

***Just as you thought it safe to re-enter the EETC newsletter - Orfu 2008!***

Having been nominated scribe for the 2007 training camp in Orfu it fell to a vote as to whom the honour of scribing for 2008 should fall. 15 votes to 1 said it should be me again (guess who the 1 against was) with no abstentions! Thanks guys.....

This recollection could almost be a fiction and may not actually have happened. Any resemblance of any named character to any person either alive or dead is entirely coincidental. However, names have not been changed to shield the innocent. No responsibility is accepted for any exception taken by any person legal or mortal for anything that may or may not be written herein. But, as with tradition, the 'what goes on tour stays on tour' etc.....Sod it, here goes except that one thing I did promise not to mention is, quote: "Vicki would have whacked me by now", so I won't.

The cast of sixteen making the trip and aspiring to depose Graham Shaddock of his title of Strongman of Orfu were, in no particular order:

Ian (pronounced Iron) 'What do you mean my bike box is still in Stansted' George  
Sue 'Rampant Rabbit...Cough...Cough....Hero' Fuller  
Jan 'Baby Oil' Burrows  
Zena 'Don't listen to me take Vitamin B' Shean  
Christine 'Pain is your friend' Mowle  
Jo 'Doo-be-doo' Bidston  
Nigel 'Mr Bean' Morgans  
Mark 'Beauty sleep Brazilian' Brown  
Chris 'Gustav loves me aka The Gimp' Taylor  
John 'Oooh Jaaa Aarrh I'll have a coffee Jaaa' Smith  
Graham 'Balls of apple' Shaddock  
Andy 'Mr Perfect' Wood  
Neil 'Cornelius Disc wheel' Lynch  
Andy 'S\*\*t on the bike but Fills a T shirt nicely' Dawbarn aka "Mini-me"  
Gary 'Allergic to most food but softer hair than Chas' Lanridge-Brown  
Chas 'Slept through his own funeral' Baynes



Following the success of the camp in 2007 we dragged our bike boxes to the airport for the Thursday 10.00 flight out of Stansted to Balaton with high expectations; having had a preview of the programme put together by Gabor it



did initially look a little daunting to the extent that Nigel Morgans felt the need to email Gabor suggesting that it was too much...not tongue in cheek either! Actually, the itinerary was well balanced but included competitive elements in the form of time trials in each discipline culminating in the final event the Strongman of Orfu triathlon, all times being aggregated.

Gabor came to collect us from the airport at Balaton in minibuses but we were delayed by the fact that Iron George's bike box had been left on the tarmac at Stansted. If this had just been his bike it would have been fine but because the thing was so large he had packed everything in it excepting his wetsuit (required for first activity). Iron put on a brave face, filled out some forms and spoke to some faceless bureaucrats at Ryanair to ensure it was to come out on the next plane. Oh dear...next flight out was Saturday pm. It was probably because it was so heavy that the baggage handlers in London left it off for Health and Safety reasons!

So, one box short we went direct to Lake Balaton for session one, open water swimming techniques. The guys changed in a shed, the girls outside – good to see that chivalry lives on. Despite instructions

CT had left his swimming gear in his bike box which was on its way to Orfu so we had the pleasure of CT in his 'Budgie Smugglers' – not a pretty sight. Nevertheless, Chas Baynes managed to impress with his 'perfect' sighting technique and demonstrated it to the group – teachers pet for now anyway. A quick beer in the bar and we were off. This was one of the principal changes to last year in that Gabor, rather than frown upon drinking after training, had actually built in time to allow for it – result! John Smith on a Tee Total strategy up to the Ironman refused a beer but drank coffee like it was going out of fashion.



