

The GB Under 19 Team Diary 2003

Friday 21st March

We all arrive at Bisley; Cerise wasn't last for once which was a surprise. After being shown to our accommodation for the pre-South Africa Weekend at Bisley, the team collected kit (tasty Tracksuits etc). Dinner at the ARA was a good time to catch up with the other team members and also to set the tone for the tour. I can tell that this is going to be fun! Mik introduces his "point system" to James' horror and soon after a sleepy eight turn in for the night after some friendly "team banter".

Sam Adamson

Saturday 22nd March

Today we did some hardcore shooting. We started off at 300yds, then 500, then 600 to complete a morning of short range practise. After some greatly appreciated lunch the team made their way up to long range for 900yds. We then moved back to 1000yds and had a girls vs. guys match consisting of a 2 and 5 shoot. THE GIRLS WON. After shooting we put on our uniforms for the first time, had dinner and then went for a quick drink in the TARA bar with Mik buying, before we went back to the accommodation for an early night. After trying to fit as many people onto a top bunk as possible, and the fantastic fashion show of the blue tracksuits, our early turned into a post midnight, but still good nights sleep.

Quote of the day:

"Don't you think that it would be fun if we could all slide down the side of Table Mountain on black bin bags?" Sam A.

Nick Bussell

Sunday 23rd March

An early wake up call and a hearty breakfast started the day. We could hardly contain our excitement! This morning we split into two teams of four and shot a competition within the team; SCOTLAND (or the porridge-wogs as Mik would say!) vs. THE REST OF THE WORLD. Team Scotland won by four points so was treated to drinks by the runners up. After a delicious Sunday lunch at ARA and finishing our packing we were all dressed up and ready to go, eagerly waiting for the coach to arrive. We were finally on our way. Once at the airport there was a lengthy wait before we were able to check in our luggage. A quick bite to eat filled in our time before emplaning for our long anticipated adventure. SOUTH AFRICA HERE WE COME!!!

Jen Charlton

Monday 24th March

EVENTS TAKE PLACE IN REAL TIME

At about 7am South Africa time I woke up. Not that I had really got much sleep since I had finished watching Cartoon Network (class) and various films with ridiculous plots and invisible cars before I had closed my eyes. I had had a pleasant flight, except for the worry of the big drunk Scot sitting two rows in front of me (not Major Fraser). James had already been asked if he wanted a fight. Anyway, back to Monday...after a plane breakfast and watching 8 mile on the entertainment system, we started our decent into Johannesburg. It was really weird as J'Berg is 2000 feet or so above sea level so what I thought would take some time was instead over in a flash. We emerged from the plane expecting a blast of heat, and what we got was a cold reception. It was like we were still in England, except for the number of South Africans. After loading bags and rifles into vehicles and a trailer, we were on our way to the Krugersdrop Game Reserve. We arrived at the game park which was beautiful; the accommodation was in rondavels, little round huts. There were South African masks and paintings on

the walls, thatch on wooden roofs and a host of very friendly monkeys playing in the trees around us. After unloading the baggage into our rooms we headed off to lunch. We were joined by Christo, Jeanette and Deon Burger who had met us in the airport with John Clipstone but he did not accompany us to the game reserve. After an hour of waiting and talking we finally got lunch, which for me was a good steak. Despite the delay in the foods arrival, it was very tasty. We changed into shorts and t-shirts and loaded with cameras and sunglasses, we headed off into the game park for a safari. After about 5 mins of driving we spotted four giraffes very close to the buses, and could see three rhinos on the hill. Photos were taken and I think it was now that the team all realised how lucky we were to be on this tour. We moved off again. The game park played host to a great variety of animals, lots of different types of antelope, wildebeest and many small furry Meerkats. We carried on driving, passing ostriches (Tanja nearly being attacked by the inquisitive! one) and very nearly driving into the middle of a head of Rhinos. It was breath taking; they were so close to us that you could see even the smallest detail on their skin, and their rib cages beneath the flesh. Deon said that it was the closest that he had seen them in his life. The next stop was the predator cage. We had previously been leaning out of our doors and windows however everyone felt it was time to be well inside the vehicle. We found about ten lions in all. They played the game of slowly walking towards the vehicle before running past it and giving everybody inside a fright. It was however great fun moving to all areas of the bus to try and capture some good photos. From the predator cage we moved to the other end of the spectrum, the Aviary. Some of the girls were scared of being pooped on from a great height. The birds were spectacular, with beautiful colours and their keeper was telling us about them in great detail. We were then all glad to arrive back at the huts as it was swim time! Soon we were all in the pool trying to use the last of the suns rays to our advantage. We showered and changed for dinner. The girls again took the longest time to get ready as first of all they had to decide what to wear, then they had to dry their hair, and this was before we'd even got to the make-up! Supper was similar to lunch, bigger, but still steak! After lots of conversations, laughter and one snort, not from Mik this time we all headed back to our rooms. After a chat we finally headed to bed after a very eventful day.

