

Toilet Seat 2006

I'm just doing a 'quickie' on the Toilet Seat this month – in order to maintain the freshness of all your exploits as it were !

*Yours,
Uncle Barry*

Bus Company Swindle The plan was for Phil Hodgson to recce the first two legs of the Bob Graham route from Keswick to Dunmail Raise. However, on reaching Threlkeld, Phil had had enough and decided to take the shortest route on foot to Dunmail Raise via St. John's Vale. Being a typical drunken Toddie he decided to stop at the King's Head, Thirlspot, for a pint of beer. Cost: £2.50. He paid with the only money in his possession – a fiver. He then flagged down a bus heading towards Ambleside. "How much to Dunmail Raise?" Phil enquired. "£2.55", the bus driver replied. Phil persuaded the driver to accept his remaining £2.50, thus defrauding the company of 5p! A point per penny, Phil, and consider yourself lucky to be let off quite lightly - Uncle (busman) Barry.

Clumsiness personified (aka Jim Smith) Having been previously arrested by the Garda in Tenerife and placed on the wanted list, you would think that a return visit to the Canary Isles would be low down on Jim Smith's travel itinerary. This time Jim further blotted his copybook by falling into a cactus bush (20 prickles in side of head removed by Richard Leonard) and, two days later, by severely gashing his shinbone. Thankfully, Jane was on hand to clean and repair the damage. 5 pts for each episode Jim.

Anyone got a spare diary? Then pass it onto Auntie Hazel would you? An epic tale of woe unfolds for our intrepid traveller, who ventured from the safety of the Yorkshire hamlets to embark on what should have been a simple 2-day training course in London. Hazel spent quite some time making travel and accommodation arrangements for the trip as she does

admit to getting into a bit of a state if she can't be punctual. As it turned out, she arrived early - a month early in fact as she misread the USA date on her email as April 5th instead of May 4th. It all went downhill from hereon: Day 1 On arriving at the hotel she found that they were double booked and was shunted off in a taxi to an hotel in another district. Too tired to eat in the restaurant she ordered a sandwich & wine via room service - and for £20.75 she received what appeared to be one hors d'oeuvre and a half bottle of Riocca, tasting not dissimilar to Lidl's best. Day 2: After hiking to the training centre (the directions she'd so conscientiously downloaded before embarking were obviously no use to her now that the hotel location had shifted) and she was forced to accost strangers to obtain directions), it was closed as she was early. Upon entering it was confirmed that she was a little early as the course wasn't being held until May! Our intrepid adventurer was now forced to while away the day on Oxford Street – shopping, having lunch etc., while she awaited instructions to either come home or join a different course the following day. By 3:00pm she was given the OK but by now she'd been forced to buy a new pair of shoes and a box of plasters as her feet were throbbing. Day 3: Attended course. Day 4: having now completed the course she prepared to come home – but while tramping up a really busy Oxford St. towards Kings X station one of her 'hold up' (not) stockings did a rapid roll down to her knee. Undeterred she hoisted it up and continued. Whoosh! Stocking top now flapping around calf and rest of stocking spiraling around her ankle, skirt at knee length. Hoisting it up again she bravely continued - for a further 5 steps. It was at this point that she took

off the stockings, stuffed them into her handbag and limped doggedly on. Catching the train by the skin of her teeth, she stood for an hour as there were no seats, collared the trolley lady but found that the hot drinks function had failed then almost choked to death on what was described as a 'crepe'; (9) having now arrived safely in Leeds she staggered triumphantly onto the Manchester train, only to disembark 15 minutes later as it was pronounced dead, and spent a further 15 minutes racing up and down the stairs to cross and recross the concourse as announcements were made, then changed, regarding a replacement train. Day 5: During the debriefing interview with her manager our exhausted hero delved into her handbag for the expenses receipts..... and produced a pair of stockings! – 5 pts for the wrong date, 5 for doffing the stockings on Oxford St. and 5 for producing them

League Table

Stuart Boulton	20
Hazel Chapman	15
Martin Roberts	12.5
Dave Wilson	10
Jim Smith	10
Phil Hodgson	10
Jeremy Godden	10
Paul Prescott	10
Sue Roberts	7.5
Chris Smales	5
Alex Whitem	5
Jeff Anderson	5
Richard Blakeley	5
Kath Brearley	5
John Wright	5