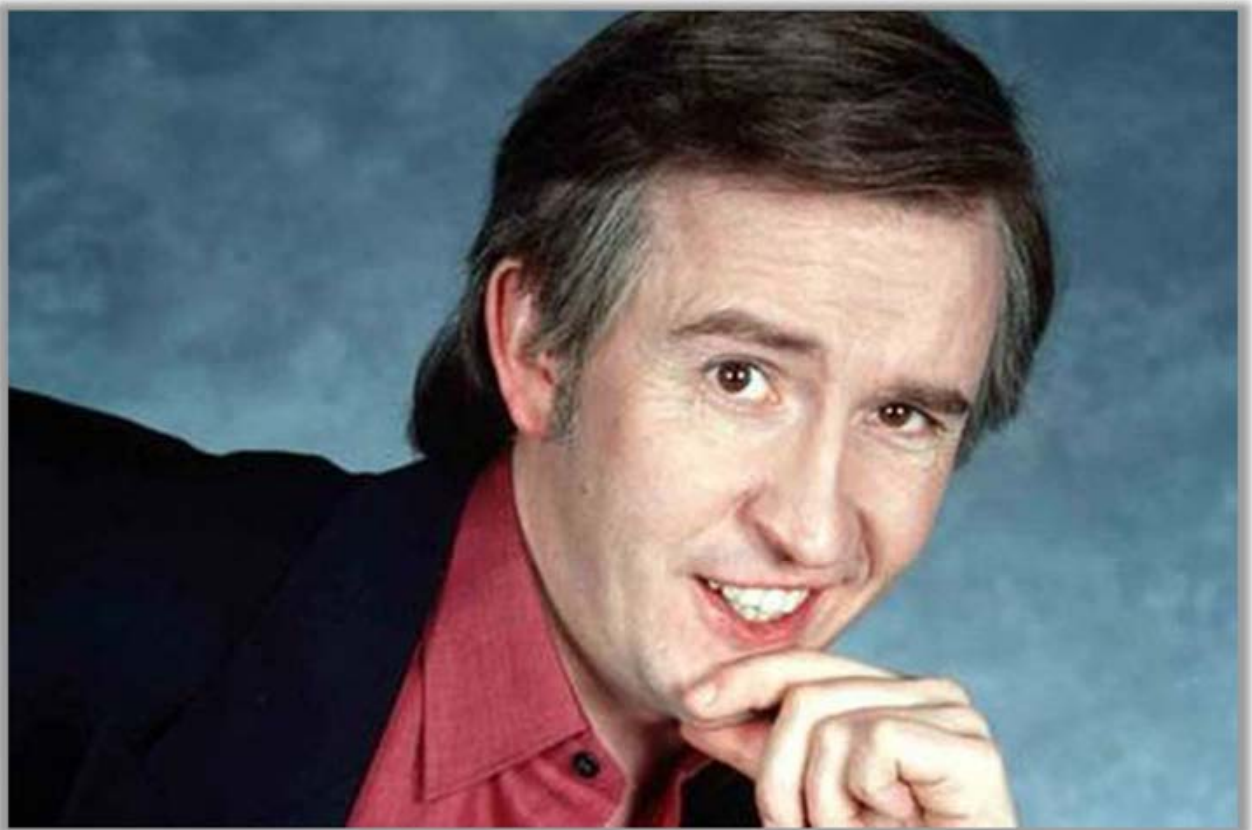




Ross and Rob's Partrimilgrimage Norwich 15-17 July 2017



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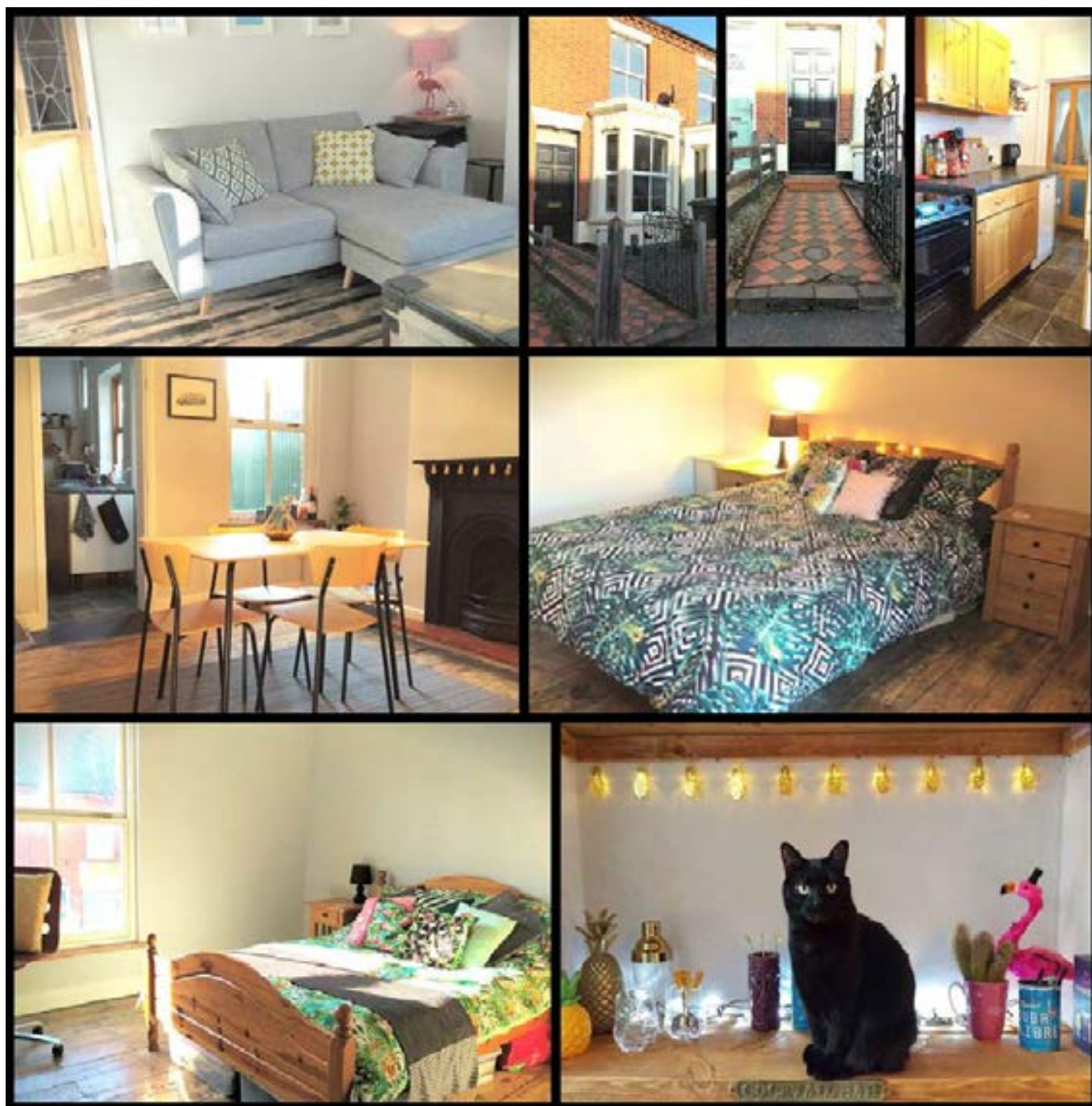
Introduction

