

A birthday boy

So today I am 75 years of age. It is part of our tradition that we can do anything we like within reason on the day of our birth so I decided to have scrambled eggs, salmon of the wild variety, home-made bread and the chance of having champagne though strangely I did not feel in the mood.

We had a quiet morning, reading and chatting, and then thought of going to a restaurant for a meal but unfortunately the restaurants around are very much geared to tourists and have a fare which the average traveller demands. I decided instead to make a meal for my two companions which consisted of roast potatoes, a half chicken for the two carnivores and fish for the vegetarian plus some vegetables for everybody. We had a nice sweet course and then basically snoozed and did some more reading.

I did not "miss" anything. I was quite content within myself to listen to the sea and read interesting books, an activity that I seldom get round to doing when at home due to the sheer number of distractions.

Tomorrow, it is time to return to London. I did ask the renter if we could stay on a few days but this was not possible because someone else had booked in at the last moment.