

# WINDMILL WIND UP 2010 - RED LEICESTER BANTER REPORT

It has fallen to me to compile the banter report for the Red's epic weekend at Windmill Windup in June 2010. Given the sheer volume of hilarity that went on that weekend I imagine this will be a long and involved report, so I'll do my best to make each individual item as accessible as possible. I should also add at this point I'm writing this from very (very) brief notes we jotted down in a bar in Amsterdam between fits of hysterics, so bear with me if I embellish slightly.

For the sake of sanity I'm going to compile things chronologically, so that means starting with the journey:

## Getting There...

Many of us had quite uneventful journeys, so I'll get the boring ones out of the way quickly:

- Andy and Duane flew in early Thursday morning, and despite having taken no details of where the tournament was being held managed to reach it just as the venue opened (thanks to some hasty texts from me while I waited for my flight).
- I nabbed a lift from a colleague to the airport, caught my flight with ease, then got the right bus straight to the venue. Only point of note was that there was a man on my flight wearing a mankini and a dinner jacket. Classy.
- Neil and Adam both flew in around the same time, shared a (very expensive) taxi and reached the venue at around half ten.
- Kelly and Jake flew in Friday, and were EVENTUALLY picked up by Callum and Adam who managed to turn a 19km trip to the airport into a 42km trip to the airport.

Which leaves us with Callum, Jody and Jamie. They all drove in Callum's car. It took them over 13 hours. This is roughly how it went:

9.00am Callum picks up Jody.

9.25am Callum and Jody pick up Jamie

2.00pm They make the ferry. Just.

3.00pm (local time) They get off the ferry and head north.

3.08pm They realise their sat nav doesn't do mainland Europe and they don't have directions

3.59pm The swearing stops.

4.40pm They reach some random town in Belgium, then do laps of it for an hour (with more swearing)

6.10pm They drive through a wormhole.

5.54pm They reach the Netherlands.

7.10pm Still lost in the Netherlands.

8.15pm They overtake Lookfly.

8.15 and 30 seconds pm They realise they just overtook Lookfly

8.20pm They slow down, lean out of the windows and heckle Lookfly repeated.

9.12pm They stop at a Mcdonalds with the Lookfly team.

9.21pm They get the new kit, load up with takeaway and set off in convoy.

9.42pm Jamie loses his burger somewhere in the mass of crap on the back seat. That's right, he puts it down and it hides from him. He cries a little and declares this the 'worst thing EVER'

10.15pm They arrive at the venue. We point and laugh at their suffering.

10.19pm Jamie tells us about his burger, we all fall over laughing.

### The rest of Thursday night...

Given Neil's late arrival Ojari picked up the captain's pack. It turned out we'd paid for 11.67 people, and they wouldn't accept our argument that Jake and Jamie were 'only little'. Once this was resolved He was given the option of the 'tournament surprise'. Given he was in Amsterdam he sought clarification, and it transpired they were offering three large dutch joints with every captains pack. These were procured with some enthusiasm, though sadly two would meet a rather sticky end later in the weekend.

Jaff, Ojari and Duane had been playing poker for drinks until the main crowd turned up, but once they did we laid hard into the bar after we exchanged our 'funny money' (Duane) for windmill tokens. We also met one of our pick ups (Ray) and shared a couple of tasty beverages with him. Very quickly due the travelling and lack of sleep we became rascally drunk, and Adam whipped out his pong table.

From there we saw a series of epic battles, including a game between jody/jaff and adam/callum which went down to one on one (maybe). Highlight of this night however was during a game between Adam/Callum and Steve G/Ginger flyght bloke; after a miss by team flyght jaff picked up the ball and tossed it to Adam for use, whose face it rebounded off of straight into a cup. Naturally we all made him chug it.

There was also a pretty badass American kid at the table at one point who schooled everyone and then still felt fine the next day. Git.

At some point we indulged in some mighty quiche (the first of many over the weekend) and discovered a chap we named 'Epic Tom'. He was a volunteer and was sporting purple trousers, a blue shirt and yellow apron, all topped off with a man sized ginger beard/head mop combo and thick rimmed glasses. He was epic. Some time later he signed Jody. Epically. You get the picture. In fact, here's the picture:



Hi, my name is  
Epic Tom.

