

**Parental Advisory:** This article contains teen language, angst and group teen diving situations. Readers over the age of 18 may feel confusion or lapse into bouts of adolescent nostalgia.

It was the day before my departure to St. Martin. I was packing up for my summer trip deciding what shorts and shirts I wanted to bring when we got a phone call. I kept doing what I was doing, ignoring whatever my mom was saying. Then she hangs up and says, “The volcano in Montserrat just blew.”

I couldn't really comprehend what she said, and blurted out “What?!” in a dumbfounded way.

She repeated herself, and said it might affect my trip. Man, I was mad. I was like, “Nooo, this can't happen ... not NOW!” I kept packing my stuff just in case and went to bed wondering what was going to happen in the next few weeks ... and where I would be.

# BLUE SUMMER

OUR TEEN EDITOR BECOMES A  
PADI MASTER DIVER AT BROADREACH

STORY BY NATALIE TUKE  
PHOTOS BY STEVE SIMONSEN

**THE NEXT GENERATION** | “Broadreachers”  
Emma and Maggie explore the drop-off at Man  
O' War Shoals off the island of Saba.

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1. If your teen is leaving the country, make sure their passport will be valid for at least packing list doesn't specify needs to be brought (i.e. nice clothes, shoes or accessories)

## Glums & Glows

Every night we'd sit in a circle and discuss the "glums" (the things that weren't so fun) and "glows" (our favorite times) of the day. Here are my top and bottom five from the three weeks.

### Glums

- 1 Doing the dishes for 15 people
- 2 Cleaning the boat
- 3 Missing my own bed
- 4 Missing my friends at home
- 5 Lack of privacy

### Glows

- 1 Discovering new islands
- 2 Meeting new people
- 3 Scuba diving every day
- 4 Living on a boat
- 5 Sleeping under the stars

"Wake up, Natalie, we have a long day ahead," my mom said as she threw a pillow in my face. This is not the ideal way I like to be awakened.

"What, Mom?" I said.

"Uh, your trip, Broadreach ... duh?" she said in a smart-alecky way. It always makes me laugh when my mom tries to get into "teen lingo" and just looks ridiculous in the process.

Everything went smoothly despite many flights (*but not mine!*) being cancelled due to the ash cloud from the volcano. I arrived in St. Martin on time wearing a blue T-shirt with bold letters that said BROADREACH. I looked around in the baggage area for more blue shirts and saw one walking right toward me. She had blonde hair and asked me what group I was in.

"I already forgot," I said, laughing. We introduced ourselves. She was Sarah, my first

Broadreach friend.

I met several other Broadreachers and crew that day while we all picked out our gear and made small talk. Sarah and I ended up on the same boat, a catamaran named *Valenza*. The crew from *Valenza* consisted of Tiffany, Jordan and our captain, Joe. It was beautiful on St. Martin. Even though it was half French, I couldn't help but compare the Dutch side to Bonaire where I grew up, especially because the locals spoke Dutch and Papiamentu, my first two languages.

That night after a barbecue we headed out to *Valenza* and laid our sleeping bags on deck. Our sleep ended in the middle of the night when we were rudely awakened by a loud "BAHHHHHH" coming from a goat on shore. It continued to bray about ten thousand times, I'm sure of it. Even though this made me laugh, I think that was the first reality check we all had ... this wasn't your average summer camp.

### GLUMS, GLOWS AND DEEP SEA DOOKIES

The next day the crew talked to us about the rituals and chores, which included cooking, cleaning and my favorite, dishes (yeah, right), that would get divided equally among the group. We talked about "glums" and "glows." Each night we would sit in a circle and talk about the best part of the day, the "glows," and the downfalls, the "glums."

There were two teams on the boat. Every day there was a new teen team leader for the daily chores. We picked names for each team, and the team I was in was called the Deep Sea

Dookies (*ha-ha — don't ask*). The other team was called the Diesel Divers.

This was not our personal luxury boat where you just clean up a little and get food served to you; we actually had to cook all the food and help sail the *Valenza*! It's an awesome way to learn to sail and get around the islands.

So this is where the fun begins.

