

Friday Wrap

#4.16.1

'A Glimpse of Humour'

26 April 2013



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.*

Eat, Pray, Dream

It finally had to happen and for the first time in 2013.

I can see the confusion in your eyes.

What am I talking about, you ask.

Well, I'm talking about a Weekend Away.

You might say that we have been away this year but that was on a Road Trip and not on a weekend away. That was when

we went to Oudtshoorn.

The Weekend Away Club could not exercise their right to a weekend away since January because we had numerous social engagements, family commitments with a wedding to be planned and two of the group going on Umrah (a visit to Madinah and Makkah, Saudi Arabia, Cairo, Egypt and Jerusalem, Palestine) last month.

So it has been a fairly hectic time the last few months with still more family functions happening soon.

So when we heard about this trip we jumped at the chance.

At the beginning of March Ommiedraai Friends Athletic Club sent out an invitation to all who were interested in going away for the weekend of the West Coast Marathon 2013.



A Sunset in Autumn

Though we are not runners we ~~always~~ try to accompany the runners on all most of their trips.

We have been with them to Knysna, Bredasdorp, Langebaan, Wellington and Durban for the Comrades. And no, we have never actually run any of these races, though my wife and her friend did do the 10km Walk in Wellington last year. That's Wellington, Western Cape and not Wellington, New Zealand. *Though why anyone would travel to Wellington, New Zealand to do a run is beyond me. Sorry Ms Rule!*

Though the West Coast Marathon 2013 is in Langebaan, the only accommodation that could be found for such a big group so close to Race Day, was in the neighbouring town of Saldanha.

The Ommiedraai Trip Organiser, Salie Price, initially did a block booking at the Saldanha Holiday Resort but the OmmieDraaiers took too long and the accommodation was snapped up from right under his nose.

So he had to resort to Tabakbaai Holiday Resort. A lovely resort on the seaside of Saldanha rather than on the lagoon side but cheaper, very much cheaper.

Whereas our yardstick for accommodation is measured at R210 per person per night as 'reasonable' this place had the unbelievable price of R46.88 per person per night or an incredible price of R375 for the weekend for 4 people. The accommodation did not include bedding and only a stove, fridge and kettle in the kitchen.

That made the alarm bells ring but we were going, no matter what; too many times we initially said yes but then backed out at the last minute due to other commitments.

With 2 of the 5 Weekend Away Group just returned from Umrah, which left the group with just 3 members, Salie Price put us into a 4 sleeper with no sharing with anyone required.

So it was my wife and I and, of course, Single Lady who these days won't go anywhere without my wife. They get along like a house on fire and tend to gang up on me. Whereas, previously, I could convince my wife otherwise, these days the two of them vote against me!

But I don't mind being taken advantage of by two ladies.

Like the saying goes, 'In your dreams child'.

Salie Price hired 14 four sleepers and 5 six sleepers which means there were almost 86 OmmieDraaiers at Tabakbaai; that is besides all the residue OmmieDraaiers at various other accommodations and those who were coming in just for the day, quite a sizeable group of runners and supporters attending the West Coast Marathon 2013, I must say.

So.

We three had this Weekend Away thing down pat. We listed all the things we require for the weekend then divvied up the list among the group.

Easy-Peasy.

Finally Friday!



Breyani for Supper

Friday 19 April 2013.

I was sick at home for most of the week (cough...cough...cough) with Upper Respiratory Tract Infection (URTI) so Friday came quite quick.

I packed my clothing and stuff on Thursday night so when I got home just before 1600 on Friday, everything was ready and waiting.

After much debating, with my daughter requiring a car over the weekend, we decided to use Single Lady's car but we were concerned that all our luggage won't fit into her car but in the end it did. I had to share the back seat with some bags, cushions and a huge plate of freshly fried samoosas making the car smell like Golden Plate late on a Friday night. But I was promised Kentucky Fried Chicken and not samoosas so I was happy with my lot but more of that later.

We were all running late and our plan for leaving just after 1600 was slightly delayed. Plus, someone, I won't mention who, forgot her takkies at home so we had to go back to fetch the said takkies as she did not want to spend the whole weekend in boots.

So by 1650, we were on our way.

And we seem to get half of all the traffic in Cape Town ahead of us once we crossed the N1 into Koeberg Road.

We stopped at Allies Meat Market in Koeberg, guess for what? You will never

guess, for Boeber mix; something I did not even know existed. It is a pack containing all the ingredients for Boeber all you have to do is add milk. Innovative don't you think? Let me know if you don't know what Boeber is.

And then we went down Boundary Road and onto Otto du Plessis Drive.

Here we got the other half of the traffic we missed on Koeberg Road and the traffic was reduced to a snail's pace.

We crawled or slithered, all along the road into Blouberg and beyond. It took us more than an hour to get to the Melkbosstrand turn off, a journey that should take you less than a half hour.