We arrived at the guest house (Gabor's mums) which we took over, girls together and guys pairing off all except CT who after last years experience was given a room on his tod next to Gabor's mum....apparently she rated her chances (according to Chris). Responding to weeks of pre tour banter Nigel refused to room with him on the grounds that his reputation had gone before and he didn't like the prospect. Besides, the girls had supplied Chris with a copy

of Gay Times and KY Jelly which appeared to confirm the rumours started on-line. So we paired off with Gary LB (Triathlete of the year elect) volunteering to share with Nigel and went to dinner – beef in a sweet cherry sauce with couscous, a local dish no doubt. The last thing we can at least say on our deathbeds is that we have eaten beef and cherry crumble – and lived!

Gabor gave a welcome speech and set the scene for the training camp and noted what a shame it was for our Chairman and 'Big Engine' not to be there. That one soon got back to the BE who now no doubt refers to himself as such.

After dinner we all put our bikes together (except Iron of course) which for some became a bit of a trial; Chrissy Mowle's head set bust, Grahams derailleur wouldn't fit back, my tyre exploded but otherwise was fairly stress free. Everyone had expected everyone else to bring a track pump so there was a general lack of pumps – one in the end! Zena requested certain assistance – "Would a man with a big pump come and finish me off.....?" Neil got a puncture.

The bar was open for the evening but shut at 9pm so we had to order a few extras and retired to the upstairs lounge for general banter. Jan Burrows and Chris Mowles were still sporting fairly decent hangovers from their night before but the hair of the dog seemed the best course and got stuck in with alacrity. Mark Brown retired early at 9pm, to be a recurring feature, with a view to the next day's activities but 15 minutes later managed somehow to explode his bathroom lamp – some say he was preparing for his roomy, John, testing the strength of the chandeliers, but that is pure speculation! Sue, who was not well at all poor girl, followed suit soon after but what was that buzzing noise? Some say that it was a Rampant Rabbit, but I have no idea in these matters, although Jo was convinced (maybe it was hers). Bunny ears became the tour gesture.

Friday:

Breakfast prefaced with Vitamin B tablets from Zena then out for session two, a bike run brick session. "Why is it called a brick session? Someone asked. "Because when you run after the bike you feel like a brick.....no, I said a Brick with a B!" So the bike part, a 5k charge up the road and back inevitably became a full on race albeit that it was to be an easy ride. Then into the run part around a football pitch practicing 'fast feet' and 'running tall' on successive laps then 3 times around at race pace, all to be repeated. Neil got a puncture.

Helped Gabor with his run coaching commands "Ready to run?....Run!" An in joke, you had to be there but as no doubt Gabor will read this I include it for him.



Lunch was a volcanic ash bread and butter pudding – I've never had that before, but stuffed full of carbs. Then out for the run, session three comprising a 6k dash time trial around the lake at Orfu. Naturally we had to cycle there as we did for most events to up bike mileage. You could smell the testosterone in the air and not just from the girls....everyone seemed to be up for it as the times went towards the ultimate prize in the EETC calendar, the Strongman of Orfu! IG shot off on the gun followed in hot pursuit by Andy Woods and Graham Shaddock with me keeping a respectful distance. Andy and Graham decided to wait patiently for Iron to blow up (Plan B) rather than chase him down (Plan A) but there was no way Iron was going to lose this one and won in a time of 19:30. Graham was second, Andy third with myself fourth with Andy just in sight as he rounded the last bend. Neil sprinted across the line lungs bursting sounding like a disc wheel. Sue bought up the rear having jogged round which was a great effort given she was really not well at all – rousing ovation

followed by the inevitable Bunny ears and a cycle ride home via the shop opposite our hotel from last year (vital supplies of crisps, chocolate and spirits)! Neil got a puncture.

Gabor's mum had laid on high tea (albeit that most had beer except John who had yet another coffee) and we spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in the gorgeous hot spa swimming pool above the hotel. In keeping with the mood the girls demanded gay poses from the male contingent which John excelled at for some reason (had been reading the GT), and then sneaked up on Andy Dawbarn who just managed to escape with his modesty intact. They all ended up floating on their backs in a line with feet tucked under the lip of the pool; from water level it looked like a view of Langdon Hills with Chris in the middle forming both South Hill and Old Church Hill on her own!