### **Friday daytime...**

We played some games and won one of them. See captains report for more details on those. We also saw Raynor and Adriano. At some point during this day after this we were discussing Saturday night quiz shows, and Jody exclaimed 'Hi, I'm Margaret from Blackpool' in what can only be described as the voice of duck from Somerset. Needless to say, we all pissed ourselves.

Callum, myself, Adam and Jamie went on a cash/beer run. After getting some directions (twice) and driving round a large part of what looked like the Lebanon we reached a supermarket and cash point. We stocked up on beer tokens and then hit the shop for food/beer. We grabbed some ace cakes, two cases of beer and two mini-kegs while Callum spent half an hour looking for humus. On leaving Jamie noticed some giant (10 foot plus) plant pots with trees in overhung by a huge chandelier. His response to this display was:

"Ha, this place is so wacky."

I nearly died.

We carried on going and Adam felt compelled to remind us about the cheese counter, which had a variety of wheels of edam and other tasty cheeses. The exchange went as follows:

Adam "Did you see that cheese counter? It was like a, err..."

Callum "Kwikfit"

Adam "Yeah man, it was a fucking kwikfit for cheese!"

I did die. I laughed for around 15 minutes solid and strained a number of intercostals. For the rest of the weekend whenever anyone mentioned the word 'kwikfit' I nearly wet myself. Not a proud moment but bloody hilarious.

### **Friday night...**

This was the night of the quiz. After a metric fucktonne of pizza we split up, having lost both our pick ups to an international team we were left with two mighty (well, one mighty and one chumpy) quiz teams. Unfortunately due to numbers 'Dr.Humpages good time cure all' was removed from the event. This left:

'Quiz on my face' – Featuring the supreme knowing stuff skills of Dr.Humpage, Jaff, Ojari and the mad bomber himself, Duane. They all had quiz on their face.

'Margaret from blackpool and friends' – consisting of Jody, Kelly, Jamie, Jake and Callum. They had trouble with thinking.

After picture rounds, movie quotes (in which I recognised Mean Girls) and some surprisingly cryptic puzzles we reached the halfway stage. Quiz on my face were fourth going into the last few rounds. Margaret+ we languishing near the bottom and had resorted to drinking away their dismay.

The real highlight of the second section was the following exchange:

Quizmaster zero "Who was the first black president of south Africa?"

Jody "Ohh, Martin Luthor King..."

Then we started playing ring of fire, having gained a few of the Irish boys from earlier in the day. This included an encyclopaedia of terms for penis and ended with the largest anti-climax since the last time Ojari got laid when we realised we'd made it to the last card...and it wasn't a king. The 'new' pack of cards we'd been using only had three kings in it. A shitstorm ensued as people tried to shotgun their way out of chugging the tankard of wankered.

We then engaged the Irish in a metre beer race. Everyone had two drinks to do except myself and Jim from Limerick, who had three. With Steve G adjudicating we set off to a flying start, taking a significant early lead. It all fell apart in the middle section \*cough\*Neil\*cough\*. I tried to recover by basically dousing my face in the last one but to no avail, the Irish pipped us to the post by maybe a second or less.

More banter, self illustration and shit chatting ensued until the early hours...

### **Saturday daytime...**

Saturday saw many of us a little worse for wear, something which was played out in our game performance (again, see captains report). Other than pickey getting pretty angry and Ojari screaming 'Cock Monkey' at the top of his voice during a game, there were three major bits of daytime banter on this day:

#### **Playing stories with Aye Aye**

Having been drubbed by the east anglian blighters we resolved to kick their arses in the call. We failed but had a damn good time doing it.

We selected 'stories' for our call, something we've developed quite a flair for over the years thanks to our love of hedonistic excess and my love of embellishing tales (see this report for details).

They opened with a tale about farting. We had to guess which of their players carefully gathered up a fart bubble from his bath and popped in front of his face to see whether farts truly did smell worse around water. We got it wrong but laughed a lot at the reaction of the guy we selected.