We sailed out of Anse Marcel to Ile Fourche, an uninhabited island between St. Martin and St. Barts that has amazing diving. On our first dive in Ile Fourche we worked on mask clearing and general stuff. The instructors wanted to see what we knew. We found out that we'd be diving two to five times a day. It quickly became clear that this was going to be a blue summer.

On Ile Fourche we went ashore to talk about our "full value" contracts, and made a "web of trust" for our group (a Broadreach tradition). This is basically where we promise not to do anything that would get us or any of our fellow Broadreachers sent home (i.e. behaving badly). On this trip we were also all determined to get our PADI Advanced Open Water and Jr. Master Diver certifications. We practiced underwater navigation on our dives off Ile Fourche; the first step for our Advanced Open Water certification.

The next morning we headed for St. Barts, a beautiful island with fantasy-

**SELF-SUFFICIENT** Left to Right: Natalie helps trim the sail of *Valenza*, her home at sea. Natalie enjoys the lush marine growth at Diamond Rock off Saba. Trevor learns the finer points of navigation. Facing page: Instructors Dave, Tiffany and Jordan dress in the latest island fashions.



six months, and keep a copy in your files in case of emergency. **2.** Don't pack anything that the and don't send anything that you would be devastated if lost or destroyed during the trip.



**3.** Don't expect to hear from your teen too often. While your teen may go through with have on line updates that help you keep abreast of what's going on. **4.** Encourage your



looking rocky land chunks that seemed randomly placed in the ocean, lush green hills and a boat-filled bay. We dove our first wreck here, called *Nonstop*. It was a private yacht that sank in a hurricane about 20 years ago. The hull was covered with orange cup corals. We also dove a site named Pain du Sucre (Sugar-loaf) and I saw something that I wouldn't forget — let me tell ya 'bout it!

#### CONTINUING EDUCATION



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We were swimming around the wreck and something caught my eye. *What was that little polka-dotted ball the size of the end of my pinky bobbing around?* I got closer. It had eyes and a small mouth and was the cutest thing I have ever seen in my life. Everyone was probably thinking, *what is that weird Natalie girl's fascination?* Jordan came over and started making victory signs and faces. We all looked at each other like, *OK, this guy is*

*crazy, ha-ha*, but we found out later that he had been looking for this creature, too. It was a juvenile trunkfish! This was a great discovery for our PADI Underwater Naturalist specialty.

On our first night dive in St. Barts, Sarah and Maggie, who had never done one before, were a little nervous. But as soon as we descended, we started to see amazing things like a giant sea turtle and a school of squid. Not only that, but we turned off our lights and waved our arms to stir up the bioluminescence in the water, which glowed like underwater fireflies or magic dust. Sarah and Maggie loved it along with everyone else. At dinner that night, not one glum from our dives, only glows! A great day and night of diving.

So far we had been working on our Advanced Open Water certification, Wreck Diver, Underwater Naturalist and Night Diver specialties. And to think my friends back home were hanging out at the mall. I made a mental note to write them and tell them how "hard" I was working (*ha-ha*).

#### PASS THE AJAX AND JUNK FOOD

The next day we woke up and did a major cleaning of the boat. I must say it wasn't the most fun thing to do,

**NAVIGATING THE CARIBBEAN** Left to Right: **Logan** learns compass skills for his **Advanced Open Water certification. Dude** — **Sweet!** **Natalie** comes across a cascade of sponges off **Saba's Diamond Rock**.

but we all felt relieved when it was done.

Tiffany, our goofy and amazing dive instructor, told us some of her crazy dive stories while at the same time lecturing us for our Wreck Diver Specialty. One of my team, Logan, couldn't help but make hilarious comments all through her stories, but it only made the lecture better.

After that we headed into St. Barts to the town of Gustavia. Exciting! Fresh food ...

