

Girls' weekend: Jane Cameron

'Will it be light soon?' asks Emma as she slides further down her seat.

'It's only about 2 o'clock,' I say, struggling to look at my watch. "Maybe in a couple of hours.'

We were hunched down, cold and stiff, in the front of Emma's car. It certainly wasn't the travel experience we thought it would be when drove out of London the day before.

It was to be a girls' weekend in Cornwall and it had started so well.

It was a beautiful day and we made good time to Padstow, where the Tourist Information Centre found us a farmhouse B&B.

Stopping only to book dinner at a famous fish restaurant, we drove along narrow lanes, edged with wildflowers and high hedges to the farmhouse about half an hour away.

There we left our bags and headed back to town for a splendid night out.

Very much later, we were in Emma's satnav-less car, realising we didn't know our way back to the farmhouse. I'd left the card with address and phone number and, accidentally my phone, in my room, and Emma's phone was flat, as usual.

Oh dear! We drove round for what seemed like hours with the lanes that were so pretty in daylight, gloomy and forbidding, and we were completely lost. The signposts were no help whatsoever as they were pointing to local places we didn't know.

We passed a pub but it was closed and dark and, we kept passing that pub until we realised we were going round in circles!

By this time it was about 1.30 am and we were getting tired and decidedly grumpy.

'It's no good,' I say. 'Let's admit defeat. Let's find somewhere to sit it out until we can see where we're going.'

So we did. We pulled off the road and waited for dawn. 'Pity the police didn't come and move us on,' mumbles Emma. 'I quite fancy a cell.'

Dawn eventually arrived and we were able to make our way back to what had a become a distant Padstow. It also saw us with coffees and croissants, waiting for the Information Centre to open.