

I was really looking forward to this break. It's been a bit of a year for us; lots of things going on and lots of change. Now that we have come through it all, I can see how it was ultimately for the best, although certainly some of it never seemed so at the time.

I hate it when people look on the bright side. When things are going badly, I perversely enjoy wallowing in my own misery. There is a martyr gene in me that I inherited from my mum. It's the one that means she completely re-decorated the sitting room when my dad went off on a golfing trip with three pals in Spain, and the one that makes me spend my Saturday mornings cleaning the shower tray with a toothbrush instead of lying in bed with a cup of tea.

As soon as the holidays started, the occasional sneezes that I had been fighting off turned into a full-blown cold, accompanied by aching limbs, nausea and disturbed sleep. Unfortunately it didn't make for the best Christmas. I had planned the meal to the last detail but on the day didn't feel up to cooking or even thinking about it. I managed to put the turkey in the oven, but then went off to bed without preparing anything else. With a joint effort, we did manage a meal in the end, although not quite what I had planned. We pulled crackers and wore hats, drank the good wine and polished off the cake. The sheer exhaustion of it drove me straight back to bed.

I felt a lot better on Boxing Day, which is actually my favourite day of the season. All the Christmas Day pressure is off. We still have all the great food from the day before, without any of the pressure of cooking it up and delivering it all on time. If someone wants tomato ketchup with their turkey, then on Boxing Day it's OK to do that. Everyone relaxes a bit and there is time to enjoy the music or the books that you were too busy to do justice to the day before.

The weather was lovely, so I decided to go for a walk. The fresh air always makes me feel better, and the poor dog had been neglected in the run up to the big day. There is a castle ruin near where we live that I had never been to. It's not one of the greatest walks and so always gets overlooked but it was close, flat and short so suited my purpose perfectly. I was still a wee bit dizzy from my cold so it seemed the perfect choice.

I had the place to myself and walked as far as the castle, and that's where it happened. There was a fence that had fallen over and become a bit overgrown which might just explain why I tripped over it and bashed my knee on the old fencepost. It felt painful enough to head straight back to the car. That night my lovely husband kept it packed with ice and ran around feeding and generally looking after me. It only seems to be bruised and a bit swollen, but I'm resting it just in case.

It means that I can't run around getting everything sorted for our visitors over New Year. That the garden won't get that tidy up that it's been needing for the winter, the new curtains will not be hung in the sitting room and the bedroom furniture will not be getting moved around. I'll be back at work on Monday, with all the jobs I was planning still needing to be done.

Instead I'll just enjoy being looked after and will go back with memories of days like today. We spent the afternoon doing a jigsaw puzzle and watching an old seventies detective programme. I'll get the weekend papers finished at the weekend instead of halfway into the week. I'll have a little snooze on the sofa and have no qualms about being brought tea when I wake up again. I just wonder how long I can drag this injury out for.