

Drinking a train dry of wine

John Beasley, May 2018

The train was a little two-coach "Sprinter" unit on the run from Carlisle to Leeds, sometime in the late 1980s or early 1990s. It's a lovely ride, and I always travelled that way when I could. Nothing was advertised in the timetable, but after we had started a trolley came round. It was a glorious day and I had nothing particular to do, so I asked the attendant if she had any red wine. "Yes, sir," she said, after a quick rummage through the goodies on offer, and produced a quarter-bottle which saw me nicely over the top and through the tunnels. On the way down, she came round again. I had finished the quarter-bottle by then and felt like another, so I asked for one. "I'm sorry, sir," she said after another rummage, "we don't have any more red, but we do have a bottle of white." So I had a quarter-bottle of white as well, and that was one train drunk completely dry of wine.

I sometimes challenge my French friends to beat this if they can.