

## Friday 24 November – Departure Day

0900 -Pete telephones Richard to ask what the arrangements are. “Have you packed your sunglasses?” asked Richard. “Good idea. I’m just sorting out my travel insurance”.

0925- Richard telephones Pete. “Are you taking gym and swimming kit?” Pete: “Just swimming stuff”. “And a towel?” “No, it’s a 5 star hotel. See you at 10.”

1015. Richard arrives at the Old Bridge to find Kevin on his second pint. Pete & John (dressed unintentionally as a leprechaun) arrive shortly after. “Is that your case – we’ll all use that should we?” said Pete, implying that Richard had over-provisioned for the trip. “And is that your rucksack?” (Pete usually packs only a couple of items of clothing).



At this point Kev informs us that the pie club has been invited to submit a quiz team on ‘Brainbox’, a new show on Lion TV. Is this another opportunity to show us as thick Northern stereotypes, we ask, but we can’t work out the answer.

1020. Richard Grange arrives from Grange butchers at Slathwaite with a tray full of fresh pies and sandwiches for the journey. “Oh, Richard” says Kev, orgasmically. The pies were up to Grange’s usual excellent standard – thin, crispy pastry and lovely succulent meat – delicious! The sandwiches were superb too.

1045. Pete takes another opportunity to comment on Richard’s case as we load his

car. "I should have brought a pantechnecon" he quipped. We all get in the car. Suddenly the rear window opens – apparently of its own accord. "I hope there isn't a bloody ejector seat!" says John.

1050. We set off to Blackpool airport (Kev had scoured the net to find the cheapest flights). Just as we arrived, the batteries ran out on the camera, which Lyndsey (landlady at the bridge) had lent us. Luckily, Richard had brought a camera as well.



The flight was pretty uneventful – John and Kevin drinking cans of lager...

"There are a lot of old people on this flight", said Pete. "You look the youngest in our group, Kev" said Richard, "do you dye your hair?" "He doesn't need to. It's so short he could paint it". Pete had us laughing in the aisles already.

From the airport in Tenerife we took a taxi to the Costa Adeje Grande hotel. Luxury 5 star!

John and Kev were in stitches when they realised that Pete & Richard (the 'girls') would be sharing a double bed, as their room had singles. (Pete & Richard wondered whether the room allocation was as random as Kevin said it was).

Dinner in the restaurant (lovely meal cooked to order) and a walk down to the sea front to find a bar. Kev orders “3 pints, and a senorita for Pete”. True to form, when the waiter brought the bill Pete disappears to make a ‘phone call.



## Saturday

Pete gets lost on his way to the hotel breakfast room so has to breakfast alone. After breakfast we walked from Adeje to Playa de las Americas via 15 perfume and cheap spirit shops. After a toilet stop for Pete at the Volcano hotel (he said the name was like the state of his stomach) we had lunch – Spanish omelettes. Kev and John had beer. The ‘girls’ as Kevin affectionately called them (Richard and Pete) had wine and coke.

We walked along in glorious sunshine and stopped to watch the wind surfers. “Let’s have a beer”, said John.

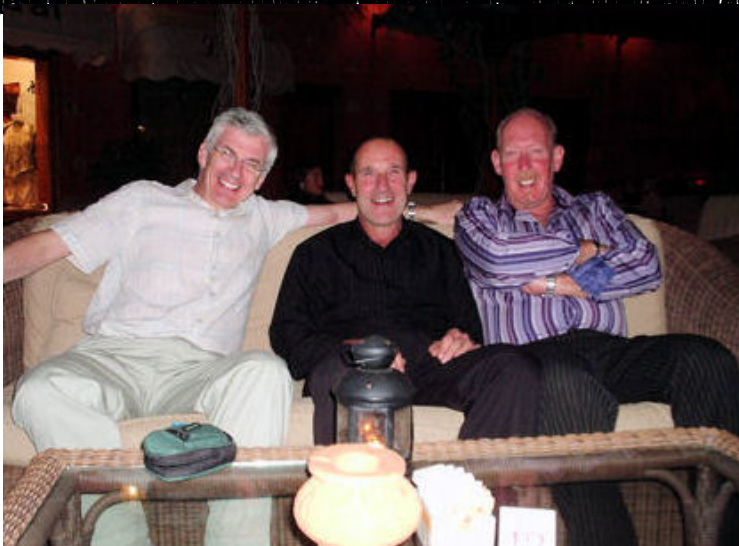
The lager came in glass Wellington boots – 1.5 litres. John’s capacity to drink is a source of constant fascination and admiration for Pete. “That’s not a beer” said Pete, “it’s a party seven!”



## Sunday

Kev, John and Richard went to the hotel's posh restaurant for breakfast but this time were sent packing to the cheap one, which was just as well for Pete as he couldn't find his way to the posh one.





Monday - Coming Home

5.45 alarm. Pete hadn't slept a wink – not a jot. He had been worrying about things

(mainly the waiter taking a tip without being offered one). “when you (Kevin) and John got back from the bar, you got in, shouted a lot, and fell asleep. After your banging, shouting and farting I couldn’t get to sleep. All I could hear all night was Richard gently snoring.”

Peter couldn’t find his car keys and started to panic. He looked everywhere in the room. “they will cost me £100 to replace” – the blood was draining from his face at this prospect. Eventually he found them – in his shoe (he had refused to pay for the safe)!

Kev had arranged for us to have an early breakfast. As he packed up his lunch from the breakfast baps, Pete (whose admiration for Kevin’s digestive capacity was unerring) said “Your calorie intake is amazing Kevin – but you do eat healthily”. “No I don’t” protested Kevin, who clearly regarded a reputation for healthy eating as an insult to his manhood.



6.40 We arrived at the airport. Flight delayed by 4 hours!! “I’d better text home”, said Pete. “How do you spell Lanzarote?” “L...a....n... 15 minutes later a reply arrives from Pete’s wife, Chris. “What do you mean you are delayed in Lanzarote, I thought you were in Tenerife!”

We spent the 4 hours outside the airport debating whether to go back to Adeje and enjoy the sun and the beach. Pete wasn’t keen on paying for a taxi, so we stayed at the airport.

Good flight back to Blackpool. All in all, a very enjoyable and uneventful trip we thought. Then John got stopped at customs in Blackpool and Pete got flashed by a speed camera as he was demonstrating his sophisticated speed camera detection equipment on the way home.

Back to the Bridge for pies and a beer. What a great end to another great holiday!  
Thanks, Adeje Grand.