

The start of the Camping Adventure...

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In the land of dragons, Caerphilly cheese, leeks, rain and sheep.



Just doing a quick update before I am in deepest, darkest Wales with no phone signal, Internet or signs of 21st century life...

So far we left home 25 mins late due to not being able to pack everything into the car. I'm pretty sure the neighbours were woken by me and my other half this morning singing our morning chorus of, "for f**ks sake! How much stuff have you packed?! Bloody hell! Why are we doing this?!" – I'm sure they enjoyed that.

It was piddling with rain which didn't help our enthusiasm levels either.

My other half was so incensed by the packing situation he resorted to bailing items out of the car that were 'non essential' in a futile attempt at reducing the amount of stuff. Such items included Mayonnaise, Ribena and a cheese grater. Needless to say that didn't solve our problem and I stuffed the mayo and ribena in the glove box so they made it away.

You can't have a Tuna sandwich without mayonnaise.

I have my standards even whilst camping.

We eventually stuffed ourselves and our lives into the car and set off.

The kids were wide awake, excitable to the point of bursting and asked if it was lunchtime yet as they were super hungry – this was at 5:55am.

After a fairly uneventful first leg of the journey, highlights including seeing 2 lorries full of hay to which daddy has to shout out "hey-hey!!" Everytime he sees them (the kids thought it was funny 3 years ago, not now darling), we made it to a delightful place called Magor services.

It boasts a WH Smith, McDonalds and a Costa coffee..

We pile out of the car to meet our friends and we are all weary and looking forward to a bit of breakfast.

My first thought however is that I need to change the little ones nappy, which is currently resembling a cows udder between his legs.

I wait outside the one changing room and I am greeted by a cleaner who tells me the room is being cleaned and I'll have to wait. After waiting for 30 mins, and wresting with the little one whilst trying to eat a hash brown and drink a coffee, I try again. We are now ready to leave and I'm greeted by the cleaner again who now informs me she has mopped the floor and I have to wait 30 minutes for it to dry as it's unsafe. Health and safety reasons.

You chuffing what?! It's just a bit damp!

I'm going to have to use that as an excuse for not mopping the floor at home from now on...

I admit defeat and decide to change him in the car. We get back to the car and I put my front seat into a recline position for him so i can begin 'operation udder pit stop' – my toddler however, has other ideas and turns into an eel and I can't pin him down. I sit the chair back up and resort to

changing him standing up on my chair. No sooner do I have his happy off than I notice he's COVERED in spots. All over his bum, legs, back, chest.

Then it dawns on me...

Chicken Pox. He's come out in them on the day we go camping.

Of course he does!

(I'm just praying he manages it ok and doesn't become King Itchy with it. I packed Calpol in the car (luckily my other half didn't remove it in his item cull) but funnily enough no camomile lotion.

This could be fun...

Then to top things off, Prince Itchy decides as I whip his nappy off, that he's going to pee all over my seat.

Brilliant. And we aren't even there yet.

Here's to surviving the biblical amount of rainfall we are forecast today and tomorrow, chicken pox and roughing it for a few days.

Wish me luck.

Luckily I smuggled some Rum in my bag in the guise of a sports drinks bottle so all is not lost...yet.

To end, here is an amusing place to visit should you visit South Wales...

(Top of the road sign)



TTFN.x