

Norfolk 2021

Our next trip will see us heading South East instead of wonderful Scotland, on the first part of the trip we will be having a very exciting reunion, which I will tell you about later, to say that I am excited is a bit of an understatement. The trip will also see us using our new Thule tow bar mounted bike rack that arrived last week, you may ask why we have spent a fair few squid on this superb bit of Swedish engineering, the fairly expensive purchase has been made for a few reasons all of which, unusually for us are made from the head not the heart and they all make complete sense. Ok here are the reasons, firstly we have purchased two electric bikes which are much heavier than the models they have replaced, so lifting them 4 feet in the air to get them onto the existing body mounted Fiamma bike rack, is a bit of a task. Although the Fiamma rack is rated to carry 60kg, I have always been a bit concerned about all that weight hanging on Gloria's rear end, next is the fact that you can swap it between vehicles as long as they have a tow bar fitted, however that excludes Eddie the Inshite as he is an early hybrid and cannot have a tow bar fitted, but hey if we change him we will be able to. Next advantage is that it has its own built in lighting system so you do not need to have a lighting board hanging off the back of the bikes letting other drivers are given a clue which way you are going or if you are stopping. It also has built in locks to secure itself to your vehicle and also your bikes to the bike carrier, I think that we will now use the bikes a lot more often due to their new accessibility, you may think that I am on commission from Thule and if enough of you buy one and mention my name to Thule I may get a freebee off them, well you never know. We be off on our trip next week and as usual our route and destination planning is a bit vague, so I will keep you all updated when we have more of a plan, more next week.

Day 1 10th August

The bikes are secured on the new Thule bike rack ( have I mentioned that item before :) and Gloria is packed up and ready to go by 11am, after a quick stop for fuel to fill up before we get on the motorway we are off, heading for my favorite place (not) the wonderful M6 as usual it like an NCP car park, stop start all the way, with a lot of people demonstrating how badly and dangerously they can drive, it is not pleasant and I now remember why we used to leave at 4am when we delivered cars anywhere south bound from Liverpool. I would much rather be heading North to Scotland and have asked Jennie and Anthony if they fancy moving up to Scotland, I did not get a positive response, that may mean that we have to. We eventually arrive at Birch Farm a Camping and Caravanning Club CL site just outside St Neots, very friendly owners, with large beautifully maintained reasonably level grass pitches. For anyone thinking of visiting, it has power points on every pitch, water supply and waste emptying facilities, although it is only minutes away from the A1 there is very little traffic noise and I would definitely recommend if you are visiting the area and at £16 at night it's very reasonable.

After we have set up and easily removed the bikes from you know where we had a plan of riding into town to get a few supplies, there was a little problem with Barb's bike so I headed of for Tesco's on my own, when I get there I phone Antony and tell him that I am at Tesco's which is only minutes away from their house, to say that he was surprised is a bit of an understatement as they weren't expecting us until Thursday afternoon. We arrange that I will ride back to the site, they will get our shopping and pick us up and then we would all go for something to eat. That sounded like a good plan, unfortunately it was not that straight forward as on my journey back to the site which included travelling down some narrow tracks (let's keep this simple) I encountered a little problem which ended up with me ending up on the floor in some sharp brambles, stinging nettles and the bike on top of me. No serious damage just some scratches, nettle stings and a few expletives, the worse bit then was I took a wrong turn and ended up back where I had started from, I then met Jennie and Antony going in the opposite direction on their way to pick us up, although not

off the floor. Anyway I thought that I was going to cut this bit short, so here we go we all arrived back at the site with no further incidents, went for a very pleasant meal, they dropped us back at the site and that was it, for a day that was supposed to be uneventful it was far from that.

Day 2 11th August

Another bike ride is planned today and after rectifying the problem with Barb's bike we are ready for the off, the route takes us back along the narrow track at the side of a farmer's field and then down under the A1 to the outskirts of St Neots. Barb has two places she would like to visit the first one is unsurprisingly a Haberdashery shop and the second is a naughty, naughty place. We eventually find the haberdashery shop, which turns out to be not the greatest shop going and absolutely nowhere as good as Michael Abakhan, Barb's usual choice for fabrics and stuff. After cycling a few more miles it is time to head for the naughty, naughty place, it is not long before we arrive there, no it's not what you think, we are at the warehouse and distribution center of Hotel Chocolat which you might think is a strange place to go, however what it does have, is a factory outlet shop, Barb is literally like a kid in a sweet shop and to be honest I am not far behind her. The prices in the shop are very reasonable, well as reasonable as they can be for this particular brand of chocolate, hey and if you download their VIP app you get a further 15% discount of your already discounted price, I have joined 5 times :). There is one snag, if you live in Liverpool you do have to drive 200 miles to get here, so it might not be very cost effective even at their retail prices, after filling Barb's backpack to capacity it is time to leave but not before sampling one of their Billionaire Sundae's. As it is a hot day we have to head back to Gloria so that we can get the purchases into the fridge before they melt, it is my job to return and fill Gloria's fridge while Barb continues along the road to find her second favorite place, a nursery (plant variety) this mission fortunately proved to be unsuccessful as it appeared to have closed a long time ago, catch up Google current information would be a bonus. That means we have to go for a longer ride before we can head back to Gloria for food time. After dinner it is time for a walk to the marina and to Google Barb has found a

short cut to get there, now over the years I have been on a few of Barb's short cuts and this one was no different to the rest I have been on. It took us through a wood down a narrow muddy track with overhanging brambles and surrounded by stinging nettles, this was great as I had shorts on, I also recalled my excursion into brambles and nettles of yesterday oh and also the short cut was by no sense of the imagination a short cut. We eventually arrive at the marina, now the word marina is a bit of an overstatement it's more like a not very large pond with boats in it, although it is alongside the river Ouse which is certainly not a stream and looks like a great place to cruise along admiring the views from the water as the world passes by. The other high point to this location is that alongside the marina there is the River Mill a watering hole selling food and beverages of most descriptions, after a Just the one Mrs. Wembley we head off on the walk back to Gloria, this time not using the short cut. The walk which avoided the so call short and was allegedly the longer route not surprisingly took about half the time and it is not long before we have completed the return journey to Gloria. After a cup of tea, a bit of destination and route planning which changed a fair few times and is still not really confirmed, so at the moment I won't say where we are actually going, mainly because I do not know myself. Hopefully I will be able to let you know tomorrow, until then that's it for today, I hope that this trip gets a bit more exciting as it goes on :).

