time!*



Above: apparently idyllic conditions in the lee of the Woolwich Peninsula