

“The Manifesto”

Also known as

The Diary of a Madman

and

Journals of a Contiki Tour with added misadventures in Europe

In all its Entirety

Penned by the hand of

David C Wood

Day -1 Friday, May 11th Toronto, Ontario, Canada

At Pearson International Airport, met Dave Orr, Chris Collins, David “Berty” Bertrand, Bryan Robinson and his girlfriend Shannon Taylor at Terminal 3. Everyone from Waterloo arrived in a stylin’ limousine and were raring to go after celebrating with a little champagne. My parents saw everyone off, giving hugs to all. We checked our luggage and made a mile long trek to the boarding area. Sitting in the boarding area we talked of the good times to come, and everyone was getting quite excited. Orr was paranoid about a stain that appeared on his crotch, and Robinson pissed himself. We finally board the plane about 11:30pm. I got a window seat beside Orr, Berty and Collins sat across the aisle. Bryan “the Gimp” and Shannon reserved seats with extra legroom. The inflight movies were ‘Chocolate’ and ‘What Women Want’, so sleeping was a must but was made near impossible in our cramped confines. After three hours of terrible sleep we were awoken and served a luke-warm omlette. We had been in the air for six hours, and finally arrived at Gatwick Airport in England! We made it to Europe!

Day 0 Saturday, May 12th London, England

We stepped off the plane at about noon, then took a train from Gatwick into Victoria Station (that cost 10.25 GBP). Gimp, Shannon and Berty took a cab, while Collins, Orr and myself took the ‘tube’ which cost a mere 1.25 quid. We arrived at the Royal Hotel and checked in. Apparently it was England’s hottest day since the war, and there was no A/C in our hotel room. I roomed with Collins and Orr while Shannon, Bryan and Berty were next door. We invented our own A/C by turning on the shower full bore on cold. We walked around London, I ate a plate of fish and chips and topped it off with a pint of malt vinegar. We walked some more, and drank more piss-warm pub beer served to us by French waitresses. Prices in London are the same as in Canada, except the British Pound is valued a little more than twice the Canuck Buck... RUDE!! I baptized the streets of London in chunder to a cheering crowd of locals. They asked for an encore, to which I obliged them to fully display my disrespect for the entire limey nation. We returned to the Hotel, where we had our first Contiki meeting. Here we met Justine our tour guide and ‘Spoons’ our bus driver. After meeting some people who would be on our tour, and getting some of the registration sorted out we made for our hotel room. We met an intriguing man who offered us a free magic show, so we followed him. It turns out the magic show was a hypnotist cult meeting, let by the Dean of Hypnotism (aka the Sultan of Sleight of Hand and the Prince of Pick-Pockets). The show started with Xena a greasy swine belly-danced her way on stage... we wondered what this had to do with magic but we watched on in anticipation. The Dean proceeded to swindle the crowd with tricks a three year old could perform better. I, however, master sleight of hand by palming my first cellular phone. Chris Collins outdid Berty in a pseudo-hypnosis competition by grinding with the Dean himself in a dance contest. Then the Dean proved Pavlov’s theory by suck-starting a lemon - we all turned away in revulsion, as this was a truly unholy act to behold! We went down to a bar adjoining the Hotel for a couple of pints, and then looked around for something to eat. It was about 10:00pm we looked for a place to eat, but low and behold, every limey bastard in town had been asleep for three hours

already! We wandered into the only shop open in town, a supermarket owned by a pair of Pakistani brothers. We had just enough time to grab sandwiches before they too closed their shop on our asses. Left with little other choice, we returned to our hotel to eat our sandwiches and reflect on London. We found it to be Hot, Backwards and Slow.

Day 1 Sunday, May 13th London -> Amsterdam, Holland

I awoke at the ass-crack of dawn in a moment of divine inspiration. It was this morning when I first penned the manifesto of C.A.T. - Canadians Against Time. Neither Collins, Orr, nor myself saw the need for keeping time, and the Limeys seemed to worship everything we hated. They even erected a massive obelisk to Father Time himself, our most hated enemy, we vowed that one day we would return and destroy Big Ben. In a show of disrespect, we pissed in their holy footbath, and sprayed a fine mist of English Tea of the bed sheets. Orr topped it off with a full dousing - ruining the bed sheets forever. We brought the evidence along with us, to be burned in effigy later. We boarded the bus and headed off for the White Cliffs of Dover. We crossed the English Channel reached Normandy by noon, and we were off towards Amsterdam. We checked into the Lake Land hotel, where Orr and I found our room at the end of the Earth. That night we had dinner at the hotel and then headed into the city for the icebreaker boat tour. It proved to be excellent, as the wine was free flowing for the entire tour. Everyone was getting to know each other better as we partied down the canals. It was good luck to be kissed as we crossed under a bridge; it was there that I got to know Teryn's tonsils a little better. The twenty-year-old driver brought the party-barge to a halt and we exited with wine in hand and proceeded directly to the red light district. We browsed the whores of Amsterdam and smoked up in the Bulldog - Amsterdam's 1st coffee house. We talked with pimps and pushers ("Coke, Ecstasy, Hash, LSD?") and killed a few pickpockets. We wandered the city and ate a massive cone of French Fries loaded with fresh mayonnaise. We returned to the Hotel, which was actually further from Amsterdam than we thought. Traveling to Jachtaven at 3am via taxi at the cost of a rude 70 guilders!

Day 2 Monday, May 14th Amsterdam, Holland

We woke up to a delicious buffet breakfast - scrambled eggs and homemade yogurt. Next we visited a cheese farm and saw how clogs are made. We went for a bike ride in a local town called Adem. I almost killed Bertie by making a 90-degree braking turn right in front of him, but a well-executed skid and swerve avoided the fatal T-bone. We saw many dykes (dijks) and a windmill. When we returned Robinson tried to convince us that the walking tour was the absolute pinnacle of the trip - impossible! We took the bus into Amsterdam and visited a diamond cutting facility. I inhaled a few diamonds on a plate, which will be removed and sold at a later date. We took the #2 Tram to Anne Frank's house. This was a *big* disappointment something told me that the real Anne Frank did not have a metal and glass façade on the front of her house - as we were led to believe. We walked down to the city center that is a large shopping district. We took a tour of the sex museum and rested at a street pub for some suds. We went back to the Hotel to clean

up, and returned to the city for dinner. We ate at a Chinese restaurant, a floating pagoda aptly named the 'Sea Palace'. After a hearty greeting of 'Konichiwa' we ate an overpriced meal - and I never did receive chopsticks even though I asked five different people. In a classic show of disrespect, I spat a fine mist of water upon the floor and seat. Unfortunately for Shannon, she was still seated and will never forgive me. Afterwards, we went to a live sex show at Casa Rossa. Orr and I participated in the Banana Show, a Gorilla reamed me up the ass, while Orr suffered whiplash at the hands (legs) of the stripper. The ape was revealed to be our very own bus driver Corinna Spooner (aka Spoons)! We all had a good laugh as Batman made a girl cry and Mighty Mike made the girls sigh. We walked around Amsterdam again where we had an Amsterdam whore and tried our luck with a 'space shake'. When we returned to the Hotel Collins Orr and I had a ritual ceremony of trial-by-fire that resulted in the Queen's own bed sheets reduced to a mere pile of ash.