#### RIGGED AND READY

**1.** O'Neill Reactor School Pack, \$30, [www.oneill.com](http://www.oneill.com)  
**2.** Rip Curl Seventy 2 Boardshorts, \$46, Coil T-shirt, \$18 [www.ripcurl.com](http://www.ripcurl.com) **3.** Olympus Stylus 400 Digital Camera and housing, \$399 camera, \$199 housing **4.** Dragon Optical Mint Jet-to-Red Fade Sunglasses, \$69, [www.dragonoptical.com](http://www.dragonoptical.com) **5.** Smith Slider Series Sequel Sunglasses, \$109, [www.smithsport.com](http://www.smithsport.com) **6.** Roxy Waikiki Fabulous swimsuit, \$70, Old School Boyfriend Tank, \$18, boardskirt, \$40, [www.roxy.com](http://www.roxy.com) **7.** Reef Fred Patacchia Jr. Pro Model Sandals, \$35, [www.reef.com](http://www.reef.com) **8.** Cobian Soulwear Fiji Sandals, \$20, [www.cobiansoulwear.com](http://www.cobiansoulwear.com) **9.** Reactor Fallout Watch, \$200, [www.reactorwatch.com](http://www.reactorwatch.com) — compiled by Kerry J. Nickols & Jackie D'Antonio



drawal from their instant messaging, know that computers and phones are rarely available. Many camps  
teen to keep a journal of the trip. Memories fade fast and treasured details can be relished if recorded.

junk food, phones and shopping! We spent three hours in town walking around. The boys did their "thing," while the girls went shopping. Two of the boys, Scott and Peter, brought back the weirdest things . . . like Lysol for their bathroom (but I don't blame them) and they always had cheese balls and Nutella. *Ha-ha, they are so random.* I walked around with Ellie and went to bookstores and even an Internet café to check our e-mail. We had some ice cream at a place called La Creperie and took millions of photos. We had burgers at Jimmy Buffett's Cheeseburger in Paradise (actually I had a veggie burger since I'm a vegetarian). It was amazing to roam around and explore Gustavia for an afternoon. But before we knew it, it was time to head back out to our floating home, *Valenza*.

We made some more really great dives in St. Barts. One dive site was a pinnacle called La Baleine. We went down to 56 feet and discovered that the reef had some exciting and really friendly marine life. Ben spotted a cool moray eel in a swim-through, and we saw lots of barracudas and a queen angelfish that seemed as curious about us as we were about them.

#### TROPICAL STORM LEADS TO CARNIVAL

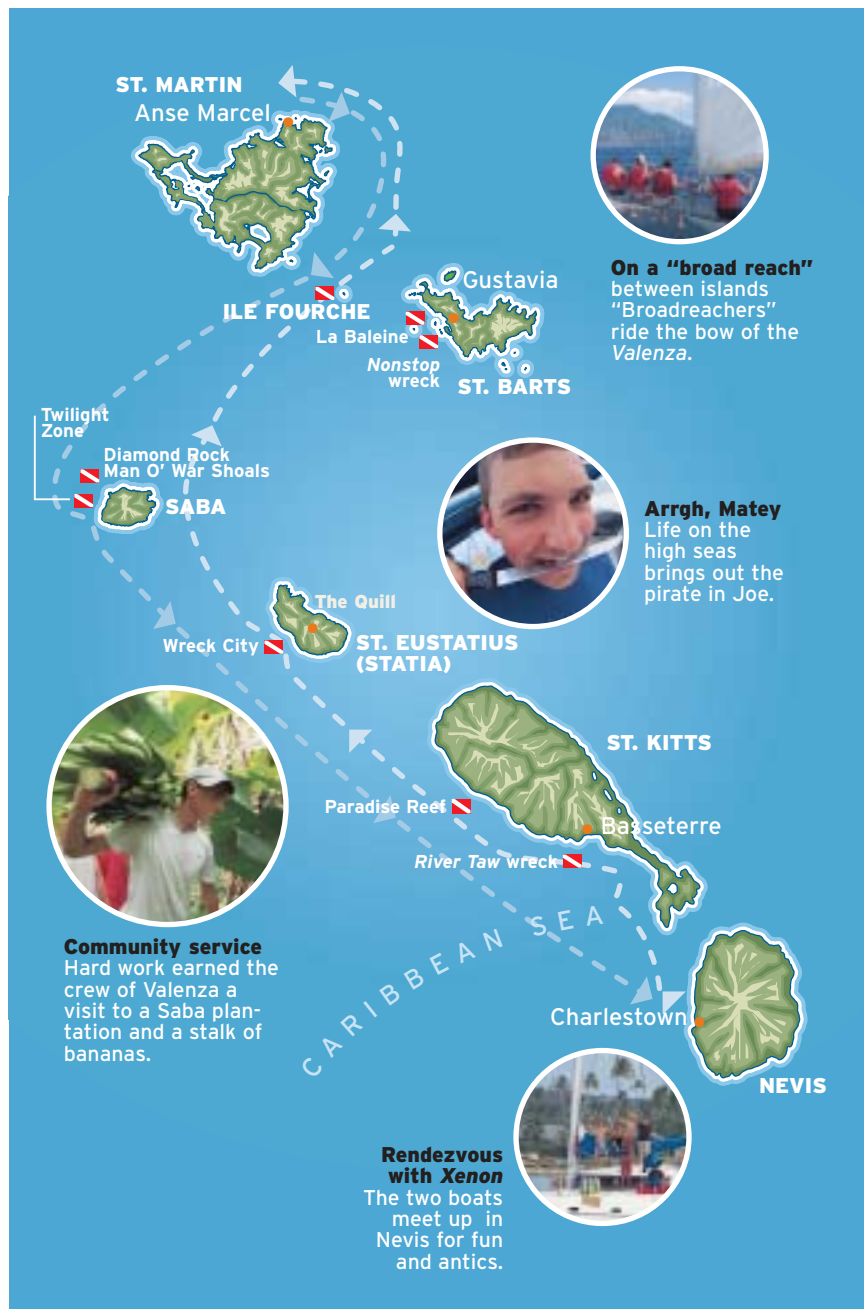
We were well on our way to Saba when we found out that a tropical depression was

