

Gough



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How to keep busy

How to keep busy? Building puzzles is a very useful way of keeping busy. Did one with horses on it took a couple of days, in the end it came out very nice. I'm busy with another one, Karen and Gerard's helping hand is always welcome. I also build a 3D puzzle of a motorcycle. Gave the bike a paint job as well.



Taking photos of drops on grass is still my favourite pass time. U take about 20 and u only find one that looks perfect. We also had a party, making the costumes took some brain matter. Happy B-day Sylvain

Nettie



The arrival of the Ostrunting

The Ostrunting has finally arrived at Gough. It was diverted to fly to Finland for a survey of the new S.A Agulhas 2 and after the inspection of the vessel to ascertain that it is fit to make an appearance at its friends at Gough it took a bee-line and flew straight to Gough in record time.

It arrived early morning at sunrise (which can seldom be experienced at Gough) and with great flair and Aplomb flew over the base to wake the inhabitants. A great bird with its stature and beauty which was inherited by the bunting could not possibly arrive without causing a scene. So with a swoosh and vortexes spinning from its wingtips, it swept down over the base and made a few landing approaches while uttering its very distinctive battle cries. "Tjirrrrr-Tjirrrrrraaaaa- Tjiraaaaan.Tjir rr Tjirrrrrr- Tjirraaaaaaan."

By this time the whole base was stirring in anticipation of meeting our new hero. We desperately needed one at that stage of the overwintering expedition. There was chaos in base as we ran to attend an emergency skivvy, hoist flags and prepare a room for our honoured guest.

As we gathered outside darkness fell over the base, and together with a whole platoon of earth-bound Moorhens we stared in awe as the skies filled with seabirds which should have been on their way to the ocean and Western America at the turn of the season. They all diverted from their migration routes and returned for a look at the now famous Ostrunting.

After circling the base a few times and not finding a good spot to land due to its huge stature. It settled down perfectly on the Helipad.



Now for those of you who might have missed the first few issues of the Gough Bunting Newsletter. The Ostrunting is the invention of a now famous and very clever Scientist who decided to genetically create a bird which is a crossbreed between an African Ostrich, (You know that is the big Karoo bird that lays very big oval eggs), a Bunting, (For its great looks) and a few other Island birds like the Yellow Nose Albatross and Tristan Albatross for its flying capabilities.

I'm not sure but I think he also threw in a bit of Skua DNA which gives the Ostrunting a streak of aggressiveness and manoeuvrability when it's out on a dive bombing expedition. I might have mistaken but as I woke up and saw the **O** on its way down I could swear I saw it take aim and dropping one on the crane which is just a sitting duck(So to speak) ,anyways. This rendered it inoperative.

Of course the **O** is arriving just in time for the shooting of its first blockbuster movie. Which will appropriately be named "**The Big O**". This will give the Inhabitants of Gough also a shot at becoming famous. With enough work for the film crew to keep them occupied right throughout the long and lonely winter. I have some inside information from the director that he will include a scene where one can actually see **The Big O** laying an egg. **wOw**. Of course our local scientists will try to incubate the egg to ensure that **O** has an offspring.

After landing the Ostrunting looked very content although a bit tired of the long trans-Atlantic crossing, after it rearranged its beautiful feathers it uttered a mating call. Whether it was looking for a partner or whether it wanted the other seabirds to come closer for introductions I would not know but It went .Kkkk-Kim-Kim-kkkkkk-Kimmm. Ki-kimmmmm-kim.

And then there was total silence as everyone, man, woman and feathered friends was staring in amazement at this beautiful creature graciously strolling down the catwalk towards base.

After introductions , morning tea (yes we drink that as well occasionally) and a guided tour of the facility we all had time to interview our guest and I am sure the other team members will be glad to share their first impressions of **O**.

