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After a quick meet and greet it was time to get wet. Tingey was en fuego wrapping wave after wave, tucking barrel after barrel, making his presence known with his stylish ways. That bastard made it look so easy. I on the other hand have lost my guts to go nuts at Yokes. Instead I took my time picking and choosing waves that wouldn't annihilate me.

The water was a bit slow which meant you had to go extremely late, the wind was blowing in brief gusts of 10-20mph, and the sand was loose in spots because of the surging water. All said and done these were minor factors in an otherwise ideal skim sesh in the making.