Sam Dash

Tuesday 25th March

The day of the great notebook robbery!

It started off as just a normal day. That is, after seeing Mik for the first time the boys were gaining points hand over fist! After packing the combis which even resulted in innocent Cerise getting points (shock horror!) we went for breakfast which consisted of, yes you guessed it more steak! Sam D and I impressed ourselves with having eaten steak now for three meals running! The seating arrangements for the combis were all the blokes with Simon, (Most points with the Commandant), James impressed to be in the lead, and all the girls and Pete M with Mik. It was during the drive to Potchefstroom that the notebook (which contains the running point tally, went mysteriously missing! For this the entire team received 1000 points, with James receiving a further 1000 for trying to be too smart. Sam D was also having a bad time, receiving 1000 points for every 5 mins that the book was missing, for being in the wrong place at the wrong time when the book went missing and also looking the guiltiest. Poor Sam! With Sam's points fast accumulating we drove to meet Cedric and Bets in Potchefstroom. After introductions we were finally let lose on juice and homemade food. Yum! We also played with their dog, never before have I seen a dog with so much muscle, not an ounce of fat anywhere! It was at this point that Mik took a R50 deposit from the entire team for the safe return of his book, desperate, or what! No one was sure who the culprit was but after leaving the house, the notebook was found attached to the back window of Simon's combi. Mik has not yet returned the money in an attempt to prevent future notebook kidnappings! (Well done for a good steal from the girls, unfortunately the wrong Sam seemed to accumulate all of the points! After stocking up on juice and ice we formed a convoy and followed Cedric and Bets towards Bloemfontein. After a while Cedric decided that his speed with the caravan would not let us have enough time to organise ourselves at Bloem so we had to navigate ourselves through S Africa. A bad idea I hear you say; well we made it with only one minor u-turn, well done us. Unfortunately Cedric and Bets who said we would go faster arrived before us, still well navigated Simon. So with the over-heating warning light showing on Mik's combi, with the girls in good voice and after a brief late lunch stop we reached the accommodation in pouring rain.

*Quote of the day: 'One blanket and one pillow. You can ***** shove that up your *****' Mik*

After unpacking and some discussion we settled into our homes for the next twelve days and headed off to Bloemfontein where Mik bought a duvet, duvet cover, pillow and pillow case, unfortunately we could not find a Barbie cover large enough! The team funds also purchased floor rug and some individuals bought pillows. At last it was dinner time. After the meal on the Waterfront with many steaks, fish kebabs or pasta, we returned to the range with a quick u-turn, Simon took the turning one before the right one but realised at once, hence the quick u-y. Sleep was eagerly welcomed at the end of a long day and with an equally long one in store for the morrow.

James Headon

Wednesday 26th March

“What a lead” (reference T Shields)

After an un-welcome quarter past six waking, the discovery of the leaky roof and that we had perhaps brought the great British weather with us, a trip to a Wimpy for breakfast seemed inevitable; it turned out that catering on the ranges would not be available for two days. Shooting began with a trip to the zeroing range, by which time the sun was shining (No, it was still Baltic). Getting zeros proved to be more taxing than first anticipated and the discovery that Mik’s scope had been damaged in transit left everyone in a foul mood. Due to a slightly questionable BJ’s burger, Petey was left in an even more questionable state.

The rest of the day involved some interesting interpretations of wind coaching at 8 and 900 metres. We were shooting alongside the Free State meeting. Sunburn was optional; burnt on Jesus sandals are so Now!

At the time, a very taxing day but looking back, excellent.

