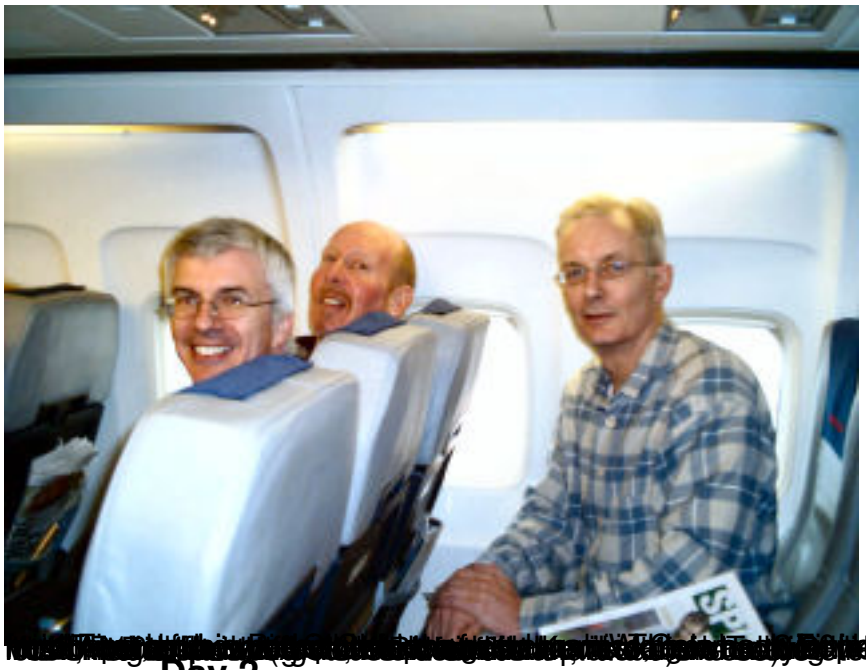
Day 1

We arrived at Leeds Bradford Airport on Sunday morning and headed straight for the bar! It wasn't quite the Old Bridge at Ripponden but it did have some character. Kev has obviously done this before – he managed to secure the best seats on the plane (at the back – more leg room, next to the loos, and first to get served!). Jet2 was a great service, leather seats etc.

Once we were in the air, Kevin brought out a bag of pies. Threy were delicious, and we all had our photograph taken eating one on the plane.Kevin had pre-booked a hire car at Alicante Airport. "Don't worry", he said, "I've booked a Ford Ka but we're bound to get upgraded to a Mondeo estate." Kev's optimism was ill-conceived – but these weren't quite the words we used when we saw him returning with the keys to a VW Polo! Having squeezed all our luggage into a VW Polo (John and Richard carrying the parcel shelf on their knees) Pete took the wheel and headed in the wrong direction up the motorway. A daring U-turn and we were back on track..



Day 2

John was sharing a room with Kev, and out of consideration for the air they were sharing, John decided to use the public toilets in the hotel. Thinking he might be in for a long session, he took some Euro notes to read! Disaster – John later realised that he had left his wallet in the hotel toilet. It must have slipped out of his trouser pocket. He went back to look for it, but without success. De nada.

After a walk along the front in gorgeous sunshine and watching the senior citizens beach aerobics, we had a look at the old town. Pete just wanted to read his

Sunday paper, but Kev persuaded us all to get in the car and go wine tasting. We went to the Jalon valley. It was fantastic – 2 litres of red wine for 3 Euros, and as many oranges as you can fit in a Polo!.

Kev then took us to another of his favourite eating places – the Rio Rou restaurant. Another delicious al fresco meal, with wine and lovely views. What more could we ask for (except for John to find his wallet!).

We continued on to another café/wine/gift shop and bought some more goodies, had a coffee and watched the patron perform tricks by pouring wine down his forehead into his mouth.

We returned to Benidorm for our evening meal, then had a mooch around the old town and the famous tapas bars. More beers! Then we hit the town again. Not what you might call fast action – we had a coffee with the blue rinse set whilst watching Only Fools and Horses, but then we discovered the legendary drummer, Eric Delaney, playing in one of the bars. 80 years old but still a fantastic performer! Pete and Richard turned in at around midnight, leaving Kev and John to have more beers and chips at around 3.00am..

Day 3