We countered with something we only learnt that morning, which was that our very own Duane was christened 'Duane XXX Ronald Macdonald' and had that name until he was seven. Excuse me for a moment.

Bwahahahahahahaha

I'm fine now.

Their next story involved a guy being duped into drinking piss on a night out. We got it wrong again but he still looked so pissed off about it I think just getting him reminded of the incident made it worth it.

We countered with the tale of Jody's magnificent fail at the quiz from the night before. They actually got it right. She tried to redeem herself by 'explaining', but we weren't having any of it.

That left them needing a big finish, which they delivered beautifully. Their story involved the whole team breaking up an absent player's phone, and culminated with one of them being paid to eat their SIM card. We

had to guess both the owner and the eater. Another big fail on our part, mainly because we were laughing too hard.

I finished with the 'pissing on a car in Wales story'. A number of our players commented on the fact I've gotten my patter and actions down perfectly for this one. I like to think it's one of my better stories. They failed to spot either pinky or the brain, leaving us with a dignified 1-0 defeat.

### **The bustification of Sam**

During another game against some Frenchmen, one of our all star pick ups (Sam) was involved in a collision with a couple of other players and the floor. At the time it looked like a relatively minor tumble, we hauled him off the pitch and in true dutch style the TD's sent a young women on a bicycle to collect him.

After completing the game we went in search of him and found him in the physio tent with a big smile on his face. This seemed odd given the apparent severity of his injury, until we realised he was being attended by a smoking hot physio who seemed to have taken quite a liking to him.

Just for fun we shaved his knee, then she bound it up and he was sent off with another injured player (shoulder dislocation I think) to the hospital.

### **The Mini keg saga**

As part of our enthusiastic beer acquisition between games we purchased two 4ltr mini-kegs of Amstel alongside a load of bottles. We figured they'd lead to more shenanigans than bottles, and they certainly did.

After sending Sam off for medical treatment we kicked back in a giant tee-pee with a tonne of snacks and beer to get psyched up for our next game. It transpired that the kegs were part of a larger pump system, without which you couldn't access the sweet nectar within.

Rather than return them, we decided that with the combined intellect of the team, including a range of degrees, doctorates and extensive life experience we should be able to get the damn stuff out. We started with a simple 'push bits of it' approach for the first ten minutes or so, which yielded limited results but did give everyone a detailed understanding the compressive strength of their fingers, which would prove useful should we need to help any young Dutchmen with dams.

Stage two involved a slightly more aggressive approach, namely ripping bits off the mechanism which attached to the pump. I started it off and pretty soon we'd stripped off everything which could be removed from the keg. We soon realised that there was no means of withdrawing the drink from it without at least reattached the tube we were pushing on earlier. So we did. Then we pushed it again. Still no beer.

By this point we've probably spent 25 minutes fighting with this keg, flipping it around, poking and prodding it. All to the tune of Callum saying useful things like 'Why don't we hit it with a hammer' and the classic 'If I drive my car over it maybe beer will come out.' Having all but given up, Ojari presses the tube on the top of the keg one more time. Nothing happened.

We declared defeat, abandoned the keg and returned to our sandwiches. At this point Ray, who up until this point had been watching our efforts with a look of amused disdain, reached over and pulled the stopper off

the tube. Callum leaped across the tent, pushed down on the tube... and sprayed me from head to foot in massively foamed up beer.

There was much rejoicing by everyone except me.

### **Saturday Night**

After finishing our last game against the Irish (which they tried to agree to skip but we negotiated down to a game to nine + a round of champ mac line) we showered and leapt on the damn tasty tournament dinner, which was lasagne with tiramisu for dessert. Good times. We left the guys having a couple of drinks with a CRAZY Russian lady in our tent (boy, she sure was crazy) and hit the shop for more beer.