After dinner of meat and potatoes, Gabor gave the briefing for the next day's events, the bike time trials up the infamous 10k hill down the other side then TT the 7k up it again. This filled me and most others with dread after last year when Jan and I spent seemingly most of the morning climbing this never ending mountain, particularly when we were to race up it...twice; again, this was the big difference to last year with the racing element. The likes of Iron, Graham and Andy Woods were relishing the prospect particularly Iron who looked unnervingly turned on by the whole idea. Nigel on the other hand, whom Vera (Gabor's fiancé) had perceptively but affectionately named Mr Bean by this point, was concerned that it might take 4 hours or more and was serious!

And so to the bar for R&R and a few beers, or in the case of JS coffee, apart from Mark who again sensibly went to bed. It was at such a time that thoughts turned to Gemma who was sorely missed by



all, indeed Chris Taylor was so remorseful over his conduct last year that he felt he needed to make amends and show her what she was missing in his own inimical style – one particularly expansive full moon to her mobile must have just about done it I reckon. Well that was it, the gloves were off – Larry the cute Labrador puppy with Taquettes made an appearance courtesy of Andy Dawbarn, followed by Harry the Hamster who was a cute furry little thing looking for a female .....and would do all manner of unmentionable acts in the pursuit of love and happiness....in fact sounded just like a Peter Campion echo from 2007 outside the girls room late one evening –

tap, tap at the door, “Its me, Peter, let me in... Chris has gone to bed and locked me out”. Naturally it was Chris Taylor all the time intending all such unmentionable acts (plus many more besides no doubt) and the girls fell for it! Chris’ gimp impression (remember Pulp Fiction) was too good and John’s Porn Star impression again was most professional.....”Oooh Jaaaaaa Aarrgh”. Sometimes I wonder if these guys have missed their vocation; still, all were in tears of laughter to the extent that it hurt. There was however a serious discussion about body piercing and descriptions of a Prince Albert and a Jacobs Ladder (thanks ladies), uses of a glass coffee table in the making of certain films with John attempting to put his foot behind his head whilst describing the action element were enough to send me to bed soon enough!



#### Saturday

Breakfast at 7am, Zena handed out the vitamin B tabs (a reported epidemic of ticks in the area caused by a surfeit of Nike gear), the Gimp made his peace with Mr Bean for uncalled for late night amorous



advances and we were off to the hills after a brief lecture on uphill techniques from Gabor. We practiced these on the two hills on the way to the “big one” as a warm up. We then paired off with like speeds and fastest first set off in twos with a minute gap. Iron (on borrowed bike) and Graham shot off leaving tyre marks on the road followed by Andy Woods and Mark Brown. It was from this group that the Strongman was to emerge so the stakes were high. Andy won in a time of

24:39 followed by Graham and Iron (me 4<sup>th</sup>!). We all cycled down to the other side of the hill, an exhilarating twisting decent which seemed to take 15 minutes or so – all very well but we had to ride back up it again! So off we set again two by two; this side was steeper in parts but only 7k, finishing at the same point at the top. This time it was Graham first (19:25), Andy second and Iron third all within 8 seconds which on aggregate times put Andy as king of the hills. Surprisingly I was fourth, just thought I’d mention it. We early finishers watched and applauded the others struggling up and sprinting over the line. Neil was panting so hard it sounded like he had acquired another disc wheel on route and swallowed it; Jo looked comfortable having doo-be-dooed her way up the first effort but sprinted over this time; Chris Mowles fair flew having overtaken the pairing of John Smith and Neil even having the puff to suggest to a struggling Neil that “Pain is your friend” only to be helpful you understand and I trust the immediate “F\*\*\* off” wasn’t taken the wrong way! At least he didn’t get a puncture.



A pedal back to base, lunch of grilled Trout (lovely) and off in the vans to Komlo for session 4, swim training practicing open water techniques. We were discussing the morning TT’s and the fact that Chris Taylor had overtaken Andy Dawbarn uphill was mentioned in dispatches. He suggested that his apparent lack of prowess on the two wheels could possibly be down to diet.....Chris: “Maybe its because you’re shit on the bike.....at the moment!” There was a further debate as to whether there was a full stop after ‘bike’ or not.