Day 3 12th August

The weather is not as good this morning as Mr Sun is hiding behind some large black rain threatening rain clouds, although it is still warm enough to have breakfast alfresco. After getting Gloria ready for transportation we are ready to go we say farewell to Brian the very friendly site owner telling him how good we think their site is, note to self I must leave a positive review on the Camping and Caravanning website. We have decided to go to Grafham Water today, which I am sure you will be surprised to learn is a large lake, well actually it's a reservoir, it is a great place for non-powered water sports, cycling, walking, fishing or just chilling out. As it looks like there is a fair chance of rain we decided against cycling the 10 miles around the reservoir and opt for a walk not straying too far away from

some form of cover just in case the rain starts falling. It is very busy with people having fun while doing a verity of stuff from very smoky BBQ's to paddle boarding although the high wind was making the water a bit rough and also making paddle boarding very interesting, as for the boats with sails it was a totally different matter they were going like the wind, so to speak. Unlike everyone else after looking at the black clouds we whimper and retreated to Gloria. It turned out that we had made the correct decision as it absolutely threw it down, by the time people had gathered their belongings together and got back to their cars they were a tad damp to say the least, and that was just the peeps near to the car park, the others further away looked like they had been swimming in the reservoir fully clothed. As there is not much more we can do here without getting extremely wet, we head off to Jennie and Antony's for a weekend stay, during which we will be having a long lost family reunion with my nieces that I haven't seen for lots and lots of years, all thanks to Davina, oh sorry Barbara for finding them on that well known family info website, not sure we will have film crew with us, which is good as I think we may be more emotional than the peeps on the telly that are reunited with family they haven't seen, Saturday cannot come soon enough. As the rest of the day is family time, that's about it for today, let's see what happens tomorrow.

Day 4 13th August

As with most of my blogs, when we get with family or friends it takes a bit of second place as they always should family come first and that will definitely be the case tomorrow. However I always try to catch the blog up we with things we have done, it is now Sunday morning and I have a couple of days that have been missed so let me bring you up to date. Jennie is working today and Antony has an appointment with an artist in town today, that means that Barb and I will need to decide what we are going to do. The decision is made, we are going to walk into town via the scenic route, it's not long before we are ready for the off, the route takes us through the park then alongside and over the river Ouse, past the miniature railway and into the town. To be fair the next part is a bit uninteresting as it includes window shopping, shopping, visiting very charity shop in the

Town, to be fair at lot of charity shop visiting including looking for what is starting to be a bit of a mission impossible item, a single or even a set of white straight sided bone china espresso cups to go with my authentic Italian espresso pot that we purchased on a trip to Italy, yes I know that they sell the cups in shops like John Lewis. However I am not prepared to pay the silly expensive prices they are asking, when we will eventually find one for one of our English or even Scottish Pounds in a charity shop, also it has now become a mission that we have accepted and will accomplish at some point in time. After purchasing a Gucci sorry Groucho handbag in one of the many visited charity shops at the exorbitant price of three quid, it also looks brand new and has a big G on it, by the way this was for Barb and not me. Next it is time to find somewhere to have a snack, finding a suitable establishment takes up a fair amount of time as we have to check out most of the eatery's before making a final decision, I had suggested Greg's at the outset of the hunt, but that was dismissed immediately, not sure why. After our snack we have another look around, there is a large church which looks more like a cathedral than a church that we would like to have a look around, after getting a few more steps in, we arrive at the church to find that unfortunately it was closed. Next we retrace our steps back to the river and the park, to return to Jennie and Antony's, tonight we are having a quiet evening s tomorrow is going to be a big day for me especially as we are finally going to meet my long lost nieces that I have not seen for 50+ years, to say that I'm excited would be a bit of an understatement. As its time for an early night that's about it for today, tomorrow will be a very big day for me.

Day 5 14th August

I have to admit that I do have a few nervous, excited and emotional butterflies this morning, but they are happy and smiling butterflies. After breakfast it's time for Jennie, Barb and I to set off for our family reunion, now the butterflies are flying higher and the excitement is rising, during the 30 minute journey I contact Lyn and tell her that I would be wearing a white shirt and a red carnation, I wasn't really wearing the red carnation, but hey most of you know that I am a tad nuts. We arrive a little early because as usual I want to

leave much earlier than necessary, just to make sure that we didn't get delayed in traffic, guess what surprise surprise that did not happen. We wait with slightly nervous anticipation, it is not long before Angie & Lyn arrive, there are hugs (and before you ask we have all had Covid tests in the car while on route) and some tears, luckily there was no Davina and no film crew making staged edited clips. This was an amazing joyful experience for me and one I will remember forever, we spent hours talking and telling Lyn and Angie about their dad and our family, in my excitement there are lots of things I forgot to mention about Mike, I will have to write them down so that I don't forget to tell Lyn and Angie about them next time we talk. The time went so quickly, the hours passed like minutes and I probably talked too much but that was just because I was excited and wanted to pass on as much information about Mike and their Nan as I could, both Barb and Jennie also had lots of memories of Mike and my mum to tell. The hours passed too quickly and it was time for us all to head home, there is a big difference about leaving each other today, and that is we will all meet again soon, as we have now found each other and none of us want to lose contact with our newfound family. On the return journey to Jennie and Antony's we reflect on our meeting, I am still a tad overwhelmed that we have finally met and I did shed a few tears on the way.

We are all going out this evening for a couple of drinks and a meal and do mean a few drinks as Antony is doing a half marathon tomorrow morning and the rest of us will be volunteering at junior Park Run, so we will all need to be up early in the morning with clear heads. When we get back to Jennie and Ant's we have time for a cup of tea and chat about the events of the day so far, it's not long before we need to get ready for the evening out, we have all been changed and scrubbed up well and head off for the walk into town, it's not a long walk and we are soon at our first port of call for cocktails which included, Long Island Iced Tea, Porn Star Martini, Espresso Martini and a Mudslide. It then time to head off to the restaurant, we are soon seated and our order is placed, it is a tapas restaurant so a selection of the menu is ordered for us all to share, the food is very good and the deserts are fantastic although I am not sure that there would be part of the Keto diet, I would like to thank Jennie and Antony treating us to a lovely meal. After the extremely indulgent deserts it is time to return home for a cup of tea and to reflect on the

day's events, it's soon time for bed to ready for tomorrow's action, that's it then more tomorrow.

