

It's been quite an exciting week for me this week – no, not because the Leon won the karaoke programme. We have moved into a wonderful new home, or should I say we are moving into a wonderful new home. It took the best part of a year to move into our last house, so I am not holding out much hope of being able to find anything this side of June.

Our new home is bigger, in that it has more rooms, but smaller in that one of the bookcases is too tall for our authentic low ceilings, and the wardrobe is lying on its side in the sitting room as the removal men couldn't get it up the stairs. They left it with a cheery, 'don't worry, your husband can take it apart and then it'll go'. They could see just as well as I could, that it would never survive the surgery. I might just wrap some tinsel around it and hope no-one notices, then sneak it down to the beach for bonfire night.

It's funny the things that you don't notice when you are looking for a home – I can't believe we didn't spot no radiators or electricity in the attic rooms. I was lying in bed the other night, chatting to my sister on the phone when I noticed the two curtain rails in the bedroom are different heights. Not just by a few inches, but absolute 'no-one even attempted to match them' distance apart. Not as serious as the electricity problem, but I lost more sleep over it.

We have moved from the country to town, and the biggest surprise is how quiet it is here. We were the windbreak at the north-east end of a long glen and the wind used to howl around the house all day and night. Here, despite being a hop and a skip from the local hotel, it is very dark at night and very quiet day and night.

Except, that is, when the radio/CD player is on. Now I've never been a technical genius and I'm sure there is a volume button on the unit, but I can't find it. Until the remote control appears, it's Radio Scotland only, top volume.

I've put the player in the kitchen and listen to it upstairs. The hotel will be complaining to me about the noise, especially today when I put on the Beechgrove Garden, and went out, leaving Robbie Shepherd to entertain the street with Christmas accordion hits of the fifties (at least that was it sounded like when I was walking back up the path).

When I first started packing, I was very thorough. Going through everything, getting rid of what was no longer needed, one box for the charity shop and one for the tip. The things that remained were carefully wrapped, packed in sturdy boxes and labelled for the room they were going to. By last week, I was randomly chucking things in plastic bags and squashing them in the back of the car. Thank goodness for Highland 2007, the leftover bags they're desperately trying to get rid of before 2008 are bigger and stronger than the six million bags I found in the bottom of the kitchen cupboard.

And so here I sit in the corner of the (warm) spare room, oblivious to the clothes on the floor behind me, still on their hangers. There's a box of photos on the desk and I can't decide whether to attempt to find the lead to my printer or to go through the box and amuse myself with fashion photos of me from the seventies. No contest actually.

And – because I can – I may just wander over the road for a glass of red. I think I deserve it after all. When I get back, I'll start to think about Christmas. I need to make sure Santa gets the right chimney.

All best for the season, I hope you have a peaceful and joyful time and that you too get all you wish for.

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