

# FRIDAY WRAP

#2.35.1

'A Glimpse of Humour'

9 September 2011



Cape Town in Spring

## Wrap

- ~ Rap -- to talk., *conversation*.
- ~ a piece of thin, flat bread *that can contain anything* eaten as a sandwich.
- ~ Signaling *the end (ie of a week)*
- ~ *Under wraps – secret.*

## On the Beach 2011

By the time I arrived the hiking group had already left. The invitation said 0730 for 0800 but by 0750 they had already left. So much for 'good organisation'. I arrived at 0803 and they were a kilometre away.

Not that I minded. It is excellent to take a walk by yourself especially on such a gorgeous day. There was a nip in the air with a lot of cloud cover with not a breath of wind and no rain forecasted. It was lovely walking

weather.

I was walking lightly. Just my camera and my phone and a sachet of water in my waterproof jacket pocket.

My haversack and cap I left in the car with my wife as they would be driving to the rendezvous point. She was looking forward to the walk but was sick with flu so she opted rather to drive with another sick patient.

Ah, the walk.

There is nothing like the Cape in early Spring. Okay, there is nothing like the Cape in late spring too and early summer, late summer, early autumn, late autumn, early winter and late winter.

To quote from 'Alice in Wonderland' ,  
'I've a feeling we're not in Yemen any more.  
*We must be over the rainbow!*'



Bassikommin doing his best Baywatch impression

The high tide was quite high; the tide came up high on the beach leaving only a narrow strip to walk on.

The beach was filthy.

After the recent stormy weather the ocean has regurgitated all the plastic flotsam and jetsam back onto the beach. There were millions of sweet papers, chocolate wrappers and all sorts of chips packets.



Plastic Pollution

*'Plastic constitutes approximately 90% of all trash floating on the ocean's surface, with 46,000 pieces of plastic per square mile.'*

*Plastic is also swept away by ocean currents, landing in swirling vortexes called ocean gyres.*

*Plastic poses a significant threat to the health of sea creatures, both big and small. Over 100,000 marine mammals and one million seabirds die each year from ingesting or becoming entangled in plastic.*

*It takes 500-1000 years for plastic to degrade. Even if we stopped using plastics today, they will remain with us for many generations, threatening both human and ocean health.'*

*From <http://www.savemyoceans.com/>*

So, where were we?

Oh yes, far off in the distance I could a straggler trying to catch up with the main group and I tried catching up to him.

The faster I walked the faster he seemed to walk. I tried running to catch up but it left me winded and thirsty.



Oil Pollution

#### QUICK FACTS ON PLASTIC POLLUTION

- A plastic milk jug takes 1 million years to decompose.

- A plastic cup can take 50 - 80 years to decompose.

- Recycled plastic can be used to make things like trash cans, park benches, playground equipment, decks, and kayaks.

- Special fleece-like fabrics used in clothes and blankets can be made out of recycled plastic bottles.

- Americans use 2.5 million plastic bottles every HOUR.

- Plastic bags and other plastic garbage thrown into the ocean kill as many as 1 million sea creatures every year.

- Recycling plastic saves twice as much energy as burning it in an incinerator.

- A United States law, implementing an international agreement called MARPOL Annex V, became effective on December 31, 1988. It prohibits the disposal of plastics into the marine environment and requires ports to

provide reception facilities for ship-generated plastic waste.

- Today, Americans generate 10.5 million tons of plastic waste a year but recycle only 1 or 2 % of it.

- An estimated 14 billion pounds of trash, much of it plastic is dumped in the world's oceans every year.

- The worldwide fishing industry dumps an estimated 150,000 tons of plastic into the ocean each year, including packaging, plastic nets, lines, and buoys.

- About 1,200 plastic soft drink and salad dressing containers could carpet the average living room.

- It takes 1,050 HDPE (#2) milk jugs to make a six-foot plastic lumber park bench.

- Every year we make enough plastic film to shrink-wrap the state of Texas.

- Nearly every piece of plastic EVER made still exists today.

<http://www.greenfeet.net/newsletter/quick-facts-on-plastic-pollution.shtml>



Seli 1 in three parts

And I could only run for 75m before having to stop with my hands on my knees seeing stars unlike the other more fit hikers and runners.

There were still a lot of low clouds across the face of Table Mountain and the sun eventually poked through the clouds in the west but it did not get hot though I did have to discard of my waterproof jacket and walk in my fleecy top.

I was really working up a sweat; a good sweat. Something you enjoy when you get into this physical exercises thing.

*The burn*, as they call it.

I could actually feel all the Ramadaan Fat burning off.

Now I was getting hot but I could not take off my jacket because then I will get too cold – a Hiker's lament. Also your body could be two totally extreme different temperatures at the same time – your body is hot but your feet are frozen. Ah, a good buzz.

Walking faster.

Straggler no 1 has caught up to Straggler no 2.

What I did not know was that there was more of the group behind me trying to catch up but they were way, way back.

Eventually I catch up.

It was Ashaan and Bassiekommin. Bassikommin (real name Basier, nickname Bassie, called Bassiekommin because that is how he speaks on the walkie-talkie) and Bassikommin adopted grandson Nurrudin. I lie. His grandmother is still seeking their grandfather, but that is a long story, and is quick to adopt anyone as a potential grandfather. He is a lovely laatie. You want to neuk him every time I see him. I lie. He and his sister a nice children but don't tell their Oemie has she has already lined me up as a potential grandfather too.

So on we walked catching up and passing some more stragglers.