When I asked the Ostrunting what it thinks about the weather at Gough. It would not comment. It just spread its beautiful Bunting look-a-like wings as if to pray and buried its head deep in the ground. Afterwards it mumbled something about buying a dog, which I didn't quite get. The arrival coincided with a birthday party and the Ostrunting turned out to be a real party-avian and even donned a costume for the occasion. It proudly posed in front of the union jack for a photo. So my impression of our newly acquired friend is that it will definitely adapt to Island life and seeing that it has a taste for succulent vermin which is abundant on Gough and KWV, will enjoy a splendid time here and become a valued member of our happy family.

The only negative effect it will have on our daily life is the compulsory hardhats we are now forced to wear every time the big O takes off on a bombing raid. I am also currently negotiating with him to attach a video camera on every flight so we can share the great aerial visions he might have on his airborne missions.

I have included a few pictures of this great and glorious occasion. Next time we will try to share some of the opening scenes of "The Big O".
Cheers.

Leo.



THE GOFF'S

Winter is fast approaching, getting colder and wetter on the little island in the middle of the big lake. The Goff's are spending more and more time in their house, busy getting ready for their hibernation. Hibernation comprises more movies and more time in the kitchen and that means the Goff's may become a little bit rounder than normal.

Tall, Short and Mop are still keeping up with their gym routine and always looking at the clouds. It's getting more difficult for them as the sun only rises at seven in the morning and sets at six in the evening. With the winter approaching they will be discussing the difference between ice pellets, sleet and rain in depth.

Redcross and Techie have started going to the gym every morning and even when they still half asleep, they can be seen just before seven walking down to the gym, but what will happen as it gets colder? They still keep busy with little projects, taking photos while on their walks and enjoying the wonderful island of Goff.

Most of the Goff's disappear to their little rooms after dinner to curl up and watch a movie or read. Princess is normally in her lab with her little books about her feathered friends after dinner, most of the friends she gave shiny bracelets to have left the island, but Princess says they will come back when summer comes round again. Sometimes she will play a few games of pool in the bar with Techie or Zoom, but her work always comes first even when it's cold and raining she'll be out and about.

Techie, Princess and Zoom went to check up on some of Princess's friends at Gonydale. Gonydale is a valley on Goff that's covered in a thick green sponge and is always wet. To get there the Goff's walk on a muddy, overgrown path that magically appears or disappears causing them to fall more than they walk, Techie thinks he has the record for the most falls. Princess said the weather was going to be nice, but it rained as usual so it was cold and wet for three days. Princess is not good at predicting the weather according to Techie, but she makes up for it by explaining about her friends.

Techie loved seeing the Tristan albatross chicks which he called little balls of fluff. Princess, Zoom and Techie each had an area to count the chicks in, up and down the mountain side they went, greeting the balls of fluff and having a chat to them and then off to the next one. Princess thinks Techie has a screw loose, when he sits and chats's to the chicks, but he enjoys it anyhow. In the evenings while in the field they always look forward to dinner so many tins and packets to choose from and nothing looks like the pictures on the packaging, but Princess has a way of making dinner really special. Evenings in the field the Goff's sleep in tents and normally lay awake listening to the sounds of the birds till late in the evening until they drift off to sleep and dream of a hot shower and dry clothes.

While many of Princess's friends have left the island, new ones have arrived and she says they will stay until spring and also have chicks. Princess says a lot of her feathered friends only come to Goff to have their chicks, which makes Goff a really special place that needs to be looked after. Techie says if the Real world had more special people like Princess, the world would be perfect.

Till next time

Marius

Tristan Albatross and chick



Tristan Albatross Chick



From the Lab - by Karen & Sylvain

After about two months of quietness for them, we visited again great Shearwater burrows. Chicks should fledge at the end of this month or in early May, so we checked the burrows to estimate the breeding success. We scoped the 410 burrows again in the marked transects and study colonies, resulting in an overall breeding success of 45 %. We also checked the Soft-Plumage Petrel burrows and found a chick in less than 25 % of burrows, where we saw an apparently incubating adult in December-January. This is quite low for such a long-live and burrowing species, but it is not surprising regarding the huge number of adults preyed upon by Skuas and the numerous chick carcasses found outside burrows eaten by mice and moorhens.

