

length about the various merits of England and premiership football clubs and tactical systems, recalling many an evening spent with Margaret Elves discussing the tactical superiority of the 1953 Hungarian football team when they beat England at Wembley for the first time. It was either that or be shown up again by Beckie who showed that she was stronger and fitter than me by carrying Edward when his legs decided that they were no longer working.

A pleasant surprise was that the Tour of Britain Cycle Race was due to pass at the end of the road, supposedly between 2 and 2.30 p.m., but in true British transport style was an hour late, thanks to a protest about the dangers of sharing the road with cars during a previous leg, when the organisers did not close the road. We all loyally waited by the roadside, braced against the wind, until the leading riders passed in about 5 seconds flat. We decided not to wait when we heard that the next group was not due for another hour.

Returning to the campsite, it was time to tuck into Matt's egg, tuna or tuna and egg rolls, but not without Gill and Edward re-enacting a scene from "Little Britain":

Edward: I'm hungry.  
Gill: Well, why not have a snack.  
Edward: I want that one.  
Gill: But that's a packet crisps.  
Edward: Yeah, I know.  
Gill: But you've had 2 packets already!  
Edward: Yeah, I know.  
Gill: But I thought you always said that crisps were an artificially-flavoured saturated fat snack that failed to deliver the slow-release calorific energy benefits of complex carbohydrates?  
Edward: Yeah, I know!  
Gill: Well, you still can't have another packet (real life does not always imitate art!).

Suitably fortified, it was time for Matt, Neil and me (but not at the same time, since none of us could last that long) to prove the maxim that "The older I get, the better I was" by engaging the youngsters in a game of touch rugby. Henry was admirably restrained and played well within himself, knowing that his superior physique and fitness could easily hurt one of the younger players. Matt, on the other hand, felt no such restraints and, in one of the biggest mismatches since the Italians invaded Ethiopia in 1936 with armoured cars and machine guns ("Hey, Generalissimo, those pointy spears could have your eye out!") bundled Jamie to the ground with the sort of late tackle that, frankly, has no place on the rugby pitch. Jamie didn't mind though, since the cut to his elbow and impressive bandage administered by the gentler and more caring Dr Young gave him bragging rights back at school on Monday!

The more mature (i.e. female) adults had sensibly decided that it was time to re-locate the gazebos from the centre of the field (where they had been erected by the chaps) to the edge where they were sheltered from the wind.

Saturday evening. Camping. Has to be a BBQ. Never mind the gales blowing. Get the fire lit and discover a new way to hair-less eyebrows! In fact Neil was revealing his new, portable gas BBQ, which was probably a lot safer than the disposable BBQ whose flames Matt and I were trying to tame in the howling winds. Still, we were soon all tucking into the sort of feast of roasted meats that would have had Gimli the Dwarf licking his lips. But it was not warming enough for Tim and his chums, who decided to seek shelter in the warmth of his car. They were better off than the Coxs who discovered that the wind really was quite strong, despite Sue trying to convince everyone that it was what they would call a breeze in Scotland,