As we got closer to Dolphin Beach all the flotsam and jetsam was turning



Hujaa' bidding farewell

ominously black. The Seli 1 has broken up on Friday into 3 pieces and was spilling the last of her bunker oil into the sea. Yoh, it made a moerse mess. My hiking shoes is still outside as the soles is full of oily gunk.

We left Ashaan far, far behind. He was fiddling with his brand new super-duper mine-is-better-than-yours 'wella-ka-pella' camera. He was trying it out before their journey to the Holy Land.

Finally we catch up to the main group just as they left the beach onto the footpaths at the entrance to Dolphin Beach Hotel and we made our way to the rendezvous point at the steps of the Tourism Bureau.

The **MV Seli 1** was a Turkish bulk carrier, operated by *TEB Maritime* of Istanbul, and en route to Gibraltar when it was driven aground off Bloubergstrand near Table Bay by strong westerly winds shortly after midnight on 18 September 2009, having reported engine failure and a snapped anchor chain.

The Panamanian-registered ship was carrying a cargo of 30 000 tons of coal, and 660 tonnes of heavy fuel oil with 60 tonnes of diesel fuel. The wreck was remarkable for the ensuing lack of interest shown in its removal by the owners, the insurers and the South African Maritime Safety Authority (SAMSA), the Department of Transport, the Department of Environmental Affairs, Transnet Ports Authority and the City of Cape Town. The vessel was branded an eyesore and was clearly visible from tourist beaches and Table Mountain.

Immediately after stranding, the Seli 1 was in good shape and capable of being refloated. However, the indecision of the concerned parties led to delays in what initially should have been a simple salvage operation. The ship was extensively damaged by late winter storms, seriously jeopardising any plans to refloat it. (Wikipedia)



Ommiedraai at rest

Here the parking area was closed due to the continuing oil clean-up operation on the beach.

We sat down to enjoy a well- deserved break of coffee and a home-made corn beef sandwich. Both the corn beef and the sandwich were home-made. Okay, yes, it was still Labarang leftovers. No, it was not rancid, it was still edible.

There plenty more hikers here and some brought their whole family. There were still some fasting and there were some who only came for the announcements and greetings.

I am glad we were all civilized and this gathering did not spiral down into a Clown Convention and embarrass us again.

Oh yes, that is the OFACs, the runners. We are a much more civilized group though there are some amongst us who can wear both hats.

Anyway.



Looking for Oupa



Next Stop Milnerton

Then it was time for announcements. Nobody was pregnant. Not at that moment, maybe later in the day. Sorry. Highlighted was Rayganah's Can-cer-vive and Irfaan Abraham's New York Marathon initiative.

Our esteemed leader was brave enough to take 500 sponsoring cards where you can sponsor Irfaan for R5 a km so each card is worth R210. So the total worth is  $R210 \times 500 = R105\ 000$ . Sjoie, that is moerse lot of money to collect when the hikers only collect less than R6000 *per year*. That means if we find one person to sponsor one km we are gonna need 21000 people. That is half of the spectators at Newland for a Test match.

Not that we are unable to do it, of course we can, it is just going to take a moerse lot of effort and it's gonna take some doing. But we must see how far we get. At least some of the money we are collected is for our own coffers. Maybe we can have a moerse big party.

Then it was time for the Hujajis to greet. Every year, since 2008, we do the Beach Walk and every year the new

Hujajis greet the hikers on the same spot. And this year you cannot predict who will be greeting the next year as it always comes as a surprise. We have eight potential Hujajis this year but some are not accredited by SAHUC yet. This is a first requirement for any Hujaaaj before embarking on this holy journey. This year it is Ashaan and Fatima Davids, Moulana Atheem Khatieb, Fairuz Arend, Shami and Fadiel, Zainab and Ganief. This was the highlight of the day.

The place we normally sit was contaminated with oil and bad luck if you sat on a oily patch and many a pant seat was soiled. Everybody was checking out each other's bum, 'Check my bum', 'Let me check your bum', 'Check my bum', 'Let me check your bum'....

After more discussion we started the long haul back to Milnerton Lighthouse.

I SMSed some of the hikers who were not present: 'W r u? Did you/he not pull out on time?' 'Pull out' in Cape Town



**Hajj Advice Corner**

vernacular means 'to leave'. No, I was not trying to be rude. I am, by heart, a good person.

One of the single stalwarts replied, 'Got a new phone.' I know the excitement of having a new phone but to cause you to miss the hike means it's really must be a new innovative phone or you're just being ridiculous. I won't mention your name Saaid, I will be discreet. Me still thinks he did not sleep at home the Saturday night. But that is just my jealous opinion. Oh, to be single, young and virile. Oh, to be aware of all the sin you are accumulating.

Another lady was assisting 'a niece' who was 'depressed' if that is to be believed. I bet that 'niece' is six foot eight and has a moustache. And virile.

Anyway.

The walk back seems longer but we walked in groups and there was plenty of catching up to do.

Walking behind some people is more fun than walking next to that person especially if she is wearing super tight, tight pants. No further details to be

divulged. Discretion is my middle name. If you weren't there you missed it. No I was not staring. No I did not take photos. Not with my camera anyway.

The weather started to clear up and the sun came out bathing all of Cape Town is cool early Spring sunlight, beautiful.

By 1245, after a walk of a hour-and-a-half we were back at the Milnerton Lighthouse.

Tired, thirsty but feeling good.

Thank you Mr Hike Leader Shahmieg Allie, we appreciate all your efforts.



Vuil Laaities