

From Bude to Ilfracombe had similar views and beautiful scenery.

The stay in Alfracombe was very nice and the one striking thing that I saw in the harbour was a large statue of a pregnant lady (photo of the lady enclosed) it tells you why. Also there was a big hill overlooking Ilfracombe and when I was at the top it was breathtaking as it is all around this area. You could see for miles with splendid views and sheer cliff walls dominating the landscape.

On leaving this area and heading for Lynton/Lynmouth the views are very similar all along that route and still beautiful to see. Lynmouth is a really wonderful place where I was due to stay. A typical village on that coastline with large hills covering Lynmouth at the bottom of the valley and Lynton at the top. Having weaved my way down into the town and whilst walking around I noticed a railway line going up to the top of the cliff, with the coach at the top. It was used by visitors who didn't want to walk down the steep hill into Lynmouth (pictures enclosed). *(Or back up I would have thought Ian. Editor Graham)*. But it was only open during the period of March/April until October but it did look impressive. As I panned around the town, I noticed a big hill that stood defiant going out of the valley. I stopped and asked a local if that was the way out of the valley and the reply was yes most definitely. My goodness that is my task tomorrow, I thought, to walk out of this valley. I will enjoy it nonetheless. On arriving at my accommodation and after booking in I retired to a long hot well deserved bath with a relaxing night to follow.

Fully refreshed and ready for that steep climb I popped in to the village shop to get a hot sausage sandwich because breakfast in the accommodation was £9.95 and I certainly wasn't going to pay that. Having had my snack once again I looked up at the hill I was going to attack, it was raining and very windy but I wasn't put off by that. All organised I was set and ready to go for it. I started the incline and I took a photo at the bottom. Hopefully, I thought, I will take one at the top. Arriving at the top some 25 minutes later I had managed the climb. It was a fabalax and hard walking hill, I took the photo-of the hill I had just walked up. I was very proud of myself. Along the top road of Exmoore, with battling 50 mph winds well it seemed that, especially on the exposed areas of the Moore, coupled with hard driving rain, it was very difficult to stay upright. I did battle on and it made good walking yet again. Along the route I came across farms with their postcodes etched on large pieces of rock. I photographed the postcodes belonging to the farms for a reference. I thought to myself, what a harsh way to live during the winter, but I bet it's beautiful during the summer albeit with loads and loads of tourists in cars and other vehicles. After working hard all day I arrived at my next BandB which was a Weatherspoons pub with hotel attached to it. Having checked in I once again earned an enjoyable relaxing night. Looking forward to another great day tomorrow so let's see what it brings me.

Best wishes

Ian