

We arrived on Saturday morning with friends at the Brasserie, the sun was shining, not a cloud in the sky. The fire was well stoked and some damper was already well on the way. The Fitzys' dismounted, started the robust discussion of where to put the camper, Shelley's idea was taken on board? (but I think morally, I had the better idea) and the camper was setup.

Ian had the most important structure well established and from initial checks on the flow of traffic to and from the well established structure, it was taking a pounding so to speak.

While the camper was being setup as per Shelley's instructions (I still believe that morally I had the better idea for the position of the camper) a call came over the radio - if anyone had lost a bin cover that goes over their spare tyre. Well I always double check to make sure the equipment is well attached and noticed (to my shock of course) that indeed my bin was missing, so I quietly called back to Ron that I would appreciate if the bin cover could be picked up and returned. Ron had a little chuckle, which one can appreciate so I did point out the fact that Shelley told me she put it on and all was fine.

Lunch time came around and there was a variety of fantastic dishes going on and coming off the fire. Marvellous stuff such as vegemite toasted sandwiches (Fitzy dish), damper and curries just to name a few. Simon was using his gas fired camp oven to bake a cake, looked OK too when it came out, funny thing is I never got any. I remember Simon just opening his mouth and then Goneeeeeeeeeeee (only kidding Simon), I think he had half, well done big fellow.

Late in the afternoon the weather turned from a very pleasant 17-18 degrees down to about 10 and dropping, at this time I heard along with a few other people someone singing while having a shower, now under normal circumstances' this would not be out of the norm (I am known to belt out the odd bad tune), but this tune was really good and then the rain started. Ian noticing that his petal (Rhonda) was getting wet from the rain (I know, I know) turned and looked up (like the guy in the Cougar ad) and casually walked to the tent and put the umbrella up and placed it over the shower tent for this petal, he then calmly walked back to what he was doing (with a little wobble of the head, twinkle in the eye, like the guy in the cougar ad).

The evening brought about much laughter and great conversation all over about twenty dishes from around the world. We bought up two very close friends and they mentioned to me it really is an "International Food Fair" and when we think about it, this is correct. Our club is so lucky to have a truly multicultural mix, and this allows us to have a truly international feast. The temperature dropped, the rain came in, but only for a while and this did not deter from the evening.

Our little girl (Milly) also had a great time we had to give her a bath on Saturday afternoon as she had fun rolling around in some cow dung



Sunday morning people slowly arose from their slumber to see what the next day brought. There was still a little food left, so this was heated up and then disappeared between everyone. As the morning rolled on we all started to make our way home. The fitzy's started the robust conversation of when to start the pack up and who was running the show, yes Shelley made the final suggestion (morally I was... nah I had nothing) and I started to pack up. Now we were one of the last to leave, we mounted up switched on the ignition and the horn started to go off, well this was a bit of a surprise, so I switched off the engine and thought, maybe I pushed the lock button on the key ring, so we all got out of the car, locked it then unlocked it. I looked at Shelley (slight wobble of the head) and said that should be that, so jumped back in the car and yep, the horn went off again, so I hit the horn and it stopped. Happy days until we got about 2KM down the track and then the horn went off again, I pressed the horn pad and it went off, this was my trip all the way home. While driving home there were quite a few drivers willing to give me suggestions on what I could do with my horn, I found this to be comforting, so a friendly wave back at them seemed to sort things out except on the odd occasion when the window came down, and some words of encouragement were shouted at us as they drove off?.

**Disclaimer:**

In the making of this epic no animals or humans were hurt, the author takes full responsibility for taking writers liberty, not to much research and making

things up when it fitted the story. Remember in the famous words of ..... The name escapes me "Never let the truth get in the way of a good story".

To finish off, my apologise to the club, especially Ian and Mary for taking so long to get this trip report in, no excuses, I plainly forgot and this is most untidy to keep other people waiting.

Regards  
Peter, Shelley and Milly Fitzsimmons