



We tend to avoid caravan parks



We were just discussing why over a snag or two and the tale of the 'perfectly' level caravan show we watched late last year popped up.

Names are going to be withheld here to protect those proclaiming innocence. Let's just use the sanity-accepted 'he and she.'

He prided himself on precision (where have I heard that before?). Some people who've been there and done that, eyeball a caravan site and after a quick adjustment or two; they're in.

This bloke however treated it like a detailed plan to enter and survive the Sydney to Hobart



yacht race.

Equipped with a spirit level, the cute for a guide, a couple of handheld UHF sets, and an escalating sense of desperation, he began backing into site 12.

“Left! No, your other left!” hissed his missus, over channel 39.

After about twenty minutes, some escalating stage whispers, loudly threatened near-divorces, a small crowd of thoroughly inquisitive neighbouring campers with lawn chairs and beers turned up to watch the entertainment; and hear our hero finally declare victory.

The van was in, the spirit level was dead centre. The caravan park up was a monument to human mastery over machine.

He stepped inside to make up and pour her indoors a celebratory glass of chateaux cardboard SSB, setting the glass on the counter. Immediately of course, it rolled off, plummeted to the floor, and shattered.

That went down well.

As it turned out, the chassis was perfectly level.

The van body, however, had completely separated from the floorboards on the near side during a pothole incident about three or four klicks back.

They proceeded quietly then, to spend the weekend sleeping at a 15-degree tilt, sliding into the wall like penguins on an ice sheet.



Life on the road when you venture into the odd caravan park (and some are really, really, odd) is hardly ever without an audience.

I guess that's why we hardly ever use them unless the weather or circumstances dictate the need for a powered and watered bolt hole.