We have pursued the monitoring of the 263 Tristan Albatross nests marked at Gonydale, Hummocks, Tafelkop and Albatross plain. Now that all breeders have been identified, we check nests monthly for breeding failure and examine a sample of chicks to see if mice attacks occur. Some chicks are left alone now and have to defend themselves against Skuas and Giant Petrels (and field biologists...) by clapping their bill and spitting stomach oil. They also have to face inclement weather as autumn is well established with rainy days following on from each other. So we found these small fluffy babies in their big nest rolling themselves into a ball to get warmer and shelter from rain. Fortunately, we did not find any sign of mice attacks on about 70 chicks we examined and we recorded only about 12 % of failures, most of them having apparently occurred before hatching. As adult non-breeders are still on colonies displaying courtship, we have also recovered 12 geolocators from pre-breeders since January. This will allow elucidating what is the Tristan Albatross behaviour at sea before their first breeding.



Non-breeder Tristan Albatross Courtship



Tristan Albatross chick



Great Shearwater chick with growing feathers

We equipped 15 Rockhopper Penguins with geolocators that we would recover in September. It is very strange and a little bit sad to find colonies deserted by Penguins since the middle of this month. Now, only fur seals inhabit the shore, still livening up this area with their loud, high-pitched wails, their barks and the lamb-like bleats of pups. Some adult males are still moulting but they will leave the colonies soon, while juveniles and females will stay on the island all year round.

All the Yellow-nosed Albatross juveniles have left the island and we do not see any white dot among ferns any more. Their fledging was not an easy task as they had to extirpate themselves from the dense vegetation to take off, being harassed by Skuas up to a few hundred meters offshore. Besides, if they landed at sea close to the coast and did not manage to take off quickly, Giant Petrels came to drown and feed on them. Surviving immaturity they should return to the island at about 5-8 years old.

As Sooty Albatross juveniles will fledge in May, we counted them again in the same five coastal and five inland areas in order to compare breeding success between the two habitats and among years. Chicks have grown their feathers and have lost their down at various levels that result in various "down-cut" styles. They also exercise their wings which is a quite perilous exercise as their nest (bowl-shaped pedestal of mud) is generally perched on a cramped overhang at the top or in the middle of a several tens-meter high cliff...



Soft-plumaged Petrel chick

Sooty Albatross Chick



Fur Seal Pup suckling

Marcher à Gough / Walking at Gough - by Karen

Venir à Gough c'est tout d'abord réapprendre à marcher... Avant de partir, on nous a fourni 6 paires de bottes en caoutchouc. Même si nous nous étions renseignés sur l'île, nous avons été un peu étonnés. Evidemment, maintenant nous savons pourquoi et réalisons que c'était nécessaire. Tout du moins, nous ne chaussons que ces bottes lorsque nous quittons la base... Ceci dit, marcher avec quelque chose de plutôt rigide et de plus d'1 kg à chaque pied, et bien, il faut s'y habituer... C'est donc la première adaptation à réaliser. Les muscles permettant de lever les jambes pendant la marche doivent se renforcer pour être capables de soulever ce poids supplémentaire. De plus, le caoutchouc ne permet pas toujours de bien sentir où nous mettons les pieds alors que cela est souvent bien utile.

To be on Gough is firstly to learn to walk again... Before leaving South Africa, we were supplied with 6 pairs of gumboots. Even if we found out about the island, we were a little bit surprised by this supply. Obviously, now we know that it was necessary as we exclusively put on gumboots when we go away from the base. However, we had to get accustomed to walking with something quite stiff and weighing more than 1 kg each... So, we first had to adapt ourselves to that. The muscles lifting up our legs had to strengthen to be able to lift this additional weight. Besides, rubber does not allow us to feel well where we put our feet while this is often useful.