On Saturday 15th July 2017, Ross Carpenter and Robert Litten, two friends brought together by a love of all things 'Partridge' (well not strictly true – it was initially through Ross forcing himself into Rob's musical-circle), embarked on a journey so forward-thinking and 'out there', Shakin' Stevens will one day refer to it as "lovely stuff". A person who hits rock bottom may well use excerpts from this journey in a book they'll inevitably entitle 'Bouncing Back', because they will... Have bounced back.

It started at around 9am on the Saturday morning. Ross travelled from his address in Hedge End to that of Rob's. From there, the journey to their accommodation – an Air BnB booking in Norwich – commenced.

Destination:

127 Beaconsfield Road, Norwich, England NR3 4PW – pictures as below:



The man in the bottom right image is not actually a man, but a cat. The kind that my P.A. couldn't present. We had to feed it, and pet it, as some kind of contractual obligation before being able to stay here.



Ah, the bathroom. Do you what this says to me? 'Aqua'. Which is French for water. It's like being inside an enormous Fox's Glacier Mint, which again, to me, is a bonus.

Our hosts, a couple by the name of Lara and (possibly) Danielle, say:

"Hi! I'm Lara and I live in beautiful Norwich, UK. I love this city! I'm a town planner and play roller derby every spare second that I get."



"Come and live in our quirky and beautiful Norwich home located close to the city centre. Our cat, Pumpkin, is excited to meet you!"

"Our house has a tonne of original features but also has everything you need for a comfortable stay in Norwich. There are two double bedrooms, one of which has an en-suite bathroom. There is a second bathroom downstairs. The house sits on a quiet residential street but the city is just a short walk away. If you have any questions, please give us a shout!"

The location:

