

Dahab, Egypt 18 - 25 November 2007

With 40 club members on the trip, this was the biggest Triton Scuba holiday we had run to date. As you can imagine it was a bit of a logistic challenge but it all went smoothly; as you might expect really. Well lets face it, there are a few clubs out there that try to copy what we do, whether its holiday destinations, charity events or social functions - but none of them really get it right. The main reason is obviously that we are the premier dive centre in the South but also because the club members who support us are quite simply fantastic and they always make it a great holiday, so a big thank you to them. Ok - enough of that, onto the trip report

We have been going to Dahab for many years now and we always have a good time and this year was no exception. On arrival by coach at the airport we discovered that the tickets had not been printed which caused a slight delay but nothing to worry about. Our first taste of Thomas cook incompetence!



On the flight we got our second taste (or not if you will excuse the pun) when some of us got food and others didn't! The last straw was the constant barrage of announcements - more than I have ever experienced before, offering this that and the other. At last we arrived and unusually the Sharm Job Creation Scheme (also known as the airport) was rather efficient.

We were met by Ed and Sarah from Poseidon and within 2 ½ hours (has to be a record) of the wheels hitting the runway most of the group were in Totas having a cold Sakara. The new boys to Dahab were into it straight away and realized that bad dancing and staying up all night was the order of the day. Infact Tim and Ian were so good at it that I thought about writing a PADI speciality courses for it in their honour!!! Diving on the first day was wonderful – calm water, hardly any wind and just a few minor hangovers. Infact, diving all through the week was a bit like that. The group made several forays to the south as well as Canyons, Bells and Blue Hole towards the end of the week. As usual there were several other incidents of note during the week that made it memorable. I contracted man flu again (getting to be a habit in Egypt), Donk managed to lose his camera at Eel Gardens; this was bad enough but Ruth rubbed salt into the wound when she asked if he had brought the download cable for it (as I had forgotton mine) – well come on Donk, you aren't going to need it again! Sue went for dive one of the digital photography course and switched on the camera to find it had a flat battery - good start! Ian and timee began a banter that was to run on and on and on but kept everyone amused with their antics.





The evenings took on a familiar feel as we generally ate somewhere then ended up in one of the Bedouin style pits at the back of Totas, generally drinking ourselves to a state where discretion and valour disappeared and we could take to the dance floor with confidence. An impromptu Vodka snorting contest resulted in some excellent video footage as well as the main conspirators buying local arab gear and terrorizing the local community. Timeee felt aggrieved that the top of the Vodka bottle had fallen into the pool; either because he is an environmentally concered individual, or more likely, because without it,

anything left over at the end of the session might be spilt. So he took his clothes off, jumped in and discovered that the water temperature had a sex changing quality all of its own. Michael Gear, clearly feeling sorry for donk, also managed to find himself camera-less by the end of the week, flooding the thing in spite of just having sucessfully completed the digital photography course – lesson 1: How to check you camera does not leak. By the way we have the new F50 on special offer at the moment in the centre!



The boat dives to El Sugarat and Gabr el Bint were excellent if a little bit adventurous. Someone had forgotten to tell the skipper that the engine must **remain** in neutral when picking up divers oh and that when they come to the surface it is much better if you are not 2 nautical miles away at the time! After a short debriefing from myself and several others in the group, the skipper has now registered these minor concerns! Apart from that as always there was some excellent diving. The Bells Blue hole dive on the Friday was marred by some disgraceful behaviour by Messrs Rose and Reedman (what, “again” I hear you say). On the second dive they decided to plummet to 41m, knowing that neither was truly capable mainly because Timeee dives with Italian gear that’s RUBBISH, and Rosey has the underwater buoyancy characteristics of a breeze block - RUBBISH.



Not only that, but they dragged poor old Noel down to the depths with them, knowing he was not qualified, **AND** they did a reverse profile – **and** when the dive guide quite rightly gave them a bollocking (well mainly to Timeee because she thought Rosey was a bit cute and I reckon she was trying to get into his Calvin Kleins) they both put the blame onto poor innocent Noel. Anyway the upshot was I filled in an incident report, cobbled together by myself, Anna (dive guide) and Ed (CD at Poseidon) and our recommendation was that they undertook retraining commencing with a snorkel test. The rest of the night saw more shananigans in the pool, a ban on underwear (unless you were wearing it on your head for some reason!) and a mutual tattooing session with bios! It was another great evening and a fitting way to round off the trip, with plenty of laughs. It is, as I alluded to at the beginning, a pleasure to be involved in what is without a doubt the best club in the South, and to be able to holiday with some of the nicest

people and have some brilliant fun. Thanks to everyone who went and to Ed and all at Poseidon for making it such a memorable trip. I cant wait until the next time – so for those who read the newsletter rather than scan it a date for your diaries 16 – 23 November 2008!