

TRAVEL



Serenity in Spinsterworld

Renew and requiescence at a singular resort. BY HELOISE SINGLETON

AT THE SANCTUARY resort in Spinsterworld, nobody knows their acidophilus from their lactobacillus, and you won't find Nicole Kidman squealing at the success of her colonic irrigation, but this suburban idyll is open to anyone in need of spiritual or physical relief – as long as they have known the founder for over 25 years, have a clean STI report, and proof of pronation.

The resort is perched atop a grassy knoll in balmy Berhampore, a ten-minute ride from the airport, and just ten minutes from the fleshpots of Courtenay Place. Free from clutter, extraneous noise and the grinding demands of work and family, the Sanctuary hosts exhausted knowledge management executives seeking relief from the pain and pressure of everyday life.

Although the resort's promotional material purports to spurn "the whole new age package", some therapies which verge on the alternative are offered. Particularly privileged clients can book in for the Unmarried Massage, a sensuous experience enhanced by the innovative use of flannelette. Sharing a

hot bath with one of our willing hostesses (spinster-status assured) is an

effective way to ease and release the knotted coils of accumulated stress. Clients can be assured that they will not have to sit on the plug or tangle with the tap ware, as our hostesses take pleasure in subservience and sacrifice.

There is no need to embarrass oneself enquiring about 'extras', as these treatments are all-inclusive.

While fasting is frowned upon at this tranquil asylum for the soul, the in-house dining facilities are limited by the spinsterish tendency to live off tea and toast. However, a wide range of takeaway food establishments are available on speed dial. In addition, a rich blend of locally-roasted coffee, Scandinavian sardines in soya oil, and an obscure Hungarian herbal digestif can be requested twenty-four hours a day.

Heeni, the elusive founder of the resort, refuses to be interviewed, but resident cacophonist Zosimus tells me that her

attitude can be summed up in that timeless phrase: "Love is all you need."

Regretfully, due to health and safety requirements, bookings for inner children cannot be accepted.