

*Mini Travel Journals:
Volume Three - Alicante,
Winter Light*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMOIR BY MICHAEL GRAHAM

A MOMENT BEFORE SETTING OFF

Summary

Alicante, Winter Light is a short travel journal capturing a few slow winter days along Spain's Mediterranean coast and just beyond it.

Told through everyday moments — early morning light by the sea, tram rides into the city, shared meals, coastal walks, and a quiet inland detour to the village of Torremendo — this journal is less about ticking off sights and more about experiencing place at a gentler pace.

Travelling as a family, we move between Alicante's promenades and old town, quieter neighbourhoods, and the slower rhythm of village life inland, letting each day unfold without a fixed plan. Winter brings softer light, fewer crowds, and space to notice the small details that often get missed.

This Mini Travel Journal is an invitation to slow down, wander, and experience Alicante and its surroundings not just as a holiday destination, but as places best appreciated between moments.



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All photographs featured in this book were taken by the author during the journeys described.

Any resemblance to actual persons encountered along the way is entirely intentional — they were part of the experience.

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Belfast to Spain

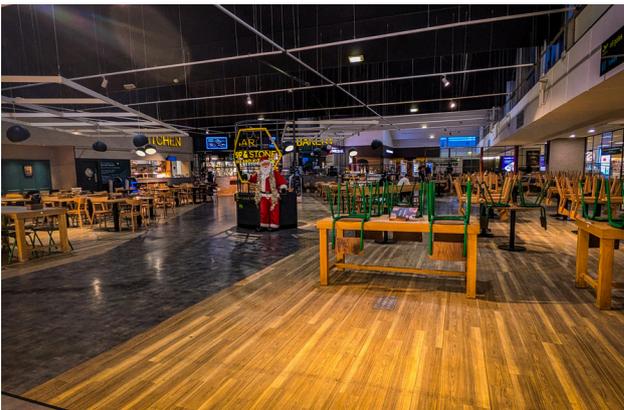
Alicante is, for many, shorthand for sun and escape. For us, it was a return — the first time back since my uncle, who once lived here, passed away. That fact sat quietly in the background, acknowledged but not dwelled upon, as we began the journey from a very different setting: a cold, damp Saturday afternoon at Belfast International Airport.



Before heading to the terminal, we stopped at Ballyrobin to meet an old work colleague, Fiona, and her son for coffee. It was one of those rare pre-travel pauses that actually does what it's supposed to do — catching up with friends rather than watching the clock. Christmas decorations were still up, a Santa workshop had just taken place, and although the restaurant itself

wasn't open yet, coffee was no problem. The place had a relaxed, feel to the place. Coffee and hot chocolate were enough for us, and the kids were delighted when the staff handed out free chocolate Santa lollipops. Fiona's son also gave our daughter an enthusiastic lesson on Nintendo Switches, her eyes lighting up in a way that suggested it might only be a matter of time before one becomes a regular feature in our own house. Back at Ballyrobin, the staff were incredibly pleasant, and if we ever need to overnight near the airport again, it's firmly on the list.

Parking up at the long-stay car park — £47 for the trip, including a 10% discount found after a quick online search — we made our way inside. Belfast International itself was almost unnervingly quiet. Just after three in the afternoon, the terminal felt deserted; tumbleweed wouldn't have looked out of



place. With online check-in already done, we walked straight through security, routed through the priority lane simply because there was nobody else there. Friendly staff waited patiently for passengers to appear. Large sections of the terminal were already closed for the evening, though the