The ladies did not mind as they were chattering and jabbering away and I had to occupy myself with my camera and my Samsung Galaxy SIII on the back seat as napping was impossible.

At last we passed Koeberg Power Station just as the sun was dipping into the Atlantic. Where else in the world can you watch the sunset without a cloud in sight on a chilly day in late autumn?



Catching up on the news with headlight

The road was quite full with all the people heading to the West Coast Marathon 2013. But we had quite a nice drive in the orange and dark blue twilight. There were quite a few cars too using the road as their personal race track but these guys know the road and their cars better than us. Not that I would ever take that risk, nowise.



On the road to Langebaan

6km pass the Langebaan turn-off we turned left onto the Saldanha turn-off and then left on the road to Saldanha.

We were planning, or rather I was planning to have Kentucky for supper, the ladies voted against me but I vetoed their vote by looking lost and forlorn (it works every time!) and they agreed that I could have Kentucky.

But once we took the last turn to Saldanha I realised that Saldanha is not a place for fancy shops; all the fancy shops was in Vredenburg or in the Weskus Mall. The fanciest shop in Saldanha was a Shoprite and a USave. Oh yes, and Sharky's, a fish and chip shop who sold takeaways as well. No Sharky's was not exactly Halaal friendly so there were not even takeaways for me.

Damn, Friday nights were made for takeaways!

The ladies were going to eat samoosa and bread or viennas and Panini.

I wanted my Kentucky!

And no amount of looking lost and forlorn and kicking my legs helped the situation.

We turn into Diaz Road and we drive down to the coast.

We pass the RDP houses on the left and we pass the RDP houses on the right.

Not a very good sign if you are heading to a holiday resort.

This Diaz Road is used for dicing and it had huge speed bumps in the road; you'll end up splashed against the ceiling if you

go over this speed bump too quickly.

At last, Tabakbaai Holiday Resort.

There were many OmmieDraaiers already there as we settled in to Bungalow No. 8.

For all our doubts and fears the bungalow was clean, to an extent but everything was over-worked and abused. The ladies took one look at the bathroom and said they not showering for the weekend as both of them had a shower the afternoon and both will shower when they get home on Sunday; I complained as that meant I had to shower alone and had no one to wash my back!

Later, I saw the water rising up in the shower and then the grey sludge coming out of the drain I opted rather to shower at the neighbours.

The stove only worked if you whack the plug with the broom a coupla times.

The beds in the two bedrooms were built into the wall with plastic covered mattresses though the prospect of uncovered mattresses was stomach churning.

And there were only two mattresses and the ladies decided we were going to camp in the 'lounge' with the two mattresses and the three of us were going to share it. Salie Price spoilt my fun when he brought a third mattress and my hopes of sleeping in the middle were dashed when the ladies voted that I sleep against the wall, facing the wall.

Oh, the abuse I take!

But we were there and we were going to make the most of it.

One of the other runners arrived, took one look at the accommodation and went to find alternate accommodation in Mykonos.

So.

We were offered some Chicken Breyani by the neighbours whom the ladies gladly accepted and I accepted reluctantly; I still wanted Kentucky but nobody was going.



Silver Falcons going through their paces

to drive the 20km round trip back to Vredenburg to buy me a man-meal

I had to unenthusiastically eat Chicken Breyani. The ladies were quite famished as they did not have a chance to eat anything during their busy day. *What I failed to mention to them was that I had a full-on lunch of Fish and Chips and salads and I acted just as hungry as they were. What we men do sometimes.*

The ladies found it hilarious when I put on my headlight due to inefficient lighting to read the newspaper to try and catch up on the news.

We were invited back to No. 16. As they were not ready to go to bed yet and the rest of the evening was spent with Salie Price and (Chairman) Fadl Majiet trying out their Gangnam Style moves and by 2240 all the runners were almost in bed and asleep.

At No. 8 it was another kettle of fish; the ladies were wide awake and in their

flannel pj's (no slinky, sexy nighties again, damn), they emphasised that it was Friday night and they did not want to sleep this early.

And besides, they did not eat properly and required a 'midnight snack'.

I wasn't hungry but my stomach knew I did not eat a proper supper so I rustled up some fried Panini bread with chicken viennas smothered in fried garlicky mushrooms with Nando's Garlic Peri-peri Sauce. This was my up-market version of a hot dog. And with hot cuppa tea with hot milk it was a perfect midnight snack.

With the ladies still not tired-we eventually watched a movie on my laptop. All I had to watch was 'The Raid: Redemption' an action-packed Indonesian movie dubbed into English with plenty of *silat*, an indigenous martial arts from a geo-cultural area of Southeast Asia. Yup, I do have an eclectic taste in movies. And no, I am not an aficionado of karate movies. Oh, the abuse I take!



A Splash on Orange

We watched until almost 0200 and I still had guys fighting in my head long after the movie stopped.

Just before I fell asleep I remarked that it was nice to sleep with two women at the same time albeit in the corner facing the wall. Yup, sometimes my mind can run away from me.