#### Day 6 15th August

We are all up early this morning to prepare for the events of the day, Antony is up and out first to get to the start of his Half Marathon, next Jennie, Barb and I are on our way to the local park to set up for the junior Park Run, first job is to set up the course, next is the marshals instruction meeting. We are given a marshals post and head off in readiness for the children's arrival, at 9 o'clock the air horn sounds and they are off, we are one of the first posts they pass and we applaud them as they pass, on the second time round they are a little more spread out so the applause lasts longer when the last runner passes us, we are done and after collecting a couple of signs we head back to the start / finish line. Not long after the last runner has past the post it is time to collect all the signs, posts and the rest of the gear, take it back to the car park and load it into the car. After a bacon roll and a coffee we head for home, it's family BBQ time this afternoon so after a cup of tea it is time to have a shower and freshen up. As this is also a family occasion I will skip the majority of the evening as it is a personal event, however I will say that as usual Antony has prepared a wonderful BBQ selection and accompanying dishes, also as usual there is far too much to eat. As Jennie and Antony will be working tomorrow, we will be heading off to the Norfolk coast, until tomorrow that's it, Norfolk here we come, more tomorrow, until then travel safe.

#### Day 7 16th August

Both Jennie and Antony are working from home today, so Gloria is packed up and we are ready to depart not long after 9am, we say our goodbyes and after some hugs and kisses we are on our way, we don't actually get very far as we need to stop at Tesco's which is just up the road, to get some fresh supplies, after completing that task our next stop is also not far away, as getting to Hotel Chocolat only takes a couple of minutes. Supplies



replenished we are ready to start the actual journey, Sylvia tells us that this part of the trip will take two and half hours which would give us an arrival time of 1.30pm but that does not take into account any of the stops we will make while on route. The journey itself was not very interesting, as always there was some idiotic dangerous driving which a lot of the time was caused by peeps using their phones while driving, I can never understand why drivers of cars (the usual offenders driving high end manufacturers vehicles) which will obviously have a built in hands free system, insist on driving with their phone in hand against their ear. Out of the stops we made, there was one that was particularly interesting if not a tad strange, we are on a main "A" road leading to the coast, on arrival it just looks like a petrol station with a separate cafe. That is until you go in and there is a motorbike shop with a full selection of bikes ranging between £1200 to £28,000, 28k for a motorbike, that's more than our first house, what I can say is there were more people buying a cup of tea rather than a motorbike. Next stop is Cromer and the campsite, checking in is an easy process, as in say hello, get a camping pass and pick a spot. There is none of that regimented pitch allocation and parking ensuring one corner of your van is parked next to a numbered pin making sure that there is a 6 meter gap between vans. Here it is just a large field and you park wherever you like, actually is more like Vehicles and tents abandoned all over the field with little distance between each other and lots of tents, it's a bit like a festival site but not as full. We hunt out a space on a reasonably level part of the field and it's not long before the kettle has boiled, tea is made and we discuss what we are going to do with the rest of the day. We dismiss a number of things due to the time of day and also the weather, a walk into town looks like the best plan and as the shops will be closed by the time we get there and that makes it even better, although it won't help in our hunt for the so far elusive espresso cup. The walk into town is only about 20 minutes and we arrive there at about 6pm and most of the streets are busy and full of peeps with only very few wearing masks and the 2 meter space is well out of the window, people must think that because restrictions have been lifted, the virus has gone away, well believe me it hasn't. The Main Street is busier than Mathew street on a Saturday night, well that may be a bit of an exaggeration, but it is busy and to be honest we are not sure why, the chippy has a queue down the street, there is an amusement arcade and the usual array of tat

shops and that's about it, well apart from a short pier. It's not really our sort of place as it's too busy and we don't really do amusement arcades or kiss me quick hats. After a walk around most of the streets we call it a day and return to Gloria with a plan of returning to town to check out the charity shops on the hunt of Red October (the espresso cup). After a bite to eat, there is just time for a chat and make plans for tomorrow adventure, so that's about it for today.

Day 8 17th August

The plans we made last night for a cycle ride along the costal path have gone fully down the pan as the weather has dictated that we are not going anywhere due to the fact that it is pouring down with rain and it's cold to say the least. As you can imagine today is not going to be the most interesting day, although so far apart from meeting my niece's which I am still over the moon about, it hasn't been the most exciting trip to date. Hopefully we will be able to change that in the days to come, however that is not going to happen today as we are confined to barracks due to the weather, we sure aren't going for a bike ride in this rain which is bouncing off Gloria's roof, but worse than that it is penetrating the tent of the family next to us and they have decided to pack up early and head home. I will not bore you with the morning and early afternoons events as all they included was hiding from the rain and iPad usage for listening to music, reading the news, finding our next place to stay and generally messing about. In the afternoon the weather looked like it was clearing up but we were not that confident that it was going to stay that way, we take the safest option and head into Cromer. There are a couple of places that as yet we have not yet visited so we are off, we are soon in town and it is just as busy as yesterday, the charity shops are the first point of call while we continue our mission in search of this darn espresso cup. After a wander around the town we head off for the promenade, he waves at rolling in at a pretty fierce rate and crashing against the rocks with spray flying over the promenade and peeps who are intent on getting wet. As we don't fancy a good soaking, it's off for a walk along the pier where we will not get wet, it is however blowing a proper hoolie that is if they have hoolie's on the south east coast, anyway it's blowing one, there are peeps

optimistically crabbing from the pier, with the size of the waves rushing in and the height of the pier I wish them luck. We are at the far end of the pier and just about to head back, then to join the hoolie the rain starts to fall and extremely heavily, time to head for cover to the bar / coffee shop, obviously choose the coffee option, not. Eventually the rain stops and the sun manages to send a few rays from behind the clouds, we are back into town at a fast pace just in case the rain clouds decided to send some more of the wet stuff down on us. We are now well behind our time schedule for the return trip Gloria and then cooking dinner, now I know that this is going to put us back firmly on the naughty step but the fish and chip shop does not have the massive queue it had yesterday and is calling out are names, all I can say is hello naughty step and that they were very good. As we don't fancy the amusement arcade it's time to head back to Gloria, for some definite bike ride planning for tomorrow as the weather forecast is saying between 1% to 4% of rain so we should be safe for tomorrow, that's your lot for today more tomorrow.

