

FRIDAY WRAP

4.01.1

'A Glimpse of Humour'

4 January 2013



Clifton Beach

Wrap

- ~ Rap -- to talk., *conversation.*
- ~ a piece of thin, flat bread *that can contain anything* eaten as a sandwich.
- ~ Signaling *the end (ie of a week)*
- ~ *Under wraps – secret.*

Salmon and Tuna

I wasn't going to Wrap about this but just too many things happened this day for me to ignore and not to write about it.

Another Sunday, another hike.

This hike was more personal and was not OHF sanctioned hike in any way. It was just a get-together of friends who wanted to do something this Sunday morning in

the middle of the holidays in African summer.

Incidentally it was 2 days after summer solstices too with Sunrise at 05:32:03 and Sunset at 19:57:09 with the duration of day being 14h 25m 6s.

No Bahjah, don't even try to compare it to the Isle of Wight which, incidentally on 21 December was sunrise at 08:05, sunset 16:02 and length of day 7h 57m 41s. No I'm nor clever; all I did was type it into Google. Some people are not so clever, they just know where to search and look clever. Bahjah, I hope you have a good time in Cape Town with your toy-boy.

Looking clever takes some training but looking dumb and confused is quite easy!

Ask...never mind.



Friends with fogbank in the background

My friend Saeed wanted to do something this Sunday when there was no OHF hike scheduled so we brainstormed and arranged to meet in Sea Point and take a walk to Camps Bay.

This may not sound as much but if you do it you will realise that it is not as short a distance as when you drive it.

And, as always, Saeed had his own bevy of boisterous, buxom beauties, his own harem of hysterical harlots so to speak, tagging along.

So we arranged where to meet and what time but the starting point shifted from the Mouille Point Lighthouse to the Sea Point Pavilion and later to the bottom of Beach Road opposite the Peninsula Hotel. I guess we wanted to walk but not too far. I guess it is a case of the spirit is willing but the flesh is saying, 'Are you crazy?'

So.

Sunday morning with all the normal people repeating what our flesh was saying all along, 'Are you crazy?'

I guess we were a little crazy, but this world needs just a little bit of craziness to grease its axle, so to speak. If you are completely sane in this modern world you would go crazy, easily. So if you don't cross all your t's and dot all your i's you are forgiven. Welcome to my world...

A long time ago a friend and colleague was waiting in the foyer for a lift and he found some discarded fluorescent tubes. When the lifts doors open he was fencing like Luke Skywalker fighting Darth Vader with a light sabre! Everybody said he was crazy but I just liked the guy even more!

Humour and laughter comes so easy when you are a little bit crazy I guess.

Anyway. Oh yes....

Sunday Morning.

23 December 2012.

The day dawned brightly. Another brilliant day in Africa.

I got up a little bit later as the hike was only starting at 0800 instead of the normal 0700.

Things did not start off so well because one of the cats used the litter box but I think all four paws was in the litter box but her bum was not. Although I do not own a cat, and there are three cats in our household, I am the designated cleaner-upper when the cats puke, piss or shit anywhere in the house. And I have to take the litter box out in the morning (and clean it) and bring it in at night. I guess I'm just gullible.

Then I took my moon-bag out of the cupboard.

The word moon-bag is only used in South Africa. In America it is called a fanny pack and a bum bag I n the UK. Typical of a South African made word, it bears no resemblance to the item it was given to.



Fourth Beach, Clifton with remnants of a fogbank

Biltong is roughly translated into bull tongue but it has nothing to do with a bull tongue whatsoever.

Okay...

Then I took out my fanny pack out of my cupboard and it was filled with ants eating on some 2 year old sweets I had in the pack. I did not notice until my shirt, arms and legs were covered in ants. Damn.

My day could only get better from that point on.

Breakfast was a quite rushed affair with me drinking my Jungle Oats rather than eating it; no toast and coffee as my tummy was quite upset; I had an extreme case of borborygmus. Look it up or ask Nadeem.

