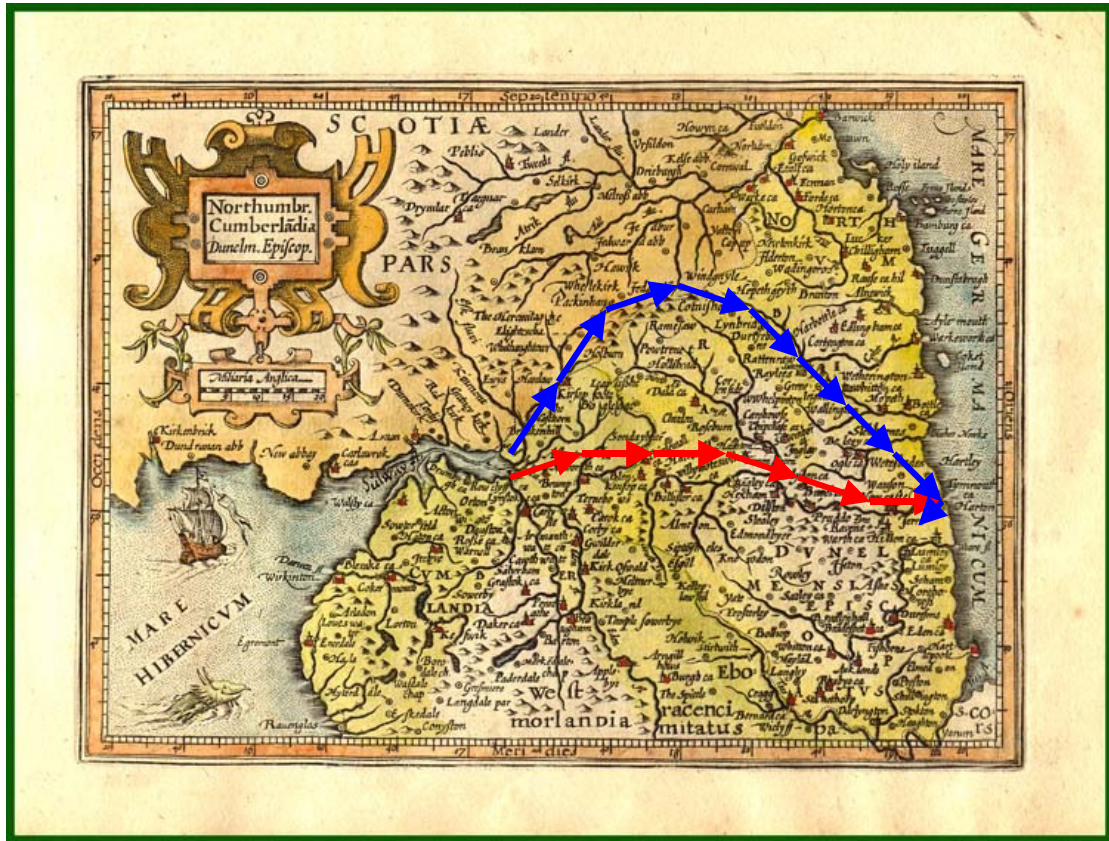


# Diary of Hadrian McDonowt Roman Heritage Trip Organiser

*Year AD X (extractus diaryum Emperor Hadrian)*

*In Northumbria erectus mura giganticus for purposum excursiae elitus athleticosa im generations futurus.....*



*Arrowae Blueae = Routus intededus*

*Arrowae Rosae = Routus actualis*

*Bollux!!!*

## **Nearly two thousand years later.....**

### **Year AD MMIX (extracts from diary of Hadrian McDonowt)**

....having real trouble finding a route along this bl\*\*dy wall. Plenty of good footpaths but no digs close enough to real ale pubs. In fact, no digs. In double fact, no pubs. In actual fact, there's bl\*\*ding nothing here at all but wind and sheep! McBollux!!

....have found digs in old repeater station near wall, so-named because the sausages keep repeating on you when running from there. Designed for groups of ten, it will easily hold sixteen of us plus an itinerant cyclist. Beer on sale but too expensive.

....have now attempted deals with eleven local taxi firms to transport athletes to evening pub and hopefully back again. None of them have confirmed, except the landlord when he heard that I was a McDonowt.