Day 3 Tuesday, May 15th Amsterdam -> St. Goar, Germany

We boarded the bus after a delicious meal and headed for St. Goar. We made a pit stop at the side of the road and got completely ripped off at a Movenpick-Marche-esque restaurant. "Chili" soup was cheap, but "Bluetorange" was seven Deuchmarks per glass! RUDE! We only realized later that we could have avoided the tourist trap by buying sandwiches at the gas station nearby. We entered the beautiful Rhine Valley and headed for a boat tour. Side Note: St. Goar was a German Saint around 600 A.D. who converted pagans to Christianity by offering them rides in a rowboat across the treacherous Rhine River. He stopped in the middle and preached until they converted, threatening to throw them into the icy depths. This is what St. Goar called 'baptism'. We saw three Castles, the Twins, the Mouse and the Cat. There was some other unbelievable myth about the siren that lured men to their deaths with her sweet song. We got off and walked around the town where we entered two main tourist traps: the Teddy Bear Factory, and the Cookoo house - I almost went apeshit in there - so many goddamn clocks!! They showed us how beer steins were made, by the traditional clay-baking-hand-painting-method. These too were a tourist trap - a 35L stein cost about 4800 DM (about \$3,200 CDN). The best value were the knives, which cost about 1/3 the cost at home. We unloaded our bags at the Hotel Montag and realized the hospitality of 'ze Germans'. Our hotel room had a full bath with extra towels, windows overlooking the town and an extra bed!! We were outdone again at dinner as we had a delicious meal of roast pork - with extra helpings! Next we headed into the cobblestone streets and into a wine cellar that was built in the 1700s by monks and doubled as a bomb shelter during WWII. Note to self: Wine Cellars make excellent cult meeting places. We were given a great speech on how to taste wine.

1. Smell it - identify it's scent and bouquet.
2. Swirl it in the glass to let the wine breathe.
3. Take small sips, sloshing from side to side enjoying the full aroma and texture of the wine.
4. Clear your palette with a piece of bread and cheese.

We sculled four rounds of wine and pocketed cheese for the road. Buying wine here was also an excellent value, about 1/3 the cost in Canada. Next we decided to hike it up the

mountain and explore 'Schoss-Hotel'. We ran into a couple of locals that gave us the traditional greeting of 'White Power'. The castle was converted into a Hotel and archeologists were restoring the remainder. There were signs that said 'Achtung!' and 'Verbooten', naturally we assumed these to be welcome messages. We hopped the barbed-wire fence and gained access to the inner keep. Being next to that immense fortress was quite impressive - you could almost imagine the shower of arrows that came from every nook and crevice in the walls. Collins, Orr and myself pissed in the courtyard and headed back into town. We fired it up at the bar with shots of 'Figling', where you drink the small glass with the cap on your nose - using only your mouth. When you're done that, you fire the cap through a target in the wall to win a free shot. We had an excellent time partying at the Hotel bar. I got another make-out session with my new wife Teryn. Robinson had enough time to run upstairs, load a new set of film, change the batteries, run downstairs, set up the lighting and backdrop, adjust the height of the tripod and snap an excellent picture. While he was basking in the glory of his photographic prowess, I was heating it up with his wife Shannon on the dance floor. We practiced Latin dancing and an excellent Britney Spears impersonation; complete with chair and all. Berty had disappeared with Coral for a 90-minute starlit make-out session. The Aussie was still looking for more but Berty was exhausted. We got another three hours of sleep and awoke refreshed the next morning to the sound of air raid sirens.

Day 4 Wednesday, May 16th St.Goar -> Luzern, Switzerland

As I lay in bed still groggy from sleep, I heard a massive crash; I found out later that Orr almost killed himself in the shower (see attached Diagram). We had an excellent breakfast of horse-feed "Müsli". Toured on the bus south through Germany towards Switzerland. We had a pit stop for lunch at a tourist trap that resembled an Airline shopping center (with prices to match). Here we changed Canadian money for Swiss Franks (1CDN ≈ 1CHF) CH is the abbreviation for Switzerland (Confederation Helvetica). Collins, Orr and myself avoided the \$15 sandwiches and bought bread, meat and cheese, along with drinks and chips for a mere \$7 each at a supermarket. It was there that we also discovered the coveted 'Limited Edition' Gatorade. After mowing down on our lunch we were off to Luzern. We entered the beautiful Swiss Alps and stopped at Mt. Pilatus. NB: Mt. Pilatus is named after the infamous Pontus Pilate who's claim to fame is crucifying Jesus Christ (probably because he was mouthing off, J.C. was known for that). Anyway, it is rumoured that Pilate's ghost still haunts the mountain - this was only one of many hyperboles found on the top of that mountain; many others involved dragons, gemstones and naked virgins. To get to the top of Mt. Pilatus we took a cable car. The only truth we found on top of Mount Pilatus was revealed to us by Ethiopian Mountain Sherpas, who guided us through the steep mountain trails. A tribute to these staunch Ethiopian men can be found on the back of the Swiss 100 Frank note, depicting their evolution. It was on the peaks of Mt. Pilatus that the sherpas told us of the mountain beaver (known to locals as 'ze Alpinwulf'). They had left their mark on the summit building sturdy avalanche dams. The beavers build these dams to prevent snow from destroying their lodges (small mountain cabins that dot the mountainside). The Alpinwulfs teeth are made from platinum and they carve out walkways in the

mountainside to attract tourist - their number one prey. They use their excrement as concrete, and their extensive knowledge of steel milling to strengthen their dams. After bidding the sherpas thanks we took the cog railway back down to the base of the mountain. There we loaded into the bus and entered a small suburb of Luzern, Kriens where we checked into Motel Pilatusblick. Orr and my room joined balconies with Chis and Berty's - this would prove useful later. We went down for dinner and devoured some hot and sloppy Cock; then we ate the chicken dinner. That evening we went into the city itself for a taste of the nightlife. We started at Mr. Pickwicks (an English style pub) where we watched some footy on the teley. Robinson was snapping, as he couldn't understand the concept of kicking a ball into a net. The game was hailed as "the singular greatest match in the entire history of the UEFA Cup." A sudden-death-golden-goal won the title for Liverpool, the bar erupted in jovial cheers and we knew it was time to move on. We went to a club called 'PRAVDA', a decent club with a heavy communist influence. We danced all night long and the wife came by for a few more hour-long make out sessions - in full view of the populace. Meanwhile, Berty took Coral's ass to his 'grindstone' and retired early for the night. After more dancing and having Helen tear off my pants (and almost my gitch) we took a cab back to the hotel at around 3am. I gave Teryn a goodnight kiss and retired to the room for the evening, surprised to find Chris sleeping in my bed. In inquired as to 'What the hell was going on?' followed by an ejaculation of 'Get the fuck out of my bed!' After Chris explained that the light was still on in his room we decided to sit out on the balcony until Berty had finished his sinning. Time rolled by, and listening to pillow talk was making us sick - so we returned to be, a disgusting 3 was spooning was our only option. At 4:30am Berty fires through the balcony door, rolls on top of us, and wipes his sloppy cock in our faces - then he had the audacity to exclaim 'I just did you guys a huge favor!' Our only response was a look of utter shock, so he went on to explain how 'the boy just wouldn't go down' and that his titanium rod went on for twelve straight hours. These lies made the dragon stories at Mt. Pilatus seem like scientific fact. We kicked his goat-ass out of our room, and drempt of many ways to kill him that night.

