

Well I arrived at Bude on Saturday night at my accommodation hoping that there was a bath which I had asked for in advance. Having got into my room I went straight to the bath and put loads of Radox in (not sure if it works) but I thought I would try it anyway. After slipping into the light blue water, I relaxed and pondered on the walk I had completed from Padstow to Bude. Once again I wasn't disappointed, I could go on about it all day but the scenery speaks for itself.

I passed a place called Port Isaac, if you watch TV it's where the series Doc Martin was filmed, Martin Clunes is in it. That was special. But I do want to mention, Crackington Haven, what a beautiful place. It's down in a valley right at the sea edge with large cliffs overlooking the bay. It is as if they were there to protect the bay, from the force of the sea and the wind that is constant around that area at this time of year. I fully recommend a visit if you are in the area. Along all that coastline to Bude it is beautiful and I could say that all day long. Again I walked along the coastal path and yet again it was too much for me, so I used the coastal road which wasn't too busy. Even on that road I could still see the dramatic coast but from a safe distance.

I met some locals and they told me that the coastline is eroding away at a fast pace, they may have to rethink and move away. I wished them good luck and I hope that they make the correct decision. My thoughts faded away as I fell asleep in the bath. Having been in for 45 minutes I felt fully energized and ready for the next day. Before I retired for the night I asked the owner where to go next and he replied that I must go to a place called Clovelly. Having relaxed for the rest of the night I wondered what Sunday would bring me.

Starting early Sunday morning I left the comfort of my accommodation, only to be greeted once again by rain. It has been the same for the past week or so, but that wasn't going to put me off. The target for me was Clovelly, I had looked at the map last night and it was only 18 miles away. So I put my best foot forward and strove off into the darkness, well it was 05:45. Not many cars around so I knew I was early, but I was not taking my safety for granted and remained on my toes listening for any approaching cars. I walked on a major road for about 5 miles, and then turned onto country lanes. It got me there, though it took more time, but it was very safe. I briefly walked along the major road and I spotted a people carrier on its front standing upright embedded in the embankment (photos enclosed). It had been a bad crash and I just hoped that no one had been badly injured.

Having done the short walk on the major road I turned onto the side roads. The roads were so narrow that many times my nose was pushed into the edge so that cars could go past. Walking and thinking as I have been doing since I set off I came across a farmer, James, working on his fence. After exchanging greetings, I asked him what it was like in today's farming. He said that it was hard work but he had been doing it for a long time. He also told me that the farm is owned by some important lady, a countess he thinks. He was only a tenant farmer and he had been here working on this farm 30 years, but he had been a farmer for 36 years, the extra six were with his father. His house was 30 minutes away. He told me that he would only be another 20 minutes or so, would I like lunch with him and his wife. A Sunday lunch on offer of Roast beef, roast potatoes and vegetables. It was very tempting but

I said many thanks for the offer but I need to go to Clovelly. I wished him and his wife well and wished them a good Xmas and off I went.

I reached Clovelly at 13.45. I went down to the village and I was overwhelmed with joy at seeing this village, it was superb. A village that had not changed for many decades. No cars only people, but not many because it was a quiet time of the year. Looking down the hill I could see the pavement stones were very shiny, which told me that they had been down for years. So with great concentration I started walking down, yes it was very slippery. As I turned to look up the hill I noticed a man with a sledge, I thought it's not snowing. As he passed me I stopped him politely and asked him what he was doing. He told me that this was the only way the locals can get their shopping and other items down to their properties. Wait for it, yes a sledge that's what they use. (photos enclosed). He then said to me that I was a little late because this morning he had moved a fridge-freezer on the sledge. I had to laugh, in a nice way, it was an unusual way to do your shopping to say the least. After thanking him for his time I carried on down the hill. I walked down the hill to the houses, but I know why they used the method of transport, because it was so slippery and the road was not wide enough for anything else.

Looking down to the bottom all I could see was steps, steps and more steps. The road was very steep all the way to the bottom, but again it gives it character. A gentleman came out of the shop and again broke into conversation and I asked him how long he had lived here, he replied that he was born there 78 years ago. He was telling me that nobody owns the houses they only pay rent. The estate belongs to the Rous family and they cannot sell any of the properties they are in a trust. Once again I thanked him for the information and I carried on taking some good pictures. I arrived at the bottom of the village and in the small harbour was a pub. I popped in for an orange and they said they are busy from April to end of September and they meant busy. I sat and looked into the harbour and the views that stood before me, what a wonderful experience, having not read or even known of its existence. It was a well worth a visit. If you come in the car you have to park in the top car park and go through the visitors centre where you will pay £7.50 to go down to the village. But again it's well worth a visit. There is also a bed and breakfast in that little village and it would be great to use it as a base and then go around all the area and see the sights of the local area. Having returned to my accommodation late in the day and settled down for the evening, once again I reflected on the superb and great day that I had. I am looking forward to tomorrow already. Ilfracombe here I come.