I didn't know if I should blame it on the sushi or the strawberries or the potjiekos I ate the previous day. The strawberries were a strong contender as we went picking strawberries the Saturday

morning and we scoffed ripened strawberries in the field until we felt we could burst.

It's a (coloured) way of getting your money's worth, eat as much of something for free and only pay for the stuff you want to take home. We paid R3 entry fee didn't we? And yes, that's where the crumbled up pie packets come from in the fruit and vegetable section of Pick n Pay. Yes, and the empty litre bottles of Fruilati. Anyway.

And only after we paid for the strawberries did we see the sign that the strawberries must be washed before being eaten.

I guess the cramps were just the strawberry farmer's way of getting back at us (coloured) people, 'You come here and vreet up a kilo of strawberries then buy R10 worth to take home and I will give you the shits for a week!'



Saeed doing an impression of a stork or a dog pissing against a wall

Anyway.

No sandwiches were required as we were going to buy fresh bread at our destination so I just packed a flask of coffee and some cheese. And water.

The day was supposed to be hot but with the fickle weather in Cape Town you do not know what to expect when you wake up. So although it was quite warm, there was a huge fog bank lying out over Table Bay, awesome, this made the weather quite bearable but we knew we were in for a scorcher later.

My usual Single Lady friend who is always so kind as to provide me with a lift had a family crisis and family gathering to attend to so I was left to fend for myself using my own two hands. Her Jack Russell had done an Australian and when for a walk-a-bout and did not return. We told her maybe he was doing a South African and would return on 2nd January

after a hectic Big Days. We just hope he does. So if anyone finds a Jack Russell that answers to the name Einstein please bring him home, his mommy needs him. So.

Get a text from Saeed, they are waiting and I leave home in an awful rush.

For any Gautenger who says that Cape Town is *slaapstad* hasn't seen Cape Town early on a Sunday morning; there are literally hundreds of people on the road, motorcycling, cycling, swimming, running, jogging and walking. The parking lot at Virgin Active was crowded this early in the morning.

The fog bank was still lying off the coast like a set piece of some old scary movie...

They were waiting for me in the parking area, the whole group, all three of them, Saeed, his cousin Wareldia and Sedicka, a sister of an ex-colleague/ex-hiker/would-be-surfer. So with me we were four.



Swimmers coming in from Clifton with fogbank

I had some urgent business with Public Amenities first, I walked around the building 1.5 times realising that it was still locked up tight. Damn. I wasn't going to be able to walk anywhere. Yet!

I contemplated going home or going to the Waterfront but I knew I wasn't going to make it.

But as I reach the boot of my car a taxi screeched into the parking area and the Toilet Attendant got out. I rushed passed him with just a cursory greeting. Yoh, I was never in my lifetime more grateful to see another person!

Only after that was I ready to start the hike.

By 0815 we were off.

All along Beach Road, up Seacliff Road then right and all along Victoria Road.

The road were quite busy with people taking early morning drives, people

cycling, people running, people walking, people walking their families, people walking their dogs or in some cases the dogs taking their owners for a walk.

The sun was peeking his head over the mountain bathing the road in bright light and sending the mercury soaring and the day was going to be a scorcher.

Walking past The Ambassador Hotel there was a tour bus being loaded, one of hundreds of such busses probably busy this last Sunday morning before Xmas.

The tourist has really flocked to Cape Town this year with the figures for November being 1.8 million visitors to V&A Waterfront alone, making it the top tourist attraction in Cape Town followed by Table Mountain (90 000), Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens (70 745), Cape Point (37 600), Robben Island (31 870) and Groot Constantia (20 000). I don't even want to think how much it is going to be for December.



Sedicka showing her style; no fogbank

But we Capetonians are willing to share our beautiful city because we love this place.

Oh yes.

Walking along giving way to all the runners and fast walkers with me teaching Saeed the difference between amateur and professional lady runners; this is a fact I only reveal to my closest friends and after years of thorough research; professional lady runners don't wear underwear under their running pants and amateurs do. See, you learn from me every week!

