November 27. I worked with my snorkel and flippers in the pool in the morning, getting better!

We decided to do a hike on our own today. (The cruise ship is still here.)

Our hike started from the pousada and, within 100 yards, Marco and Claudia, a couple from one of our previous tours stopped in their rented dune buggy to offer us a ride or to join them. We declined, but, if you get the idea that you meet the same people coming and going on this small island, you’ve got it!

We went to the nearby beach—Praia de Conceição (con SAY si own) in the direction of the old town—Vila de Remédios (VI ya day re ME di ohs). The surf was up—fierce!—and we both took photos there of the surf, the rocks, the surfers. We had to climb up and around a rock formation to get over to the next beach, Praia do Meio. Even rougher waves, with four or five surfers fighting to stay up. One young woman was doing a mind-boggling set of stretching and balancing exercises as we walked across the beach toward her. Beautiful to behold! Her surfboarding wasn’t too shabby, either.

We both took photos of the surfers here. I have a sequence of photos of a surfer, taken in continuous mode—not quite a movie. Judy tried a movie here, but didn’t succeed. Nonetheless! We each came away with some great images.

We spotted a likely restaurant for this evening, with lots of photo potential and live music! Restaurante do Cachorro (cah SHO rho). We continued walking further up the hill through Remédios and arrived at the same per-kilo restaurant where we had eaten lunch the day before. After lunch, we bussed back to our pousada and chilled out for the remainder of the afternoon, downloading photos, reading, napping in hammocks.

We returned to the restaurant later as the sun was going down, but not quite setting yet. There was a wonderful view up the coast past Praia do Cachorro, Praia do Meio and Praia da Conçoisão. I took long lens photos of the surfers below as the sun went down, some sunset images, as well. Judy did much of the same.

Dinner was a giant pizza. It was actually an all-you-can-eat night, but that one pizza was already more than all-we-could-eat! We learned that the bar starts to hop with dancing, etc, around midnight. We couldn’t make that!!!
A couple came in and the man spoke in German-accented English. Eventually, we got to talking with them, Gesa and George Waitz. George has been in Brazil (São Paolo) since 1975, Gesa, about twelve years later. They were very much involved in generating funds for projects to help the Indians of Brazil. George explained that nothing comes from the government. All of their funding comes from private foundations worldwide. They were very excited about a special exposition of Indian culture going on in Recife and tried to convince us to alter our plans and join them there for at least a day: too hard, too expensive to change our flights. However, this is an annual affair, so maybe another time.

George explained that his father was in the import-export business and made many trips between Germany and Brazil via zeppelin. He has actual film footage from his father of the zeppelins in flight. Gesa told us George had gone to the Warren School in the US. When George rejoined us, he clarified it was the Wharton School, a name we knew! Anyway, he made his fortune in Germany by 1975 so he could move to Brazil and follow his passions. We saw George and Gesa again at the airport, Gesa still trying to twist our arms to stay in Recife. If our autumn hadn’t been full of so many locations, Judy would have worked harder to make this happen.

The photos.

Praia da Conçeisão was the first beach to which we walked. Judy took this sitting under an umbrella at the bar on the beach.

People watching from the bar on the beach...Judy took this one too! Honest! Comment from Judy when another beautiful bod went walking by. “You’re right, Norm, there is no god. If there were, I would own that body!”

Surf’s up!...on Praia do Meio. Those were waves of substantial height and great drama as they broke. By the way, theory tells us that waves break because the top moves faster than the bottom…and they always turn towards the gradient to the shore. That’s why they line up near the shore even when they are angled to the shore further out. So, look to the waves to know the fastest way to deep water!

Pé de Sipo was the name that Helena gave me for this tree. However, I cannot find Sipo in my Harper Collins English/Portuguese dictionary or in a web dictionary. This is actually a photomerge of six images. I was in close and my camera only goes down to 36 mm minimum in 35mm equivalents.
The surfer head-on was one of a continuous set of images—about one every nine-tenths of a second—as he made his way in towards the shore. He had a lot of control and stayed just ahead of the turnover of the wave for quite a long distance.

The sunset surfer was shot at 432 mm from the Restaurante do Cochorro while we were waiting for the dinner hour to start. The sunset surfers had the best technique of all that we saw on Fernando. Long runs with great balance and control.

Norm and Judy