

## A Weekend in Rio...

Now That's definitely something to tell the Grandkids about!

After I arrived on Friday, it bucketed down. Saturday turned it on weather wise like you wouldn't believe. All the locals and others in the hostel definitely took advantage of it. After all, they say in Rio, take advantage of every second of sun because in the next hour or so, it could be raining. From all the weather reports I'd seen prior to getting here, that's what I was expecting.

I was only here to play Beach Volleyball with the Brazilians and when I look at the map, I sometimes think what a long way for A game of volleyball. I am sooo glad I came though. Even if it was just for the weekend...!

Saturday was spent trying to get a game and looking a Foot Volley and Racquetball. Once a game was secured for the Sunday, the work part of the day was done and it was time for relaxing.

Ipanema Beach was pure eye candy and I have never seen as many bare bum cheeks in all my life! I had to put my sunnies on to stop my eyeballs popping out and rolling around in the sand. It was an amazing day of pure perve.

But it wasn't all action just for the fellas. The girls could definitely cop an eyeful if they so desired from the special 'boys only' part of the beach. Just if you wanted to have some 'fun' with them behind the coconut stand, you'd have to make them jump back over the fence first...

Saturday night was a Samba School night. This was an amazing event. Each year in the 'Samba Dome' competing schools perform for a trophy. The 'Segurio' (?) is considered the best school and in the 80 or 90 years the competition has been running, they have been in the top 10 and only about 5 times below 5th. They hold these parties for practice and fund raising. This is a HUGE friendly gig. Held in a large hall with balconies all round and two stages either side, one of the stands is for the percussive flavella band, and one on the other side for the singers and a second band. The light stayed ON in the stadium hall which definitely reduced the scare factor at the end of the night when the Cinderella you thought you'd been dancing with all night turns out to be one of the Ugly Sisters.

The vibe was definitely GREAT and we partied with the locals till about 3-30am when our bus was taking us back to the hostel. All of us that went had our clothes literally wringing wet. We could have partied all night but were also kind of glad to be bailing when we did.

And I have to mention : There is NOTHING quite like the Glowing sweat on the heaving chest of a dark skinned woman. It just shines..

Sunday was Beach Volleyball. Although the people I'd organised with the day before decided to change their minds, another group let me play. I helped my side to lose their game I'm certain and my style of game was quite a bit different to theirs. Well, apart from no real warm up and not having played for 6 or 7 weeks I thought I did all right. But they let go double hits and major spinning balls, carries, foot faults. You name it. It was very difficult to get used to when you know your game is at a fairly high level compared to this. George, our coach back home, would have swallowed his whistle in dismay or spat it out in frustration and some of the stuff that was going on rule wise. And even though I knew squat of the language, I could hear the frustration at line calls or missed points. They also play a fairly relaxed, don't bother to move too far across the sand, kind of game here. I'm used to a bit of running while here if the ball is too far away, don't worry, be happy, and just let it go...

After that it was down to the hippy markets. Markets begin to merge into one another with each town you visit and they keep reminding me of the Sunday Market in Frankston on a Sunday morning. Except there's no jam donuts.

None in Argentina and now none in Brazil. What's the go!?!?

After that it was up to the statue of Christ overlooking the city while the clouds were rolling by. That looked pretty awesome and there were so many connotations that could be conjured for a faceless Christ in the mist. We drove past some favelas but they didn't really interest me. I'd seen enough poverty so far in my travels without making it a tourist stop.

We had some Swedish guys staying at the Hostel and they offered me this small tea bag of stuff that you place under your top lip. Don't lick it, just leave it there were the instructions. It was a tobacco tea bag with about 10 times more nicotine than standard cigarettes. Speaking of which, the cigarette packs here have some wicked images for anti-smoking. Well, after about 2 minutes it was burning my lip. "Yeah, that's normal:", they said... After about 5 minutes my head was spinning in a big way and I didn't want to stand up just in case I fell over. It was at that time I took it out. The young fella says you should leave it there for about 20 minutes. Yeah Right!!! I'd be a true space cadet if I left it there for THAT long! He uses about 2 he says to get the kick. Man! That much would kick like a mule !

Night time was bumming around and checking out the beach again - so different at night. Hardly anyone goes there and it is SO wide. Then a quick coolie at the Garotta (?) Bar where the song 'The girl from Ipanema' was supposedly written. We even thought we saw her running along on the beach on Saturday. A woman skipping and dancing her way down the beach in a white bikini with barb wire tattoos on her thighs. She seemed happy enough.

Monday is bail for Santiago.

So there's my weekend in Rio. It was Sunny. It was jam packed. And it's time for the next stop...

All in all it was good fun and something a can brag about like a High Rolling Jet setter – Yeah, I went to Rio for a weekend...