Day 9 18th August

You may remember that yesterday I had said that weather forecast has said that there was little to no chance of rain, well they were wrong and it's raining, planned bike ride cancelled, revert to plan B yes we have a plan B which is get Gloria ready for travel and drive further up coast to have a look at the scenery and more towns. The planned route will take us through the countryside and return via costal roads and will include visit's to towns and villages on route. The planed stops are the village of Holt and then on to Wells Near the Sea, stopping and points any of interest we may find on the way. Our return route will take us from Wells to Sheringham and then back to the campsite, we have calculated a round trip travel time of under 2 hours which will give us plenty of time to visit our planned stops and a few more, well that's what we thought, oh boy how wrong we were. The first part of the journey was ok and we only encountered a small amount of traffic and we arrived at Holt along with the rest of the world, it was rammed and took us half an hour to get anywhere near the village, when we finally arrived it was chaos the car parks were full, with queues waiting to get in and cars were abandoned everywhere. We had a look

round for a parking place but there was absolutely no chance of finding a place to park Gloria. Ok next stop Wells-Near-The-Sea, to see if we fare any better, first problem is getting out of Holt this proved nearly as difficult to park and took ages, the road from Holt to Wells was also rammed, this was fast becoming a frustrating and bad idea. We eventually arrive at Wells and it is much the same story although there was a ray of hope, signs for a coach and lorry park at the edge of town, that sounds like a great idea and should have space for Glo, however it wasn't that great an idea as due to the lack of coaches visiting, they had changed it to an overflow car park and installed a high barrier, Barb did ask one of the parking attendants if the high barrier could be opened so that we would be able to park out of the way, the answer was an abrupt, unfriendly and definite no with capital letters, what a great way of bringing business to the town which must have been decimated during the pandemic lockdown. With a bit of a grump we abandon this visit as well but thinking about it we are not sure it would be a pleasant place to be with all those peeps in a small town there would be very little social distancing. Next let's try and get out of this place, again this is not easily accomplished as every person (being very correct) and their dog have the same idea, eventually we escape and we head off to Sheringham with positive thoughts that we will be able to park and visit at least one place of our planned journey. The coastal road to Sheringham was not really a happy place for Gloria or indeed for Barb to drive along, we arrive at Sheringham and guess what, our positivity was unsurprisingly given a bit of a bitter blow. Again the main car park was rammed and it also had half its space occupied by a tat market which seemed like a great idea to me. There are signs for alternative car parks but trying to navigate Glo through the narrow streets to get to them was also a bit of a no no. We do find a Tesco's which is usually a not a bad place to try, but not this one, for Tesco's it is an extremely small car park. We drive out and we are about to admit defeat but as we drive out of town, eureka there is an official parking space on the road which is well big enough to accommodate Gloria, amazingly we are finally able to visit one of our planned stops, the other bonus was that parking space was free, due to the parking situation I could have probably sold the space. We head off into town which isn't far, first stop is to visit the tat market and it was definitely a tat market and full of it, the visit did not last long, on into town it is. Again the

place is rammed with peeps very few wearing masks and very little of that 2 meter social distancing, to our amazement this town although being a little more up market is still full of tat shops, very soon we head for the promenade to watch the North Sea (I think) crashing onto the rocks with a force we cannot compete with. The power of the sea and indeed all the natural forces of the planet we live on never cease to amaze me and no matter how hard man tries to conquer it we will never succeed, the sooner we learn that the better, as nature will always win. Anyway back to the sea, I love watching the sea in its fury, the waves crashing against the rocks here, really isn't showing the sea in its fury but it is spectacular the wave have also worn the rocks at the forefront into interesting and smooth shapes, a few phone photographs are taken and will hopefully portray the power of the sea. Along the promenade there are a number of multi colour beach huts, not too sure why they are called beach hits as there is no beach to be seen just a load of large sea defense rocks, also I bet they cost a fortune, heavens knows why, however they do offer a photographic opportunity but only if one had a camera with them, so an iPhone will have to suffice. Ok that's about as much of a promenade as two peeps can take it's time to return to Gloria, oh on route we have also visited the majority, no all of the charity shops in the town and have still not managed achieve our mission. Next is the drive back to Cromer and the campsite, luckily this was a fairly uneventful journey apart from the roads not being too suitable for Glo. We arrive back at the site and our original pitch, well space in a field is still available, as it is reasonably level we park up and with minimal effort Glo is level and that's it job done. We do have new neighbors as they are in an immaculately restored VW Type 2, I compliment the owners and we have a chat while our dinner is cooking in the oven, which takes a while as the oven has a mind of its own which is not a very hot idea, after dinner we sit outside and watch the setting sun, well we need to make the most of it as we haven't seen a great deal of it. Next we make more plans of a bike ride tomorrow, which are pretty much the same as the plans we had made for today's bike ride, hopefully tomorrow the weather will let us fulfil the plan, I think you have had sufficient for today, so that's your lot, more tomorrow.

Day 10 19th August

Great I am now up to date and ready to share today's adventures with you all, not snag is that they won't take long, due to Mr weather outsmarting the weather person's forecast which said 1% chance of rain, which should have said 1% chance of no rain, another bike ride cancelled and I am starting to get a tad fed up. Absolutely nothing happened this morning as we were confined to barracks yet again due to the wet stuff falling from the sky, which equally boring for us as well as you. About 1pm the rain sort of stops and just spits intermittently, we won't risk a bike ride as the skies are black and it looks like more rain is on its way, but we can't just sit here and other than going out in Gloria for a drive, which by yesterday's experience is extremely low down the agenda, the option left to us is to walk into town again and have one more chance of finding the elusive cup. Taking no chances we put on our wet jackets and head off, as per our previous visits the town is very busy, as we walk down the narrow streets we visit the charity shops hoping to fulfil our mission of hunting Red October. The charity shops do not supply our needs, however Barb visits a we sell everything shop which is having a closing down sale and eureka they have Red October on their shelf, in fact they have two of the little rascals and with 30% off the already reasonable price, let's grab them quick, pay for them and get out of here, shouting yippee, hurray and other words to express our feelings at finally achieving our mission, we knew we would it was just a matter of time. There is a slight heart stopping moment as after seeing the rascals I leave them on their shelf while I have a look around, now this could have a big big mistake, as when I returned to collect them from their shelf they had gone, oh no some other person (that's nearly what I said) has purchased them, but no Barb had already taken them to the till, payment time and the net cost was £2.36 each ok I know that is £1.36 more than I wanted to pay but these are brand new with labels and we have accomplished our mission without all the destruction and mayhem that Tom and his mates create. This starting to be a good day and then gets better as my other search also comes to a positive result, I have found a fish monger selling dressed crab, wow two results in one day. Let's get back to Glo before we get totally overwhelmed by our success and before do something daft like drop the bag and break the cups. That doesn't happen and the cups and the dressed crab arrive at our second home safely, time to get the chairs