En effet, la deuxième adaptation consiste dans la marche au « feeling ». Pendant environ 6 mois la végétation est tellement dense et haute et les « chemins » de Gough sont tellement peu marqués, qu'il est impossible de voir où nous mettons nos pieds. Il faut donc « sentir » les chemins avec ces derniers et leur faire confiance... Les obstacles : les racines ou branches mortes de *Phyllica*, les rhizomes des diverses espèces de fougère, les touffes de *Carex*, *Scirpus* ou de Poacées, les flaques de boue pouvant atteindre 40 cm de profondeur et bien sûr les millions de terriers présents sur l'île.

C'est donc une marche à tâtons et reptilienne que nous devons adopter puisqu'il faut souvent glisser les pieds en ondulant les jambes pour épouser les courbes des chemins et éviter de trébucher. Ajoutez à cela l'étroitesse des chemins ou plutôt petites dépressions dans le sol et vous obtenez une démarche chaloupée et hésitante. Malgré toutes ces précautions, glissades, trébuchements et crocs-en-jambes s'enchaînent vous faisant tomber un coup à gauche, un coup à droite puis en avant et en arrière. D'autant que si nous voulons avancer et ne pas mettre la journée pour atteindre Gonydale, par exemple, il faut s'activer et limiter les précautions... Nous sommes alors heureux de progresser avec des bâtons de marche. Au départ utiles pour limiter les efforts à fournir par nos genoux lors des descentes, ils s'avèrent être de précieuses aides dans cette marche au « feeling » en nous évitant de nombreuses chutes.

Indeed, the second thing we had to adapt to is the "intuitive" walking. During about 6 months, vegetation is as dense and high as, and Gough "paths" are as little marked as it is impossible to see where we step. So, we have to "feel" paths with our feet and trust them. Obstacles we meet are: roots or dead branches of Phyllica trees, rhizomes of the various fern species, tufts of Carex, Scirpus or Poaceae, pools of mud which can reach 40 cm in depth, and of course millions of burrows that occur on the island. So, we have to adopt a groping and reptilian walking as we often have to slide our feet undulating our legs to follow path curves and avoid stumbling. In addition, paths, or rather small depressions in the ground, are narrow, so our gait is rolling and faltering. In spite of our precaution, slips, stumbles and trips follow on from each other, knocking us down on one side, then the other, then forward and backward. All the more so since if we want to move forward and not to take the entire day to go to Gonydale for example, we have to speed up ourselves and limit precaution... So we are happy to advance using walking poles. At the start we used them to decrease the effort of our knees when we went down, but they quickly proved to be of great help for this "intuitive" walking avoiding us numerous falls.

En montagne, la problématique est différente. La végétation n'est pas aussi haute et il est donc facile de voir où nous posons nos pieds. Par contre, étant composée essentiellement d'*Empetrum*, de *Nertera* et de sphaigne ou autres mousses, il faut s'imaginer marcher sur un épais matelas bien mou. L'effort à fournir à chaque pas pour dégager le pied des profondeurs végétales est inhabituel. Quand en plus nous devons monter à l'assaut d'un sommet, il faut se montrer patient. Quand normalement un pas nous fait avancer de près d'un mètre, il ne nous fait plus progresser que de 40 ou 50 cm... et l'effort fourni est au moins doublé. Là, ce sont les muscles des cuisses et les mollets qui doivent se raffermir. Parfois, les sphaignes recouvrent des tourbières et nous voyons nos pieds disparaître par surprise avec un bruit de succion... Attention de ne pas y laisser une botte !

In the mountains, difficulties are different. Vegetation is not as high, so we can easily see where we step. On the other hand, as vegetation is mainly formed by Empetrum, Nertera and Sphagnum or other mosses, it is as if we walk on a deep and soft mattress. The effort we have to make at each step to free our foot from vegetation depth is unusual. When in addition we have to climb up to a summit along steep slopes, we have to be patient. While a step usually moves us about one meter forward, in those conditions it moves us only 40 or 50 cm forward... and the effort we make is at least doubled. In this case, thigh and calf muscles have to harden. Sometimes, Sphagnum covers peat bogs, so our feet suddenly disappear with a sucking noise... Caution, this can cost us our boots!