During the journey back Kelly came out with this blinder:

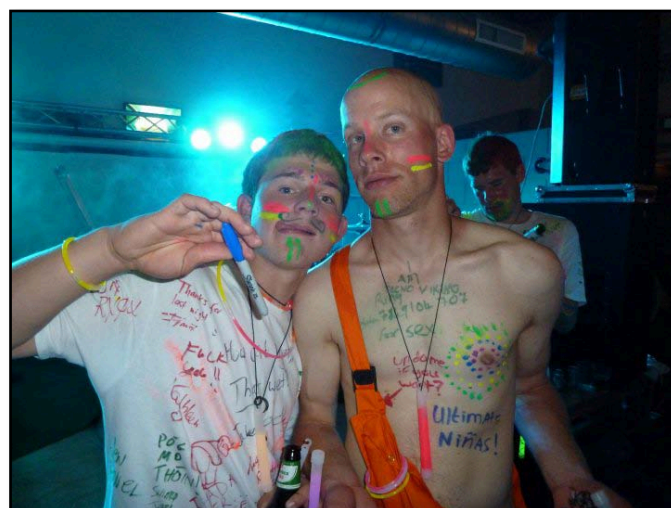
“Argh, holy shirt this ice cream is cold”

Yes Kelly. Frozen things are cold.

On our return we raved up for the night’s festivities. Here is a simple breakdown of our costumes:

- One white t-shirt, for illustration
- Five 6” glow sticks for waving around
- Ten Glow bracelets for wrapping around ourselves
- Plenty of UV body Paint
- Plenty of UV hair spray
- An unquantifiable amount of sharpie.

I accentuated mine by rocking out a pair of superman pyjama bottoms, which everyone agreed looked stunning. Ray forsook the t-shirt as he was wearing orange dungarees, and we agreed that with the t-shirt he’d just look like a weird dutch version of Mario. Having sacrificed his shirt we gave him an awesome nipple instead with the body paint. Over the course of the night we continued to write on him as though he was wearing a shirt though:



We decided each shirt should feature a banterous quote from that person, accompanied by as much filth as we felt like adding. Before we left we'd already got the following written on us:

Go go gadget dick  
moustaches

Vagina beard

What if babies had

Caution: flammable jizz

Vagina sideburns

I wont stick my foot in anyones shitter

Im shitting out my cancer

My cock cures aids

Hi, you seem to have a terminal case of sexy, and the only cure is my dick.

Im going to rape someone s good day

I feel like a panda shit rainbows in my mind

Five in the poo. Five in the goo

During this process we also established that Jake's grasp of English is equalled only by his attention span. Firstly, he was asked to write 'Team Cunt' on Callum's back. Around ten minutes later I noticed that he'd

gotten as far as writing 'TEAM' on there and then wandered off and forgotten what he was doing. For the rest of the night Callum was known as Team. Or more precisely "Teeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaammmmm" said in a sad and slightly melancholic voice.

We then asked Jake to write "Holy shit, this ice cream is cold" on Kelly in recognition of her idiocy earlier. On completion she surveyed his handiwork to find he'd written "Holly Shit, this ice cream is cold". Which at least was a complete statement. For the rest of the weekend whenever something remotely surprising happened the whole team erupted in cries of "HOLLY SHIT!!". I weep for the English educational system.

It's worth mentioning at this point someone (probably Jake) had written this on Jamie:

I FUCKED

YOUR MUM

HARD

The combination of the childlike script and Jamie's boyish good looks made us decide to stick with a theme with Jamie's shirt. Here are some of the things we wrote:

**I'm not your friend anymore**

**Ner Ner Ne Ner Ner**

**I like colouring**

**I can't wait for my balls to drop (into your mouth)**

**Do you want to play in my sand pit**

**I can count all the way up to three(some)**

For the big finish he came over to me and made the following request:

"Jaff, I want you put a number one and my name on my back. But I want the number one to be a penis. And my name to be written in jizz"

I obviously immediately set to work and created what could rightly be called a masterpiece. I don't have a picture to hand, but hopefully someone reading this does and can send me a copy. It was magnificent.