out and sit outside and congratulate ourselves on completing not one but two of our missions this afternoon. The sitting outside idea didn't last too long as the rain clouds decide to empty their contents yet again, chairs, table and ourselves are quickly back inside Gloria and we listen to the rain landing on Glo's roof. That's about it for the day other than to congratulate ourselves again for completing our missions, we are on the move to a different site tomorrow which is a tad more upmarket than the current field we are in, that said it is also more expensive than parking in a field. Until tomorrow that is your lot, let's hope that there is more to tell you, I might even get the espresso pot on the stove to try out our new cups, they best be good.

Day 11 20th August

Hey guess what, yes it rained overnight now it isn't that a surprise, as I mentioned yesterday we are moving on this morning to a site which is only 30 minutes away but heading inland, those of you that know me would know that not so long ago I would not have been able to stay on this site due to its name, now however after a number of years and some assistance I can stay at the "Two Mills" caravan site without the blink of an eye, if you do don't know why, then message me and I will let you know or you could just check out the fountain of all knowledge Mr Boogle, oops Google and he will tell all. It's hard to remember that at one time you had to have the encyclopedia Britannica that you could not carry, to know half as much as Mr Google and it would also take you ages to find the answers were as Mr G gives them to you in a nano second. Enough of this waffle, it's time to get Gloria ready for transportation this doesn't take long as just need to pack away any loose movable objects especially the pair of Red October's we can't be breaking them can we. We are ready for departure at approximately 10am and after saying farewell to our newfound friends parked next to us we are off, we do need to stop for some provisions and as there is a Lidle 5 minutes away that sounds like a plan, as usual there is no parking space to actually Glo, so that means taking up two spaces due to her length. Shopping done as quickly as possible as the shop was not a great place to due to the lack of masks and also that no one understands what 2 meters is they must be foreign measurements

even though we went metric for 50 something years ago. We head off to our next residence however it is only 30 minutes away and we can't officially check in until 1pm, so we need to find somewhere to spend our time, this is fairly easy as the site is only a mile away from the village of North Walsham and that is where we are going. Amazingly we find a car park that Glo can get into and also it is nearly empty so plenty of space for Glo to be happy in, one thing that does bring to mind is that if the car park is this empty then the village can't be busy either. When we get to the village our thoughts are confirmed, it's not very busy. Sometimes there is no pleasing us we moan when the place is rammed and now we are moaning that this one is too quiet, it has a few uninteresting shops but the charity shops outnumber them two to one, they are everywhere. As you know we actually completed our Mission yesterday but Barb is intent on visiting them anyway, after purchasing some brand new material for her sewing from one shop, a new stainless teapot from another, we now have three but they are home as we keep forgetting to put them back in Glo. Then at the next shop Barb calls me in, and their sitting on a shelf was not Red October but the Holy Grail, straight sided white bone china with gold rim espresso cup with matching gold rimmed saucer, and that's not the best it wasn't alone it had three of his mates with him, all for the princely sum of 3 squid. It's destiny they cannot stay there, I can hear them calling me and at 75p each they are coming home with us. Now the only snag is that we have 6 of the rascals and there is only me in Glo and our house that drinks espresso, on the plus side if you add the prices together with yesterday's purchase and then divide by 6 then we are actually under the original target of £1 a cup. Now the next question is, seeing that we have exceeded our original Mission do we now accept another mission and see how many we can collect during our travels, this could get very silly really quickly, I think I have played this game somewhere before. That's enough of this joviality let's get to the site, Glo transports us there in a matter of minutes as we have already paid we are shown to our pitch and given more information than we can take in during the 30 second induction. If this was a field it would be an M&S field, this is the full trip beautifully manicured grounds, perfectly level fully serviced (hey stop it) pitches, Immaculate facilities this is the full nine yards, mind you what would you expect from a site of this name, it's even got the same logo as we originally had. This time setting up takes a bit longer than



turning up in a field as we need to connect electricity, fresh water supply and wastewater drainage system, well a pipe into a hole. All that done and hands washed it's time for lunch best be getting the dressed Cromer Crab and prawns out of the fridge, not sure what the Crab has come dressed as but on this site it should be a dinner suit, suit or no suit the crab was delicious as were the prawns. All this excitement I need to sit down with a cup of tea over which we have to make some serious decisions as to what to do and where we will go when we leave here on Sunday. Ideally we would like to head further down and visit the Norfolk Broads but on this trip we have some time constraints which means it is unfeasible for us to head further south. We also had ideas to head for the Malvern Hills but this may also have to be put on hold for another trip, now the plan is to head up into Derbyshire after stopping somewhere overnight on route as it's a fair old hike up there. All this planning has taken up a lot of our day, usually it wouldn't but when you are working to a specific date you have to change your plans to suit. We have time for a walk and also find out which is the best route to cycle to another village tomorrow, after that it's time to return to Gloria for dinner and stuff, after that it's time to write and publish this, so that I don't fall behind again, after that there is time for a bit of a relax before hitting the hay, well it's a pillow really, and that's your lot until tomorrow.

