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Pollença's picturesque 13th-century old town to attempt the 365-step ascent to the summit of the Calvari hill and its small chapel. Local folklore maintains that a successful ascent will vanquish the previous year's indiscretions.

Twenty sweaty minutes later, with my deceptively heavy youngest perched on my shoulders tugging my hair like reins, I'd added several more blasphemous black marks to the previous 12 months' transgressions. The reward, however, was a spectacular view of the rugged Mallorcan coastline and the Tramuntana mountains.

Back in the square after our descent, we rewarded our exertions with naughty but nice goodies (exquisite cream puffs and mouth-watering strawberry pastries) from the nearby C'an Bisquererra on Calle De Munar.

Warming to our altitudinous theme we took the short drive to the spectacular Formentor peninsula and its Victorian-era lighthouse perched on the north-eastern tip of the island,

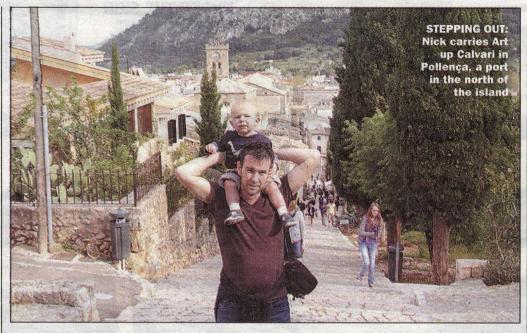
Cap de Formentor.

Adjacent is a small but perfectly formed beach. Here, we took a very brief toe dip in waters previously enjoyed by the esteemed digits of none other than Winston Churchill, Audrey Hepburn and Mallorca's most famous modern residents, Michael Douglas and his wife Catherine Zeta-Jones (pictured).

We spent the next day curled up in front of the property's DVD system watching Disney films. Coupled with some indoor treasure hunts and a home-cooked paella, this seemed to diffuse any brewing junior

insurgency.
The day's biggest

challenge was preventing our fear-free youngest from precariously descending the property's grandiose Dynasty-style



Island with star quality

staircase in his Postman Pat slippers.

The holiday's unlikely highlight, for my daughter at least, came the next day when we drove south-west to the subterranean caves at the small town of Porto Cristo.

The Cuevas del Drach are home to one of the world's largest underground lakes, the Lago de Martel, and are

located just a short walk from the town itself.

Here, our little white lie, that the whispered multilingual commentary accompanying our tour of the network of stalagmites and stalactites was the fictional resident giant's wife listing the ingredients for her



husband's dinner, fired my daughter's imagination to unanticipated heights. Perhaps she was just dazzled by the operatic underground lake finale, performed by a pair of papier-mâché marionettes in a gondola.

Either way, she proclaimed the experience the apex of our holiday, unlike the following day's late-afternoon road trip along the craggy western coast from pretty mountain village Valldemossa to Pollença, via the sleepy seaside resort of Sóller.

Lured by the promise of stunning views, we foolishly ignored every parent's golden rule: never drive with irritable, hungry children when you're light on snacks and patience. It meant we spent most of the trip with the children chiming: "Are we there yet?"

The final leg of our Mallorcan family adventure fared much better though as we ambled through the beautiful squares and cobbled streets of the stunning capital city Palma. We followed this with an afternoon at nearby Marineland, another huge hit with keen amateur zoologist Aoife. The park has an aquarium with sharks and penguins (though not in the same tank), a tropical house with amphibians and an entertaining dolphin show.

I'm still not entirely comfortable with enforced animal captivity but my daughter was positively ecstatic to get up close and personal with the sea creatures and, given it managed to keep the children so entertained, I certainly wasn't going to argue.

• GETTING THERE:

Mallorca Farmhouses (0845 800 8080/ www.mallorca.co.uk) offers seven days at Finca Plomera from £1,266 (sleeps eight). easyJet (0871 244 2366/www.easyjet.com) offers return flights from various UK airports to Palma from £106. Economy Car Hire (0845 450 0877/ www.economycarhire.com) offers seven days rental from £200. Spanish National Tourist Office: 0207 486 8077/www.spain.info