

# A Twilight Sail in Cockburn Sound

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*It is 6pm on a warm January evening. The sea breeze has died away and only a zephyr remains, just enough to fill our sails for a relaxing twilight sail in Mangles Bay.*

*The Rockingham foreshore is a hive of activity. Young children paddle in the shallow, calm waters. Fishermen struggle for position on Palm Beach jetty. Family groups are gathering in Bell Park. The cafes and restaurants are starting to buzz with the sound of patrons celebrating the end of another working week.*



*As we sail along, eating our chicken sandwiches, I call out "there's a fairy penguin." The skipper catches a glimpse before the shy little creature disappears below the surface. We have been sailing in these waters for over 30 years and it is only in recent times we have seen so many fairy penguins, wonderful!*

*The evening breeze fills in a little so we turn and head seaward, towards Blinking Billy. Out of the depths a pod of dolphins appear on our bow. I scramble to the front of our boat and sit quietly, peering over the side, while each dolphin tries to catch a ride on our lazy bow wave. The head of the pack rolls onto his side and looks up at me as if to say "hello, and welcome to my world." I call out, "Come and take a look at this." We trade places, but it is too late. The dolphins have disappeared without a trace! As another yacht approaches we raise our glasses and say to each other "I wonder what the rich people are doing?"*

*With the setting sun we reluctantly turn and head for home. The colours in the night sky are so breath taking I feel like I am seeing them for the first time. I look towards the silhouettes along the shoreline, and I say, in a quiet voice, "I am lucky I call The Sound home."*