We then hit the party, quaffing away a stash of beers which regularly needed replenishing, and getting the entire room to illustrate us however they saw fit. After enduring an acceptable indie pop group we set into some serious tunes. As the night progressed we picked up some classic bits of illustration, including "I want you and so does my boyfriend" and of course a few "USA-1, England – 1". At one point when someone was writing on me they stopped, pointed over my shoulder and said those magic words everyone wants to hear at a party:

"Er...your team seems to be on the stage"

Later in the night Ojari managed to make two people vomit at once, namely me and Jake. To put it in context, we realised that the beer stash was low, so we both ran down to the tent. On the way we ran into Ojari, who had the same idea and was returned with handfuls of beer. He ordered us both to finish the ones we were carrying to help him carry his. We both necked the bottles we were carrying, which were full of warm foam as we'd shaken them up so much on the run to the tent. Needless to say our noses, throats and faces filled with beer foam and we both coughed and spluttered our way to an immediate (thought thankfully light) chunder as we ejected the foam from our systems. Ojari marvelled at his destructive prowess, high fived us both, gave us beer and then headed back to the party.

Meanwhile the guys were inside punishing Oscar in every way possible, which is always fun.

Eventually Callum reached that point where he remembered why he was team cunt, and started writing offensive filth of people whenever possible. I then followed him around, salvaging what I could. Here are my two favourite saves:

**I DON'T LIKE JEWSTIN TIMBERLAKE**

**I FUCKED MADDY (MADDY IS MY PET NAME FOR YOUR GRANDMA)**



By this point Duane had transcended this astral plain and was cavorting around in what may have been dancing but looked like the worst kind of fit. He earned the name 'rainbow child' for his efforts, which was soon shortened to 'rain man'.

The night was coming to a close and I nipped back to the tent for the last of the beer, only to return to a sea of shirtless, sweating bodies. It appears the Irish (who had been getting progressively more naked as the night went on) had instigated a mass de-robing of everyone in the room. Neil and myself were both forcefully stripped of our shirts before the final boogy. There was much sweating, skanking and sharpie tattooing before we eventually crashed quite emphatically into a booze infused state of unconsciousness back in the tent (with Duane managing to sleep on a bunch of bananas, some brie, Ojari, the last of the crisps and quite a lot of body paint).

### Sunday

We awoke to hear that Jamie had pissed on his shoes. Something which everyone was appalled by, especially Jamie who had no memory of doing such a 'horrible thing'. It turned out he hadn't, but we genuinely couldn't work out who made it up so it may well just be that we all shared a hallucination brought on by too much Heineken.

One thing that was definitely not a hallucination was Jody's 'pink leggings'. She had burnt her legs so emphatically the previous day she appeared to be wearing fuchsia tights. Cancerously entertaining.

We then played a game against some chuckleheads in Hawaiian shirts. No banter, just more angry Pickey. After the game we raced over the play fantasy ultimate on the women's game Jody and Kelly were playing. This led to the creation of a simple fantasy ultimate maxim: Hand, disc, minus one.

We also created a new game built entirely around the fact that their coach (a chiselled Italian demi-god from Flying Angels) touched himself approximately every 30 seconds. The game was very simple: every time he touched himself we all said the word 'Dong' for the duration of his manipulations. There were short donges and some very long donges. Once the women from ISO who they were playing realised what we were doing it actually started to distract them during play, and we were pretty sure he'd worked out what we were doing so we eventually (reluctantly) stopped. To counter this every time our team of choice (CUSB Dumpz) scored we bellowed 'Huzzah'. Which is a very Italian thing to cheer.

After calling us 'Hooligans' (new travelling team name for Red?) the coach insisted on us having pictures taken together, declaring a strong bond between our teams. He then invited us to their tournament, but not before trying to sell us some of the girls on his team. It was a confusing conversation.

We wandered over to the show pitch, purloined a sofa and got comfortable in preparation for the final. While narrating the hucking contest final (winner was probably 20 yards out the back) the commentator came out with this:



“So, England. What a bunch of chumps.”

Which entertained us mightily.

Eventually the final was over, we went through the presentations, which involved Neil getting a good spanking with our (well, technically the Irish's) wooden spoon. Naturally we Huzzah'd the Dumpz, who seemed confused by the whole thing. We did a quick circle of awesome, picked an MVP (Dr. Humpage?) and then spent what felt like a month clearing out the filth from the tent and packing it up.

