MY MUM IS WEARING A CHIC STRAW HAT for our flight to Palma, Mallorca, but she’s left it in the tray at airport security, and because neither of us can remember when we went through security, there are a few minutes of mother-daughter flapping as she reminds me it’s ‘not cheap, darling’ and I run back through the hoops of highly-strung-at-6am families, who have little patience for my frenzied quest to find it. Which I do, should you be wondering.

Over the past 10 years or so, I’ve taken annual mini-breaks with my mother, and without fail she will lose something – her spectacles in Stockholm, wallet in Barcelona. Missions in Madrid – or there will be a small drama, such as the time she fell off her bike on the Île de Ré, or tumbled down the stairs of a hip Amsterdam restaurant. She claims she is only this scatty when we’re together, and blames her lack of focus on the fact she is just so happy to be spending 72 hours with her much-adored only child, she can’t think about anything else. And, because I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my much-adored mother, I don’t mind having to check away half my toiletries at the security gate to make space for hers. We’re only taking hand luggage and she’s brought 20,000 mini Aveda products that do not in any way fit into the designated one plastic bag per person.

We first went away together, just the two of us, the summer my dad left forever. My parents had been married for 32 years, so his new relationship with another woman wasn’t something my mother would have ever dreamed of. So how would a long weekend in Mallorca compare?

I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my mother, and without fail she will lose something – her spectacles in Stockholm, wallet in Barcelona. Missions in Madrid – or there will be a small drama, such as the time she fell off her bike on the Île de Ré, or tumbled down the stairs of a hip Amsterdam restaurant. She claims she is only this scatty when we’re together, and blames her lack of focus on the fact she is just so happy to be spending 72 hours with her much-adored only child, she can’t think about anything else. And, because I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my much-adored mother, I don’t mind having to check away half my toiletries at the security gate to make space for hers. We’re only taking hand luggage and she’s brought 20,000 mini Aveda products that do not in any way fit into the designated one plastic bag per person.

We first went away together, just the two of us, the summer my dad left forever. My parents had been married for 32 years, so his new relationship with another woman wasn’t something my mother would have ever dreamed of. So how would a long weekend in Mallorca compare?

I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my mother, and without fail she will lose something – her spectacles in Stockholm, wallet in Barcelona. Missions in Madrid – or there will be a small drama, such as the time she fell off her bike on the Île de Ré, or tumbled down the stairs of a hip Amsterdam restaurant. She claims she is only this scatty when we’re together, and blames her lack of focus on the fact she is just so happy to be spending 72 hours with her much-adored only child, she can’t think about anything else. And, because I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my much-adored mother, I don’t mind having to check away half my toiletries at the security gate to make space for hers. We’re only taking hand luggage and she’s brought 20,000 mini Aveda products that do not in any way fit into the designated one plastic bag per person.

We first went away together, just the two of us, the summer my dad left forever. My parents had been married for 32 years, so his new relationship with another woman wasn’t something my mother would have ever dreamed of. So how would a long weekend in Mallorca compare?

I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my mother, and without fail she will lose something – her spectacles in Stockholm, wallet in Barcelona. Missions in Madrid – or there will be a small drama, such as the time she fell off her bike on the Île de Ré, or tumbled down the stairs of a hip Amsterdam restaurant. She claims she is only this scatty when we’re together, and blames her lack of focus on the fact she is just so happy to be spending 72 hours with her much-adored only child, she can’t think about anything else. And, because I’m always just as happy to be going on holiday with my much-adored mother, I don’t mind having to check away half my toiletries at the security gate to make space for hers. We’re only taking hand luggage and she’s brought 20,000 mini Aveda products that do not in any way fit into the designated one plastic bag per person.

We first went away together, just the two of us, the summer my dad left forever. My parents had been married for 32 years, so his new relationship with another woman wasn’t something my mother would have ever dreamed of. So how would a long weekend in Mallorca compare?
so when I wake up early the next morning to creep out of the room and go for a run, my mother’s voice stops me dead in my tracks. ‘Darling, I don’t want you to go out running on your own,’ she says from beneath the sheets. ‘Why on earth not?’ I ask, trying not to sound confrontational. ‘Cars,’ she says. ‘I’ll run on the pavement,’ I say. ‘You’ll get lost.’ ‘I’ve got my iPhone.’ Having exhausted all possible reasons a grown woman shouldn’t go for a jog, we agree to meet for breakfast in an hour, and I know not to be late.

The hotel is owned by a British couple who have handed over the day-to-day running of the place to a small, friendly staff of fellow Brits. It makes the vibe easy and laid-back – and it also means there’s Marmite at breakfast, with various gluten- and dairy-free options. This suits my mother, who is on a complicated medical diet that means she can’t eat grains or sugar, but she can have potatoes – or is it the other way around? I still haven’t quite worked it out. I’m in even more of a muddle when, while we’re on holiday, she orders ice cream and eats bread. ‘Oh, bugger it,’ is her explanation.

I’ve always loved the fact that my mum knows when to relax and how to have fun. In St Tropez, she bought a packet of Gitanes cigarettes because they reminded her of the French boyfriend she had when she was 16, and we smoked them while drinking beers in a pavement cafe. In Barcelona, we went to a gay bar where a semi-naked man was dancing in a cage. And in Edinburgh, we saw some very dubious cabaret indeed. Here, in Mallorca, we spend our last day in Palma, the beautiful capital. In truth, we don’t see much of it as we fritter away the whole afternoon enjoying a lavish four-course lunch and polishing off a bottle of wine on the terrace of the Es Baluard modern art gallery. It’s the perfect spot for a sunny, inter-generational afternoon, as it looks out over the sea and is frequented by a handsome, arty crowd. We intend to go to the gallery (my mum likes nothing more than looking at paintings), but by the time we finish lunch, it is closed and we are drunk.