

ANOTHER DOG HAS ITS DAY

... and that red-headed rascal and his motley crew are all over it.



"Fuck, give us a couple more!"

- Mick Short



Left - Mick Short, first attempt to barrel a big wave. Awa's a little bit off the turning.
Right - Rufus on the truck haul, attacking the wave with a heavy top. Once that starts in Pinedale.

Somewhere south of Broome, this delightful wave, christened "Ron-Dogs" by the handful of lidders who uncovered it, is the latest in a growing list of heaving slabs-o-death to be conquered by stand-ups.

The surfer in question are WA hellmen Mick Short and Ben Rufus, who drove seven hours for their chance to tame the beast, and got begged for the privilege.

"We sat there for ages ... it looked pretty death," said Mick, who was first to go. "We were sitting there watching it and the other fellas that was there with us were like 'Fuck it, nah, we're outta here' and they bailed. I was like 'Let's get into a couple.' My mate was driving and he whipped me in. The first one I got was a pretty solid nugget and I got bowled in too deep and just backboarded it, got pegged and thrown,

and copped the biggest beating, but I didn't hit the bottom, so I was like 'Fuck, give us a couple more!' I ended up getting some real good ones.

"No-one was too keen to surf it, but once they saw me get a few good ones, Rufus caught a couple and that was that. But as far as I know, I was the first one ever to surf it."

Photog Jamie Scott was out on his 13-foot zodiac. "The peak itself is fairly consistent, but then it's this random swell that comes in from an angle," he says.

"We had to head for the horizon a

couple of times. Freak waves kept on flying in from the side. The guy that was driving my boat for me actually drove up to me that rough, and he was that shit-scared."

Ben Rufus was towing Shorty in, and after a few waves couldn't resist taking on a bow himself.

Not shy of the Choppy-style lip, the instigator of the trip made it look like just another day in his back yard, but with a rock outcropping right in front of the lineup and a heavy reef bend, the wave calls for a hefty degree of testicular fortitude.

But before anything truly nasty could occur the session was ended in truly unstarling fashion.

"My friend ran over the tow rope, and we had to tow the ski back by boat," said Mick. "That was pretty fucked! It was all good in the end though. We got a couple of waves each, so it was nice."

Rumour has it that just a few clicks away lies yet another heavy set-up, and when it breaks you can bet Ginger Mick and his hard-charging mates'll be unstarling their tow ropes and hauling ass out there. ■