We gradually lost planes to planes, trains and automobiles, while we just stood around playing hack and chatting shit. During the hack game Ojari accidentally speed groped a random young women who walked past, and I got knocked in the gentleman's region. My reaction to my injury was to fold double and declare 'dong' in a proud and happy voice. It transpired at that exact moment the CUSB coach was walking past and was less that a metre behind me. He definitely wasn't impressed.

“It's cold,  
it's good,  
get some,  
quiche”

Was the cry we heard from the TD tent. We entered to find they were giving away the remains of the food. That meant quiche, mars bars, juice and plenty of other tasty treats. We demolished some cold quiche while we hacked and chucked around. Eventually we set off for town, with three of us getting the bus and Callum and Duane driving straight there with all our stuff. I'll repeat that, and you'll understand the fear that hit us as the bus pulled away.

“...Callum and Duane driving straight there with all our stuff”.

As it transpired, they arrived there at almost exactly the same time we did, despite the fact we had a 25 min bus journey and a 45 minute walk. Turns out they had managed to get cautioned by the police fro driving in a tramway and had run at least four red lights finding the place though, so our fears weren't totally unfounded.

### **Sunday Night**

After dumping our stuff (literally in a couple of cases) at the hostel we set off out in search of food. Unfortunately two things conspired against us:

- 1) We were staying very close to the concert hall, in a particularly up market part of the city. Therefore all the restaurants were rather more expensive than the usual 'fiver for a pizza' tournament fare.
- 2) It was 10pm on a Sunday night, and most of the surrounding eateries had already closed their kitchens.

We walked for miles searching for food, regularly falling over (Callum, Duane and Jaff were ALL taken out by uneven paving slabs over the course of the journey) and we realised Ojari had lost the power of speech when he warned Neil he was walking in a scooter lane with the words:

“You, wheels, floor, DEATH!”

After we stopped laughing at Duane’s “what the FUCK, is Holland-days sauce” comment we realised we’d found a bar that still had an open kitchen willing to provide tired Englishmen with as much delicious tapas as they desired. Once we agreed that Callum genuinely didn’t know how to eat soup, we left that alone and just ordered two or three of everything else.

After reviewing the weekends banter for the construction of this very report, we started playing a game Neil suggested where we take different letters of the alphabet and use them to describe our penis. This caused much hilarity, especially from Jamie who seemed to have a most entertaining (and disturbing) piece of equipment. His penis was:

Educational	Flacid, always	
Vile	Wanked into oblivion	Pumping up the volume
Upside down	Rapey	
Nine years old	Ten years old (it had a birthday during the game)	
Jurassic Park		Ribbed for your pleasure
	Twinned with the moon	

That game ended when Duane couldn’t think of a single thing starting with ‘v’, and Jamie leaned over and said (in a chillingly condescending voice) “How. about .very .big”. That ended that.

Having laughed ourselves stupid playing this game, we then decided to stick with the genital theme and played the dong game. The premise was simple: take a movie title, swap one or more of the words for dong, fall over laughing. We realised shortly after starting that the owners must have thought we were completely stoned, as we were just sat saying things like “the Dong supremacy” and then falling about laughing. I actually inhaled a large piece of meat when Jamie said “honey, I donged the kids”. I think that meat is still somewhere in my lung.

Eventually we realised we needed to make our way home before we all died laughing, so we set off, occasionally having to stop to fall about as someone said something hilarious. For example the following conversation occurred:

“Texas Chainsaw dong”  
-much laughing-  
“I’m going to have to make a dildo chainsaw now”  
“You could do that with a bicycle”  
“what!?!”  
-much more laughing-

We were making good progress until “Dongs of the Caribbean: Curse of the black dong” and “Dongs of the Caribbean: dead man’s dong”. Most of us had to stop for a sit down or lean against parked vehicles for a while after that one.

Eventually we made it back to the hostel, with the people on the bottom bunks keeping everyone else from getting to bed by making them laugh too much to climb the ladder with classics such as “a fistful of dong”, “dong club”, “James and the giant dong”. After many more laughs we were soon all in bed and asleep, barring a few giggles.

We awoke the following morning and went our separate ways. And that was the end of that.

Peace,

Jaff

June 2010