Cerise Macintosh

Thursday 27th March

Having been woken around 5:30am by the Yanks next door when they decided an impromptu furniture rearranging session was necessary and urgent, we all looked and felt our best when we stepped out onto the range. We shot the Free State Meeting today. Shooting at every distance under an extremely and remarkably hot sun with mixed results; only rumours of record Richter scale readings (after Mik fell out of bed last night) kept the team morale high! Our efforts did however bring some rewards. We came a very respectable third place in the team competition, losing only narrowly to the other two teams involved. We each collected a team medal before Sam D, James and Tanja were awarded individual prizes for their successes. Aside from shooting other events were equally humorous. Mik deciding that his bed could no longer cope with his mass, or him with it, built a formidable piece of sleeping apparatus, or rather, oversaw its construction. The evening took us to the Spur Steakhouse where Sam D proudly ordered a ladies fillet and Cerise confidently asked for half a cow on a plate. The day ended with an unprecedented free ice cream and dancing waiters after James and Sam A decided that it ought to be Mik’s birthday.

Peter Law

Friday 28th March

Today was the first day of the major competitions and also a day of pulled shots, wind challenges and stressful problems with the butt markers – especially message 4’s!

As usual it was another early morning and everyone looking their best with the “Just out of bed look” and also having that “Friday feeling!”

In the morning, after opening prayers we shot the Scottish Sword with those entitled and equipped, wearing kilts. After lunch we met the S/A under 19 Team for the first time and shot against them in the Junior Long Range Team Match. The pressure was on. During the first half at 800m, shooting a 2 and 15, the wind was pretty challenging and there was a great deal of strain on everyone, but Sam A

and James as the coaches managed to keep it together. We weren't allowed to look at the score board but at the end of the first distance we were 39 points ahead. The second distance wasn't so good with each firer scoring an average of 67. After the match the scores were added up and we were the WINNERS! Legend! The final scores were SA 741 - GB 788. The South Africans were gutted but we were all introduced properly and had some photos taken, followed later by a drink at the bar. We soon settled our differences and found the cheapness of the beers! The night ended with the faders leaving the bar early and Nick then keeping everyone awake, including himself with his snoring and grunting.

Tanja Shields

Saturday 29th March

Today was our final chance to practise before the official opening of the SABU Bisley meeting. After yet another outrageously early start and breakfast, we, firing on about half a cylinder (if that), made our way to 300m firing point. We were firing alongside a team match and Simon was as usual close at hand to ensure we were running a "Slick" enough change over to get 9 firers through in the time available. Shooting went well for some but not for others! We broke for lunch and began preparation for the afternoon.

The wind conditions were somewhat interesting with $\frac{3}{4}$ minute changes from left to right about 5 times before each shot was fired. 800m brought new challenges for everyone. I, feeling the effects of the heat and irritation of not shooting to my potential took a break to drench myself along with a few others in cold water and I retired from 900m. It had been a long day and the shooting ended with what could only have been described as a wet t-shirt event! Nick unfortunately felt the effects of two bottles of ice cold water over his head. Rule number 1 – All round observation is the key! After rifle cleaning and showering, then endless time choosing outfits and make up application, the boys appeared looking beautiful; half an hour later the girls appeared! The Intense preparation had been for a night out with the young members of the Welsh team. We headed out to a restaurant called Barba's, which seemed to be more of a pub/club than a restaurant but we weren't complaining. After a round of "fruit juice" we were fed. Good food and good conversation. I think that a great night was had by all, although, some more so than others! A three course dinner and plenty of "OJ" cost just under £9 per head. We all made it back to camp and fell into bed, really looking forward to the lie in that accompanies no shooting in South Africa on Sundays.

Quote of the day;

"See if you start colouring in with the same colour for too long- do you not get really bored of colouring in?" Tanja

Sam A

Sunday 30th March

For the first time since we had arrived we were able to sleep till 9, except Sam D and James who were woken by the Americans next door once again. Nick had however, been up half the night after disagreeing with a prawn cocktail. Having been lectured about Praying Mantises by the Americans, we left to go to the Mall in Bloemfontein. We split into two groups, girls and guys. Pete insisted on going to a Pizza takeaway. We then Passed the Christian Union Music Shop on the way to the "Toy Cave". Sam took a particular interest in the Action Man figures and the Lego. We thought about buying Mik and "executioner" out fit but then remembered about the points system! We finally ended up in a games arcade, playing air hockey and then moving on to random ball throwing machines, trying to outwit them by having all four of us playing at once. After collecting a pile of tickets Pete took them over to the cashier hoping to receive the best prize, but returned with a bouncy ball and 34 packets of "Demon Sherbet" Hmmm!

