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When my second child was born, we arranged to meet our friends in Palma de Mallorca for a week's holiday. He was 10 days old when I booked the flights, accommodation and hire car; sleep deprivation meant the small "La" in front of "Palma" went unnoticed. There were tears when, on arrival, I realised we'd flown to La Palma, in the Canaries, by mistake! We had no accommodation, car or friends to meet. But in fact we had a really lovely week: we hired a small cottage on the coast and it was just what we needed with a newborn and a toddler. Nine years later, I can definitely see the funny side.

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