Day 5 Thursday, May 17th

Luzern, Switzerland

I awoke at the ass-crack of dawn, getting a mere three hours of sleep. Sleeping Beauty was off in never-never-land still choking the life out of Berty, so I decided not to wake him. Instead, I abandoned my friends for breakfast and a free bus ride into town. We browsed the various tourist traps, and everyone on the bus bought a token Swiss army knife. NB: 50 people per tour bus, approx. 20 tour buses per day, avg. price of a Swiss army knife; \$38 = \$30,000 / day.

Theorem 1: *Gypsies run tourist traps and take advantage of the common man.*

After shopping, the boys met up with us again and we went for an amazing Swiss fondue lunch. We were greeted by music making and yodeling.

Theorem 2: *Gypsies play music and dance in a traditional style while females hold out many buckets expecting payment.*

The lunch was most excellent, consisting of finely ground cow fetus, taken from the mother at such a young age it did not have the chance to develop bones. During the meal,

we witnessed many traditional performances; the classic broom dance (adopted by banana girl to take money from unsuspecting men) and the spoon playing (exported by buskers across the world). Next came the cow who went up and down the aisles of people, touching and licking every person in the building - the 'tradition' is that the cow cannot leave until it has tasted everyone present.

Theorem 3: *Gypsies often dress in disguise or costume in an attempt to distract their prey; usually employing some kind of distraction. Meanwhile, as the crowd is mesmerized by the hypnotic music, another family member works to lift the wallets and purses of unsuspecting spectators (in our case it was the back end of the cow doing all the work - no one suspects the udder!).*

The finale was the traditional flag tossing ceremony in which a Swiss flag is thrown around at blinding speed, and never dropped!

Theorem 4: *Gypsies possess superhuman dexterity - this comes in handy when employing sleight of hand tricks, pick pocketing and palmistry. True Gypsy masters can move their hands faster than the brain can interpret signals from the eye, thus lending itself to the phrase 'robbed blind'.*

After the show, they released the dogs under the table; we decided it was best to move on.

Theorem 5: *Gypsies often use highly trained animals incorporated in their acts - many of which are trained in the black Gypsy arts themselves. Dogs, monkeys and even dolphins have been known to pickpocket unsuspecting travelers.*

As we left the building, it had just begun to rain and as I wandered the town with Teryn and Tamara (T 'n T) for the next two hours we all developed a nice case of pneumonia. We grabbed the bus back to the hotel, where I had an hour long nap and then woke for Chef Boyardee dinner. I retired back to the room and had a three hour nap. I woke up and joined the lads in the common room who were playing 'West Coast Crazy Eights', taught to us by our friends from Calgary Nick, Amber and Erin. Ed, from Hamilton, supplied the Crown Royal, which made for a truly Canadian night. After we were sure we were hammered, I went outside to the nearby sheep farm to practice the mating call. Instead, I only attracted the attention of an old sow that threatened to call the 'Polizia'. We ran back to our rooms and I slept to the gentle lullaby of a spinning room.

Day 6 Friday, May 18th Luzern, CH -> Tyrol, Austria

Again, woke at the ass-crack of dawn - had breakfast and headed for Tyrol, Austria. At 9am we stopped in Liechtenstein. Liechtenstein is a small postage stamp country - a small principality outside of Switzerland. They came into prominence around 1943 - specializing in the common industries of false teeth making and gold plating. They are a world-renowned tax-shelter nation. Also, the Nazis eliminated 6 million Jews during WWII. In a show of disrespect, we five-finger-discounted a stack of highly prized tourist maps from the local Castle - to be burned later. In the rain, Chris and I dedicated our first busking song to Berty; 'Oh, Cinnamon'. We continued on our way through the mountains towards Austria. On the way towards Innsbruck we stopped the bus for some White Water rafting. The two-mile per hour white caps looked too scary, so the Canadian boys decided we would ride bikes off cliffs instead. Halfway through our trip,

Orr ghost rode up to his nipples in the Danube. Chris and I went off-road through some mountain fields. While we were enjoying the breathtaking view, "Princess" sketched out on some rough terrain and went ass-over-teakettle on 1% grade asphalt. As a trail marker to warn other motorists, he left a patch of royal skin to designate the deadly class 6 concrete. We arrived in Innsbruck, saw a house with a golden roof, smoked up with an Austrian hookah and had some delicious strudel. It was here I purchased a crossbow with the Pope's name on it. Then we busked our way through town making our first 'five gilda'. Next we visited one of Contiki's infamous whores in the form of a crystal shop. Waiting for the bus to arrive, Chris and I set up shop in front of a popular fountain adding busking classics 'T n T' and 'Crazy Train' to our repertoire. We were showered with shillings and got our first taste of fame and fortune. NB: Fame and fortune is overrated. Back to the Innsbruck hotel, we fired back some of the Colonel's Chicken (aka Turken Schnizel) and second helpings of mousse. 'The Princess' had a nap, and I read as her royal highness could wake the dead with her snoring. We made a fashionably late appearance at the bar and began by drinking 'Devil's Brew', 'Strawberry' and 'Glacier Ice' Schnapps. Then we realized we were poor, we looked around and saw a goldmine, so we busked for drinks to the classics; 'Oh, Cinnamon', 'Crazy Train', 'TnT' and added 'Who let the Dave's out?' to our repertoire. I made my way through the night without spending another gilda. I took the wife home early to our extremely small hotel room. 'The Princess' left to brush his teeth after every shot, but his incessant prissing paid off as two dirty lesbian whores sucked him off in the square. The entire time, two hands were on his cock. Orr bust in on my lovemaking, so I had to send Teryn packing. Collins soon joined us as Berty was getting his dinky stinky for the second night in a row. When 1:30 rolled around, Collins knocked on his own door and asked Berty if he was 'done in there yet?' Berty had the audacity to respond with 'Give me another 15 minutes'. 'Way to go Stallion, thinking with your dick again' came Orrs response. We all retired around 2am, which was rude, as we had to be up by 6:30.