The girls went to a Quicksilver shop and between three, managed to spend R1620, before we met for lunch. We then went to Reneke Park, a nice quite resort, well until we arrived! Ireland was playing England for the grand slam in the Six Nations Rugby. A room full of Irish supporters wasn't very easy to compete with, yet England won so I was happy! End score 35-6, well that was until the satellite connection was cut off four minutes into injury time. During this. Tania and Sam D were swimming.

Sam A was the only committed girl to sit through the whole rugby match! Tanja had found a new toy, a vibrating pool cleaner! The girls were making good use of the trampoline, Jen showing off her skills! After the match we all went swimming, some of us, including the Welsh team only entering the water after the application of some considerable force. There were plans to get Mik in but they not surprisingly, failed miserably. Simon however expecting the inevitable took the precaution of putting on his swimming trunks and seemed more than happy to jump in, the easier option! The day finished by visiting a restaurant for dinner. No one was really hungry - except for Sam D, obviously!

Quote of day:

"Help...I'm scared of heights!", James, whilst jumping on the trampoline.

Nick

Monday 31st March

An early morning, 0545hrs to make ourselves look as good as possible in our team tracksuits, to attend the opening ceremony of the SABU Meeting at 0700. Afterwards we waited around for hours for our shooting to commence at about 11am. We made use of this time to catch up on the washing or like most, sleep, not to mention, writing the diary. Yes, for the 1000th time, writing the diary! We all shot at 300, 500 and 600 metres, some a lot better than others. Shooting ended and we had a little more free time which we all spend doing our favourite past time, sleeping. With the exception of Cerise, who of course showered instead! About 5:30pm, the masses awoke to get clean and changed into our lovely uniforms for our team dinner at the New York Café. A good meal enjoyed by all of the team and our guests. Speeches were made and gifts were given to those who had already and were to make our tour a success. As we made our way back to the accommodation, we witnessed a spectacular thunderstorm in the distance. The sky was lit up blue and pink. It was stunning.

Jen

Tuesday 1st April

After another 5:30am wake up from the Americans next door to me and James and the usual shower and breakfast we were all ready to start the days shooting. Most of us were not completely awake but the rifle fire did its bit towards waking everyone up! During the day we had four shoots, 3, 6, 8 and 900 metres. We were kept entertained by doing word searches and other puzzles from Jen's Criss-Cross book. During one of these attempts, Nick made the mistake of muttering the words, "I'M ONLY GOOD AT STRAIGHT ONES!" confirming that he is the dark horse of the team. In the shooting no one was doing amazingly and no one was going too badly however Cerise and I got a merit for the 800m shoot. The 900m finished at 2:30pm. We then quickly got back to the huts and ready for our game drive. Heinric arrived in a pick up truck which was a shock to all after having imagined an "Open top army vehicle" as at least having seats or objects to hold onto. No such luck. After driving out of camp and into the tank practise firing range, we started seeing game. Soon we were racing Alongside Springbok, Hartebeest, Zebra, Wildebeest and other antelope. It was brilliant watching the dust they kicked up as they ran away criss-crossing in front of the vehicle. Other highlights of the game drive included seeing a load of army shells lying in the road. When we got back we had supper, cleaning rifles and relaxed before bed. All in all, a good day.

Sam D.

Wednesday 2nd April

Today we shot the State President's stage 1, it was a morning of interesting scores, not least from the captain who found out the importance of setting the foresight aperture correctly, when he came off the 300m point with a diabolical score and found that his foresight was set for the 900m range! The team was mostly disappointed after the three early shoots, save Cerise who shot well. The next distance however saw James and Cerise come away with 3rd and 2nd respectively. The 900m was however a complete disaster for all and the less said about it the better!