The Wandering Life

To spend one year on Gough is delightful for the mind which can wander without interruption in many occasions even during the fieldwork. The long walk we undertake monthly to Gonydale is one of these occasions. During them, legs don't need the heads assistance to proceed nicely... Until the next fall. The removal of Sagina plants also allows me to think about everything, often leading me far away from this quiet place, since the Terns have left their breeding ground. I wondered if one year on Gough will be a short stay for this island, how long should we live to explore the whole Globe? Obviously, one life is not enough! The human brain is a mess: on one hand our curiosity is insatiable and we are relentlessly looking for new places, new books, new movies and so on... and on the other hand we have to understand everything and need time to get enough deep insight on each new matter we encounter. Imagine what could be the well balanced existence of an ideal explorer. He would take his time for each place stringing them together like a long ride which would keep himself busy for his life. Born somewhere on the Equator, the first choice would be "North" or "South"? Then, the only thing to do during his marvellous life would be every day to get closer to the North or to the South Pole for 304 meters only!... free to go eastward or westward as far he wants! In this way, every year one degree of latitude would be reached and so on until the pole if his lifespan allows him to be 90 years old.

If I can't realize such a dream, I was close to succeed a very small part. Gough island lies between $40^{\circ}22'$ and $40^{\circ}17'S$ and if I was this traveller I could spend one month only between the 20th August (date of my landing somewhere on the north coast) and the 19th September 2011, day of my leaving on the opposite side of the island i.e. South Point. We landed on the 18th September not so far from the later location. Hoping to be on Marion in six years and may be at Sanae in 29 years?

Sylvain

April where has the time gone

It feels like yesterday that we arrived on the Island, and we are so use to everything here now that the days just seem to flow into one another. I try to keep going on with my language and drawings, but the language got me a bit down early in the month. After I fully memorised the alphabet a surprise was in store for me, guess what?? The Japanese have 3 alphabets and even worse, when they write they use all three. So I decided to give it a go at finishing all three alphabets first and it is taking quite some time I might say, but I still enjoy it. With the language taking preference now I draw very seldom, but I am trying to create a character of my own now and hopefully before this time next month I might have finished him/her or maybe both.

Apart from doing this I still enjoy just walking around even if it is close to the base you can always enjoy the beauty here on the island. If you stand still for just a while you will notice something either in the air or on the ground and some of the things we see contradict what we have heard from the scientists.

For everybody out there still thinking of us, thank you we will be back eventually.

Till next time

Gerard

The image shows the Japanese characters 'さよなら' (Sayonara) written in a cursive style. Each character has small numbers (1, 2, 3, 4) and red arrows indicating the direction and order of the strokes used to form them.

Sayonara

Good Bye

The image shows the Japanese characters 'こんにちは' (Konnichiwa) written in a cursive style. Each character has small numbers (1, 2, 3) and red arrows indicating the direction and order of the strokes used to form them.

Konnichiwa

Hello

Coincidence

Sometimes things do happen by chance.

During my first observation on day shift I reported 7/8 of Stratus. After sending data I felt the need to do something even though I told myself that I'll just sit and do nothing until the next observation as I felt like I wasn't fully awake yet. I then decided to go through work notes, just to read through. For my next observation I was so amazed to find that I couldn't see farther than 50 m as a result of the thick fog around us. The wind was really calm, less than 5 knots but as soon as I got back inside it picked up gusting to around 30 knots and I knew that the fog will dissipate soon. Within 15 minutes I could see a kilometer or so from the base.

Rain and showers were forecasted for Gough and it turned out just like that. It started with rain and later on in the evening we had showers. Just hearing the sound of the rain drops as the showers poured down the corrugated iron roofing felt so good. As much as we like exploring the island, rain is always welcomed here and even more so when it happens during the night. Due to winter moving in slowly, we've had colder days already and solid precipitation. Gough doesn't get much snow, especially at the base. But I'm sure all of us will be happy to see any form of solid precipitation, be it small hail, snow pellets, ice pellets or snowflakes.