The swim was in the 25m pool at Komlo, a lovely facility where Gabor trains youngsters most mornings. The idea was to master the open water techniques we touched upon at Lake Balaton. We started by warm up 'gymnastics' performed with a pull buoy sat on your head. Zena will never make a model – her pull buoy kept falling off which had absolutely nothing to do with someone who shall



remain nameless standing behind tapping it off. Giggling from Sue tipped her off which, followed by a swift kick in the nether regions, restored order and we went for a swim. Andy Wood was picked out for his mastery of sighting and asked to demonstrate to the class. Unfortunately, under pressure, he couldn't do it. Ha, should have asked me, perfect again! We practiced all manner of manoeuvres including attempting



to shake someone drafting by zig zagging down the pool. Neil was much faster than me so to avoid him bashing my feet I swam down to the bottom and sat there waving at him – sound travels well under water, I could hear him laughing from down there. We changed quickly for Gabor had organised a beer



in the pool bar (coffee by special request) – proper post exercise recovery therapy in my book, then back in the vans and into Péc (pronounced 'Page') for sight seeing and shopping. Mini-me had seen a wicked T shirt in the O'Neils shop and tried on several under the admiring looks from the lady contingent, quote "Doesn't he fill a T shirt nicely?"] Personally, I was looking for a furniture shop to try out the beds...I was knackered but met up with a few of the guys for a beer and a chat, about shaving of all subjects. It turned out that I was in the definite minority in restricting shaving activity to my face; John had waxed his chest for the tour, Mark Brown and others admitted to shaving their legs as well as 'other areas', just how prevalent is this? And last year we were wondering which of the

girls had the Norwegian, the Brazilian etc. Ooh Jaaaa.

We took in a few of the sights we had seen last year, took some team photos and searched for the Banc of Vaginas that we had seen advertised last year just in case we could make a deposit, but alas no sign. We did note the Lovers Locks again where lovers cemented their relationship by etching names on a padlock and locking it onto the railing along with the thousands of others. Gabor admitted to not having done so, perhaps he was too busy in the Banc. We found an Irish busker playing banjo although Neil refused to associate with him but Gary LB and myself made amends with a wicked tango down the road. And so to dinner in town and an excellent evening was had by all.

Mark went to bed early, the rest of us had a drink or two (or coffee in a certain case) and retired to bed leaving the girls and, by the sound of it, a gimp, a porn star and Hammy the Hamster, batting on.

Iron George's bike should have arrived by now? Surely Andy should have run out of underpants to share - must have turned them inside out and re-used?

### Sunday

Breakfast at 7am and Vitamin B. Session 6 open water swimming and swim time trial was held at the lake at Orfu so we cycled over there. The kit required for the morning being wet suits and running gear followed on in the van. The lake has a sandy beach which was extremely inviting and we got to cover ourselves in baby oil well, Jan covered us in baby oil anyway – each to their own. We needed the wet suits 'cause it was cold when the sun went in! Jan jumped into the water, sat down and immediately a fish surfaced upside down clearly in distress and possibly dying; the water was cold and peeing in your wetsuit is standard practice but it never usually has that effect. What were you drinking last night? Quote Neil: "... a legend in her own wetsuit".

