

'Give me a moment', Laurie shouted as she went back in.

I sat in the car and waited for Laurie to say goodbye to her kids and Mike. It's still early. The birds had given us an early wake-up call and continued to sing with pride. The car was so full it was about to explode. She always does this, I'm always waiting for her. It's surprising the amount Laurie has managed to get in, but I'm sure we won't be needing it all. A four day camping trip and we've got everything from a collapsible water carrier to extra thick socks, and it's not the coldest of English summers.

'Right, job done, let's go'.

'Brilliant. Have you got Mother's ashes?'

'Of course I do, right here at my feet'.

The fields meeting the motorway stretched upwards as the morning sun peaked through the trees, brightening the vast countryside. As I drove, the colours changed from green, to yellow, red, purple and back to green again. I was already stressed as Laurie couldn't stop talking about things we could do and reminding me of our childhood days of riding donkeys along the beach. I just wanted to get this trip over and done with. Our destination was Woolacombe bay, I knew the purpose of the journey and that was that.

We parked and headed towards the reception area. A beautiful arch indicated the way to the entrance where a young French man was sitting behind a large desk.

'Hi there'.

The young man, who donned a shiny name badge which read Vincent, responded in a delicate voice.

'Hi, how are you doing?'

'Very well thanks' said Laurie

'How can I help you today?'

'We're are actually looking to set up in your campsite'

Vincent stood behind the counter and our eyes switched glances. I felt seventeen again, as if I was being met by a young man ready to be taken out to the pictures. I began to feel nervous as I couldn't control myself smiling in Vincent's direction. Laurie, unaware of this, was engrossed in a leaflet offering outdoor activities to campers.

'No problem, its 8 pounds per night and you pay at the end of your stay. I'll just need to take a few details off you...'

Vincent helped us carry our tent and bags up the dusty trail leading to the camp. We searched for a good spot which wasn't hard as the place seemed deserted. A pretty girl with blonde curly hair sat outside her tent picking a range of different sized daisies from their roots ready to make necklaces, prompting memories of Laurie and I as children.

I threw my rucksack on the ground and began attempting setting up the tent with Laurie. It was an activity that had not been done since the late eighties. The wind up radio lay on the scratchy grass playing Bongo Bong by Manu Chao.

'Laurie you're doing it all wrong'

The tent looked more like an inflatable raft than our home.

Laurie giggled to herself, as she realised her mistake. 'I've got it now, but where are the tent pegs?'

'Oh shoot, I thought we had it all.'

It was still warm but the air began to drop around us. However, we found the pegs, the tent was up and our beds were made, ready to fall into on our return. That night we'd taste the hotels main menu.

'Here are a couple of menus for you. Would you like to see the wine list?' said the waiter.

'Yes please'

'Laurie I'm just nipping to the toilet, won't be a moment. Choose a bottle of red. Shiraz preferably'.

Searching for a toilet in a new place always seems to be trouble for me. I find it difficult and walk around in circles. As I turned the corner I saw a sign saying '*Senorita*'. I walked towards the door and the male receptionist appeared from a staff door.

'Hi Vincent'

'Eleanor, right? And your sister Laurie. Yes I remember you from before'

We spoke for a bit but my mind was on leaving Laurie sitting at the dinner table by herself. Before I had the chance to leave, Vincent grabbed my hand and pulled me towards him, pressing his lips on mine. We burst through the staff door and our hands were touching each other everywhere.

'Eleanor, come with me!'

We ran the flight of stairs like a couple of school children leaving school for the summer holidays. Vincent took me to one of the rooms situated at the back of the hotel. The door clicked open with the key card and the bed lay there untouched. I thought about Laurie but this strange encounter with Vincent wasn't going to be left alone.

'We have to be quick. Is that how you say it?' asked Vincent

'Yes! Very quick' I replied.

Vincent began kissing my neck as he unbuttoned the back of my dress. His hands streamed through my hair and then down my back as he continued to kiss me. I felt bad leaving Laurie at the table and would have to think of an excuse of why I took an hour long lavatory trip. Even worse, she may have come to look for me and found I wasn't in the toilet.

I returned to the dining room, but there was no sign of Laurie. The table where we had previously sat was set out ready for the next couple to enjoy a three course meal. I searched everywhere.

As I approached the tent, Laurie appeared to be rummaging through bags as the torch was swinging in every direction.

'What happened to you?'

'I'm so sorry, I bumped into Vincent on the way to the toilet. We got talking and you know. I am sorry for leaving you there. Can we not go back to the restaurant?'

'Well sorry just doesn't cut it. This trip was meant to be to say goodbye to mum and spend time together, not you being selfish as usual leaving me sitting in that restaurant by myself. I'm not going back there. I was so embarrassed. I'm not in the mood now anyway'. 'You've really let me down, I don't want to speak to you anymore tonight. Just do whatever you want' murmured Laurie as she retreated to her bed'.

It suddenly dawned on me what I had actually done in my lustful feelings for Vincent. What was supposed to be a sisterly, emotional weekend away saying goodbye to our Mum was ruined by my selfishness. How could I make it up to her? I hardly slept trying to rid myself of my guilt.

The next day appeared to be as bright as the first. Laurie was still ignoring me. We jumped in the car and headed towards Croyde bay which was a place visited by our parents a lot over the years.

The overgrown cliff towered above the sea as we stood on the edge. There was no wind, which made things a lot easier. We opened the urn and the ash poured out and met the powerful sea.

‘Goodbye Mum, give Dad a kiss from us. See you on the other side’. I put my arm around Laurie as tears left both our eyes and she continued to say ‘goodbye Mum, I love you’.