However the team had a chance to relax and let their hair down at the Welsh BBQ. The highlight of the evening for most of us anyway was the trampoline, I hear you grown at the idea of the under19's trampolining in the dark, but it was ascertained by Simon that it was in fact safe and we could continue to enjoy ourselves. All was fine until the trampoline was visited by Korbis of the SA juniors, who in a slightly tipsy manner, attempted a forward somersault and ended up splitting his ear and spending several hours in casualty receiving 17 stitches! It was then decided that over exuberant use of the trampoline in the dark was not the best idea we'd ever had for entertainment so we abandoned it and shortly afterwards returned to camp for a well earned nights sleep.

James

Thursday 3rd April

Today we shot the Jack Mitchley and the Presidents with varying success. In the afternoon, in preparation for the team match the next day, we fired on the 300m range to get our wind zeros right. This was complicated by Sam D loosing his bolt. Fortunately it had been handed in to the CRO. Much grovelling later, Simon recovered it and Sam was mighty relieved. This dilemma was in turn overshadowed by the fact Mr James Headon, the GB under 19 Captain, has his teddy bear with him.

Peter

Friday 4th April

In the morning we shot the second stage of the State President's Trophy in pleasantly cool weather. Cerise, Peter Medhurst, who shot three 50s and Mik qualified for the final. The afternoon became warmer with the sun beating down and the wind playing many tricks, making the Junior International Match for the Simon Fraser Trophy a close contest. It transpired that the SA Junior Team, somewhat changed after the Long Range Match fell behind by 8 points at 300 and a further 4 at 600m however it was too close for comfort, not that we knew it at the time. As usual the longest distance proved the most testing and at the death after careful checking we ended one point down with an equal v count. We presented our opposite numbers with a team glass and both teams were photographed before we hurried to get ready for the Protea Function at which James spoke as to the manor born, thanking the South Africans for an excellent match and looking forward to renewing the contest at Bisley in July.

Cerise

Saturday 5th April

We had a lie in this morning as we had all finished shooting except for Cerise who had made it through to the third Stage of the President's competition. After lying in bed for as long as we possibly could and packing some of our stuff we headed to the Waterfront to do some shopping and write e-mails. Lots of ice-creams later we headed back to camp to prepare Cerise, Peter Medhurst and Mik for two 2 and 15 shoots. After the shooting we changed into our blazers and attended the 2¼ hr prize giving much of which was spent being eaten by 'millions' of mosquitoes. We really stood out as we were the only team in full uniform.

After prize giving we prepared for our Braai (BBQ) with the South African U19 Team. They soon took over cooking the steaks after waiting a long time for the food. Richard had a surprise trying to eat his paper napkin thinking that it was a piece of chicken! The night ended with an early curfew of 11:15pm which we were not best pleased about as this was our last night and we wanted to socialise at length with the South African U19 Team. Simon however insisted that we were to go to bed early as he had to drive the next day. After hassling us for a while, we unwillingly went to bed!

Tanja

Sunday 6th April

After a late night for most, except myself who had fallen into bed about 10pm with a sore back we had an early start to finish our packing and be on the road by 7:30am! The atmosphere was tense as everyone was tired, feeling stressed and trying to cope with some inter-team issues which had occurred the night before.

Finally, after temporarily losing Cerise we made it into the vehicles and set out along the road to Outdshoom. The first four hours were mainly spent sleeping and idly trying to entertain ourselves. Nick, now more commonly known as "Frodo" or "Child of Bilbo" made it his "perilous quest" to fall asleep at every opportunity and snore very loudly.

Our convoy stopped for lunch at a place called Beaufort West and here we met up with Cedric and Bet's son Stanley and his other half who would accompany us down to Cape Town. After a couple of hours of post lunch driving, we encountered some absolutely amazing scenery in a mountainous area. James seemed to become exceptionally excited at the prospect of "wocks" (that's rocks to you and I). All found their own way to appreciate this fascinating geology and admire the spectacular scenery of this beautiful place. The remainder of the drive was quite uneventful (strange for Simon!) with everyone being glad when we reached our destination. After unpacking for the next two nights, chatting and relaxing in a somewhat surreal atmosphere (for anyone who has seen the film *The Beach* we are talking that kind of relaxed and chilled) we headed to bed to face a very busy morning. It was good to rest after a day of high tensions and an on edge atmosphere.

Quote of the day;

"So you've been there, done that and got the t-shirt" Sam A.

