

WELLS NEXT THE SEA

Autumn was upon us, and my dear lady wife had booked herself a weekend course in Fakenham, Norfolk. We had never stayed in that part of England so were unfamiliar with both what the area had to offer and the attractions that would keep me occupied whilst my wife attended her course.

Knowing how we always enjoy being on a coastline, we looked on a map to find the nearest coastal town to Fakenham and the quaintly titled Wells Next The Sea stood out. This was the perfect location for our weekend stay.

During our journey to Norfolk, my wife and I exchanged stories of places and people long forgotten or seldom spoken to in years and I happen to mention a dear old colleague from my working days of more than ten years previous. Nick and I had been directors for a business organisation specializing in transport and trade; but had recently reacquainted through the social media platform of Twitter!

On the very morning of our trip to Norfolk, I had sent Nick a message via Twitter congratulating him on completing his latest transport restoration project and even spoke about me venturing to see the physical project down south, as soon as I was back from my weekend in Norfolk.

After a journey that seemed to take several hours, we booked into our Wells Next The Sea B&B and took the short drive to the quayside with the promise of fish and chips.

Pulling up in the quayside car park, an horrendous rainstorm kept us temporarily confined in our car. As we waited for the rain to ease, we noticed two people running to their car parked beside us and they got in just as the rain started to lighten. They were soaked through. Within a few minutes, the rain completely stopped and as I went to get out of the driver's side of our car, noticed the other car to our right starting to move. Naturally one person wanted to allow the other to move first and as I gestured thanks to the person sitting in the passenger seat of other car, the window lowered to reveal a smiling Nick inside!

'I don't believe it! Nick!' I was only just telling my wife we were talking via Twitter this morning! Just what are the chances of two people known to each other elsewhere in a bustling metropolis, meeting up in a remote car park on the North Norfolk coast?'

'How long has it been? And what on earth are you doing here?' said Nick.

'Oh, my wife is here on a course; and I have decided to tag along and visit Holkham Hall amongst other attractions. Are you staying at Wells?'

'Yes, but we are leaving today and heading 200 miles south again.'

Alas, Nick and his wife couldn't join us for fish and chips, but true to word we met a few months later in the southern metropolis and laughed like drains!