

## Swell trip to Plymouth

16-17 June 2007

Triton must have had a bad Friday night. The waves were not that strong on Saturday morning, but an underlying sense of menace pervaded the water as if the swell was the result of a gold panning “god”, searching for something lost in the waters below.



Ten Seven Seas divers kitted up in the expectation of a bumpy ride out to the sheltered waters where HMS Scylla lies. None were disappointed as we were thrown about by an angry sea. Over the dive site things appeared calmer and one by one we entered the water down the shot to the bow of the former navy frigate. The visibility was awful on the port side of the wreck. It occurs to me frequently, perhaps too frequently for a British diver, that conditions like this are no fun.



Whilst you can play games of “now you see my hand -Now you don’t”, this is little justification for travelling over 200 miles and having a weekend away from the family. Fortunately the visibility improved dramatically inside the wreck and on the starboard side.



Suddenly there was a purpose to it all. The dive brief promised shoals of fish on the upper deck, so much so that I expected to have to divide a carpet of fish to progress through the wreck. Sadly the fish had decided that the wreck wasn't worth a 200 mile swim either and had decided to stay at home for the weekend instead. So finally up to the ships bridge. The “full on” washing machine experience. The swell was very strong here, so much so that at least one diver found himself forced up against the roof of the bridge desperately checking his hoses to ensure he was not on a fast ascent. Given the conditions, we did well to dive at all.



Sadly the rib we were on developed engine trouble and a second dive of the day was cancelled.

In consequence of the boat being out of action on the Sunday, we were limited to one dive in the morning on another rib. The sea had lost much of its anger and we motored out to the Persier in expectation of a calmer dive. I have dived this wreck once before and had high expectations of a good dive. I was not disappointed.



This truly is a wreck carpeted with fish and other life. Three congers alone at the bottom of the shot line. The visibility was amazing. This was a playground in which you could see whole divers in front of you. You could almost believe you were in the Red Sea, if sufficiently marked anyway. The photographs you see were all taken on the wreck that morning...fantastic.



Sadly I lost my divers knife to the wreck, having proudly boasted the night before what a good design the sheath was and how it would be impossible to lose. This is the second knife I have lost on this wreck. I trust that when the “gods” pan for treasure again, they might return it back to me.

*Paul McGregor*  
(Photographs – Andy Goldby)