

Rob's trip to Tuscany

- 1 A few years ago, we went on a family trip to Tuscany. When we arrived, it was beautiful: a farmhouse with lavish grounds and a pool. The sun was shining, so we strolled to the nearest village. Walking back, the weather turned and a sudden rainstorm struck. We battled along the path that had become a stream to our accommodation to discover the downstairs had flooded.
- 2 The next day, the garden was so slick with mud that my adult niece slipped and broke her arm. We tried to make the best of it, so, during a rare burst of sunshine, we had a game of rounders, during which my wife twisted her knee, so she couldn't walk. The following day, I took the kids on a trip to the Orrido di Botri gorge. It was a stunning place to walk around in, until my 10-year-old son slipped and fell, and another trip to hospital revealed a broken collar bone.
- 3 We decided that the four of us should shorten our trip; we rearranged our flights and said goodbye to the rest of the family. At Pisa airport, I handed over our passports, and I remember the look of confusion on the attendant's face as she tried to match the photo to one of us. It was my father-in-law's passport that we had picked up by mistake. We agreed my wife would still fly home with the kids, and I would retrieve my passport the next day. I had already returned the hire car, though, so I had to spend the night in a bunk bed, in a seedy backpackers' hostel dorm, with my bag clutched to my chest.

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