Feri set out a course with the aid of beach balls at approximately 500m for the TT. Gabor had arranged for two of his young charges to come along and practice with us (or show us how it was done more like) both of whom were off to Vancouver for the Worlds in a fortnight representing Hungary. We practiced entering and exiting the water at speed using dolphin kicks, 'deep' water starts (I could stand

on the bottom) using elbows to keep the opposition at bay and sighting again. We then went straight into the TT. This was to be the course for the Strongman the next day so the TT was our familiarisation in readiness for that. Before we knew it we were off racing round the course with the Hungarians starting a minute behind. The gloves were off as time gained here would help towards the overall rankings for Strongman. The idea was to swim round, charge up the beach and round a mark before going around again – sounds easy, but it wasn't under race conditions especially running out and back in with heart rate off the scale having to swim again! Andy Wood fair flew round (which was cheating seeing as we had to swim but congrats to him as he was the only one not overtaken by the professionals) in a remarkable 8:19 with Graham second by 38 seconds, Gary LB third and Iron fourth. This really made it interesting, indeed exciting, as it meant that Iron was leading overall going into the Strongman competition itself by one second from Andy with Graham only 19 seconds behind him! The proper athletes were a mere 10 minutes behind the elites with me next 40 seconds ahead of Gary LB with Mark, Chris Mowle (leading lady), Neil and John all in the mix.

We heard that Iron's bike box had turned up so that got us plotting with Vera and Gabor – where could we get hold of a kiddies Chopper bike or a three wheeler and substitute it for his race steed. Alas we ran out of time to do it before Iron got back .....but if we got hold of one before tomorrow we could substitute it before the race? Maybe not. Someone suggested that the English were stupid but Gabor stepped in to defend us by stating categorically: "No, the English they are not stupid, they are English!" which Neil readily concurred with for some reason.

Anyway, where were we? Oh yes....we had a jog around the run course then headed off on the bikes around the bike course noting the big downhill with the T junction at the bottom and the various right hand turns especially the one where Chris Taylor turned left last year. We then were back to the hotel for lunch and a kick around in the garden which had been recently planted with shrubs; someone, having mis-kicked the ball prompted Feri in his broken English to utter "Mind ze planet!!" His English is miles better than my Hungarian but I didn't think we were likely to cause that much damage.

The afternoon was booked down as a 'recovery run'. Yeah, right! Up the never ending hill behind the hotel to a viewing point overlooking the countryside. It was steep, man. We needed recovery when we got to the top that's for sure – perhaps something had got lost in translation. We climbed up the viewing platform had a look and got the minibus over to another one overlooking the lake – gorgeous, then back to the hotel for a stretching



session. Very serious stuff it was too starting with the instruction to "put your hands on your hips" which to a man we all countered "and take a step to the right....and do the pelvic thrust...lets do the Time Walk again" – you get the drift. You know what they say about the English! Iron was having a problem touching his toes quoting the age old problem: "My legs are too long and my arms are too short". Isn't it more like 'short arms, deep pocket syndrome'?

Anyway, we stretched everything we had and indeed at one point Andy Wood commented that he could actually see up his own shorts – thing was that Iron was wearing them! 'Nuff said about that room the better!

Some of us went for a soak in the spa pool which was great, very relaxing, with a bit of mutual massage after which we set off on foot to the local brewery up the road for dinner and to taste the local stuff. The owner Gustav welcomed us to his brewery, a modern building with a fat Monk holding a beer mug in one hand and his private parts in the other standing guard outside, and there was another one made of wood!.



It was only a small brewery producing around 50,000 litres per week, easily enough to keep EETC in beer for the evening plus a bit and as much coffee as could be drunk, should you not be drinking the beer. We had a meal of cold meats and gherkins outside on trestle tables and were served with his cold best lager, oh and soft drinks for the one not drinking. Chris Taylor was given the impression that Gustav had taken a shine to him after requesting his dark beer, indeed had been spotted winking at him by the girls who never miss such details! Never one to refuse a challenge Chris decided to test him out and hung a hanky out of his back pocket and minced off to the loo (I am informed that this has meaning in the Gay community). Gustav followed Chris into the building but luckily for him, not into the loo. Gustav was proud to show us around the brewery and explained to Gabor the various functions of the process who in turn translated. Gustav must have wondered what on earth had been said when we all fell about whilst describing the function of the three large stainless steel vessels – it seemed that the last one was where he kept his Gimp (John Smith's poor Hungarian perhaps Oooh Jaaaaa Aaargh).