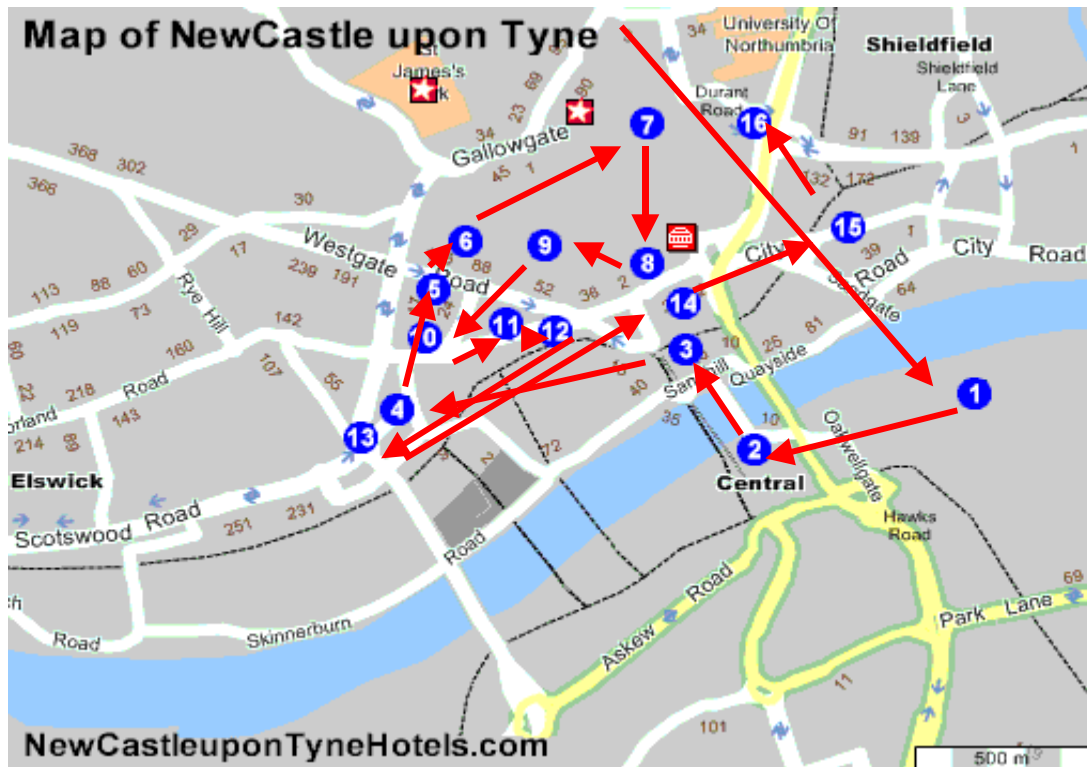
....sick of these bl\*\*dy taxis!! You'd think they didn't want the business! All far too expensive at 50p each!! Hope the lads won't mind walking back a couple of miles – the (60mph) wind ought to be behind us!

....thank God we got back OK last night. I'm not sure what the lads think, but a bill of £214 all in for a shuttle service from Twice Brewed seems like a real bargain to me, especially as I'm sure I only paid £2.50!

....sausages repeating already and sump missing from minibus, but otherwise another fine day of wind, sleet, snow and desolation ahead! Marvellous!! Planning to drop out of the final leg so as to get to the pub in good time. McDonowt junior taken for a thrashing on Bonny Prince Charlie's bike to keep the ever feisty Mr Desmond McFretwell happy.

....explained the arrangements for eating and digs concisely and clearly to all. The result was that the cyclists entered the restaurant with all their bags looking for bedrooms. I repeated the instructions. There was a pause and a short silence until Smiffy asked what the arrangements for eating and digs were!!

....into Newcastle and sent a cheery text message to Brett McWeeden saying that we hoped he wasn't stuck at home twiddling his thumbs!!! A real fab itinerary set out for the lads tonight!! See plans below!!



**Route to real ale pub in 16 easy stages (2 miles on Metro and 11.3 miles on foot)**

...unfortunately left my map in the hotel so wasn't quite sure of the route but lads seemed to enjoy the trip, at least up until the point when they had to carry Mick McSumpter!

...had a real chuckle when we discovered that the pub was less than a mile from our hotel! Tonk would have had a fit and demanded compensation for his return metro ticket if he hadn't have stood on the wrong platform shouting across at us and attempting to catch the train to the airport!

...ended up asking locals for a good pub recommendation and found a cracking spot surrounded by tower blocks with super-chilled John Smiths electric! It brought Mick McSumpter round a treat!!

...cracking morning and not a sign of a hangover! Keep McWalkinghome noted that this was due to the fact that there had only been time for a single pint on last night's nocturnal ramble. This due to the fact that: a) we went in hardly any pubs; and b) the pubs that we did enter had signed up to the "Newcy Brown Victuallers Crap Service Standard 2009" which made it virtually impossible to be served short of jumping over the bar, grabbing the vacant head of one of the "bar-staff" and shouting your order in mono-syllables with a slight Geordie lilt. Even then it was likely that your choice had just gone off! It got so bad that Mr Desmond McFretwell, never one to complain, resorted to bottled Italian beer!!

...off to a good start and making good time to Teesdale until we remembered the clocks had gone forward. Then a mad scramble to get to the lunchtime rendezvous at Thirsk on time – had to cut out some of the running – priorities, priorities, priorities – it's what trip organisation is all about!

....late at final pub to be ticked off by cyclists who today included Bonny Prince Charlie in their number. Still time to have final roast meal of the weekend and sample some excellent beer. Counted out the profits from the trip whilst sat at the table and glad that I can now afford some decent cycling shoes for McDonowt Junior.

....another successful excursion with a world record low of alcohol units consumed!!! Will make up for this in Brown Cow later. Apologised to the lads for the longer than normal walk in Newcastle and they were really good about it, assuring me that, as ever, they would be the souls of discretion and it would be unlikely that anything would be said about it ever again!