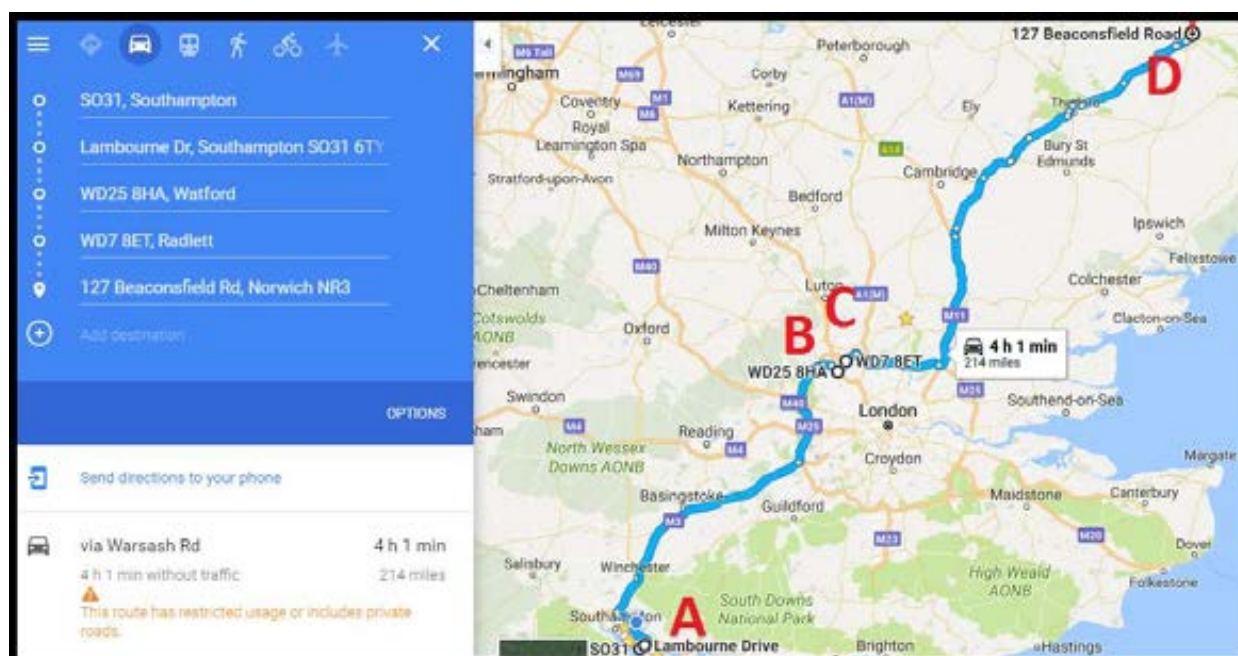


Essential items to take with us:



Clockwise from back left: 'Nomad', by Alan Partridge; 'I, Partridge: We need to talk about Alan', by Alan Partridge; 'Every Ruddy Word: All the Scripts from Radio to TV. And Back'; 'I'm Alan Partridge Series 1' DVD; 'I'm Alan Partridge Series 2' DVD; 'Alan Partridge Mid Morning Matters' DVD.

The journey:



A: 'Classic House' – the house of Robert Litten at Lambourne Drive, Southampton.

B: The Watford Hilton, better known at Linton Travel Tavern, where Alan spent 183 days- the fourth longest period of unbroken residency in a British hotel by any non-OAP.

C: The home of deranged super fan, Jed Maxwell

D: Destination Norwich!

Music for the road trips – Spotify playlist prepared!

- Music for Chameleons, Gary Numan
- Nobody Does it Better, Carly Simon (“stop getting Bond wrong!”)
- Theme from ‘The Saint’
- Big Yellow Taxi, Joni Mitchell
- The Chinese Way, Level 42
- Jet, Paul McCartney with Wings
- Killer Queen, Queen
- (They Long to be) Close to You, The Carpenters
- It Started With A Kiss, Hot Chocolate (“Never thought it would come to this”)
- Tainted Love, Soft Cell
- The Man With a Child in His Eyes, Kate Bush
- Matchstalk Men & Matchstalk Cats & Dogs, The Houghton Weavers
- Call Me, Go West
- The Adventures of Black Beauty, The City of Prague Philharmonic Orchestra

And many more...

Foods and drinks to consume on our weekend!

- Chocolate orange – you will invalidate the warranty if it was not kept below room temperature..
- Toblerone – Pepsi or Shirley, from Pepsi & Shirley
- Chicken and Mushroom slice – get me one, chum!
- Scotch egg – that we had at the petrol station last night
- Ruby grapefruit juice – that’ll help too
- Sunny delight – yeah, they’re ruined..
- Ginsters pasty – put it on the slate
- Twix – two fingers
- Kit Kat – a 4 fingered one. I’d wash my hands after.
- Chocolate mousse – I was just eating some mousse.
- Ham sandwich, with cooked meat, a hot egg, a crescent of crisps and a side clump of cress. Anytime. Anytime in the next 15 minutes...
- Net bag of BabyBels
- A pipe of Pringles
- Apple pie, microwaved for 8 minutes. A jet of molten apple will squirt out. Could go your way, could go my way. Either way, one of us is going down..
- Chocolate marble arch, very well rendered
- Pint of bitter (Directors) – think I’ll read Simon Heffer. On the verander..
- Mince and onions – with our shirts off
- Blue Nun
- Farfalle – the perfect accompaniment to fettuccini all’arrabiata- but with different shape pasta



"Ignore the beer cans", says Rob, his strumming thumb stiff like a cock.



Linton Travel Tavern (Hilton Hotel, Elton Way, Watford WD25 8HA)



*"I'm expecting two television executives from RTE who are coming over from Dublin.
We're going to be brunching in there."*



We never got a chance to find out what's around the back, as we knew we had to press on with this 'Alan-Partridge-A-Thon'.

From here, it was just an 8 minute drive to our next destination:

(Deranged super fan) Jed Maxwell's bungalow: 'Glaslyn', Brook Drive, Radlett, Hertfordshire. WD7 8ET



Right OK, well there you go "To Jed Maxwell from Alan Smith". Who's he? Never heard of him.

- "I like David Copperfield as well. Not as much as you though".
- "No, no. I can see that he's losing the battle for wall space, isn't he."

On our arrival, it became apparent something was massively wrong. Where was Jed's bungalow? We'd followed the internet abso-bloody-exactly. And yet... hmmm, we mused. Curiouser and curiouser...

In the end, we established that, flush from the amount of capital pumped into the owners by BBC2, they'd now been able to afford to, essentially, knock down their entire property and drive, and rebuild it. Either that or the original owners sold 'Glaslyn' to an unaware couple of young professionals who tore it down. The ruddy fools... Nonetheless, we could tell we had the right property thanks to the chimney of the adjacent bungalow.



Then and now...

Having been defeated by the bungalow, we turned our attention to the field. After all, what can you change about a stile leap followed by a heavy-legged run through a field?!

It turned out, quite a bit.

Gone was the stile, in a hard-headed cull of underused public walkway items.



Less brown, too, was the field. Now a barren wasteland of harvested crops no doubt.



Still, we were not going to be beaten to recording our first recreated scene (if you don't count the air-bass-guitar in the car)...



Was a photo enough? No chance.

