

Devon Heaven

I plonk down into my armchair opposite my husband, Geoff. He is reading the newspaper sitting in the other well-worn leather armchair. I'd like to have new ones, but he won't hear of it.

'Geoff, I've brought some holidays brochures to look at,' I say.

He looks over the top of his newspaper. 'Brochures?' he says and ruffles the newspaper. 'Why would we want to look at them? We'll be doing the usual in Benidorm, won't we?'

'No, Geoff, I don't want to go abroad with this virus.'

I bite my lip knowing this will be the tricky bit. 'Lots of people have decided to stay in England this year. And in the hairdressers, they're calling it a Staycation.'

'Stay, what!'

'It just means we stay at home for our vacation.'

'Vacation? Aah, so we're American now, are we?'

I giggle. 'Nooo, but I think Devon looks really nice?'

'Devon? And, how the hell will we get there?'

'On a coach holiday. Shall I read what the brochure says?'

He doesn't answer but I push on. 'Devon is full of heather moorland, rolling fields, and high sea cliffs but it ca

'So that'll work v

'It's idyllic with all sorts of birds which I know you'll like, and there's red deer.'

'But you don't like veal?'

I tut. 'We can walk along Badgworthy Water and up through the valley. There's a pretty place called, Malmsmead where you can sit and watch the world go by.'

'Hmm, and what about my gammy hip? I'd rather sit on the beach and watch everyone go by!'

'And, North Devon is dotted with picture-postcard villages which sound nice?'

'We usually just text everyone? We haven't sent a postcard in years...'

'Clovelly looks like a lovely harbour area. It's an easy walk down to the harbour but it's a bit steep coming back up. Oh, but there are two pubs?'

'Only two? Maybe we could take a taxi back up?'

'And Ilfracombe do little boat trips out in the harbour?'

'Aaah, but you love the big yellow Banana Boat in Benidorm!'

'There's a famous fish & chips restaurant and the cream teas with dollops of cream and jam look amazing!'