Day 12 21st August

Today we are in a bit of a dilemma as in what do, this morning the sun is shining but the met office have put out a weather warning of high winds and heavy rain which both sound really great if you are planning a bike ride so the question is what time is this wonderful weather going to be with us, at the moment the Met office is saying from 1pm but you know how reliable the weather forecast are. I have also checked the forecasting sites that I use to make sure that it is safe for Drone flying, these sites are all saying rain at 2pm but

the wind speeds they are reporting are under 15mph which is in no way high. Right let's go for it the bikes are soon of their new Thule carrier (have I mentioned this item previously) as soon as we have changed and donned our cycle helmets we are off to Worstead a village which is about 5 miles away and is apparently famous for Worsted cloth. The planned route for the ride takes us down country lanes, past some properties that shall we say are easy on the eye and I would expect not easy on the pocket, we also pass a large riding school and meet some of the horses and riders heading in the opposite direction all of which we say hello to as we pass by. The village is very pretty and has a very grand church which dates back to the 14th century and looks far too big for this small village unfortunately it is closed, I was expecting a bit more of the village as part from the church, one pub and some houses that's about it. We continue on for a couple of miles but there is not a great deal to see apart from crops growing in the fields, we take a different route back towards the site to go on the hunt of a nursery that Barb has found while checking out the area on Google maps, (how did we survive before Google) we find the nursery, I am not usually a great fan of nurseries and garden centers and I am usually there under duress, however this one is different even I am very impressed at its extremely large varied selection of plants and trees, this is a real nursery not like some of those garden center places that sell everything else but decent plants. It's a good job that it is miles away from home as if it wasn't, Barb would have spent lots of those English pound thingy's, actually I would have as well. They also have a cafe, well it be rude not to pay it a visit for a coffee and possibly something sweet and cake like to accompany it, again this doesn't sell massed produced plastic cakes, these are the real thing homemade, delicious and that's us back on the naughty step, this place deserve a name mention, if you are in the area Hadfields Nursery in North Walsham, Norfolk is definitely worth a visit. It is only minutes away from the site and after our 12 mile ride we are reunited with Gloria and the bikes are reunited with their new bike rack (no I won't mention it). There is just time to stay outside for a cup of tea and a quick chat with our neighbors before the forecasters get it right and the rain starts and it hasn't stopped yet, good job the bikes are under cover and we are then confined to barracks as I am not going out in this. I won't bother telling you about the rest of the day or evening as the rain has completely stopped play. We are on

the move again tomorrow and we will be heading west and then north towards Derbyshire, due to the distance will be breaking up the journey and stopping overnight somewhere near the middle of the trip, I will let you know more tomorrow.

Day 13 22nd August

Well the weather forecasters finally got it right, their timing may have been out but at 11.30pm the rain came and boy did it come it was torrential and was bouncing off Gloria's roof so loudly it woke us up, it carried on for about an hour before it calmed down and was then just heavy rain, good job that we were on a well-drained pitch. We are off on the move again today and are heading northbound towards to Derbyshire / Peak District, not 100% sure where yet but we will sort that later. Gloria is prepared for transportation, the external jobs required are carried out in between the rain showers, by 11.30 we are on the move. Initially we use the same route as our inbound journey but after that we have chosen a longer but with roads that will hopefully suit Gloria better, this different route takes us through Wroxham which looks like a place we should have visited rather than the Victorian seaside towns. The village is busy and it looks like there is a lot to see it is alongside the meandering river Bure and there lots of river boats both moored and pottering around. This is the place we should have gone to originally. We try to find a parking space for Gloria but as with other places we have visited the car parks are rammed full and the only one we could find a little out of the village, had a height barrier added to this it was raining persistently. I do try and find a campsite nearby but this proved to be a fruitless mission with no room at the inn. Regrettably we have to leave, I suppose we should have done some research but initially we did want to be by the coast, oh well we will just have to visit another time. We are soon on a main dual carriageway A road on which Barb and Glo are much happier with well that it is until the rain turns into a monsoon which makes the driving very unpleasant and not much better in the passenger's seat, it's wipers on full speed and headlamps on time. Eventually the rain calms down a bit, not stopping but better than it was, next job is to find a fuel station but not one of the services as they are charging £1.48 a liter, this means we are going on a little detour as luck would

have it, the detour was not a long one as we found a supermarket petrol station just off the main road it was also worth it as there was a saving of 15p per liter. You may think that I am being a tight thingy but as Gloria's tank gobbles up a 100 squidlingtons at a time it does make a difference and is worth the short diversion. By midafternoon we are at tonight stop over which is a pub car park and is free with expectation that you make a purchase inside, well me thinks that shouldn't be too difficult. The sun has finally made an appearance from behind the clouds and after a bite to eat we head for the beer garden to enjoy the sunshine which didn't last long before the rain returned, time to retreat to Gloria as if we stay in the pub it could get messy, even if the pub does close at 7pm, don't ask me I don't understand why either. The pub's website makes it look impressive as do the photographs and reviews on the stopover website. When I rang to check if they still did stop overs I was asked to wait as they needed to make sure they had a space, this also made me think that it was going to be a busy establishment, all I can say is that we must have gone to a different pub, as the food was mediocre and as for our expectations of a car park full of Motorhomes there was just us, I will say no more. Not much more to report today other than we have booked a Caravan and Motorhome club site for tomorrow and possibly Tuesday so that will be a little more upmarket than a pub car park, to keep you in suspense (Who am I kidding) I will keep the destination from you until tomorrow, and that's it until then.

Day 14 23rd August

Well after the expectation of more Motorhomes arriving in the evening we awoke to just is in the car park, so much for them needing to check if they had space, the pub is also a hotel and it says that it has a coffee bar, again as it is a type of hotel I did expect it to be open for breakfast of at least tea's and coffee for the residents, but there was no sign of life and it was locked up tight. Time to leave and head up North, Sylvia tells us that the journey will take just under 2 hours excluding stops, which there will need to be a few otherwise we will arrive at the Club site well before the check in time. We head off for the M1 expecting to find a services with a big M as their coffee is very good, after a good few