But since paper cannot play video, see below for each of our attempts, played out in zoetrope fashion.



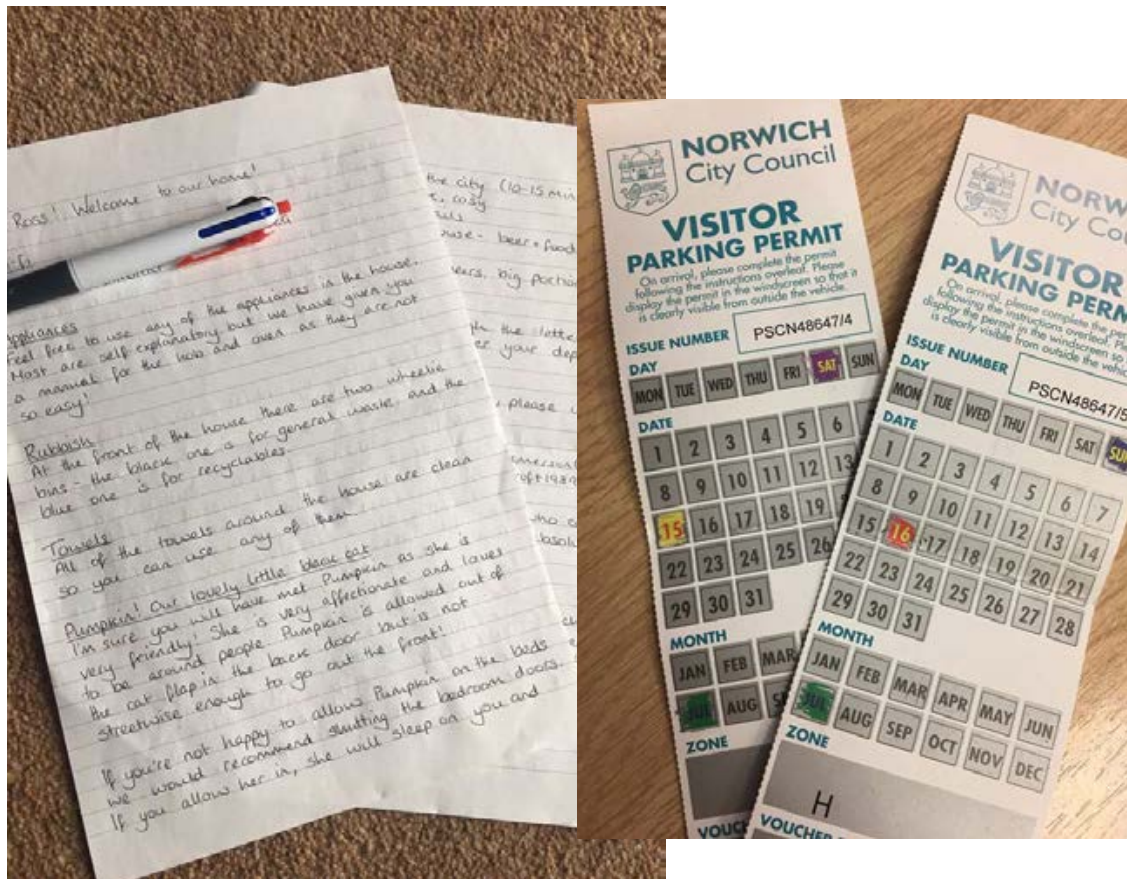
Robert Litten re-creates the famous 'Alan-Partridge-runs-through-a-field-having-hit-a-dead-end-in-his-attempt-to-flee-deranged-super-fan-Jed-Maxwell' scene.



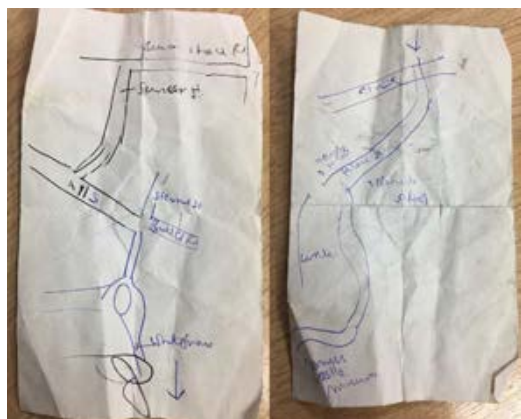
And Ross does likewise.

Arrival in Norwich!

After we'd arrived, parked, washed and shod ourselves, we cracked open the beer, read the fantastic three-sided not left by our hosts, popped one of the visitor parking permits in our car window, stroked the cat, then headed out in to Norwich.



With little time to charge our phones before heading out, a crude map was drawn to aid our successful return home after consumption of alcohol had taken place. Invaluable? Just a bit...



Despite being only 4pm, Norwich was a hotspot of hen nights and drinking. First, we visited a delightful little riverside pub called The Ribs of Beef. Triadvisor give it 4.5 out of 5, based on (at time of print) 132 reviews. So that's alright then.

"Water-way to have a good time. Cheers!"



After some dinner in All Bar One *"I had some German wine, some Italian food and some English water"* (or, rather, a king prawn Pad Thai, every bit as good as Rob's burger with no sauce), we hit the nightlife.

At 5pm. I'd do that every day if I could... but I'd be deeeeeead.

Bar & Beyond – waddanight.

Things started pretty chilled. A couple of bloating lagers in Bar & Beyond (Norwich' largest night club, offering 50% off all* drinks before we moved onto Sambuca, and then, deliciously, double JD and cokes.

