

## **MY FIRST TRIP TO WADFEST!!!**

**As it was my first time at the Wadfest, I didn't know what to expect, and I had a certain feeling that my Uncle Andrew and his girlfriend, Louise, didn't either. (Which is something new!)**

**I was really excited and I had been looking forward to the event ever since we had got the tickets in August. It was my Uncle Andy and Louise I had to thank for getting me into the Terry Pratchett books and getting me the ticket to come to Wadfest.**

**When we arrived I was already tired from packing the car and lifting lots of heavy stuff, mainly electrical, which, when we arrived, we couldn't use, as there was no electricity! But as I thought I was going to get a break from the lifting, I was informed I was wrong, as we had to put the tent up. (correction, heavy tent, which I thought we weren't going to get into!)**

**After assembling the tent, (which we did get into!), I was introduced to Waddy, who was scary (just joking!)**

**Afterwards, I had the pleasure of being told I was going to become chauffeur to Mr Pratchett, the world famous, millionaire, OBE author and lover of HP brown sauce! (complicated, read below!) We directed Terry to his hotel and drove him back to the camp site. (ace!)**

**After tea, we ended up becoming involved in a discussion about brown sauce, and HP and daddies. I had no idea why, so my Uncle Andy got them to explain it to me, not understanding any of it, I made my own decision that they were just mad! (Please don't kill me, I want to live!)**

**Then we had a walk down the river, not in it of course, though I was tempted to shove my Uncle Andy in, but resisted!**

**On the way I was introduced to Kev, aka Cohen the Barbarian, who, even without his costume, looked just like his character which I had seen earlier in a book.**

**We then went to the pub, where I met another Andy.**

**My Uncle Andy then had to navigate for Terry and Waddy, so he could get back to his hotel. Louise and I walked back to the camp and as we went talked about the character of Death, which at 10:15pm at night, when it's pitch black and walking down a country road, wasn't very comforting. When my Uncle got back he was bored, (because he wanted to go back to the pub, and we wouldn't let him go), so I said we could play battleships, but I'd win because he can't swim! (he he!)**

**Saturday 3rd**

Even though I didn't get to bed until midnight I was up at 7.30am, without a wake up call, which is normally unheard of for me.

During the morning my Uncle Andy had to play navigator for Waddy and Terry again and he also got some archery lessons, which he wasn't very good at. (Well this is Andy we're talking about, after all!)

I gave some of my own stories to Terry and asked if he could read them, which he said he would. As I was eating my lunch, I watched the live game of Thud, which I'd only ever played once, and still had no idea what to do.

I then met a sculptor called Bernard, who is well known to Discworld people as 'The Cunning Artificer' for making buildings from the Discworld books, but who is now becoming as well known for his stamps and Little Brown Envelopes, and is extremely good at his job.

I got my Going Postal book signed by Terry, and also met and had my picture took with Cassanunder. (the short guy, with the wooden steps, who seemed to kiss every woman who walked within 3 metres of him. Weird I know)

I then saw Cohen the Barbarian in costume, and I thought he looked even more like his character than the night before, it was really freaky to be honest.

After, I had my picture taken with a number of characters, including the Butcher, Sherlock Holmes (Count Vaddy), Susan (aka Death's adopted granddaughter) and a Nac Mac Feegle, with blue skin, orange hair and beard, dagger and attitude, and I now know not to mess with a Nac Mac Feegle. (Even if they are tiny)

We watched the raffle and ended up getting the first prize, even though Louise only had 3 tickets!

We also watched the auction, where my Uncle's picture of Terry on a motorbike got sold for £30. Some of the auction lots were bought for quite a lot of money, some over a hundred pounds and we raised around £4,400!

We then arranged tea for Terry, Bernard and Doctor Lawn (Pox Doc) at an Indian place in Retford, and I was glad to find out they didn't get lost. My Uncle Andy was also given the nickname SatNav and it's what he will be know as for ever more.

After, we went to the Ferryboat Inn for our tea, which was delicious, also my Uncle Andy and Louise knew one of the ladies who worked there, because she used to own a pub in Retford.

We went back to the campsite for a bonfire, which wasn't there...because of the corn. (It would take too long!). I heard that the man who did the bonfire last time, kept it going until 9am the next morning, which I thought a bit freaky! (and pointless now I come to think of it)

We then went back to the pub for a drink, but I had a nasty surprise on the way back to camp. We were walking along the road, when my Uncle turned around and shouted "AAAAH! A THING!" I screamed then he burst out laughing, the div! I know two things, 1, My uncle's mad! and 2, He is so mean! (By now you're probably all sat at your computer screens, laughing your heads off!)

When we finally got back to the tent, after having a go at my Uncle, we went to bed at 12.15pm, and I was still fuming about that div!

**Sunday 4th**

I woke up at 8.00am, feeling very tired and upset, because I would have to go back home (to "normality"), that afternoon.

After having breakfast, we started to pack up, and I also went to buy one of the Wadfest shields as a souvenir. (Just to show off to all my friends!)

As we were putting the tent away, Terry came over to talk to me about my stories, which he had read that morning at 6.30am (apparently his neighbours in the hotel were being noisy! That's what you get when you stay in Retford!). He gave me some helpful hints and tips on how to make my stories better and on improvement. I also had my picture taken with him afterwards. (Also to show off to my friends! Which failed because nobody knew him. (Well, my teacher did, but she doesn't count)).

After, I watched Uncle Andy and Louise doing archery, and they turned it into a competition, with my Uncle Andy winning 3-1! (unfortunately) I was trusted with the camera, which meant I could take some pictures of them, while they were making fools of themselves! I took some pictures of the live Thud, Bernard, Terry and Cohen the Barbarian.

We had lunch and afterwards watched the Luggage Wars, which were ace, and extremely funny, what with head on collisions (directed by Hodgesaargh), running over poles, (directed by..er..some person without a sense of direction!), and destroying the luggages altogether!

We then put the tent down and packed up, finishing off with an ice cream, which was very welcome because we were hot and sweaty by now. We left the camp site at around 4.10pm, but not before saying goodbye to Waddy and a number of other people, which meant an end to my first, and hopefully not my last, trip to Wadfest!

I predicted my family and teachers reactions would be:

**Teacher : This is very good, 1question, who are these people?!**

**Dad : Who's Terry Pratchett? ( and grins to himself)**

**Nan : Were you alright? Did you like it? Were the toilets clean? Did you have a shower? Have you swept the tent out? Have you behaved yourself?**

**Grandad : (10 minutes after nan) Were you alright? Did you like it? Where did you go again? What? Who? Eh?**

**Mum : Have you behaved yourself? Was it clean? Was it tidy? Blah, Blah! Drone, Drone! (snooze off, wake up 10 minutes later!) Blah, Blah, Did you meet him then?**

**And with a family like this, thankgod I could get away to reality for a weekend!**

**By Laura Williams, with assistance of Alcohol Andy and Loopy Lou.**

**P.S. I can't tell you what the responses were, because I wasn't paying any attention. I was excited in telling everyone what we'd done.**