

Antipodeans' antics - Kai Ore Bros n Cuz's

The sheepers world tour is progressing with calorific alacrity as the increase in Zantac takes hold and the propensity to visit public pissoirs commensurately rises with the discovery of yet more micro breweries at every corner. The gold tour of Wellington hereafter known as wellywood was accomplished in spite of gusts up to 130 knots.....the slope of human walking has reached a death defying angle as we scrubbed a nasal passage or two rounding some buildings.

WellyWood is only for the pioneering of heart but the trip into the wine wonderland of Martinborough is only limited by ones capacity to extract the dosh for the outrageously priced (but moreish) pinot noirs.....\$60 bucks a bott will not raise an eyebrow.

The bounteous largess of our hosts Gazza n Phemie new no bounds but there were no rides in the pimp-mobile drop head black Jag XK8 as the site of one Mike Fentoon had lowered the notoriety value..... however it was like staying in the Khandalla Hilton as the views over all of WWood was magnifeek.....catering, quiz nites and the savaging of many Savvies laid a passage to culinurosis without trouble.

The trip via Melbourne etc will be enumerated on the Tour Guide published on return.....however let it be said that Eve is now a lot more dangerous in giving advice on wines than time before.

Sydney and the reunification of one Jamal/Jamie was an eye-opening Newtown experience but very brief and will be a bit more sedate on our return. Hit the Airport running in Christchurch.... well in my case moon walking is more apt after a 4am start....help from both Il Dottores medicine chest....small early Rossi and the pickup off the 198,000 gentle miles on the clock 'Bluebird' hire machineryat the usurious rate of \$A11.00 per day.....got us straight on the road north to the Marlborough and my brothers farm.

Superb trip starting with a world series hot home bake savoury scone with salad \$4.50.....succulent Waipara Rieslinga chat and some brochures all only 30kms on the trip at Pukeko Junction.....yes sporting fannies this is going to be a long and leisurely drive.

Had to pull into the birth place of Evalina and a tour du jour of Kaikoura ever onward looking into the late afternoon chance of the elusive hot smoked mussel.....eventually located and devouredalong with the take away of two large cod heads to take for later molesting.

Now we were racing the sun as the onset of the Mountains of the Moon loomed.....what an anti climax as they were as green as the hills of Ireland....a site never known to the Marlborough Men and the whole of the district looked as tho it is the bread basket of Nue Zilund. Vines forever as we steamed up the Awatere Valley to the Bros place....'Longhill Station' and the known onslaught of the rum attack to come.....

Kia Ore,

Alright you ovine onanators the continual saga of the Antipodeans' Tour of team Alfriston is on the net again after a disaster of lost emailing thru the crappy machines at the web den.....Jesus the fucker just crashed my computer just as I finished an hour letter cos he thought I was finishedhad saved a portion so the humour is somewhat stilted as this cuts into my Monteiths black beer time at the house of Ales. A bit of useless info is that Nelson with 40,000 two headed inmates has 7 breweries....and by god there is some good ones.

Have domesticated the natives and am picking up the lingua franca easily.....every second word must start with "Coolwah" (the accent on the finish is not to quite mouth the L and pop the W out with a slight flourish)...followed by "awesum". we have had a great lunch at the Boathouse which is a private club semi open to the public and an old mate "Keg" is the Chef..... has it wired as he only opens Wed/Thurs/Fri lunches and Friday night....reckons that 20 hours a week is max for work interrupting his search for fresh whitebait and scallops. Sit right at the water as large ships head almost into the place as they blast thru the cutting in Nelsons 8km Boulder Bank (that protects the harbour) and into the haven .

We have had a few visits to all the rellies and ended up a couple of nights ago at my Potter mate Vic's place where his Greek wife Messina cooked up a world series 3 course din dins that put Eve back safely into the clutches of Zantac land..... took a lentil bake and dead Chook out to another Wantok Nicks place at Cable Bay where he has a Kayaking business that he runs directly from the house into the river beside the house and out into the wild blue yonder and around Pepin Island which lurks in front of his little lodge..... of course he bounced out the obligatory Whitebait caught the previous day from the house lawn..... you heathens of insular tastes would possibly not know of the joys of eye crunching whitebait using 2 eggs, salt and pepper to make Moorish patties..... the delicacy is selling in the mongers at \$150 per kilo so only sucking gold leaf could be more expensive.

Have given the hills a work over as Eve gets guided tours of where the recalcitrant Roscoe ranged thru residential backyards of youth on the search for the hidden grapevines and fruit trees..... mind you have stretched the Labia majora of the erstwhile follower as the tracks are very steep and many steps so Eve is complaining of the emergence of new found muscles.

The temps on very clear days are about 3 to 4 C in the morning but have not used my jacket at all as we head into the cafe Morrison on the majority of morningsor down the street to my fave-rave Lambrettas with old scooters around the outside.

Now the Nelson malaise is rife and the pace is sedentary so after the Sunday hilltop scramble we set about the obligatory caffeine hit but alas there is nothing open before 9am but of course one can go down to the Supermarkets which are open at 7am and buy alcohol.....am I missing something here.

(only real bargain was the vavasour dashwood sav bonk at \$9.99 a bott)

Have been relatively domes-teek carting about Omar as she seems to be losing the plot a little and makes me look like I have the worlds most retentive memory but hope to go across the marble mountain to Takaka to then hopefully walk a trak to the Whahiriki beach if the winds drop down to 50 knots....also hoping to go to the Naked Possum a cafe getting accolades from the testy locals....no Tippo I promise not to eat any more possum pies as the alimentary canal possibly could not take the assault.

So sheep shaggers this is half wot I writ and this web roter is not getting me again....not even checking it as have the tomtits with this fukwit.

Haere mai Te Roscoe-moriore