With not a lot happening, we considered moving on. However, the kindly words of a humble bouncer alerted us to the fact that there was in fact a smoking areas within the premises. And what riches! Smoker after smoker, with their cracked, craggy skins, puffed outside like Sue Cook. Tens, no, no, DOZENS of people sat around picnic tables scattered hither and dither.

We got chatting to a smashing group of young ones- Ed, his girlfriend Sammy (or Sammie – didn't establish name ending), and their friends, Natalie and Jessicka. I reserve these two names for the end, as they were really something. Not just Partridge fans (Natalie) but Swedish (Jessicka) too. Superb. Better than shaking Jackie Stewart's hand at Silverstone. After some lovely chat, they left. One (non-departing – we stayed) couple of chums poorer, but one very good set of memories richer. And I did use those words. No matter.



Another group moved in. This time, some rather desperate hen ladies – Aisha, Jess, something else, and something else. Something else #2 was amusing. No sooner had Rob asked if anyone wanted a drink than Something else #2 was there requesting a pint of lager. Of course. *Of course*. Likewise, no sooner had Rob returned, 30 minutes later, with the drinks, did she snatch it from him without even having introduced herself. Such class from a lady so large and Yorkshire-ish. Such class..

After Aisha, a practicing lawyer, had started smoking a weed cigarette she got a bit wasted.

“Idea for a programme; I Ross Carpenter, walk the wasted of Norwich through industrial estates back to their houses over 20 minutes away when they’ve claimed it was only a 2-minute walk. I then return identically, through the dark industrial estate after the wasted party kick me, i.e. me, out. Properly policed, it must not, I repeat not, turn in to an all night weed-fest”

*Not all drinks. Unless Prosecco was *really* being charged at £36 or so full price.

Rob and I chatted to a great deal of people that night, including a weird girl in blue who stared. Just stared. I thought she was a bit odd, and presumed that I should talk to someone else instead

After a rather wonderful evening, we called things a night, and returned home for some mince and onions with our shirts off. Or, rather, a burger from the cleverly named ‘Norwich Kebab’. I believe they are famous for the thinnest meat spit in Norf- North Norfolk.



Things we need to do once in Norwich – #1

Have a full English breakfast with a sausage as a breakwater



“In fact, I’ve made a few notes; bacon 10 on 10, button mushrooms – bingo, black pudding – snap. Erm, minor criticism, more distance between the eggs and the beans. I may want to mix them, but I want that to be my decision. Use a sausage as a breakwater. But I’m nit-picking. On the whole, a very good effort, 7 on 10. Let’s make love.”



This we achieved on Sunday 16th July, at a Brewers Fayre that was almost impossible to enter. We eventually found the entry point, and tucked into our all-you-can-eat breakfast for £8.99.

“This looks disgusting. Might as well eat it though”

31 minutes drive out of Norwich, we came to **Blickling Hall to visit Bono!**

Blickling Hall (Bono’s House), Blickling, Aylsham, Norfolk, NR11 6NH





"I saw them last Thursday at a pap concert"

We particularly found this guy really useful – in case you didn't know which way to go, by way of looking at the massive sign pointing to the left, he stood and pointed left for you. Waddaguy.



Having returned from Blickling Hall, we stopped in the Air BnB, dropped some bits off and then set off for Norwich once again!

Things we need to do once in Norwich – #2

Visit Anglia Square (Scare – as the locals might call it) to see the Alan Partridge mural. And not get mugged by scum. Subhuman scum.



Though described on one (now un-findable – “*is that even a word?!*”) website as a place where people sit eating Greggs pasties watching other people eat Gregg’s pasties, we found it not to be as exciting as that. Nonetheless, we *did* find our prize! We were fizzing.



Having found this, we then attempted to find our next ‘things we need to do once in Norwich’.

Things we need to do once in Norwich – #3

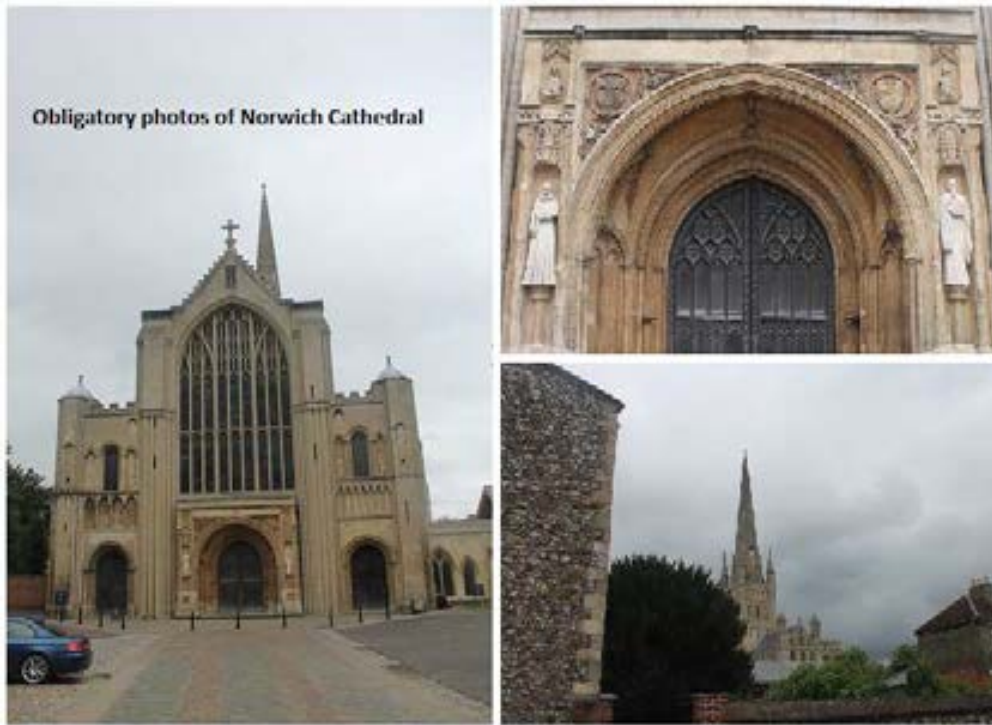
Find ourselves a cast-iron egg-tree, lacquered.