The best laugh was had with a cartoon character on a post card pinned on the notice board depicting an overweight beer drinker sloshing down a jug of ale the caption on which read: "Inkabb legyen sörhasam, mint vizfejem" colloquially translated meant "I'd rather have a beer belly than water on the brain" but literally translated by Mark as "Chris, you fat bastard". What a cunning linguist he is indeed he was quite useful all trip in translating for Neil into English...."what he said was...."

Gabor's mum had laid on further food when we got back to the hotel at 10 o'clock just in case we had not had enough at the brewery, what a girl. I seem to remember most of us going to bed relatively early given the defining event in the morning, the last to leave being the three main Strongman contenders – a beer refused was a two minute penalty! That's the spirit.

#### Monday

Monday morning Race day – breakfast at 7am with obligatory Vitamin B tablet, all a bit quiet it must be said, everyone being in race mode. Gabor came along at 8 for our pre race briefing and found us all dressed ready to go.

The Race!! We cycled to the lake to set up transition. The course was reset and the start/finish line marked out, we lined up to let Jan baby oil us up (the best bit – but I sense she enjoyed it the most again, see photo, but what on earth was Sue doing in the background - cue Bunny ears!), then went for a protracted warm up. Our professionals turned up as they were going to take part too starting 5 minutes behind. We were lined up for the sprint start, heart in mouth, in the second running of the Strongman of Orfu. Vera held us behind the line up the beach, Feri paddled out in the Kayak to the middle of the course, Gabor blew his whistle and we were off!



The swim was fast. Andy was out first again followed by Graham and Gary with Iron in hot pursuit. The rest of us seemed to be swimming really well – I for one was well ahead of where I was in the TT,



indeed on Zena's feet with Chris Mowle on mine (dream of it). At the start of the second lap it became quite apparent to me that it was much quicker wading out to sea as I was walking alongside Zena at the same speed she was swimming with Christine doing likewise! Is that legal? Not sure of the actual order out of the water but Jan was right up there as was John and Zena.

Through T1, strip off, bike shoes on and off across the road before mounting the bike and off, heart rate near max. Got my race number stuck on my cleat which cost vital seconds –

Gary was off and away and with only 40 seconds to play with I had no time to lose. Christine had shot out of transition miles faster than me (note: need transition tuition). Passed Graham soon after getting going on the bike – a puncture? No, he came roaring past a few seconds later only for me to pass him again soon thereafter – his chain had broken! In a very tight competition he had committed a school boy error, leaving ones bike unattended whilst going for a pee. Credit to Zena who stopped and asked him whether he wanted her bike to continue, that is sportsmanship at its best – Graham declined gracefully.

T2 saw Andy still in the lead followed by Iron, this time on his own bike. Next in was Gary, followed by Christine and me John, Mark, Jan, down eventually to Sue who had bravely decided to take part. Chris Taylor managed to negotiate the bike course without a left turn but is one really supposed to ride right through transition? Where was Neil, the referee? Incidentally, John Smith was King of the Downhill with a top speed of 47.9 mph and Jo was Queen with a creditable 42.5mph, good going Jo!

The three laps round the 'U' shaped course of about 3k allowed us to encourage one another as we passed as we were all on the same course together. Andy was flying again followed by Iron who was desperately trying to catch up but there was too great a gap – not having Graham in the race to work back to Andy on the bike proved costly.

Andy came in first in a time of 44:39mins followed by Iron a full 2 minutes later and Gary LB 2:23 after him. In the real race Gary was a total of 52 seconds ahead of yours truly putting him 12 seconds ahead of me overall. Christine was next running very strongly followed by Mark, John, Neil who sounded like he had swallowed yet another disc wheel (surely he must have

