

Holiday 's-Hertogenbosch 1971

In 1972 a friend and I went on a hitchhiking holiday
Hitchhiking from village to town.

The first car trip went from Vlaardingen to Dordrecht,
from Dordrecht to Woudrichem, then to Zaltbommel
and from Zaltbommel to 's-Hertogenbosch.

When we got there, it turned out that there were no more youth hostels available.
Hotels were unaffordable, so there was no other option than to find a place to
sleep in nature. And we found it!

It was on a hill overlooking downtown.

Luckily we had gear and a sleeping bag with us.

It was late by now and we started to roll out our sleeping bags.

We both looked for a comfortable spot.

Peter had the best spot in the soft grass under a tree.

I also lay under a tree but on the hard ground.

We fell asleep pretty quickly.

When we woke up from the traffic

we slipped out of our sleeping bags and went to pee.

When I looked at Peter I was surprised to see that Peter's face
was swollen?

I asked, "What the hell are you doing now?" Your face is swollen and red.

Peter looked a bit dejected and said: 'I was lying on a fucking red ant nest.'

I started laughing and said that at least he had slept soundly.

After visiting a doctor, Peter was given medication to combat the
allergy.

That day, hundreds of people looked at Peter as if he had
some strange illness.

The holiday was over immediately because Peter **had** enough.

But when we wanted to hitchhike to Vlaardingen, nobody took us?

Luckily we had money for the train. Peter wore a scarf for his
face otherwise we probably wouldn't even have been allowed on the train..

Peter never slept outside again.

In memoriam to Peter Kastelein