Day 7 Saturday May 19th Innsbruck, Austria -> Venice, Italy

We bused through the cold-cold mountains of Northern Italy - Shannon found this to be quite titillating. At the lunch stop, we discovered why Italy was so poor. First you pay for what you think you can eat, and then you move onto the supermarket and gorge yourself (unattended) on what you think you paid for. They also use the ever secure 'ripping' method to determine whether or not you've paid - Chris gypsied them out of a full second meal because his ticket wasn't ripped. We drove a long time watching cars on the highway until we reached the stinking asshole of Italy - Venice. A water taxi took us to St. Marcos Square. NB: St. Marco's body was brought to Venice from Alexandria by gypsies in the classic 'stuff-the-barrel-with-contraband-and-ship-it-across-the-border' trick. St. Marco's square is also the home to the worlds largest pigeon population- who can be trained to tickle a man's body better than the whores of Amsterdam. We found a small café where we ate Pizza, Espressos and Cappuccinos in the narrow streets of Venice. Next we went to a glass factory where we saw a man blow a horse in 3.5 seconds. Then we were escorted into studio 3A for the next infomercial taping, sponsored by the local glass blowing association - another one of Contiki's whores. Next

we saw a beautiful church, the tower, and the sighing bridge - named because Orr saw his luscious lesbian lovers for the second time on the trip. I spotted a gypsy dealer along the boardwalk selling an authentic Venetian David Beckham jersey. We also saw other souvenirs unattainable elsewhere in the world were Metallica T-Shirts and Pirate Flags. We gathered in St. Marcos Square, home of the world's largest pigeon population. There the feathered beasts feasted on my body with such skill, it would make the whores of Amsterdam jealous. We headed off and got into an authentic Gondola - how stinking romantic!! Just watching Bertie play tonsil hockey for 45 minutes was enough to make me spew into the canal, or maybe it the smell of feces everywhere in Venice. Next we fired off to dinner at a traditional Italian restaurant. This was an amazing meal - we had no idea what we were eating as the wine was freely flowing - we were stinking drunk by the second course out of four. We were serenaded by Fernando Venezuela singing classics like 'Volare' and 'Dominarigato Mr.Roboto'. Glenn Danzig made an appearance to sing his head banging classic 'Mother' and tried to score with every girl on the trip. At the end of the meal we were brought the traditional shot glass of bulls milk. This is when Luigi made his appearance - a bought a couple of Roses for my lover, outclassing Bertie once again. We had a ride on the shaggin' wagon, and took the water taxi back to the mainland. We partied on the bus all the way back to the hotel, breaking just about every Contiki rule - Spoons and Justine are sooo cool!! We unloaded our bags in the hotel, a stunningly beautiful Italian Palace - only to discover that a cross-eyed Scottish sheep farmer designed our room!! Opening the front door slammed into the closet ahead of you - if you could squeeze past that, and duck your head under the TV, you reached the miniscule room where the beds were designed for midget Italians, not the 6'3" Scandinavian giants that Orr and I are. Collins joined us in the cramped confines as Bertie had already begun shagging Coral; meanwhile her roommate was crying herself to sleep. We had a small meeting to determine if we could do anything for Jo, but decided it was Coral and Bertie's fault and Jo had been feeling homesick for a while now. I walked Teryn back to her room where we sat outside and talked for a few hours, and then I gave her a kiss goodnight. The only redeeming factor about our room was the Italian porn channel.

Day 8 Sunday May 20th Venice, Italy -> Rome, Italy

Again we awoke at the ass-crack of dawn. I had a terrible sleep due to the fact we had beautiful Venetian lace curtains. Needless to say the sun was burning out my eyes at a rude hour in the morning. On the way to Rome, we passed many beautiful cars along the highway. We had a rest stop at about 1:00, where I ate some delicious homemade lasagna and we continued on our way. We arrived in Rome at about 4:00, and headed onto the subway where Robinson claims he was pickpocketed by Jewish-Gypsy-Nuns, looking for an Italian phrasebook. We walked past the "Spanish Steps", the Parthanon, made a wish at the Trevi Fountain and headed to Piazza Navona. We sat down for a lovely meal of pasta and were serenaded by the Gypsy King himself who reluctantly sung 'Volare'. We finished up by downing some Gelato and pushed around a few more gypsies before we headed back to the hotel. Back at the hotel we unpacked and had the first decent room in quite awhile - spacious with an extra bed! I headed down for a

couple of drinks and met another Contiki group, who seemed to be full of party chicks! TnT was separated for the first time all tour - apparently the source of their argument was because Teryn tried to wear a mismatched outfit. I went up and tried to invite her down for the evening, but she wouldn't budge. I told her the story of Hannibal, tucked her in and retired to bed myself.

Day 9 Monday May 21st Rome, Italy

We had a quick breakfast and boarded the metro heading for the Flavian Amphitheatre (aka the Coliseum). The ruins of the Coliseum were immense and were an excellent way to start a breathtaking tour of ancient Rome. We saw the Arch of Constantine, the temple to Venus and Rome (ROMA backwards is AMOR). These temples are back to back, one faces the Amphitheatre, and the other faces the Palatine Hill. Next we saw the Arch of Titus, gateway to the Palatine Hill. We saw the ruins of many temples, the temple to Vesta (god of fire) and the vestal virgins, the ashes of Julius Caesar, the stairway to Lapis Lazuli, the Senate House and the Arch of Septimus Severus. Next we headed over to the Capitoline Hill where the Roman city hall is now, around a square that was re-designed by Michelangelo. Then we headed over to another large square, near Trajan's Column. Next we headed over to the Vatican. The Vatican museum had hoarded up just about every treasure in the world, so many that I cannot go into detail here. Egyptian, Babylonian, Roman, and masterpieces of the Renaissance every room was gilded in gold, it was breathtaking! The crowning glory was Michelangelo's masterpiece the Sistine Chapel, where everyone was instructed to keep absolutely silent. Next we headed over to see St. Peter's basilica and the catacombs of the old Popes. After St. Peter's, we tried to go to the Catacombs, but they closed at 5:00. Also we couldn't see Nero's Golden Palace, as it requires you to book a tour. We did a little browsing, then bought Gelati and headed to the Spanish steps for some people watching. We hit the subway and then the hotel. Dinner was promised as all you can eat pasta, although our servers seemed to think 'all you can eat' means 'all you can eat on one plate'. Then we retired for a well-deserved sleep. 10:00 I awoke and had an 'ironing party' in Chris and Berty's room while the Princess slept. Then I headed downstairs to the cafeteria/disco to see what was up. There were only a few hardcore revelers, so I had one drink, chatted w/ TnT and a few of the Aussies and then headed off to bed. Sleeping Beauty was still fast asleep when I retired for the night.

Day 10 Tuesday, May 22nd Rome -> Florence, Italy

We were all exhausted in the morning; I had a hearty bowl of Coco-Puffs. When I returned to my room to finish packing, Antonella stumbled down the hallway and collapsed in the doorway. Orr looked after her, while I grabbed water and a moist washcloth. She was sick in the hallway; I brought the garbage can and went looking for Justine. When I came back, Antonella was passed out on my bed. As there were only a couple of minutes before departure, Orr continued to pack while I took Antonella's and my bags down to the bus. We brought Justine back to survey the damage and she started

to come to. Antonella decided that she would try to get to a hospital, and try to catch up with us later. We all boarded the bus and headed out for Florence. Florence is the home of Dante and famous for its leather. We took a tour of Leonardo's leatherworks (another Contiki whore) and tried on some fine Italian leather jackets. We tried bargaining with some leather merchants to hone our skills. We took to the streets and I bargained a gypsy down to 15 franks from 50, then I walked away (metaphorically spitting in her face). All throughout the day I wanted to kill myself, as my eyes had been burned by the dust and filth of Rome for two days. On the bus ride to the monastery my eye worsened, so I took out one contact lens, losing all depth perception. We arrived at the restaurant near the monastery and were treated to a toast of Italian wine. During the 1st course of anti-pasta I began to scull five glasses of red wine. The blood of Christ healed my lame eye and I could see again! The Lord had preformed a miracle! After eating, we immediately headed off to 'Space Discotheque'. Here we danced the night away on the top floor, and some people participated in a form of 'forced Karaoke' on the bottom floor. By the end of the night Teryn had snubbed me for an Italian grease ball and somehow Orr ended up with both of Helens glow sticks. We returned to our hotel room where Orr passed out on his bed, still fully clothed.