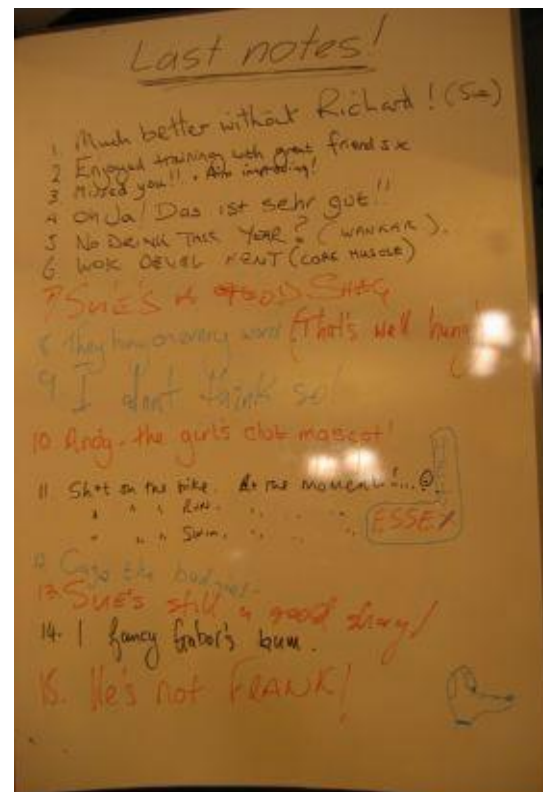


been sick of them by now), Zena, Jan, Nigel, Chris, Andy D, and Jo with Sue finishing in a

credible time of 1:05:12 and received a true EETC cheer at the finish. Absolutely brilliant again, well done everyone and especially to Andy who managed the whole thing keeping his heart rate below 120 bpm according to Graham Hart's schedule, but bad luck Graham who did not really get to defend his title.

Back to the hotel for a beer, and lunch then out for the final session a longer recovery bike ride to Magyaregregy. Really relaxing averaging 30kph and up a couple of longish hills then back to pack up the bikes, a shower and change before a quick soak in the spa and the final barbeque dinner and prize giving. Gabor put up a white board for final thoughts to send back to the Big Engine, we finished off our course assessments and let our hair down (those that had any which wasn't that many least of all on heads). Fabulous meal, lots of beer and wine, a Champagne toast and the shortest thank you speech ever by Zena who had lost her voice (there is a first for everything), followed by more beer etc. Gabor read out the results and each came up to collect their participants medal and first, second and third, male and female. Who was this 'Iron' George... "what he said was...."? We all got a Helix Sport swim hat which John immediately placed over his head Gimp style. Iron was helpless.

The bar was shut again at around 11 but we stocked up for a party in the upstairs lounge again and exercise of the ribcage – poor Iron was



helpless for ages (all he had to do was look at Jan!) and tipped others into the same state, even Mr Perfect the Strongman of Orfu 2008. Harry the Hamster made a return, and the Gimp(s). Indeed Graham ably assisted by Jan created his own Gimp impression - wearing Chris Taylor's extra large Budgie Smugglers filled with two cooking apples and a mouthful of apple á la billiard ball he went to surprise John Smith who had just gone to bed to dream about ulterior uses for glass coffee tables (and before Mark!). However, he had heard him coming and assumed his by now infamous Gimp pose himself and when they both laid eyes on each other the howls of laughter could be heard over our own, except that graham had a mouthful of apple that ended up everywhere. Oh what a night! Too much for me I had to retire hurt only to wake up with a start with Chris Taylor squeezing KY jelly over me – what did you have in mind mate? Mind you, I had a flower arrangement sat on my chest and the GT open at the centre fold. Apparently I had snored through my own funeral.

After breakfast this time without Vitamin B tablet, we packed the vans and set off. The journey back was quite uneventful and on arrival at Balaton airport the authorities opened every single bike box again as they did last year but at least we were prepared for it.

Many thanks again to Gabor, Vera, Feri and everyone that helped make this a special tour from all aspects. Extremely professional coaching, well organised, lovely countryside, great facilities, interesting local food and this year, beer to enjoy with the great company. Hopefully we will be able to do it again if Gabor is willing to facilitate it as for all levels of ability there was a huge training benefit and a huge laugh. Would I go again for a third time? Oooh Jaaaaaaaa!!