Two out of the three times that I went fishing were on Sundays and I caught a big Five Finger on both occasions. It still sounds weird as Sunday is a day for praise and worship but we also need good weather and time to go fishing. The plan now is to try fishing on a rainy day but the sea has to be calm to make it a bit easier for us. Fresh fish here is the finest cuisine I wouldn't miss it for anything else. The fishing reminded me of one of the poems we did in matric; *The Gamblers*; "The long shore fishermen unfurl their nets into the sea's capacious pocket..., they mocked the sun as it went down..." We unwound our lines and didn't even wait longer than ten minutes before our first catch. We mocked the clouds as they gathered to cover the sky above us, but I had to put on a polar fleece jacket as it got a bit chilly.

We brought home 7 fish, enough for everyone in the house except for Boy who doesn't eat any other fish except hake.

The day before our fishing trip Brendan and I went for a walk with Serengeti being our area of interest. Neither one of us had been there before and we were not exactly sure where Serengeti is and we didn't even have a map to guide us. All we had was an idea of where it was after I'd heard about it. We took it easy that morning and found ourselves at 960; which is a hill on the northern side from the base. When we were there we looked around to try to figure out which side it could be but we were still not sure. We suspected it could be on our left towards the Glen, when facing the ocean. But we were not too eager to turn back towards the direction we had just come from. We had taken the Tafelkoppie path and turned right after crossing the river about 15 minutes away from the golden highway. We then decided to sit down for an energy drink and something to eat. We ended up just chilling there, talking about a whole lot of things for close on an hour before we decided to head towards Admirals. The walk was tricky without a path and the vegetation was up to the shoulders at some areas. At the end it was all worth it! Walking/exploring the island helps me clear my head and keep sane.

Just when I thought I had finished my article for the newsletter something super cool happened, a thunderstorm. I heard the thunder from the kitchen much to my surprise and delight at the same time. It thundered several times with the intensity of the rain increasing every time we heard the sound. I spent a good ten minutes or so hoping to see lightning, didn't see any but that didn't change the mood.

So long!

Nkoane



Normal island life

Our life out here is far from normal. Well, that's if we look at it from what we once considered normal. Over the time our view on this has been radically shifted. What is normal for us now is as completely farfetched as to what our old definition may have been. Life moves at a different pace out here and things seem to be done differently. Being freed from so many stresses that we would usually face, took some adjusting to. But we got there! Think the problem is going to come with how reluctant we will be to leave behind this state of mind and readjusting to what we once considered normal.

But that's still a while away. In the meanwhile, I plan on squeezing every last drop out of this experience and making sure it remains so firmly entrenched in my mind that even long term memory loss would struggle to take it away. But what makes it so different? What is normal for us out in the twilight zone? Let me recount a little story from this past week and explain what one would consider normal. Whilst sitting in the met office happily emailing a couple mates, I saw Sylvain appear in the window.

A courteous greeting in place and he was into explaining how one of the Mollies (Yellow nosed Albatross) that was fledging hadn't really succeeded in doing so successfully, and was now sitting at the bottom of seal beach, surrounded by several large seals, and at great risk of having the ever increasing waves come crashing over it. Sylvain then asked if I would be keen to go down with him and help out in rescuing it.

Well, I wasn't doing much else. So I thought why not. Should be fun? Guess it's like heading out to the shops to get bread and milk on a lazy Sunday. I just got to get there, before they close. So it was with great urgency that I jumped into my rain gear and gumboots and met Sylvain; ready with a large backpack, out the front of the base. A short walk to Seal beach and we were greeted by Karen; who was patiently sitting in the drizzle keeping an eye on the young Molly.

We discussed our plan of action and then begun descending the access rope where we knew we would have a large contingency of seals greeting us. Upon our arrival we had to walk about a hundred meters across the slippery rocks amongst the sneaky seals. Fortunately Sylvain brought along a pole that we could chase them off with. All was going well until we realised the commotion caused by the small, blubbery, stampede of seals was startling the Molly we were down to rescue.