We headed to ‘Looses’, an antique/charity/brick-a-brack store recommended to us by Natalie and Jessicka. We tried this one and found nothing. We also tried ‘Aladdin’s Cave’ and found an egg tree. Sadly, it was not cast-iron. Not sure if it was lacquered. We also found the epitomy of creepy.



After a quick walk, we found Norwich Cathedral. Just put, “nice building”.



Visit Norwich Train Station – 9 minutes’ drive, or 24 minutes’ walk from our accommodation



“Hello commuters, with your computers..”



*“This book is a top business aid. As I’m sure, er, as I’m sure you are, sir.
Look at that: not even listening. Off to London, no doubt.
Go to London! I guarantee you’ll either be mugged or not appreciated.”*



Well, when we visited the station, the heavens just opened...

"You're laughing at weather!"



"Smell my rose, you mother!"

Visit Norwich City Council and Norwich Market – 1 Market Pl, Norwich NR2 1ND

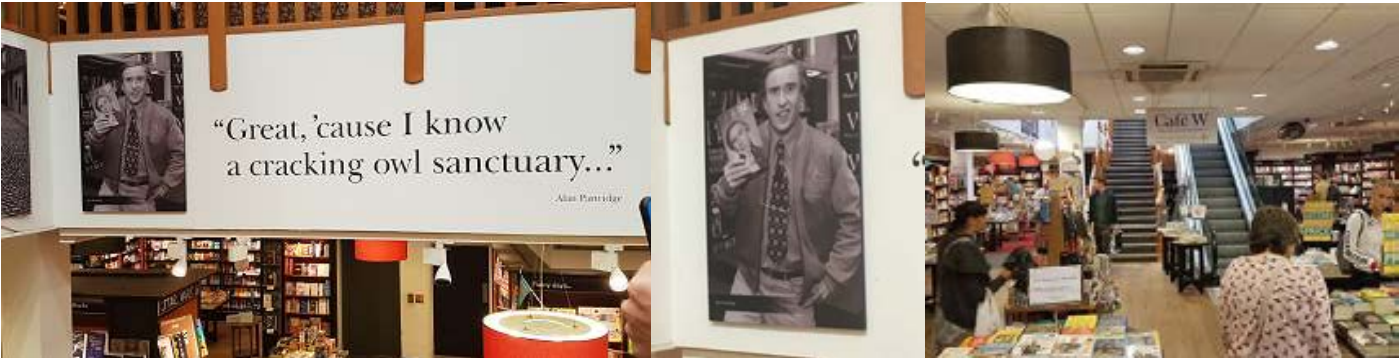
Open:

Saturday – 8.30am-5.30pm

Sunday – CLOSED

Monday – 8.30am-5.30pm

Our next stop was to find the Nazi lions of Norwich City Council. But before we got there, we popped in to a little-known bookstore. Waterstones, Norwich, where Alan Partridge descended on the escalator to his baying fans. Additionally, a quick pit stop in Whittard for some teabags



"There's been a market here since the 1100's. At a pound a year, that would come in at just under a cool grand. And over all those centuries, very little has changed. Where once there were... [woman walks in front of the camera] Unbelievable. Where once there were bearskins and quivers, just substitute that for monkey hats and tat."



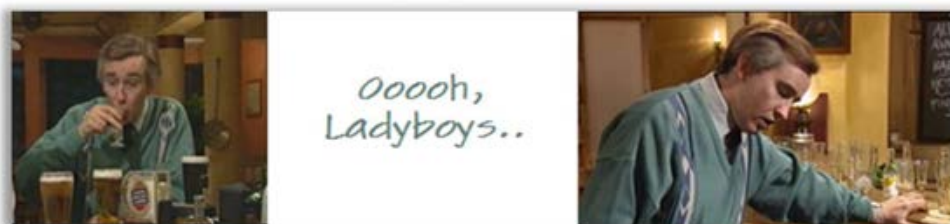
“Even the giant copper dogs that flank the entrance to City Hall seem to be giving some sort of canine Nazi salute. I... Because there are two of them. Can you see that? I recently lobbied the council to suggest that they changed the gesture to a thumbs-up. A double thumbs-up. Exactly what Norwich needs at the moment.”



Things we need to do once in Norwich – #4

Have a Ladyboys 🍺🍸🥤

Ladyboys order: 1 x gulp of Lager, 1 x sip of Baileys, 1 x sip of Gin & Tonic



Rob first...



Then Ross...



Having completed our tasks, it was back home for a ruddy good evening, and some more Partridge-esque activity. This was after we had watched an extraordinary blue-haired idiot shouting at the Tesco cashiers for her card not working (again – you'd think she'd learn not to use that machine?!). It was quite unseemly actually.