Day 11 Wednesday, May 23rd Florence, Italy -> Monaco/Niece

We started off at an early hour again, moving north out of Italy towards the beautiful Cote D'Azure. We made the token tourist stop in Pisa to see it's famous leaning tower. But we were disappointed there was no Gypsy-nuns-with-dog-babies, as we were hoping to take one of their decapitated heads home with us as a souvenir. "N'ere ye a gypsy to be seen, yar!" We headed over to Monaco, one of the smallest and richest countries in the world. We ate dinner near the Monacoville (the Prince's palace) and then headed on to preview the F1 course by night. Most of the time was spent near the Casino where we saw many luxury cars; Collins and I had a lucid wet dream. Side by side, parked in front of the Casino we saw a black Lamborghini Diablo, a yellow Ferrari F-360 Modena, a black Ferrari 550 Maranello, and a black Porsche 911 Turbo! At the hairpin a black F360 drove around the corner to a cheering fan base of Chris and myself, then he punched the throttle as he drove away - proving himself to be the coolest driver in the world. That night in Niece, Orr, others and myself headed off to the old city to a bar called 'Thor'. We had a dismal time as the bar was overcrowded, but we did have a chance to chat with the 28 day Contiki group - who seemed more interested in discussing daytime soaps than anything else. We returned to our rude hotel room - a small closet with one single bed!

Day 12 Thursday, May 24th Niece, France

I received a wake up call from Chris at the front desk. Seeing as the Princess was still sleeping, arguing with him to put his clothes on faster only led to more senseless bitching about earaches, pinkeye, goiter, gangrene in the leg, cancer, sleep apnea and sore throat brought on by the clap. Needless to say, we left him in the dust and after a 30-minute train ride we were fully engulfed in the Grand Prix atmosphere. We walked back to the

great castle of Monaco, scaled the wall and found our boxed seats waiting for us at the top of an old guard tower. We had an amazing view of the beginning of pit row as well as the two main jumbotrons. Then we moved down to sneak a better peek and move our eardrums closer to the 200dB roaring of the engines. Everyone else in the group had their fill of F1, but not Chris and I. We stuck around for some more atmosphere and visited the 'F1 Experience' ride; complete with water, smoke and the blast of an F1 engine. Next, we headed back to Niece and enjoyed a relaxing swim on the stony beach. The view was spectacular, as we had topless beauties surrounding us at every turn. We watched as three mothers could not handle their thirty rambunctious kids - meanwhile the kids were practicing skipping rocks off swimmers' heads. We went back to our hotel for dinner, where everyone complained about the fish - but I ended up getting four portions, spines included. We walked to the old town to a bar called 'Chez Wayne' where we listened to an awesome live band from England called 'Breathe'. There was a massive scuffle between the bouncer and a local - instigated when the local bloke spilled Shannon's drink, and then proceeded to mouth off to the band. His got his ass tossed, but came back with the classic hows-it-goin'?-bottle-over-the-head maneuver. We danced on the tables to classics like 'Fight for your right' and headed home for an early bedtime.

Day 13 Friday, May 25th Niece, France -> Lyon, France

We rode the bus early again, and took a tour of Lyon about midday afternoon. We explored the train station to book our couchette from Paris to Barcelona. When we asked for the price the guy said it would be a total of 120 French Franks. We asked if that was 120 French Franks each, or total. He assured us that it was 120 French Franks total, so we agreed, but it turned out the credit receipt was 120 Euros, so we abandoned that idea. That evening Chris and I had a delectable feast of mussels, while the rest of the group had disgusting cock. Chris and I counted about 85 mussels per bucket. We walked around town for a bit and feasted on delicious crepes for dessert. Chris and I went back to the hotel and called it a night, but not before calling the family and letting them know how we were holding up.

Day 14 Saturday, May 26th Lyon, France -> Paris, France

Some people decided to take the TGV into Paris early, but not us - we stuck it out on the coach, and it was to our benefit as everyone had plenty of legroom that day! Around noon we arrived at Fountainbleu, an old hunting lodge converted into a palace with gardens used by Napoleon. The place wasn't as beautiful as I imagined as the French like their gardens plain, without flowers - just acres of green grass. We arrived in Paris around 3:00 and climbed the Eiffel Tower. Orr was very obliging to the gay men, helping out in every way he could. We headed over to the hotel, with the sprawling bazaar of Baghdad below us. We unpacked and went to dinner, where we gave our final speech thanking everyone for being on the trip, etc.. We also revealed to Robinson who the real Gypsy Kings are, and returned his long lost Italian phrase book. We headed downtown to a bar where we ripped it up with drinks until midnight, then headed off to a Parisian discotheque called 'La Scala' for a rude 100 Franks entry fee. Berty played a

cruel prank by stealing my wallet, and asking me to buy a drink for him, which I gladly obliged. We took a couple of champagne glasses home with us. I spent most of the night talking with Teryn and trying to help her with her problems. Chris, Beth and myself took a cab home early as Beth had way too much to drink. Chris fed her everything she wanted to hear about her boyfriend back home - I could hardly control myself from bursting with laughter.

Day 15 Sunday, May 27th Paris, France

We started the day out bright and early as usual with a tour of Cathedral Notre Dame. Next it was off to Napoleons' tomb in the Cathedral of the Invalids, and then off to the Arc de Triomphe. We walked down the Champs d'Elysee and split from the girls for the last time, saying our final goodbyes before we headed over to the Louvre. The museum was immense and we only saw the Mona Lisa and the ancient exhibits. After the Louvre Chris, Dave Orr and I said goodbye to Bryan, Shannon and Berty. We took the metro back to the hotel, packed our gear and headed for Austerlitz train station. We waited for our 10:00 train and got into our sweet couchette. There we met Claudia, a girl who was born in Mexico, and Bonnie. Both girls were studying at the Paris University. We slept like babies as the train rocked us gently to sleep.

Day 16 Monday, May 28th La tour de Carol, France -> Barcelona, Spain

Sometime around 7:00 in the morning we awoke in a small French town in the Pyrenees Mountains, La tour de Carol. There we boarded a new train that took us from France to Barcelona and arrived just before noon. We figured out we needed a reservation to get to Peñìscola, we got our train at 5:00 and headed south for Peñìscola. We arrived at 7:00 and grabbed a cab to the Acuasol Hotel. The cabby leafed through Orr's wallet to find out how much we owed him. We unpacked and celebrated with our complementary bottle of champagne. Then we headed down to a local bar where we feasted on Sicillain pizza (with egg on top), Beer, Sangria and Ice Cream Sundaes (we also found out it is customary not to leave a dime for tip).