Slowing our movements and hopefully reducing our disturbance allowed us to stalk the bird which had once again calmed down.

We needed to stalk the bird and flank it, but as it was perched on a rock close to the crashing waves, it wasn't as easy as we initially thought. We had to cross the river that was flowing quite rapidly after all the rain we had been having, and then climbed up a couple rocks with the waves nipping away only a foot or two below us. We were then in position with the bird still relatively calm.

Our next challenge was to grab hold of him without disturbing the seals that were around him. So we slowly coaxed the couple seals out of the way, being as careful as possible not to stress out the young Molly. Once we felt there was no longer a threat, Sylvain and I took our positions. Before a seal could even bark Sylvain had darted forward and grabbed hold of the young Molly with daring speed, and the same skill and agility that a Skua shows when swooping down when protecting its young. He was gently bundled into the back pack and we began the walk back out of Seal beach.

Being as careful as possible not to slip and become vulnerable to the large seals that were flopping about around us. We were soon back up the access rope and up top the embankment and making our way to a small ridge a couple minutes away. Once we found a decent clearing we lay the pack down on the ground and began opening it up. The young bird was then poking its beak out and trying to wriggle out of the bag whilst I was still opening it. This was much to its disapproval and he soon had my glove in its beak and was shaking trying with all its might to shake it apart.

Eventually the bag was opened and the courageous Albatross was waddling out onto the grass ready to give flying another go. We can only hope it was able to get it right the second time around. And that's a normal day on Gough. Hardly know what to expect but you ready for it when it does come. And this was a pleasant surprise for a lazy Sunday. Was my turn to go and get bread and milk? Perhaps next time it will be: "Aaaah, won't you please nip out to Snoek-gat and grab some fish for dinner. Bait is in the freezer"

I will have to get there before it closes.

Till next month!

Brendan.

The Object

Foss ball player, Oven, Candle holder, Shower, Cork screw, Chair, Iron board, Laptop see if u can find the objects on the person.

Sylvain



Leo



Boy



Marius



Bren



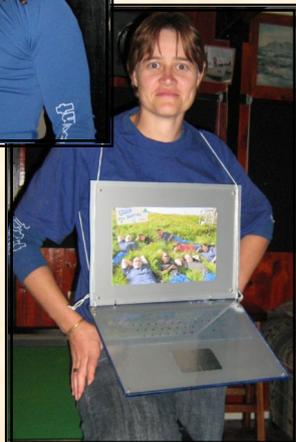
Nkoane



karen



Nettie



CLIMATE STATS: April 2012

Ave. Max Pressure	1014.2hPa
Ave. Min Pressure	1008.0hPa
Ave. Pressure	1010.9hPa
Max Pressure	1023.1hPa
Min Pressure	984.6hPa
Ave. Max Temp	16.4°C
Ave. Min Temp	11.9°C
Ave. Temp	14.2°C
Max Temp	21.6°C
Min Temp	6.3°C
Ave Humidity	81%
Max Humidity	97%
Min Humidity	52%
Max Wind Gust	32.6 m/s or 117.36 km/h
Total Rainfall	192.2 mm
Highest in 24 Hours	42.2 mm
Total days with rain	21 days
Total days >1mm	17 days
Total Sunshine	113.4 hours

The temperature is going down the closer we get to winter.

The averages temperatures: March 15.1°C and April 14.2°C

Max Temperatures: March 22.0°C and April 21.6° C

Min Temperatures: March 8.1°C and April 6.3°C

We received less rain this month compared to the 361.2mm we received last month. We can also see in the data that the amount of days with rain (26 days March) and the highest amount of rain in 24 hours (99.6mm March) are much higher last month than this month. We had some thunderstorms during this month and we could only hear the thunder, but the scientists told me that they did see some lightning in the distance when they went out doing their rounds in the evening.

The wind keeps on roaring with every cold front that passes over the island; the max wind gust of 117.3km/h for this month is the same as it was for the previous month.

The amounts of sunshine for the two months are almost similar: March 113.5 hours and April 113.4 hours.

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