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GOOD GEAR
JONATHAN FUTRELL



Security lock
The Sportslock is a three-digit combination lock with a toughened plastic casing and a 29in slash-proof retractable steel cable, handy for securing pieces of kit while you're travelling. £12; 01606 46210, sportslock.co.uk

Brilliant bags
Luggage carousels are going to be much brighter this season with JanSport's range of baggage. It features spots, florals, paisleys, plaids and checks, and there's no fear of anyone picking it up by mistake.

From £50 to £110 (pictured: 56.5-litre Footlocker wheelle, £110); 0845 603 1930, jansport.com



Nap jacket

Ski-resort transfers can be interminable, so snatch a nap en route with Burton's Travel Sleeper Hoodie. The hood has an inflatable neck pillow and pull-down eye shield, and there are pockets with earplugs and a headphone-cable port. For men and women. £75; burton.com



Cold weather women's boot

Merrell's Thermo Arc 6 has both Polartec 200 and Primaloft insulation, a compression-moulded foot frame and a special strap ridge for attaching a snowshoe if it gets really wintry. £85; 020 7860 0100, merrell.co.uk

Free DVD: Away from Her

The heart-rending love story that earned Julie Christie a 2008 Oscar nomination. Plus a special love issue of the Magazine. All inside The Sunday Times next week.



THE SUNDAY TIMES
For all you are.

Come on, baby, light my fire

Tim Remick and his guitar found their perfect dance partner in Ibiza

CONFESSIONS OF A TOURIST

It was my gap year, and I was travelling around Europe as cheaply as I could, with just a rucksack and a guitar. I'd gone through France and Spain, and I was sampling the delights of Ibiza.

I was walking in the hippie market with my trusty guitar, in a rare break from playing on the beach, when a voice like a Kalashnikov cut through the incense-scented air. I didn't know what she was saying, but I was glad I wasn't on the receiving end. A crowd gathered to watch the fight — then a dishevelled guy emerged from the scrum and walked off spitting out words that sounded fairly foul. The woman's voice shouted after him, but he was soon gone.

There was applause — then there she was. A haughty, black-haired bohemian type in a batik sarong. Her whole body seemed to be throbbing with rage. Then she focused her eyes on me.

"You, guitar boy," she said. "What you do tonight?"

It sounded like the best offer I'd ever had. "You play gypsy music? I dance tonight and my guitarist is... disappear."

She was so scarily sexy that I thought in double time. "What about this?" I whipped the guitar out of its case, checked it was in tune and started to play.

It was a song by the Doors, one of the few things I could play from beginning to end. I gypsied it up with extra flourishes to make the rhythm more jagged, and it worked surprisingly well.

"Here — this spot — nine o'clock," she said.

I appeared to have passed the audition. But how long would I be able to play before she found how limited my repertoire was? I went back to the beach and practised for the rest of the day.

I arrived at the market just before nine. On the way, I passed a poster — with a picture of the gypsy dancer in a red dress slashed upwards, downwards. When I got there, she looked even sexier than on the poster. I could barely hold my guitar straight.

"You play, boy. I dance. On hour. I pay you."

She led me to an open space outside a bar, complete with microphone and primitive F system. I tuned up, the crowd thickened — and, suddenly, v were on.

"Light my fire, yes, guitar boy? Let's go."

So, she knew the song. At so did I now — in its new gypsy incarnation. I launched into and she did too. Her dancing was so powerful that it seemed she was playing me — and the guitar. I almost didn't have to try. On and on we went as suddenly the hour was over.

Nobody minded that I'd managed an old hippie pop song and extended it for 60 minutes. To be honest, this crowd would have watched this woman dance to Simon Cowell sing the national anthem with the Teletubbies on backing vocal. They took in little but the sound of her black heels on the stone floor and the movement of her body in the red dress.

Afterwards, we went to the bar and spent a fair amount of our earnings.

"You save me with your fire lighting," she smiled. "We should do more together."

And, that night, we did do a lot more together. I have to confess that somehow I allowed her to seduce me and have my way with me. I might have helped to light her fire, but she turned the night into a conflagration — and kept it burning for hours.