#### FOR MORE INFORMATION

**More on the Web:** Read the day-by-day trip journals from Nato's Broadreach adventure at [www.sportdiver.com/bluesummer](http://www.sportdiver.com/bluesummer).

heading our way. We had to turn back and return to St. Martin to wait out the storm. Even though it would delay our arrival in Saba, it still wasn't bad. I mean, we were still in the Caribbean, right? The next day when we approached St. Martin our ears filled with music. On shore, people were dressed in costumes and the drums beat ferociously throughout the streets. It was a local holiday commemorating the abolishment of slavery!

That was a very inspirational day for me. I remember just sitting on the back of the catamaran and thinking, *I love this so much.* As the sky darkened, I watched the beautiful light-blue water transform itself into a dark misty blue. I heard the laughter of the



**On a "broad reach"** between islands "Broadreachers" ride the bow of the *Valenza*.



**Arrgh, Matey** Life on the high seas brings out the pirate in Joe.



**Community service** Hard work earned the crew of *Valenza* a visit to a Saba plantation and a stalk of bananas.



**Rendezvous with Xenon** The two boats meet up in Nevis for fun and antics.

## Master Diver Plan Broadreach Style

**Rescue Diver:** This was definitely one of our most serious courses. We even had to do real life rescues with our "actors" Tiffany, Joe and Jordan! We had to carry people out of the water! **Wreck Diver:** I love wreck dives. We learned the parts of the boat and actually went down as teams with drawing boards and had to draw and label the boat. **Deep Diver:** Our instructors gave us funny lectures about getting nitrogen narcosis! It made us aware of how dangerous it is to exceed our limits. We did do a couple deep dives to about 100 feet, but nothing close enough to get marked. **Night Diver:** It was cool to see the animals that were sleeping, like turtles (watch out for them under ledges!). And whatever you do, DON'T shine your lights in their eyes! It's their home, not yours - be polite! **Boat Diver:** We practically got this specialty without even knowing it. We lived on a boat and dove every day. We learned the best way to dive from our boats, such as, it's not good to do a flip with your dive gear. **Underwater Naturalist:** Remember that little bobbling ball? Well, this was one of the many creatures we studied in this course. We learned about how to protect the reef and everything that lives there; that is, of course, already a passion of mine.