I had a dream.

I dreamt of Kentucky Fried Chicken in sexy nighties running slow motion followed by some mash and gravy and some chips....naked...

Saturday.

Woke up early for morning prayers then promptly went back to sleep afterwards. The men in my head had gone to sleep too.

We woke up 0730 to get ready to go to cheer the runners. Salie Price popped in and told us that it was actually 0830, someone's, I won't mention who, watch just lost an hour. Maybe there was an hour difference in time between Cape Town and Tabakbaai that we did not know of.

We had breakfast of toast, eggs, mushrooms and viennas, quick and reliable stomach filler for a Saturday morning.

While I went to have a shower next door at No. 16, the ladies opted for a commando wash in the basin in the bathroom in No. 8 and yes, you guessed it, I had to wash my own back.

On our way I pointed out the proximity of the Kentucky in Weskus Mall and the Kentucky we passed in Langebaan.

Arriving at Langebaan most of the 21km runners were in already.

There was a plan for the OmmieDraaiers to run in a bus, which is all the runners together running at the same pace but the bus did like a train and got derailed.

The SAAF acrobatic team flying out of Langebaanweg was putting up a terrific show out over the lagoon in their Pilatus PC-7 Mk II Astra. If you are into aircraft this is the thing to see.

We waited until all the OmmieDraaiers were in then we bought some snacks; daltjies and some Nachos with tomato, lettuce, yoghurt, avo and melted cheese. Yoh, it was nice and a Sprite to wash it all down.

Now I had no place for my promised Kentucky. Damn!

We stopped at Pick n Pay on our way 'home' to buy bread, Argus and strawberry jam for the scones.



Fat chat @ No. 16

Home was where we could relax lie down and have a cuppa tea and biscuits and receive visitors.

Later, we congregated at the pool where some of us were brave enough to get into the pool and just before sunset the fires were lit for our traditional South African Braai.



Salie and Fadl demonstrating Gangnam Style

In typical Capetonian style everybody over catered and we ended up with a *vrag* of meat. I was the only one to eat from our braai-ed meat and there were still left-overs at home on Wednesday. Over-catering, just like the Barakat Mentality, is a Cape Town thing and goes hand in hand with the one lot taking advantage of the other.

The evening was spent again with Salie and Fadl demonstrating their Gangnam Style moves and what was surprising was that this was the first time some people watched Psy's Gangnam Style! I guess they were not one of the 1,554,347,294 viewers who watched it on Youtube. I guess too, some people occupy themselves so much with themselves that they live in a bubble.

Oh yes, and then we were all falsely singing Karaoke. I surprised myself when I realised I knew all the words to 'Obladi Oblada' and I don't even like the song. You may like it Saait, but we younger generations don't!

Isn't that terrible when you know the lyrics to songs you don't even like? Yes, when we were young, our minds were most impressionable and we sure learnt quickly.

Just after midnight we finally packed up and went 'home' with Moesh unable to keep her eyes open. I guess after 42km marathon you are a 'little tired' though Fadl after his 42km, gall stones and imminent surgical operation did not display a sign of fatigue.

At No. 8 we still had some biscuits and tea with the ladies requesting more movies. I just had adult movies that they were not interested in. I lie, of course. I just have one movie and no games on my laptop. I guess I'm not what you call a fun guy.

Sleep came astoundingly easy.

In my dreams my Kentucky Fried Chicken was doing the Gangnam Style.

Yup, in slinky, sexy nighties.

Oh, the nightmare!



On our way home...

Sunday.

We were up again just after 0600 to pray.

The neighbours were already up and making a moerse racket. Some of the other runners were already leaving as they had a wedding to go to.

I got out early to watch the sunrise and to take some pictures of course.

I witnessed a beautiful day and a beautiful sunrise.

The neighbours were already into their second cup of coffee for the morning when I popped in and had a stack of pancakes to share. I gladly took some 'home' where the ladies were trying very hard to sleep but soon realised that breakfast was required.

Breakfast was a stack of Panini toast with cheese, ku'sisters (the genuine ones, Aslam, with the naartjie peel) and the pancakes with cinnamon sugar. Need I say more?

Then the neighbours came to greet us as they too had a wedding to attend. No Salie and Fadl, I will not reveal how you

two greeted the ladies.

Then I could tuck back into bed and watch as the ladies started packing up. It's a pleasure to watch others working don't you think?

Later we packed in our luggage into the car and I went to shower next door while the ladies had a commando wash again.

Then we took a walk to greet all our 'neighbours' and I got to take some awesome pics.

Toilet, Coke and packed the last of the luggage and we were on our way.

By 1120 we were on our way back to Cape Town.

One of the OmmieDraaiers said it aptly, 'After a run all you need is clean place to shower, change, eat and sleep. That is all you require.'

Well, we may not be runners but we agree with you fully. As long as we are a whole lot of friends together we will have fun and we leave the indulgence and luxury for our next trip.

For now we can dream about it.