You must come assist us when we marshal or do a water table then you can assist me in my research.

Anyway.

We were met up by my ex-colleague/ex-hiker/would-be-surfer friend who 'practices' every weekend on the steps at

Clifton. He even brags about 'meeting' Marc Lottering on more than one occasion, maybe he is just naïve and does not really know it's a moffie hangout.

So now we get to the first set of stairs and head down to the First Beach.

Wow!

If its wow to us imagine how wow it is to the tourist; sparkling blue sea as far as the eye can see and bright white sand with huge boulders. Looking south you see the Twelve Apostle standing guard over the azure sea, the billionaire beach shacks nestling amongst the trees protected by the fancy millionaire's apartments higher up on the slope. The number of cranes just emphasizing how much money is being spent here in Cape Town on property development alone.

Wow again.

Cross First, Second, Third and Fourth Beach Clifton with many people on the beach already; mostly tourist wanting to tick off 'Visit Clifton Beach' off their 'Cape Town To Do list'. The normal beach crowd of Clifton with their faded costumes, sun bleached hair, sun-burnt skin and Raybans still in bed after a night on the town.

Then up the stairs we go to the Clifton parking area where the vendors were getting ready for a hard day on the beach.

Then we follow Victoria Road again past Maiden's Cove, with all its memories of years gone by, of unsolicited youth, first dates and midnight rendezvous. Even today this place is still visited by the youth in the early hours of the morning after a long night partying. The youth of today may think they have a monopoly of all things Cape Town but we have done the same thinks before they were even born!

Anyway.

Sharp turn to the right and we were going stairs down to Glen Beach.



Camps Bay filling up

This is one of the best kept secrets of Cape Town. A small very exclusive beach frequented by surfers and fashion photographers. It's rarely full as it is just too difficult to get to so people tend to give it a miss. We don't.

A sad thing we witnessed was a house that was featured in the 'House and Leisure'. This house was real fancy with all kind of strange oddities and a huge curved roof over the central passage. But sadly the windows and doors is boarded up and it had broken windows and sagging door frames.

We speculated as to what happened; the owner was bankrupted, the owner died, the owner moved away and the house got neglected. Or someone else bought the house and wanted to make major renovations but couldn't and is still waiting for permission from the City Council but is rich enough to let the house go to ruin.

It was sad, very sad. If this house could tell a story it would be worth listening...

Then over the rocks where a photographer was taking photos of a guy in a speedo doing press-ups. He was a mirror image of me in build and stature but that is debatable.

Down on to Camps Bay proper where many sun-worshipper was already ensconced on a lounge catching a tan.

We walked all along the water's edge with some (lady) swimmers coming onto the beach having swum from Clifton. I told Saeed he must walk faster as they were embarrassing us. One of the ladies told him they swam from Llandudno! Yeah right, they were lying like we hikers do on a hike, 'We are hiking since yesterday...'

Anyway.

Breakfast we bought a Pick and Pay; Salmon slices, Green Onion Cream Cheese, John West Tuna Sachet and a



Heading home...

variation of fresh rolls. Yumm! A breakfast fit for a king.

We made our way over the road and found ourselves a spot under the trees and laid out our bountiful breakfast.

Sedicka was more interested in eating Doritos - '*Cheese Supreme Flavoured Tortilla Style Corn Chips*' on a roll than any of the fishy stuff we laid out. Saeed and I did not need second invitations, we tucked in like hungry hunks we are. The best tasting roll was the one with cream cheese topped with salmon and tuna. Mmmm!

We spent almost an hour having breakfast and after another visit to the toilet (me) and some photos we made our way back to Sea Point.

Another great day was had with great views, great photos, great friends and real great conversations.

We must really count all this as blessings.

And there are just so many people in this world that you can chat to without inhibitions and to someone you can trust with all your secrets.

I really had a fun time, thanks guys, you made my day.

And from this day we will call this the Salmon and Tuna Route.



And here we are...