Sam A

(with thanks to Lord of the Rings Copyright.)

Monday 7th April

After a good nights sleep, in a proper bed and a hearty breakfast we set off for a long day of visits. Firstly we travelled to the Cango Caves, situated in a large mountain range. The tour within the caves cannot be done justice with pen and paper but it was a truly amazing experience around huge chambers and really tight spaces. At the furthest extremes of the caves the adventure tour started. This involved crawling and squeezing into spaces not much wider than our bodies. Everyone had a great time.

We travelled for a short while to the Rus en Verde waterfall, a 67 metre drop. Everyone just chilled. It was very tranquil. Sam D decided to go rock climbing and I tried my best to catch frogs! Next we travelled to an Ostrich farm. Some were contemplating riding an Ostrich; some were adamant that they wouldn't (Cerise). We sat through an introductory talk about Ostriches which included handing me an incubating Ostrich egg. There was a quick catching of breath as my recent bad luck had put everyone on edge. James got to stand on a nest of eggs and do his best to break them, fortunately for us he was too light and they all remained intact; we were then told that they were bad. He did, however, fall off an Ostrich into a pile of crap, which was nice! The time at the farm was finished off by watching the keepers take part in an Ostrich Derby. After lunch we made our way to the local crocodile farm where we were taken around all the attractions and certain members of the team decided it was their duty to stroke the young cheetahs! After some tourist style shopping we then headed back to the accommodation to prepare for dinner. After a wonderful meal in a local restaurant, four doggy bag chocolate cakes later, eight very full team members waddled back to base for a good nights sleep.

Nick

Tuesday 8th April

This morning we left the back packers paradise at 7:30am. It was a lovely place and I didn't want to leave! We set off on our journey via George. It was a very long drive but we stopped at Mossel Bay where we sat on a balcony, in the sun, watching the sea and eating breakfast. Once we were finished, we drove off once more. We were in the vehicle for about an hour before we reached the place that we had all been waiting for...Bungee Jumping! We plied out of the combi, overwhelmed with anxiety and excitement. We signed our lives away (except Cerise, Sam D and Nick) and headed down to the bridge. All survived and even endured a rerun on video. Back to the combi and off to Cape Agulhas, the southern most tip of Africa, arriving just before the lighthouse closed. We all climbed to the top, even James, and then went to the shore to dabble in both the Atlantic and Indian oceans. The mandatory photo was taken, then after viewing a wreck we headed off to Cedric and Bet's house at Kleinbaai, which was to be our home for the rest of our tour. Dinner was at the Tabas in Gansbaai after which we were more than ready for bed.

Jen & others

Wednesday 9th April

Today was an admin day. After a sort of lie in getting up at 8am, we had a brilliant breakfast prepared by Bets then we all got in the back of a pick-up truck, becoming a common occurrence and visited a lighthouse on Danger point. The journey was rather bumpy, but good fun. We all wanted to go shopping and to the beach after lunch. Whilst shopping the girls stocked up on alcohol (to take home obviously) and the boys got BB guns to get back at Mik for his previous antics on the tour. After a couple of ND's mainly on Nick, we headed off to the beach. The water was freezing, but that did not stop Nick and James from body boarding and Tanja from having fun with the waves. The only threats were the rocks and the small Portuguese Men of War which were everywhere. Pete and I decided to build not just a sand castle but a sand empire, well we tried, with the help of everyone else but the final result was a circular wall with random towers in the middle. We, less Sam A. who was not hungry and had a sudden 'exam pending' attack so stayed at the house revising Chemistry, went to another restaurant that evening with another slow waiter and a similar menu. We went to bed soon after we got back as we knew that the next day was an early start.

Sam D

Thursday 10th April

Up far too early, 0600hrs. But it was worth it, really. The day started in earnest when we arrived at the ironically called whistle-stop services where the service was probably the worst that we have had. From there it was on to Cape Town and Table Mountain; a wonderful experience, save, for me, the cable car trip, which was far from fun. The views were superb and the little dassies were cute but vicious. Once back on safe ground, we headed to a roadside market where we all bought presents. Cerise even bought a chair. It was then onto Cape Point but the road was closed so Simon did a three point turn over a rather large precipice. It was then back to Cape Town for several hours of shopping at the Waterfront. The boys also went to the Aquarium, which was really interesting. Sharks are always fun! Nick and James were also getting interest from a couple of South African ladies. Wonders will never cease. Pete also wooed the crowds with his guitar playing. The guitar was made of an oil can. Dinner was wonderful and Simon, Mik and James had a mixture of Impala, Warthog, Kudu and Ostrich, with Sam tucking into Crocodile. The only downside was the 2hr drive back to Kleinbaai, but most people slept. All in all, a good day that finished with Nick stating..."I didn't think a revolver revolved."