miles we give up on the idea of finding Ronald we pull in at the next service's however it did only had a KFC, Burger King and a Harry Ramsden's serving breakfast which luckily is not fish and chips, none of which excite me on the coffee front, obviously there is a Starbucks but definitely does not float my boat, I can hear you saying what a fussy sod, and I would have to agree. Gloria is ready and waiting and that's us out of there in search of Ronald or even a Greggs as their coffee is also very good and none of that silly 5 quid a cup lark. It's not until we leave the motorway that we find a Greggs and after a coffee and a tea we are back on route, we are still well ahead of the allowed check in time so another stop will be required and a fairly long one at that and after checking out the map, yes a map who would have thought of that, I find just the place. The route takes us directly through Ashbourne in the Peak District a town we have visited on a number of occasions, we know that there is a suitable place to park Gloria, we can spend an hour or so there and when we are ready the Club site is only 20 minutes away. We are soon easily parked, which makes a change and into town in a matter of minutes. After a walk around window oh and dress shopping, no not for me, it is time to take on the other mission that we decided to accept, hopefully we do not succeed. You may remember that the second mission that we came up with is to find and purchase some more bone china espresso cups, that we don't actually need or want, but hey it adds to the joy of shopping the rules state that these can only be purchased from charity shops, ok I did initially break this rule but now it is a definite one that cannot be broken. The snag is that there are lots and lots of charity shops in town and each one will have to be visited but not by me, after searching out every one of the shops I am pleased to report that luckily our mission was unsuccessful which is good as we already have eight of the rascals and actually only wanted one. As we are now passed the 12 o'clock check in time we head off for the Club site, on arrival or what we think is arrival, as we have pulled into the wrong site (both site are named Carsington Water) I explain at the entrance gate that we have pulled into the wrong site and need to turn around. We are told that they have space if we would like to stay there and ask us to drive around and have a look, although it looked like a very good site we are booked in at the Club site next door and they take a dim view if you book and don't turn up, they also put a black mark against your membership number and we have already been on the

naughty step enough times already over the last few weeks. The Caravan and Motorhome Club site is as usual very slick, booking in is easy as is our request to stay for a few more nights. We have soon found a pitch to our liking and Gloria is soon level and plugged in to the electric supply although it does take two power leads to get to the power point. As always at a CMC club site the facilities are immaculate and so is the location, guess what it's back to the office to see if we can extend our stay, fortunately we can so that's us for the week, hopefully the weather will permit us to cycle a few circuits of the reservoir and also explore the nature reserve. The kettle is on while we ready the rest of the stuff for a few days stay, fresh Derbyshire water instead of that stuff from down south, table and chairs are recovered from their hiding place under Gloria's rear seats and are then set up outside in the late afternoon sun. After our well-deserved, well we think so, cup of tea it is time for a walk down to but not around the reservoir, that task is on hold until tomorrow. Although the walk was only down to the reservoir, according to my Apple product we did manage to clock up 4 miles if we had used Barb's Apple it would have been more like 5 miles. Then it is time to return for a late dinner, after that there is not much more to the day apart from checking out the cycle rout for tomorrow, so until then that is your lot.

Day 15 24th August

Boy oh boy this is going to be a short one even though the day was as long as other days, not only has Mr Sun failed to make an appearance it's far worse the Rainman has come to visit. That's the bike ride off the agenda yet again, this weather is starting to become very unfunny, I think that it's becoming even more unfunny for the peeps that are usually is Spain, Greece or somewhere else that is warm, sunny, hot, cheaper than the UK and has the benefit of golden sands and inviting warm blue sea's, oh and all-inclusive food and drink and are also new to this stay vacations lark. I think that a lot the peeps who have purchased brand new Motorhomes and Caravans without hiring and trying one first may be regretting their purchases. We will have to see if they all head back to the sunshine

coast's next year, let's hope so and that we will be able to visit parts of our wonderful country without the world person and person and their dog being there. Was that politically correct, it probably means that the dealers will have a heyday buying expensive bits of kit for knock down price while explaining to the customer that they have to take into the account of the loss due to VAT, there being lots of vehicles being sold by owners, oh and when they bought the said vehicle they bought the wrong spec which will be difficult for the resale market, why is that, oh I know profit and lots of it. It does make for purchase opportunities though, anyway back to today due to Mr Rainman we are confined to barracks unless we ready Gloria for transportation but that isn't an option as the world his wife and their dog are out there ( that's the none politically correct version:). We will sit and relax and wait to see if the weather improves and we can get out there and do something, I won't bore you with the next couple of hours as they include going a great deal of doing nothing. Later in the afternoon the weather does cheer up a bit, not enough for a bike ride as it's getting a bit late but there is time for a walk down to the reservoir and a short stroll, not a long one as it's a touch cold and not very enjoyable also it looks like the rain guy is about to make a return. We risk the alfresco version and fortunately we just had a bit of Its Spitting but we didn't go inside. I must admit the T-shirt and shorts had to be replaced by grown up pants and a puffer jacket as it felt like winter but we manned up and stuck it out until 10pm and played music fairly loudly to try and dry out the noise of screaming kids, grumpy old fart, make that farts in the plural, the accompanying red wine also helped to improve things, even if it was made slightly more depressing by our friends in New Zealand sending us photographs of them in the fjords, catching big fish and lots of lobsters, while basking in beautiful sunshine, us jealous, not at all or is that a large porky pie. It's time for us to return to Gloria and our pit so that's your lot more tomorrow.

Day 16 25th August

This weather this morning is a bit more like winter than August the cold fresh air of the early morning is accompanied by that very fine but constant rain that make things wet and it's a bit of a toss-up whether it's ok to sit outside or not. The sensible answer is no as you

will eventually end up wet and cold, but hey since when have I been sensible. There is a bench behind Gloria that is surrounded by tall pine trees stand straight and proud, although they have no branches low down they are thick at the top, they have been planted in close proximity to each and up above their branches and thick pine needles merge together providing a canopy that provides ample cover from the mizzle that continues to fall, however they have no protection from the wind which is not blowing at a great rate but it does carry with it the chill of the early morning. You may have guessed that at this present moment in time I have absolutely no intention of mounting my trustful steed, sorry bike (I do get a bit carried away) and heading off around that elusive reservoir. The inclement weather we have encountered on this trip has not only delayed our bike rides it has almost completely cancelled out any photographic opportunities and certainly put the kibosh of any thought of drone flying, a far more talented photographer who's course I have attended would be out there in the rain no matter how heavy it was. I can confirm this with certainty as one of his courses was in the Lake District very early in the morning to capture photographs of the sun rising over one of the district beautiful lakes and the surrounding amazing scenery, the Lake District is not only known for its lakes it also known for its changeable weather and the pouring down rain that fills the lakes. On the morning in question it wasn't just raining it was positively torrential in fact extremely torrential, undeterred by the driving rain David had us all down at lakeside eagerly waiting for the rising sun, which by the way was not going to happen as Mr Sun was staying at home and not coming out to play. David then decided to lead us inland to capture images of a waterfall which when photographed from a certain position includes a beautiful stone bridge in the foreground, well there was plenty of water not just in the waterfall but falling heavily from the sky. I do admire David's photography he is a master of his art but I do have to disagree with this all-weather photography, which includes getting not just yourself as wet as a wet thing can be, but all your photographic equipment. After this experience of under water photography I have decided that I am definitely a fair weather photographer, well apart from snow scenes, I would thank David for sharing his knowledge, his photography is to be admired. Right that has used up loads of your valuable time during which the weather has brightened up slightly and we decide that we are going for it, bikes



