



# Portugal here I come



## Holidays

Briar Babington

**OPINION:** Is there any greater joy in life than planning the holiday of a lifetime?

For me, hard-earned holidays are a delectable luxury, but the antithesis of the joy would have to be the mad FOMO I get from seeing other people's holiday snaps.

It might have something to do with wanting to be in a warmer part of the world as this big freeze sets in, the amount of people who have posted their exotic-looking holiday pics in the past month is almost making want to quit social media.

I won't though, because clearly I'm a weirdo who enjoys feeling mad jelly about not being on holiday.

In this past week alone, I've seen pictures from friends who are in far-off places like Santorini, Cinque Terre, New York, Argentina, the Whitsundays and Madrid.

And that was all in less than a minute of scrolling through my Instagram feed.

I've also lost count over how many people who I went to school/university/grew up with have moved to London in the past six months.

I might envy your new home location, but I certainly don't envy your rent prices.

Now I must say, big ups to these people living la vida loca because clearly there's been a lot of hard work and planning gone into these trips and they deserve great pay off for all the hard working and scrimping and saving they've done.

That still won't melt away the feeling of longing in my heart, knowing the next flight I have booked for this year is no further afield than Christchurch.

So, at the risk of feeling sorry for myself, a stunning travel itinerary began to form in my head.

I quickly realised that trying to fit in more than four countries in three weeks was not a good idea, so I re-aligned my expectations (and my expenses).

A few weeks ago, I finally decided enough was enough and it was about time a set down some tangible friends.

After a long discussion with a friend from university, we've decided that next

year is the year we're jetting off to the UK and Portugal.

The UK because it's the UK and we're white female millennials and Portugal because every picture I've ever seen of the place makes it look warm and sunny.

Also I hear Portuguese custard tarts are pretty darn tasty.

Because we live on the outer reaches of the world, this is going to take some decent money-saving efforts.

Things are going... well, they're going.

So far there's \$50 in the savings

account. I'm optimistic. And maybe deluded.

Because that trip is, let's face it, to happening until at least next year, I try to keep myself occupied by looking at schmancy hotels on booking.com.

This results in me only to be tortured by emails from the site in the days to follow that "prices in Lisbon are the best they've ever been!" or something to that effect.

To be honest I don't really know what the main things people do in Portugal are, but once upon a time a family member told me we were descended from a Portuguese noblewoman who gave up her title to marry a poor Irish dude (aww true love), so I figure it's part of my ancestral duty to at least check out the place.

And if it turns out I don't actually have Portuguese heritage, then I'll need to find something new to blame the existence of my upper lip moustache on.

The dark hair that is – not that Portuguese women have moustaches.

Travel is not a luxury that can be afforded to everyone, regardless of circumstances.

While I may be here lamenting that fact that I'm not off on holiday in the sunny reaches of somewhere warmer than -3 degrees Celsius, I know I have a lot to be grateful for. Like parents who let me pay not-quite-market rent so I can save for said trips (who needs a house deposit anyway?).



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Lisbon's historic and colourful trams are a popular attraction.