

THE WILL YOUNG YEARS

"Come to Glastonbury" she said.

"It'll be fun" she said.

"VIP tickets, access to all areas. Come on, let's do it before we're 50."

"Oh I don't know Sarah, 3 days in a tent isn't my idea of fun."

Sarah was persistent, we'd been friends since we went to the girls' school aged 11. Her sister, head of HR at Sony EMI, had offered us the tickets.

"I've found a farm offering glamping. A short walk from the site. No need to use Glastonbury's grotty showers."

I caved in and packed for every season, or Wiltshire in July! Welly boots, sundresses, cagoule, flip flops, jumpers, sun cream etc. Some booze and midnight snacks, plus tea and hot chocolate, glamping would include a kettle I guessed.

We met in the rain at the farm on Friday morning.

"You're in that one." the farmer pointed to a caravan. 'You'll be cosy up there. They're just making the bed up, it'll be ready by 3.' He sounded like one of the Worzels.

My mood lifted - a bed! He gave us directions to the festival. I donned my new pink spotty wellies and off we went...

The short distance was a 30 minute walk. I suffered something I'd never experienced before - welly chafing. The muddier it was, the more the boots sunk into the ground and the more they rubbed my legs.

Sarah flourished the tickets at the gate. I think she expected a red carpet.

"These tickets entitle you to enter the VIP bar area." said the surly security guard, Sarah started to argue. "No, you don't get back stage with them." he gave us a white wrist band each. Sarah admired hers as if it were a Tiffany bracelet.

"We'll meet all the celebrities in that bars." She spoke in the tone usually reserved for Donny Osmond conversations.

We headed straight to the VIP bar. I sat on a hay bale whilst Sarah bought a bottle of wine. Easing my wellies off, I rubbed the red welts behind my knees.

"Celebrity number one!" she beamed, "Will Young's at the bar. Why are your boots on the floor?" She turned and raised her wine glass to Will.

After we sunk the bottle of wine, I felt a little better. We watched a couple of bands, then hiked back to the farm. Lugging our bags to the caravan, we finally opened the door. There was a bed, which took up the entire caravan, apart from a square of carpet. No running water, no kettle, and no electricity! A printed sheet told us where the toilet block was and the cost to use the shower or charge your phone! There was nowhere to unpack, or even put our bags, except on the bed.

"Glamping?" I cried "You've got to be joking! I haven't even got a torch."

Throwing my wellies out of the door, I sobbed, "I guess I better '*leave right now*', I don't even like Will Young!"

Footnote: 'Leave Right Now' was Will Young's number one single in 2003