Day 17 Tuesday, May 29th Peñìscola, Spain

After the grueling whirlwind tour of Europe-by-bus we had a well deserved sleep-in until 11:00. We went down to the beach in search of whores, but found nothing but geriatrics and newly-weds. We rounded out the day with a vicious cycle of reading, volleyball, swimming and scorching our white skin in the hot sun. This went on for almost eight hours, at which point Orr was cooked like a lobster ready for the buffet. We returned and ate the hotels buffet meal - fit only for seniors as everything was as bland as paper. We napped until midnight and headed downtown for the supposed Jazz Festival. What we found were locals and geriatrics who spoke a scant word of English. We settled into a local pub at the foot of the castle and then had a couple of drinks. The waitress yelled

something at Orr about his tip - either she was so surprised to actually get one, or the tip was so small she was outraged, either way we couldn't tell. We got lonely drinking our cervezas, so we headed back to the main strip. We purveyed the local nightlife, but it was nothing to stick around for, so we began the half hour walk home.

Day 18 Wednesday, May 30th Peñíscola, Spain

We woke around noon and had a breakfast of Mega-choc and leftover sandwiches, and then headed down by the pool where we proceeded to drink four bottles of wine. There we ran into Maddy, an English woman who wanted hook us up with her young friend in the worst way. After much thought, we decided that Peñíscola was a well-deserved rest, but we needed more action! We entertained the idea of heading for Ibiza (E-beetha) for the next couple of days. We hung out at the pool until about 7:00 then napped until 10:30. We went down to the main strip and grabbed some grub at 'Mr. Rabbits'. There we met Abdul our fabulous waiter, he advised us to head over to the Discotheques in Vinaros, a small town just north of Peñíscola. We took his advice after a hearty meal of Capricosa pizzas and a heavy dose of Sangria. We ordered a cab, and Orr got to talk with the cabby who dropped us at 'Sultanas', claiming to be the best club. We knew we were being taken for a ride when the outside façade resembled the 'Tittly Twister'. We entered the whorehouse and the skanks were on us like flies to shit. The ladies (of the night) were the most multi-national we've seen since we were in Canada, they came from all nations; Jamaica, Senegal, Germany and Spain. The next thing we knew, Orr disappeared up the stairs with one. Collins and I held out by the bar while the whores stroked our cocks, trying to entice us into their dens of sin. I came out to dance, so I took one by the hand and began dancing (why ruin an otherwise perfect night?). She was getting awfully touchy feely and managed to plant a kiss on me, that's when we got the F out of D. As we walked towards Vinaros city center I kept thinking of all the old cocks she must have sucked and I spewed my guts in the highway ditch in disgust. We got to Vinaros city center around 2:00, but it was a veritable ghost town. We headed back to the Titty Twister in an effort to grab a cab. We eventually got back to the safety of the hotel, and welcomed the forgetfulness of sleep.

Day 19 Thursday, May 31st Peñíscola, Spain

We woke at 11:00 and went down for a swim at the beach. We grabbed our gear for the beach and stupidly spent it in the sun again. We walked around in town and found a travel agent who told us that the cost to go to Ibiza return was ~\$165.00. We discussed the Ibiza project over another meal of Pizza and egg. We decided it would be less expensive and almost as fun if we just went to Barcelona, plus that was on our way. We walked around the old town surrounding the castle, and we all bought Hawaiian shirts. We paraded home like the 'Tre Amigos' - which attracted stares from all of the locals. We returned to the Hotel room and had a Greek feast on the balcony, eating Nutella and crackers with more Sangria. We visited Mr. Rabbits again where we talked the night away with our favorite Moroccan, Abdul. We feasted on his generous donations of

olives; peanuts and we had more Sangria and Capricosa pizza topped off with hot and spicy olive oil. Once back at the hotel we went for a midnight swim, showered and then Orr and I practiced our Greco-Roman wrestling, which erupted in a full out Scottish hooligan ruckus. I called the parents and then we went to bed.

Day 20 Friday, June 1st Peñíscola, Spain -> Barcelona, Spain

The next morning we awoke early (10:30) to pack and await a call from Orr's friend, Paul the Irishman. We finished packing, talked to Maddy again, but we still had no word from her friend, Helen. We had one last meal at Mr. Rabbits - our usual Capricosa Pizza - ham, onion and cheese topped with an egg, mmmm delicious! We grabbed our bags from the hotel and headed off to the train station where we found out that the 2:30 train was booked. We made 1st class reservations for the 4:30 train and waited. Orr got in contact with Paul and said he'd meet us once we were in Barcelona. We took the train and arrived at around 7:30. Orr called all of the hostels, about fifteen, in his 'Go Europe' book with absolutely no luck. We called the first hostel in the 'Hostelling International' book and were greeted with success! However, the hostel was in the north part of the city, far from the downtown. It was late and we were glad to have somewhere to stay so we took the Metro north. After exiting the metro, we had a brutal climb to the top of a hill where the hostel was situated. The climb was well worth the effort, as our hostel was an immense beautiful palace - certainly not what we were expecting. We checked into the converted Moorish hospital and then headed downtown for our first taste of Barcelona nightlife. Paul the Irishman said he couldn't make it out, but recommended a few places for us. The Irishman directed us "just turn left at the McDonalds and make your way down to 'The Schilling' - it's not too bad but she turns a tad queer sometimes". We would soon find out just how queer. We made our way to the bar, but at all the side tables men and women of the same sex were groping each other. We found a table near a large group of females who turned out to be from Virginia. We chatted with the lovely ladies for a while, trying to avoid looking at all the sinning in that bar. The Virginians left for another bar, but by that time Orr had befriended a group of three tourists from L.A., two lesbian females and a guy who was an occupational therapist. Collins and I took off for McDonalds but Orr was determined to wait for his new buddies. Eventually we gave up waiting and headed down to the waterfront to a large complex called 'Maremagnum'. The place was basically a huge tourist trap, apparently owned by Michael Eisner. We were greeted by a couple of Danish travelers trying to make a quick buck selling cold beer in cans. We obliged them, buying a can of their frosty Heinekens each and chatting with them for a while. They recommended not going into the tourist trap. "What part of Denmark are you guys from?" I asked inquisitively. "Jutland, have you heard of it?" they asked in Danish accents. "Yeah, I've been to Denmark before" I lied. "Really? To Copenhagen?" the cute one was curious. "Nah, uh... actually some small town _near_ Copenhagen, you wouldn't have heard of it." I stumbled, turning red.

We thanked them for the beer and made our way down to Maremagnum. There were tons of shops and bars there; we walked around trying to look for one that was suitable.

We met up with the Virginian girls again, and then headed upstairs where we were drawn to a club by a leather-bound-transvestite-go-go-dancer. After some time there dancing, Orr thought he recognized Jen from his class. It turns out he was right! She just happened to be there with her friend Julie. As we were all chatting and getting to know each other, in walked another SYDEfx class member Nadim and his friend. It was all such a crazy coincidence! It was approaching 5:00am and we decided to head home. Jen told us to come to her Hostel where we could sign up for a waiting list and stay there tomorrow night. We were the first ones to put our names down on the waiting list at 6:00am. Hailing a cab, we rode back to our Moorish palace in the North of Barcelona - running every red light along the way.

