

Transcript. Variant 2

When I was young we always used to go on family holidays by car to the West Country – Devon, Somerset or Cornwall. My sister, brother and I fought like crazy for a window seat and each of us suffered terribly when we had to sit in the middle, behind the gear box. There were three main problems driving long distances in those days of early childhood. Firstly we lived near Lincoln which is on the eastern side of England and about 200km north of London. Secondly there were fewer motorways then and the roads were smaller and slower. Finally my parent's Morris Estate car was a bone shaker! We always felt sick on long car journeys. Our parents tried to improve the journeys by encouraging travelling songs. This generally improved no one's mood! They tried to introduce plenty of stops for some small treat – like a fizzy drink and some sweets. But every short stop was followed by the agony of climbing back into the car. After countless hours I suspect even my parents were worn down by our constant squabbling and the mind numbing, constant question “Are we nearly there yet?” However I still remember the excitement of the last few miles when truly, we could all sense the beginning of the end of our journey. The landscape changed, the roads became steeper and sometimes breathtakingly steep and narrow. All of us were leaning forward for the first glimpse of the sea: When we saw “the blue” we knew that we were really close. Generally we stayed in cottages on farms. The excitement on finally getting out of the car was at fever pitch. We immediately became “red Indians” running round madly, whooping dementedly, exploring and marking out our new world; giving names to trees and cattle. Then there was the cottage to explore and beds to lay claim to. More noise, arguments, charging around and pure, giddy excitement. We generally arrived very late having set off before dawn. After tea we were still excited but willing to go to bed because the biggest treat of all awaited us next morning: The beach! Warm sunshine, sand and sparkling blue-green sea – a joy for anyone but for three small children a heady combination that took our level of excitement to uncharted highs. We ran, we swam and we dug. At first we would dig holes just to see how deep we could go. My Dad warned us that if we dug too far we would reach Australia and of course we believed him. But after the holes came the castles; built carefully and patiently with up turned bucket of damp sand. We made moats and towers and courtyards – castles worthy of King Arthur and the Round Table. Then of course at the end of the day we watched breathlessly as each wave of the incoming tide hit the walls, breached them and eventually completely removed all evidence that the castle ever existed. But my goodness – how exciting it was to witness and how far away the nightmare of the car journey had been exiled.