

You always remember your first.....

Someone asked me the other day what got us into motorhoming, and how we came about buying our first van. This led me into the story of how when Keefy first saw my Dad and Jenny's old Hymer, having not been in a motorhome before, he was instantly smitten. I can still remember the journey from Newark back to Norfolk- K drove, I was under instruction to "have a look and see what £6000 could buy us". By the time we were back (2.5hrs later) we'd set up a viewing with a Bill Bailey lookalike near Norwich to view

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Daisy first thing the next morning. By lunch-time I was calling Dad to say “we’ve just bought a motorhome!”. By the Friday we had picked it up, drove it straight to Newark for a “Dad’s Onceover” and then proceeded up the A1 towards Scotland. We had ten days and boy, were we going to give her a spin. We got as far north as Clachtoll, north of Ullapool, and took in Loch Lomond, Arasaig, Skye, Ullapool, Loch Ness, and Edinburgh, not to mention Eskdale and Wasdale in the Lake District too. We devoured a tank of petrol (yes, petrol) a day and covering nearly 2000 miles! By the time we got back to Newark ten days later, for a family wedding, we were smitten and we’ve never looked back.

We may be on our second van now- unfortu-

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nately a run in with a height barrier in Rouen resulted in some hefty leakages in Daisy's roof, and to be honest there are only SO many tanks of petrol one can afford- but for us there is no looking back from the wonderful world of motorhome travel.

So tell me, cos I'm nosey- what made you buy your 1st?

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