5. Don't worry if you don't know any other teens going on the trip. Few participants travel and information packets sent to you before the summer. They answer just about



natives on land and the big thumping noise of the drums echoing through the island, and found myself oddly alone on deck. I watched as big gray clouds began covering the sky. I could see the rain falling from the clouds, and it was coming closer. It was one of the coolest things I have ever seen! It started to drench the trees on shore and then it slowly moved its way onto the water. I sat on the back of the boat watching the ripples of water it was making a few feet ahead of me and I jumped into the ocean and looked up and felt it cover half of my face and then the rest. I thought to myself, here I am, in the most beautiful water with laughter all around me, watching nature do its thing.

#### FINALLY, SABA

Two days later we headed to Saba as the tropical depression fizzled out. We dedicated a rainy day to studying for our Advanced Open Water test, and even started our PADI Rescue Diver training.

After studies, Emma and I went out on the net of the catamaran and had a blast getting slammed by waves. We had to hold on for life! Not really, but it seemed like it — on the huge waves the whole boat just SMASHED down and you would catch air, like a some kinda extreme ride. We sang *I like it when you call me big papa, throw yo hands in the air, like you a true playaaaaaaa* ... And as ridiculous as that sounds, when we would say, *throw yo hands in the air* we threw our hands in the air and just prayed that we weren't going to be on a big wave!

When we first saw Saba appear on the horizon, it looked like the island in *Jurassic Park*. It shot up out of the water and screamed "untouched island." Everyone sat on the bow in awe. We had so many unforgettable

moments on this trip — this was one of them.

That day we made our first dive in Saba's famous marine park. The ocean was clear blue with sheer walls of coral. We saw our first sharks — three nurse sharks. We were stoked. Then there was this old half-blind turtle that swam right up to our faces. We thought it was just amazing that we could experience something like that. This was the best dive of the trip so far, I thought. But it was about to get even better.

The next day we did a dive at Diamond Rock, a steep spire that juts out of the water like a spear. This dive site was amazing, and there was not one square inch of the reef that wasn't totally filled in with bright colors. Huge anemones, sponges and gorgonians packed in as tightly as you can imagine. And there were loads of interesting marine life species like snowflake morays, tiny blennies and pistol shrimp, as well as big schools of spadefish and under the overhangs lots of bright orange soldierfish hiding out. There was so much going on, it looked like the scene from *Finding Nemo* when Nemo's on his way to school. Now I know you have seen that, (ha-ha). We also did another beautiful dive called Man O' War Shoals, which is a sister site to Diamond Rock. Here lots of smaller pinnacles reach for the surface but don't quite make it. And everything seemed huge, especially the barrel sponges, which were covered with tiny blennies. Lots of color here, too. So much I could never name or remember all the hues. And it seemed like every crack, crevice and shadow contained a lobster.

The day we went ashore in Saba was amazing. The town was so small, it wasn't even a town. Like seven stores, and that's it! Then we got in a bus and traveled around the island. It was so pretty. We did two hikes. Now, I'm

not too fond of hikes ... at all. But I loved the one through the cloud-covered Elfin Forest. Jordan, Tiffany and Sara dressed all up in leaves. Our guide, Jungle Jim, knew everything about everything. When we started the first hike I was dreading it, but Jordan really helped me through it. He even took me on this amazing trail that reminded me of the dinosaur age. There were these jagged crazy twisty black trees that just appeared through the fog. I'm so glad I actually made it. I didn't think I would like it as much as I did, even though Jordan told me I would. *Thanks, J!*

On our last day in Saba, we did a dive called the Twilight Zone, our deepest dive yet at 112 feet! This dive was one of the required dives for our PADI Deep Diver specialty. Maggie gave the perfect description: "It was amazing to look out over the drop-off and see nothing but blue." But there was more than just blue as the walls were covered with huge orange elephant ear sponges and we even saw a few tiger groupers. Long, weird-looking trumpetfish tried to hide in the gorgonians, but I think I must've seen at least 10. Not too stealthy, guys (ha-ha). Looking up toward the surface schools of jacks circled and we could see the boat, even from this deep.