Back at our accommodation, we then decided to recreate the classic, 'Cup of beans, man' scene.

Things we need to do once in Norwich – #5

Have a cup of beans with a sausage as a savoury 99.



Spoon? "Well there's one in the bathroom like, but I've no cause to use it."



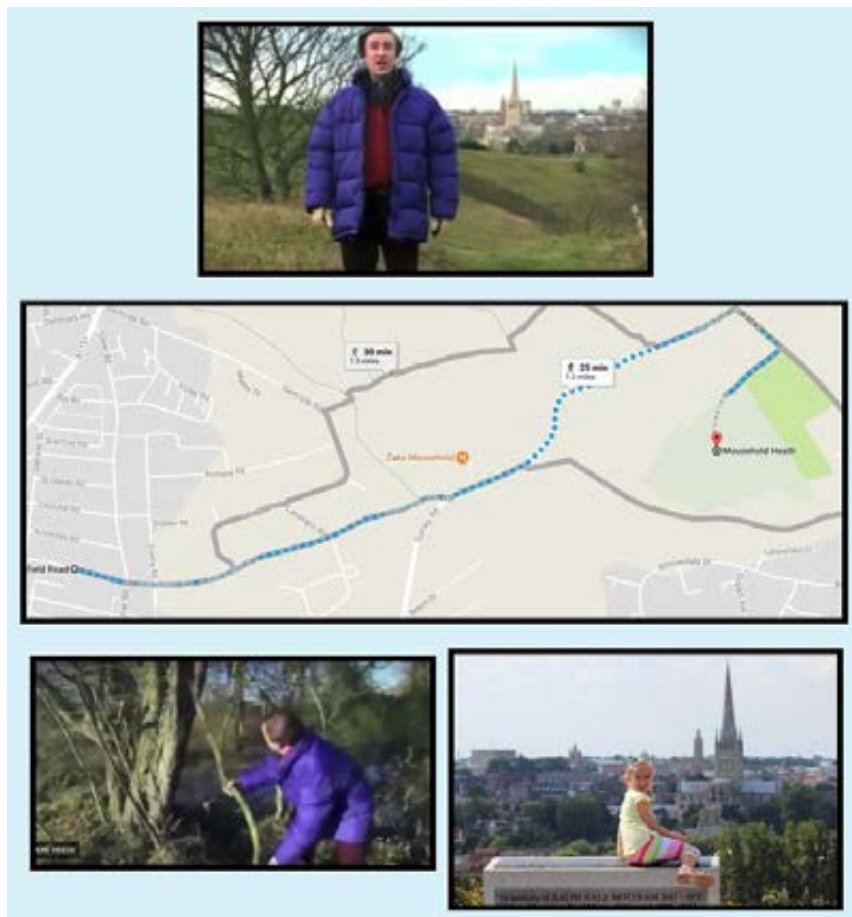
We washed down the cup of beans with a couple of cans of Directors bitter... and some Blue Nun!



If we were sensible, and knew we had to get up early the next day, we'd have got our heads down about midnight? You're BANG wrong.

But at some point we DID go to bed (separately) and slept until morn. For, the next day, we had some walking ahead of us- not to mention departure from our accommodation, and, ultimately, Norwich.

Fancy a walk? Mousehold Heath is just 5 minutes' drive, or a 25 minute walk away



So we set off for Mousehold Heath. Only to find that this is a golf course, and afforded the avid rambler an entirely obscured view of anything. Except thistles. No matter. Some kindly golfers told us to go to Britannia Road, near to the prison. And though I don't normally listen to golfers, they seemed to know their onions, view-wise.



Our recreation of Partridge walking up from the hill, suggesting that “*the home of the broads – although that makes it sound like a refuge for fallen prostitutes*” is technically not good enough to make this pamphlet. Except that it is. So here are a couple of snapshots...



Following this, we crossed the road and had a tasty breakfast in the prison café. Madness.



Served by a delightful waitress named, presumably, Kasia, she really was a breath of fresh air. We bantered over the fact she put £164.00 in to the chip and pin machine by mistake. We laughed, but we both knew it needed dealing with.

£16.40 poorer, we ate our brunch (Rob) and burger (Ross), and enjoyed the view.

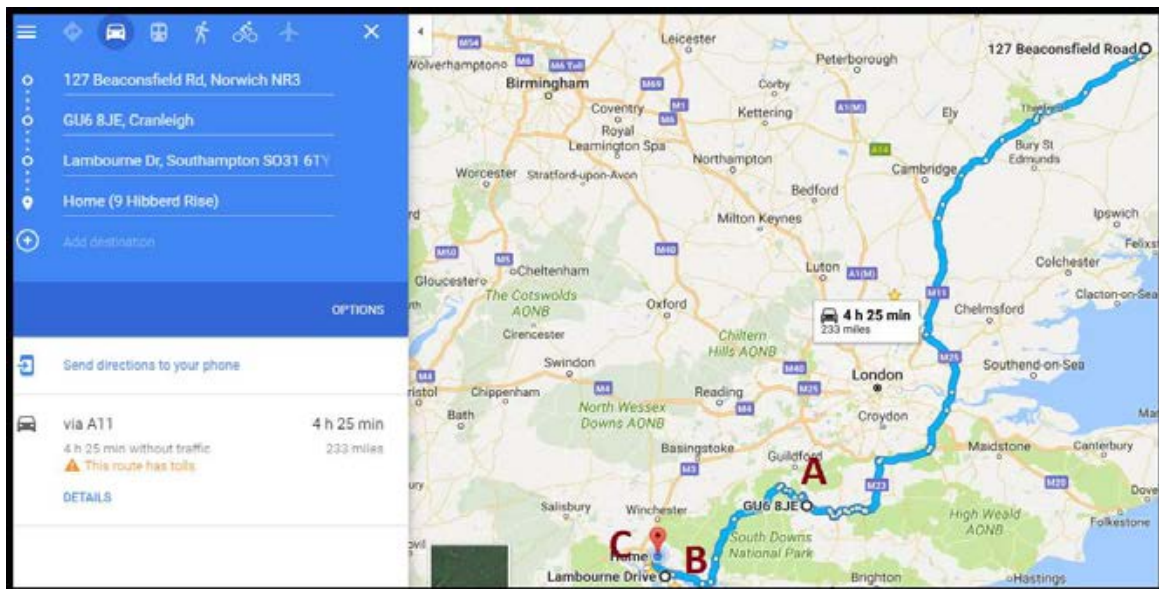
We left this place and, with one place left to visit before heading onto the motorway, we set the sat nav for...

