



# Yin and Yang.

LAAMU ATOLL | MALDIVES

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ADVENTURE



**S**urfing is like having a dance with mother nature. The ocean is her ballroom and waves the frills of her dress, swaying to the rhythm. Her temperament is forgiving and kind, humbling and harsh, and spending a moment alone with her feels otherworldly.

For a long time, I considered this to be folklore, a fable, just a story to put me to sleep as a child. The world I surfed in was a populated wavescape with an urban backdrop. Immaculate waves were littered with others, each looking for their solitary moment, before taking the freeway home. Surfing felt more like a chore than anything else.

That was until I found the heart and soul of surfing in the Maldives, a beautiful collection of tiny islands that float in the Indian Ocean like spilled breadcrumbs. On one of these breadcrumbs lies Laamu, my mystical getaway, and it was here where I met my perfect wave, Yin Yang. Just a short boat trip from the lodge, the wave breaks over a reef in the distance like a maritime mirage. On arrival, my eyes were greeted by a spectrum of colors ranging from emerald green to blindingly bright blue.

Clutching my board, I dived into the clear abyss in front of me and paddled swiftly towards the wave, drawn in by its gravity. Time slowed down as each stroke felt more effortless than the one before. With no crowds to navigate, I'd met the line with complete ease. It was just me in the company of mother nature.

The principle of Yin and Yang is that all things exist as inseparable and contradictory opposites: dark and light, old and young, bad and good. And it was only while riding this wave that I got an understanding of its name. Peeling like an orange skin, I stood up on its lip and experienced the incredible transition from a mellow outside to the hollow interior of its tube.

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The wall begins its break in deep water, so it was an easy catch, but as the wave evolved, I was steadily pulled into the shade of its heavy barrel and eventually thrown from my board. The Yin and the Yang had figuratively cleared its throat to make me aware of its presence.

Suspended below the surface, I opened my eyes to witness a city of coral, populated with exotic fish. Different to the usual company I'd grown accustomed to, I was happy to share Yin Yang with these curious creatures. Naturally, I grew used to the characteristics of the break, riding as much of every set as I could. I was now dancing to the rhythm of mother nature – communing with the elements effortlessly.

There's something incredible about being out there alone, on your very own wave. The energy that powers this special swell has traveled hundreds, if not thousands, of miles to end at this very point. Coincidentally, the point where I now find myself. Knowing that this exact break will never be ridden again was both empowering and sobering.

The afternoon had breezed past me like the bob of a swell, and soon the turquoise water turned amber as the sun melted into the horizon. Elated, I took the boat back to Laamu, which was a perfect retreat after a day of solitary surfing. Stunningly understated, the lodge stems from a small islet with beautiful stilted villas standing in the ocean. They know that just like a wave, you can't tame the wild, but you can move in sync with it.

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