After a rescue lecture we returned to Diamond Rock for our last dive on Saba. We saw a huge southern stingray, which was an awesome goodbye treat. And off in the sand we saw flying gurnards, which look like a cross between a colorful bird and a fish. That night before dinner everyone danced around listening to Third Eye Blind, helping the cooks out, and we even got some arm wrestling in. I beat everyone but Ben and Big Joe. Even our counselor, Tiffany! *Oh yeah, go me!*

The next day we woke up early and set sail for Nevis. Miriam remarked, "It was a little sad but exciting to look back at Saba and be able to say, 'Hey, we climbed that and dived it!' How many people can say that?"

#### TAKING NOTHING FOR GRANTED ON NEVIS

Day after day we would realize how lucky we were to be doing what we were doing, and we never took it for granted. Our time in Nevis was devoted to our Rescue Diver course, but we still managed to squeeze in a lot of laughs. Another Broadreach boat, *Xenon*, arrived, and we got to go hang out on their boat for a special dinner prepared by Hanina, a local cook

from Nevis. It was one of the best meals of our whole trip.

Late one night in Nevis, while we were sleeping, the crew from *Xenon* made a surprise visit bearing water, shaving cream and Gold Bond powder. We were not too happy with these presents and stayed up well into the night planning our revenge.

At approximately 4 a.m., the crew of *Valenza* quietly paddled over to *Xenon* with our own gift — powdered sugar, syrup, vinegar, water and shaving cream totally covered the boat, as well as the “innocent” crew of *Xenon*. Revenge was sweet, and *Valenza* felt much better until we realized it was already 6 a.m. and our wake-up call would be coming in half an hour.

Before leaving Nevis we finished up the last skills for our PADI Rescue Diver training. We learned how to ascend with a panicked diver as well as an unconscious diver — successfully completed! These training skills were taken seriously, but it was always fun to play around.

Once the sails were raised and all the hatches closed, we set sail for St. Kitts. When we arrived, we made a wreck dive on the *River Taw* and were one step closer to having our PADI Wreck Diver specialty. We saw an octopus and a fireworm, and spent much of the dive sneaking up on fish hiding in the shadows of the wreck. Upon discovery, they acted as if we'd startled them, or caught them doing something they shouldn't be doing.

### RESCUE HEROES

On our second day in St. Kitts we faced our first practice rescue scenario. It was crazy. We were all lying around on board tanning when we were awakened by Logan shouting, “Rescue scenario!” (He was the leader of the day.) So I got up and was like, “What's going on, guys?” They're like, “There's going to be a rescue scenario! All the instructors are gone. They're trying to trick us — get ready!” So all of us start running around like chickens with our heads cut off, and deciding who will be in charge of what. I get in the water and start looking for divers around the boat. No sign. But a few minutes later we hear yelling and there's Tiffany “freaking out.” So the people who were assigned to rescue the injured person in the water got in and went for it. It was a challenge to get Tiffany because she was act-

ing all crazy, but we still managed to rescue her.

Just when we were getting Tiffany under control, Joe popped to the surface — unconscious. We had to look for signs in Tiffany and Joe to see what was wrong with them. Tiffany was oblivious and going into shock. We followed the procedures in the book and even “called” a rescue boat. We had to talk to Tiffany and Joe to give them a sense of calm, such as “Hi, my name is Natalie, I'm rescue-trained, and I'm here to help you.” This whole time we were being directed by Logan, and he was actually doing a great job. I think that if he hadn't been the leader we all would have been a little too crazy.

When the scenario was finished we were all relieved. We actually started to laugh at how freaked out some of us got. We realized diving accidents happen all the time and we always need to be looking out for stuff like this. When something does happen, we'll know what to do. We also learned that we shouldn't take the rescue course as a joke because it's some serious stuff. If we ever have to use the training, there will be a real life at stake. After some last minute cramming we took the written test, and we all passed! To celebrate we went on a “strictly for fun” dive on Paradise Reef, a marine reserve and one of the best dives of the trip. It could have been named “Eel City.” We spotted eight different eels, and Scott and Peter even saw two dueling lobsters.