Riverside Leisure Centre – 8 minutes' drive, or 31 minutes' walk from our accommodation



“Now, the swimming pool isn’t just a stop gap while the private gym you belong to is being renovated. It’s actually open to literally anyone who can cobble together the pretty meagre entrance fee. From thin bank managers to plump housewives who gather to float and chat. Now, I’m joined by Annabel Swanson. Or should I say Swanswim?”

Time to say goodbye... with one last stop on our way home!



A: Choristers Country Club (Bodibautiful, Wildwood Golf & Country Club) – I’ve pierced my foot on a spiiiike...
B: ‘Classic House’ – to drop Robert Litten back at his house, at Lambourne Drive, Southampton,
C: ‘The Cinnamons’ – the house of Ross Carpenter at Hibberd Rise, Hedge End.

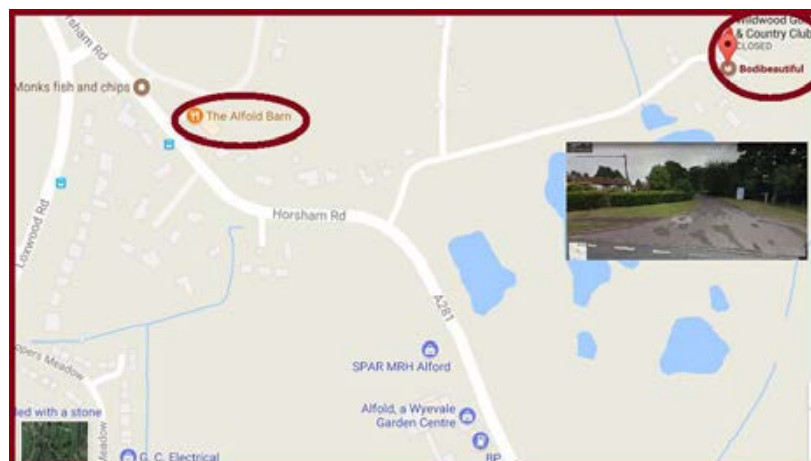
Before we arrived there, we stopped in a smashing garden centre. While Rob wasted no time in saying we wouldn’t go in to the garden centre, I set about taking us both into the garden centre.
Having been inspired by solar panel lights in the front path of our hosts in Norwich, I purchased two of these and this smashing plant (don’t know name).



Now, ordinarily, I’d not pop a picture of a pot plant into a Partrimilgrimage Pamphlet. However, this particular plant was tossed idly around like my ball bag, bouncing around the back of the car, when we drove through the most ridiculous wooded lane later on.

Choristers Country Club (Wildwood Golf & Country Club, Horsham Rd, Alfold, Cranleigh GU6 8JE)

After leaving the garden centre, a quick drive later and we were at our final destination – Wildwood Golf & Country Club. Now closed, of course, due to unpaid wages of its staff across a three month window.



None the less, we walked around the site, taking in its glorious warmth. The golf course was dry as a bone “*yeah, it’s ruined*”. And we took some snaps as a kindly old couple of ladies from Liverpool asked us questions about housing policy- don’t ask. Still, a good stop on our trip, and pleased to see that the ol’ jeans rule actually stood. Just an utter shame they don’t have the gate and the spikes for us to pierce ourselves on prior to presenting to Dante Fires.



“What a year it's been for Dante Fires. Maybe you're here tonight with a wife or an old flame. But what is the burning issue? Hit your targets or you'll be fired. But today is also about fun. Have you all got your fun packs? I've got one here. I've got a list here. It should contain a torch a Curly Wurly, a book of stamps, a digital watch with denim strap, a vodka miniature, a Bic-style razor and a copy of the “Daily Express”. Oohit's a good paper.”



There was one final piece of beautiful magic. As if destiny had called us to this simple golf hole, teasing us as we walked around Choristers... inside, perfectly formed and ready for this world... a shiny (dull) new (old) golf ball. Caked in morning dew (mud).



Farewell

Having read this pamphlet, we'd like to think you've come to know us a bit better. Because in a funny kind of way, we feel like we've come to know you. Shall we be friends? Yes, I think we shall. In a spiritual sense anyway, please don't come to my house.

It's our belief that in the previous 26 pages, we've been on a journey – literally in the case of those of those reading this on the train or bus, less so for those on the sofa, in bed, or reading aloud to a blind friend or lover.

The time has come to bid you farewell.

