

Meddling Kids

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Every time I visit the Mediterranean I wonder why-oh-why am I not living somewhere on its shores, preferably in a country with outstanding cuisine and an abundance of high-speed trains / lowcost airlines delivering you to its door. This trip I was barred from going to the obvious choice, Italy, on the basis of variety being the spice of life. Where else to go?

We were plunged into an existential vortex of doubt and despair, pondering godforsaken purpose-built resort complexes because they offered free childcare. Greece / Turkey seemed a bridge too far, especially after the transatlantic flight. Oscillating between France and Spain, the strength (or lack thereof) of the dollar got the best of us and we went for Spain. Beautiful beaches abound on the Costa Brava, where the pines roll of the hills into secluded bays. But the tapas got the best of us; there's only so much jamon one can take, even in 10 days. That aside, it was a good time.

So back to the asphalt jungle that is the US, presumably I would be longing for the cutesy Eurostreets when I got back. Did I heck...

Anyway, a boatload of photos from the UK/Catalonia trip, including some quality cosy pub time in Dartmouth Park, BBQ action chez Hezz, a vacay in Llafranc, Costa Brava with JB & the Suze, Barcelona with the fam, Lahndan with the old crew, Penn reunion in Suffolk, and a final babyish farewell to London.