### ALL GOOD THINGS ...

On the last day we approached Statia, the last island on our itinerary, for our last dive. We arrived and met up with Lisa, a local dive instructor from Golden Rock Dive Center, who took us to Wreck City to finish our PADI Wreck Diver specialty. We descended on a sandy bottom scattered with wrecks. There were beautiful stingrays swimming all around and grunts and snappers everywhere. We navigated through the wrecks and were officially Wreck Divers, and with this fifth specialty completed, also PADI Master Divers. We were ecstatic that we had all achieved our goals!

Before leaving Statia, we hiked again. Ellie and I dragged behind, cheering each other on and laughing. We got to the top of Statia's dormant volcano, the Quill. It was so beautiful — there was a rain forest in the crater of the volcano. We all climbed down

into the crater and wrote ourselves letters, another Broadreach tradition. They send you the letter about six months after you leave (I just got mine!). It was a real eye-opener that this trip was going to be over soon, and we all thought about the last five weeks on our sail back to St. Martin that afternoon. That night we talked about our overall experience and wrote each other notes to read when we got on the plane.

This trip was more than unbelievable. Just imagine waking up to the sound of the ocean, living on a boat, diving like crazy and visiting some of the most amazing places in the world — not only that, but doing it with some of the greatest people you have ever met! Sounds impossible, sounds too good to be true. But it's not, that's the remarkable thing about Broadreach. Sure, sometimes it gets hard living so differently from what you're used to and comfortable with, but it opens your eyes to the world. You might think you already know what's going on in the world from what you read and see on TV, but you have no idea until you see it for yourself. Broadreach takes you to a world you never even dreamed of, not only in your mind but also in your heart. You experience it firsthand and it changes you.

It's an experience of many lifetimes, and I will treasure it for the rest of mine. ■

*Special thanks to Broadreach (888-833-1907, [www.gobroadreach.com](http://www.gobroadreach.com)), and to photographer Steve Simonsen, alias “Scuba Steve,” who bravely endured a week with 12 teens aboard *Valenza*.*



**Broadreach's summer adventures for teenagers travel to:** The Caribbean • The Bahamas • Honduras's Bay Islands • Ecuador & the Galapagos Islands • Costa Rica • Baja & the Sea of Cortez • Fiji & the Solomon Islands • Egypt's Red Sea • Australia



### Natalie Tuke

*Sport Diver's* teen editor was the envy of the office (and our online readers) when she spent three weeks last summer at Broadreach's Underwater Discoveries Advanced teen scuba camp. The word "camp" is hardly worthy, though. How many camps take place on catamarans that go island-hopping through the Caribbean? As you will read, it was the trip of a lifetime for her, and she, along with her fellow "Broadreachers," came away with much more than a great tan and lasting friendships. They became confident leaders, learned to be responsible for themselves, and gained a level of diving expertise and experience that takes most divers years to acquire – and still managed to indulge in a few typical teen antics along the way. Natalie recounts her experiences here in her first full-length feature article, and reminds us that our own personal discoveries, no matter how small or insignificant, make us who we are today.

### Steve Simonsen

I was making a connection in the St. Maarten airport on my way to join a boatload of teens in Saba when I received a voice mail from my wife. A tropical storm was heading our way, and the boat was being called back to St. Maarten to wait out the storm. Thus began an unpredictable and spirited week of diving, sailing and living in close quarters with energetic young dive buddies and shipmates.

The storm delay effectively length-

ened my stay, and by the end of the assignment, I'd been infected with their enthusiasm. As a parent of a teen, I was impressed by the success of Broadreach's program, which made the kids responsible for sailing their yacht, *Valenza*, cooking and preparing meals, and even cleaning up. I did my best to capture their energy as well as their antics on film. My own introduction to

scuba diving took place when I was a teen more than 25 years ago, but the energy bouncing around the boat made it seem like yesterday.

The feelings I have for the sport of scuba diving have not diminished one bit. I was reliving my own early diving days through their eyes, but during the course of this trip I was also able to share new discoveries with them. My time with the "Broadreachers" ended when we arrived in Nevis, and as much as I looked forward to returning home, I eyed the boat from shore and wished that I too had another week aboard *Valenza*.

### Broadreach

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Experience a Broadreach voyage through the eyes of *Sport Diver's* teen editor in the April issue.



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