Day 21 Saturday, June 2nd Barcelona, Spain

After a mere two hours of sleep we awoke and headed back down to 'Kabul' and got our asses in the door. It just so happened that the Kabul was situated on Reial Square, which was one of the worst areas for crime in Barcelona. We checked in, Chris and Orr napped, while I read. Chris woke up and we went walking around the harbourfront, and then to the post office. I bought a pair of sunglasses off a Gypsy for 1500pts. We headed back and picked up Orr, who was very cranky because we left him behind. We walked back down around the beaches. The sand had the quality and texture of kitty litter, and we walked unbeknownst into the 'gay' beach where men were groping each other. We walked back to the hostel and had a nap until about 8:00pm. We headed down and met up with Jen and the other SYDEfxers, we all went out to a fancy restaurant for dinner. After a very long, but delicious meal we all went our separate ways to prepare for the evening out. We returned to Kabul and waited for everyone to arrive. At around 1:00am the girls showed up and had obviously been doing some 'priming'. Julie was blind drunk at this point - I had to guide her to 'the Black Sheep' (La Oveja Negra). We entered the blackest pit in the bowels of Barcelona, but thoroughly enjoyed ourselves once we were inside. We had a few pints and at about 3am Jen took Julie home as she couldn't see or walk straight anymore. We left the Black Sheep and met everyone at a nightclub called Baja Beach. I obtained a cellular phone in the cab ride along the way. We decided not to go in, but instead walk down by the waterfront to a whole strip of clubs and bars. We went in every single bar there, and they closed down at 6am, so we were forced to go home. We tried squeezing five people in our cab back to Kabul, but the driver wouldn't hear of it. Chris and I got out and found Nadim and his friend; we shared a cab back to the square. As soon as we got to the hostel we slept.

Day 22 Sunday, June 3rd Barcelona, Spain-> Geneve, CH

The next morning we awoke early, as we had to check out by noon in order to get our deposits back. Chris and I packed up, but Orr had lost his credit card, bankcard and driver's license somewhere last night. We checked out and waited in the lobby of Kabul as Orr frantically tried to cancel his cards. He found out that there was a purchase made on his credit card at around 7am, for \$90 worth of jewellery. There was nothing we could do at this point, a new credit and bank card would take about a week to ship over to us, so from this point on it was up to Collins and I to help Orr out financially. We headed

to the train station and booked our extremely long train ride north to Germany. We had a little time to kill, so we went back downtown in search of an Absinthe bar. We found what we were searching for, but much to Orr's dismay it was closed. We went to a 'Swiss Chicken' restaurant owned by a family of Philipinos. Their grilled chicken was absolutely mouth watering - delicious butter slathered over every inch - our arteries were blocked before we finished the last bite! We walked back to the train station and waited for our train. We were first at the gates waiting, there we could see down onto the platform when our train was arriving. It came in due time and we watched the herd disembark in true Spanish style - running in every which direction like chickens with their heads cut off! The men and healthy could flee by jumping across the tracks, which left the young, the women, the sick and elderly to fend for themselves. They blindly came up the entrance to where we were waiting and crashed the gates. It was quite a sight to see the elderly climbing the one-way gates! After the chaos settled down, we boarded our train and headed to a small town just inside of France, where we switched trains again. The new train had our couchette where we were paired up with two snotty Swiss girls. We spent awhile outside our cabin and chatted with our neighbours, whom we found to be two nice Swiss misses. Annelies and her friend talked with Orr and myself until the early hours of the morn. Orr went to bed and I recounted our tale to the two ladies. I did not retire to sleep that night, but greeted the dawn with Annelies.

Day 23 Monday, June 4th Geneve, CH -> Gëmund, Germany

We switched trains again in Geneva and headed for Zurich. We said goodbye to the Swiss misses who headed for their hometown of Luzern, while we boarded a train for Köln (Cologne). We arrived in Köln at around 7:05, after being on the train for almost 24 straight hours! Then we tried to catch a train to Kall (twice), but were foiled because we were unaware it was a civic holiday (since when do Germans take holidays?). We got into Kall around 10:30 and took a cab to the hotel, a mere 6km away. A package was awaiting our arrival, with keys and all. We were glad to get to our room and went to sleep after a well-needed shower.

Day 24 Tuesday, June 5th Gëmund, Germany

I awoke at 11:30 and checked us into the hotel. We walked into town and ate lunch after buying food at the local supermarket. We walked around Gëmund for a while and fed the ducks a rude peanut flavoured corn snack. We walked to the Mazda dealership in hopes that we could rent mopeds, but all they had were mountain bikes. We rented three and biked back the top of the mountain. The climb up the mountain was exhausting, we almost puked up the peanut-corn snacks, but what it because of their taste or our exhaustion, who could say? Collins and I had our first taste of the brutal hotel environment – the debilitating heat of the sauna. Meanwhile, Orr was determined to wash his clothes by hand in the sink. After the celebration was over we headed down the mountain and got food from the supermarket. At the base of the mountain, my bike tire popped – I walked it back to the dealership but they had already closed at 6:00. We left the bike in the back and took our groceries back to the hotel. We had a delicious meal of

spaghetti that night with lots of German beer and 'bootcamp' shots.

Day 25 Wednesday, June 6th Gëmund, Germany

Collins and I woke at noon, while Princess slept on until 2:00. I walked to the Mazda dealership; meanwhile Orr's back tire twisted off. I reached the dealership and picked up the repaired bike and began to head back. I met Collins who explained to me what had happened to Orr's bike. A kind stranger stopped to help repair Orr's bike. We got back to the dealership and everything was sorted out. We biked from Gëmund to Schlieden. In Schlieden we biked across some treacherous fjords, which was only possible because we drank 'Magic Man' the super energy drink. Along the way we passed some ancient lift-locks and biked through the treacherous forest full of thorny brambles. Orr's poor breaking caused me to fall off a six-foot cliff into a patch of thorny poisonous briars. We got the hell out of Dodge, screaming like wild chimps! Back at the supermarket, we restocked and then headed for the hotel. There we let the healing power of the sauna go to work. We ate spaghetti again, followed up with the fifth Magic Man of the evening. We walked down to 'Route 66' a brutally dead local watering hole – the only one on top of the mountain. We watched the World Cup Football qualifying highlights (because Robinson would have wanted to) while planning our next day, determined to rise early.

Day 26 Thursday, June 7th Gëmund, Germany

We awoke at 8:30 after being up all night, hopped up on caffeine. Orr threw a tantrum, so we went back to sleep and woke up at noon. We made sausages and eggs, then headed down the mountain and biked into Kall. On the way, I picked up an eye patch as my eye had swelled up beyond belief. It began to rain as we entered Kall. In search of Internet access, we were directed to the local McDonalds where we used the brutally inconvenient 'McBrowser'. Elsewhere in Kall we found an Internet café, and stopped by a local bar. Outside we met a man who was taking his motorbike home. We laughed, as he must have been pretty drunk the previous night. When the strange man left we entered the bar to seek refuge from the rain outside. The bar seemed strangely deserted; we called out and looked for an owner, but found no one. We each took a stool and rested in the dry peaceful bar. The owner of the bar was surprised to see us as he entered through the front door – it was the same man who owned the bike. We apologized for intruding upon his bar, but we did find the door unlocked. He laughed and said "it must have been a long night if I left it open this whole time!" He fed us some coffee and we thanked him again, and told him we'd be back to have a few drinks after dinner. We left the bar and headed down to 'Ali Babas' where we ate dinner. Then we headed back to our friend's bar to thank him for his hospitality. Unfortunately, he wasn't there, but his girlfriend was tending the bar. We helped out the down payment on his Harley by buying a ton of alcohol. After being completely inebriated we biked back through the mountains to the hotel in a torrential downpour that seemed to worsen as we climbed the mountain. As we stripped off our rain-soaked clothes on our balcony, the clouds parted and the rain cleared up. We went downstairs and relaxed in the sauna, but pissed off some angry Jews with our heartfelt singing. We returned to our room to play cards with a half-German, half-Philippino and very Christian girl, Michelle. After she left, we played hearts until

3:00am.

