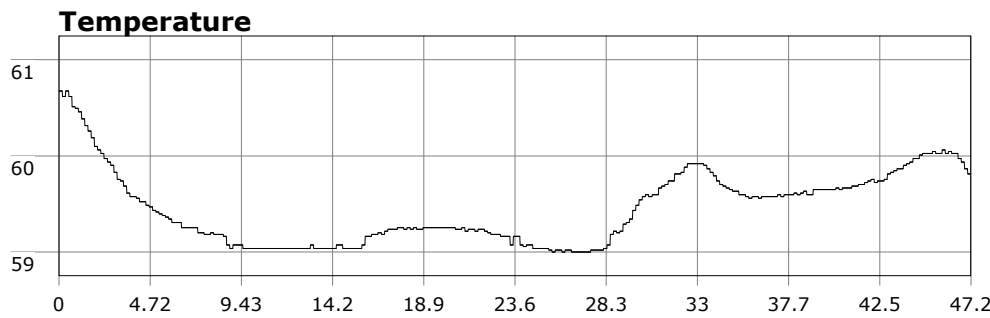
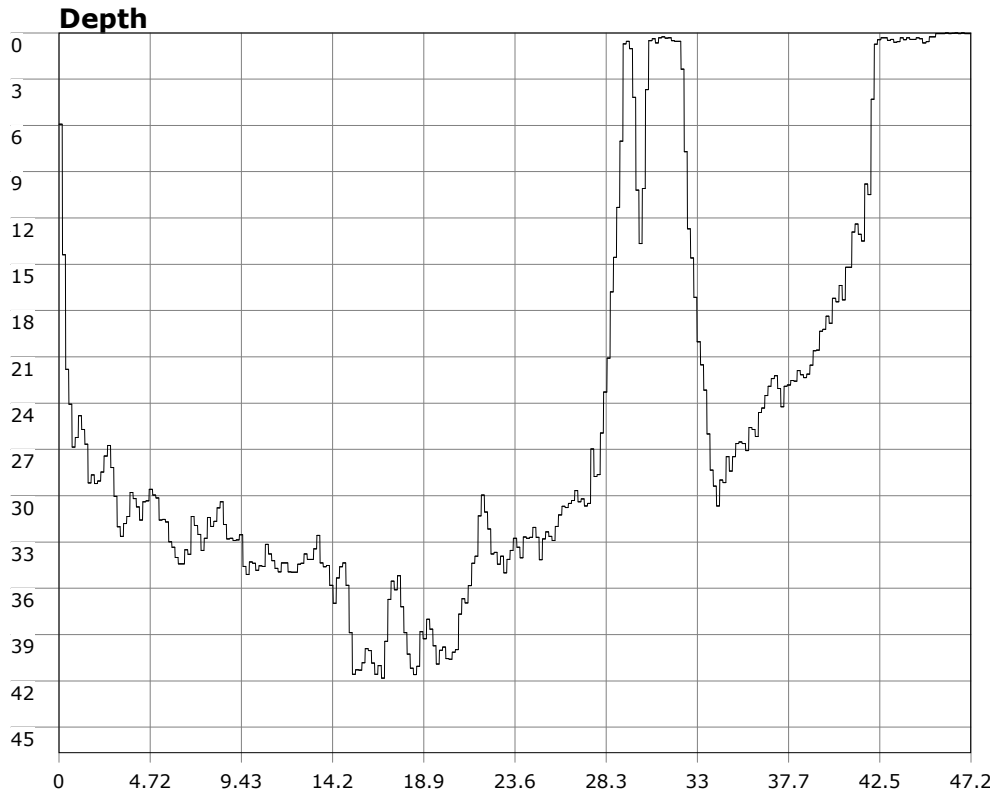


SU-05603 : 12/5/2009 9:38 AM



Interval	10 second(s)
Time	00:47:10 B.T. 00:47:10 B.T. >24 hrs S.I.
Depth	Avg 24.85 ft 24.85 ft Max 41.82 ft 41.82 ft
Temperature	Avg 59.45 °F 59.45 °F Min 59.00 °F 59.00 °F
Ascent Rate	38.43 ft/min (max.) 38.43 ft/min (max.)
Tank Pressure	3300 PSI (in) 1900 PSI (out)
SAC Rate	17.2 PSI/min
Altitude	0 ft
Water Type	Salt Water

Site: 120 deg reef

Buddy: Random dude.

Comments

5 Dec 09
Equipment build: 7mm suit + vest w/hood; one light;
141lbs weight; camera, strobe, knife

I was very much looking to a nice, relaxing solo dive at 120 reef, especially after a hard week. Just me and the reef. It was gonna be good. I was suited up, camera and strobe in hand, when some lone schmuck pulls up and asks if I had a dive buddy (not out of concern for me but he was looking for one). I indicated I didn't as I was going solo which was for the best since people w/ cameras make bad dive buddies.

Like one of those obscure Dennis Miller cultural references, my very clear 'hint' went right over his head. Again he asked if he could dive with me since he'd only dove OML twice before. Now I was faced w/ a classic "What would Jesus do?" scenario. Do I: a) Ditch him cold and hope he's not dumb enough to dive solo at an unfamiliar location; or b) Suck it up, put the camera away, and

Additional Notes

wait.

Well, since this guy was obviously not too bright (and had that lost animal aura), I waited the 20 minutes it took him to suit up and we hit the reef. I could just see the headlines in my mind about some lone diver disappearing at OML. For all I know The Man sent him my way to keep him from being stupid. Anyway, it was a good dive and we did see an oct out in the open.