

A change of airport terminal proved challenging for some of the party but with a few urgent phone calls, the group was soon checking-in albeit Mike(Scouse Git) Green and Dave (Chukka) Khan were late and Jim once again bringing up the rear. Lawrence (now I am a rich man...), still flush from last years wins on the football sweep had gone elsewhere and was replaced by Roger Rose (PR) making his virgin trip.

The flight was on-time and largely uneventful save for Jim selecting the wrong seat in a bid to sit next to a pretty blonde and Lee (are the shops open yet?...) was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms.

The bags collected and Roy (isn't it..) Davies found, the coach for the 'short' journey to Sevilla was boarded for the next stage of the journey. To pass the time there were two quizzes – first the cerebral history of Seville provided by Jim, which generated an average score of 2, followed by Scouse Gits trivia, which showed Are the Shops Open Yet to be a true anorak.

Air Miles presented polo shirts suitably embroidered for the trip and whilst the ordering and manufacturing was fine, the distribution left something to be desired and only some downsizing by other members prevented a 6' 6" frame trying to squeeze into size S shirt.

The chairman's shirt had been inadvertently left in the boot of the coach which caused some sulks and offered the suggestion of a fit-up in progress.

Eventually, the coach stopped and provided a welcome break and the first opportunity to order 'dieciséis cervezas'. Shortly was formally presented with a suitable garment of gnomelike proportions and then his 'Chairmans' jersey in appropriately different colours.

The Hotel Murillo proved difficult to find in the narrow Sevilla streets (something that would happen on a regular basis...) but once checked in the group assembled in preparation to seek out Kellett's Bar. Green and Khan were late and had changed out of formal dress.

A few beers (or a white wine for the Welsh wimp) and a chance to sit in the sunshine by the Cathedral brought on relaxation mode.

Dinner at the restaurant close to the hotel was followed by the search for different forms of entertainment. The majority followed the 'Walter' and enjoyed a few more beers in a bar where it was seemingly cheaper to drink indoors than out. Lee and Mike (soon to be ex Vice Chairman) Garner apparently bought a night club.

Day 2 and following leisurely breakfast and the first session of fines, the group assembled and awaited Green and Khan who were once again late. The open-top bus tour was only memorable for being slightly warmer than the corresponding event in Lisbon.

During the tour of the Bull Ring, NK received a text message concerning the whereabouts of Ossama Bin Laden who had claimed that Manchester City were shit on Saturday. However experts had been unable to confirm whether this was recent since it could have applied to any date in the past 32 years....

The lunch in the micro-brewery with the pour yourself beer (which we clearly didn't have the knack) and the variety of tapas proved most enjoyable. The occupants of table 15 roared with laughter with the discussion on the various medical ailments suffered in particular by Yosser and the resultant painful remedies. (sorry – you had to be there to enjoy this.....). The scorecard showing the amount of beer consumed, clearly had table 15 as the winners and the camera never lies... (sorry Kevin...).

The gentle stroll back along the banks of the river proved a little over stimulating for some and also provided the first sighting of the Lumb legs with associated black socks and sandals confirming his sartorial taste.

Dinner was notable for the amount of wine and brandies consumed and the absence of Absolutely Peter had met some ladies from Lubbock in Texas, the home of Buddy Holly and his *Heartbeat* faster when a third girl joined them. Its not *Everyday* you meet someone called *Peggy Sue* but *Oh Boy – Love is Strange*. Peter invited them to *Rave On* – but on realising he was older than the mother (?) – the response was *That'll be the Day!!y*. *Think It Over* – Peter cried but later realised it was a *Fools Paradise*.... Time for more beer.....

Day 3 started with a trip around the Alkazhar for some and a morning coffee for the others before lunch and then getting the bus to the football ground. Tickets and souvenirs purchased left ample time to partake of a few beers with the local fans before the long search for our entrance turnstile. The game between Real Bettis and Real Zaragoza was very average and only spiced up with a sending off and a couple of goals..... (for those who go to Eastlands – you may not have seen these before.....).

Dinner was held at a Pizzeria and Chairman Shortly decided that only a main course was to be chosen from the menu. This led to anarchy amongst the ranks – especially for those who had developed an appetite by walking from the football ground and saving on the bus fare. A hastily convened EGM was arranged and with various suspension of standing orders, propositions, substantive motions etc etc – the Vice Chairman was somehow sacked.

The final hours were spent shopping before meeting the bus for the trip back to Malaga. On arrival at the airport – the flight was already significantly delayed and as the airport terminal emptied there was a distinct lack of information. Finally the flight left around 1.00am meaning a very late landing in Manchester and the associated difficulty in getting taxis home.

All in all, another excellent weekend with good food, good wine, good weather and above all good company. Once again – grateful thanks go to NK for all the effort in making all the arrangements – an enormous task – but once again done to perfection.