James

Friday 11th April

Finally the promised wine tasting arrived. Each member of the team managed to develop their own pose and interesting vocabulary to describe what they were drinking, but ultimately all reverted to a mere "nice" or "crap". We clearly bluffed our expertise superbly. After our morning of cultural pretence, we headed onto the largest shopping mall in the Southern Hemisphere, finding the

environment so overwhelming that a moment of madness resulted, in which we each bought a bright orange t-shirt to wear and teach Mik a lesson. Many bought nothing else from this cacophony of food courts and African Bazaars because they either got lost or were simply confused by the choice. And so with tears in our eye and fluorescent shirts on our backs and after another great meal, this time at a fish restaurant, we headed home.

Pete

Saturday 12th April

This morning everyone was woken by heavy rain which was to continue on throughout the day. After a welcome, long(ish) lie in, the team drove into Hermanus for a spot of Crayfishing and a look at the area. Realising that Cray-fishing was perhaps not feasible in such weather, the team did some last minute shopping and lunched in a cave restaurant before a scenic trip up the mountain and refreshment at the Hermanus Yacht club. We then consoled each other at the bar in Stanford, claiming the reward for solving a musical challenge laid down by Mik, ten days earlier. Dinner was to be at "The Inn Pub and Grill" which was reported to serve the best steaks in South Africa. Everyone ordered steak. Wishing not to think of the cancelled Cray-fishing another round was ordered and the steak was very good.

Cerise

Sunday 13th April

It was an early wake up for girl Sam, James and me because we were the first ones to go out and do the main work Crayfishing, but by the time we left everyone else was ready anyway so there was no point in the early wake up, only just proving that we were able to get out of bed early and that the night before didn't effect us! Only Jen and Cerise were not on top form. Being out in the boat first seemed to have been the best trip as we caught most of the Crayfish and were the only ones to catch Sharks. After being out in the boat some of us went shopping and returned to the house early to prepare lunch, pack our kit and for girl Sam to start making dinner (spaghetti bolognaise). The Crayfish, cooked by Cedric and Bets, looked interesting but I wasn't too keen in nipping off its back-end and eating its legs, however it seemed to go down well with the rest of the team. After dinner we all thanked Bets & Cedric for looking after us, and Simon gave out merit medals to the whole team. After all the speeches we were left to our own devices! We were all a bit crazy and were whipping each other with tea towels; we never managed to play Cerise's great game (the mad magazine game), which everyone thought would have been a big anticlimax. People started to fade away to bed so the ones left couldn't make much noise.

Tanja

Monday 14th April

We had to make another early start to pack everything and get to Cape Town airport. Travelling through the mountains for the last time, we stopped for an excellent breakfast at the Houwhock Coffee Shop and nearly lost Peter M to the attractions of the fishing facilities. At the Airport, whilst Simon handed in the combi, Mik got our kit checked in. Too soon it was time to say sad and very grateful farewell to Cedric and Bets. They had undoubtedly provided us with a tremendous holiday. After an uneventful flight to Johannesburg we met Deon, Jeanette and their daughters who reunited us with our shooting equipment. More farewells and Mik arranged the check in of our gear. Eventually it was done and we settled down to wait for our flight, filling the time with duty-free/window shopping and, you guessed it, food. Time to board the aircraft or so we thought! British Airways check in and boarding computers had crashed world wide. Some four hours later, half of which was spent sitting on the plane with temperatures rising to near unbearable levels and with no liquid, we eventually took off. The pilot did his best to recover time, cutting the flight time by thirty minutes only to be thwarted by having to stack at Heathrow. Nevertheless we were just in time for Tanja to make the hop for Gatwick and her onward flight to Belfast. Fortunately the transport was still there waiting to take us back to Bisleys to sort the kit and head for home, tired but enthused by a great tour.