Day 27 Friday, June 8th Gëmund, Germany -> Köln, Germany

We awoke at noon and took the bikes back, but Orr and I both popped our rear tires and had to walk the distance. Back at the hotel we packed up our gear, and I washed my clothes. We realized it was impossible to catch a train to Berlin that day. Our friend Michelle offered us a ride to the Kall train station. We left Kall and arrived in Köln that evening. We checked into a hostel, and headed down for dinner in the 'restaurant district' at about 10:00pm. On the way, we helped out a subway vendor load up his shop and were rewarded with beer for our efforts. After eating dinner, on the street we headed over to another district where we did some more drinking at a bar. There we met three local girls, Tanya, Petra and Julia. They guided us to a livelier bar. Orr hooked up with Julia, Collins took Petra, and that left Tanya for me. We sang many drinking songs in a packed tavern, and mocked a Mexican senseless. After six rounds of beer we headed over to a biker bar where we were serenaded by the likes of Alice Cooper, Black Sabbath and Ram Jam. We were there for a few more hours, then at the crack of dawn we walked around Köln. We walked to the Dom, and then down by the Rhine. We kissed our German maidens goodbye and Collins filed Petras e-mail address. We slept until 11:30.

Day 28 Saturday, June 9th Köln, Germany -> Berlin, Germany

We awoke after only a few hours of rest and checked out of the hotel by noon. We walked to the train station and boarded our train to Berlin. After five hours on the train we arrived in Berlin and checked into the AO Hostel, which was seemingly overrun with Italian and German youths. After checking in, we found a quaint bar to eat at. I ate the chicken w/ mozzarella, while Collins and Orr had Schnitzel with egg on top. We took the subway to Onenburger Straße and walked up and down looking for a suitable place to drink, but the pickings were sparse. We walked to a famous German dance club 'WWF' but found out it was 25DM for cover. We walked back to the main strip and then went home, but not before tasting a delicious Kebab. Back at the hostel, we checked into AO for another night.

Day 29 Sunday, June 10th Berlin, Germany

We woke up and had another salty Kebab for breakfast and made our way via subway to the front of one of the main hotels. There in the pouring rain, we met our tour guide who took us on an extremely wet tour of Berlin by bike. We took a nice three and a half hour tour of famous Nazi and government buildings. Once we were sure we had pneumonia, we returned to the Hostel for a short nap. We grabbed a Döner and checked out some activities around our hostel. We bought beer from a convenience store, and then treated ourselves to a dinner at a trendy restaurant. There we drank overpriced beers and Orr met a nice German girl named Kerstin whom he told his entire life story to. We drank Zombies with her as she smoked and took two hours to finish one Becks in a bottle. We walked Kerstin to her subway station and I ate another Kebab. We walked home as all the trains were finished running for the evening. Went to bed dreading the early wake-up

the next morning.

Day 30 Monday, June 11th Berlin -> München, Germany

We awoke and left for the train station, catching the 10:30 train to München (Munich). We arrived just after 5:00 and called just about every Hostel available to us, with no result. We were almost resolved to stay at 'the Tent', but we found an opening at a nearby hotel for three. We unpacked our bags, and Orr was determined to meet Jenn Herran under the glockenspiel at eight o'clock. We had a bite of pizza off the street, then walked down to the old town center. Sure enough, Jenn showed up right on time. Jenn led us over to the Haufbrau Haus, an excellent Bavarian style beer house. There we feasted on chicken, sausages, sauerkraut, all topped off by 1L beers. Over the course of the night the mood in the drinking hall rose to a festive crescendo. We sung songs and met new friends, like the two Italians who loved Fear Factory, the girls from Long Island and the Canadian girls. We walked in a drunken stupor back to the hostel but when Chris and I looked back, Orr was playing tonsil hockey with Jenn. Chris and I hitched up with a group of American girls and went off to a local bar where we drank even more, and smoked unfiltered cigarettes. The prospect of two girls, both with tongue rings, kept us there all night. When all was said and done, Chris and I walked the girls back to their Hostel, which left us miles from home. We walked for a good part of the night and got back to our hotel around 3:00 – sans Orr. Meanwhile: Orr had gone back with Jenn to her hostel, which had eight people in a large room. While he was getting naked, the eyes of the room were upon him, including a couple of nubile German teens and a girl who was reading a book. Finally some guy asked Orr if he thought it was fair the he had paid 20DM for the room, and he was getting a 'free-ride', so to speak. As Jenn drifted off to sleep, Orr slipped out and made it back to our Hotel.

Day 31 Tuesday, June 12th München -> Paris, France

We woke up with a very large hangover, but made it in time for our checkout. Collins and I feasted on the sweet buffet breakfast of cornflakes, milk and watered-down OJ. We walked our gear to the train station, ordered our overnight couchettes and packed our bags away in storage. I popped two Advils to try and cure the headache. For the next nine hours we walked all around Munich, taking in all the tourist sights. Our final meal we ate again at the Hofbrauhaus. This time I was bold, and ordered the true German meal, the 'white sausage'. The waiter laughed, and returned with the platter – under which he revealed two white boiled sausages, the sight only a German could love. We returned to the train station and boarded our overnight couchette. Our bunkmates, Tamara and Mary, lavished us with their gifts of food – peach apricot cookies and Austrian chocolate cake. We also chatted with Robyn from Iowa, who constantly told us that she hated traveling with her sister and mother. She seemed quite perturbed and insisted that her sister "either start running or stop eating!" The night's conversation was dominated by her constant interjections about her ex-boyfriend. Someone just couldn't let go...

Day 32 Wednesday, June 13th Paris, France

We arrived in Paris at 7:00am. We caught the train to Charles de Gaulle. We arrived in the worst airport terminal known to man, jackhammers blazing. We checked in and I paid \$50CDN for overweight baggage, despite being the exact same as what I brought with me. What really burned me was when they confiscated my crossbow! They had to spend time looking up what an 'arbalette' was. In the terminal, we met up with Chris Duffin who was also returning home. On the plane we watched 'Sweet November' and 'Miss Congeniality', probably two of the most contrived movies ever created. The duration of the flight was spent cramped, as a French child who was half my height decided he should have his chair reclined the entire flight. I, on the other hand, sat in an upright position because an elderly woman was sitting behind me. Once the plane landed, we were glad to get our feet back on Canadian soil where the meat is cooked, and the people are overly friendly (as they should be).

Remember, that this journal is but one mans' view, and if anyone feels offended or dislikes the content:

Feck Yeeee!