off the bike rack, the new one I may have mentioned, we don't have cycling gear, not that Lycra stuff that can be a tad distasteful on some peeps, we are off to circumnavigate the reservoir. Barb is not sure if we are going to go the full distance but we will see how far we get, the first part of the trail is reasonably flat with a tarmac surface but this is to mislead you into thinking that the rest of the trail will be similar. Well let me tell you it's not, definitely not, I always thought that reservoirs and lakes are flat, the only thing that is flat around here is the water and that's not very flat due to the wind howling across it. The trail takes you all the way around the reservoir if you want to, at this stage Barb is still undecided how far she would like to go and we are in the let's see how it goes, there will be a point when a decision has to be made before we reach the point of no return. The flat tarmac section of the route very quickly scarpers and is replaced by a slippery shale surface with has more ups and downs than a rollercoaster and are also pretty high ups and downs, after getting to the top of these hills, these are followed steep slippery descents some with sharp left or right turns at the bottom which makes things interesting. We are approaching the point of no return luckily we have arrived at the visitors center which not surprisingly has a cafe so we can make a decision over a cup of coffee. Right that's the coffee done and we are going for the whole nine yards and going to complete the around the reservoir challenge. Mistakenly we thought that the accents and descents may not as extreme but guess what, we were wrong very wrong as they are actually longer and steeper in both the ups and downs, at one point I did tell Barb that we still had another 5 miles to go when it was actually less than 2, yes I did get told off, that's me back to that naughty step. After completing the round the reservoir trip all we had to do then was to get back to the site which was also uphill all the way, we arrive back at Gloria and she suggests that we have a shower before we sit outside and relax while Mr Sun now decides to show his face but not managing to send much heat down upon us. We are having a BBQ this evening and rather setting up and going through the process of lighting our BBQ which will only be required for 10 minutes cooking time, I decide to use one of the disposable types that I purchased from the reduced section in Home Bargains. Well I can safely say that there was good reason for them being on the reduced section as they are a load of crap, I would have been better putting the steak over a box of matches, needless to

say the others we have will be going in the bin. After the BBQ, undeterred by the evening chill we sit outside wrapped up in grown up pants and puffer jackets while having a couple of family phone calls. Other than that we are done for today we will have to see what happens tomorrow, until then Bye Bye.

Day 17 26th August

At 6.30am it's another fresh and breezy morning, well that's one way of describing it but not quite the words I would use but let's not go there. This morning I can be found sitting under Gloria's wind out sunshade, who am I kidding there is no sign of that big yellow fiery ball above us, never mind any warmth from him, sitting next to Gloria is the best place to shelter from, why I hear you ask, well Barb is having a bit of a sleep in and as I can't sleep I don't want to wake her, I also like the early mornings although I would prefer if it was warmer. Let's skip a couple of hours which just included some reading, interwebby stuff and cups of coffee. It has started to brighten up a bit and ideally I would like to try and get some proper photographs and I had thought of some drone lift off, flight, photographs and videos. After reading the drone safe weather forecast, all flights will have to be grounded as the wind is starting to gust a 24mph and Mavic does not like flying safely in those winds. Next Barb does not fancy a return of yesterday's cycle route especially with the headwinds, walk it is then, as soon as it gets a bit warmer which it has just after 11am not long after that we are ready for the off. This is a different route than yesterday and will take us down a path to see the lower workings of the Dam's pumping station and when I say down I do mean down. The slipper shale path heads steeply downwards which also means that once at the bottom it will go back up again, deep joy, the other great thing was that the Thames Water had decided to close the entrance to the pumping thingamajig and put a no trespassing sign on the locked gate, we wish we had known that at the top, it is also another missed photo opportunity as I did look interesting from the top path by the reservoir. What is interesting is that on the route there are a number of wooden carvings

my favorite is this Troll at a ford that we need to cross, we ask him for his permission to cross the ford and he is happy to grant permission.



Our assumption that there would be an uphill section of this path was soon confirmed and I am sure that there is more of the upward stuff than there was going downward. This path takes us back to the upper path which runs alongside the reservoir, there is light at the end of the tunnel as the information center that we visited yesterday is just under 2 miles away where a coffee and tea will be a definite. Thankfully this section of the path all the way to the coffee and tea is tarmac and level with views across the reservoir, just under 40 minutes later we are ready to order our tea and coffee. As the sun is shining we head for the outdoor air conditioned (as per the sign)



section of the restaurant and as it is on the second floor overlooking the reservoir the AC is certainly doing its job and actually may need turning down a tad as napkins and stuff are blowing off tables everywhere. After tea, coffee and a sandwich it is time for us to head back to the site, we have decided against retracing our route and have gone for the more straight forward and flat well nearly flat route. When we return to Gloria it's time for more tea to warm us up, while drinking our tea we check out our apps which tell us that we have clocked up 6 miles and hiked up 14 flights, best be sitting down for a while. As we are heading ff tomorrow, not sure if it's home or if there is going to be another stop on the way, that actually doesn't matter as things still need packing away, external jobs include cleaning the wind out awning of all the pine needles have fallen due to the winds, then removing all the securing straps that I had used, these weren't actually

securing the awning they were acting as a barrier stopping kids riding their bikes right past us as we are sitting outside, yes I know miserable sod, however it's certainly not the etiquette that one expects on a CMC site, these kids need to read page 47 subsection D of the CMC handbook. Next job is to put the bikes back on the new Thule tow bar mounted bike rack, have I mentioned this before :), with the bikes secured and locked in place, next job is to cover them with the one off special bike cover made by "Barbara Jean Designs" right that's those jobs done it must be time for a sun downer, I must have earned it. I am still determined to sit outside, Barb comes out to join me for about three minutes before retreating to Gloria, uttering are you mad it's freezing out here, look I am on my hollybobs and will be staying outside, that's theory lasts for about another 10 minutes before I also retreat to Gloria to try and get warm, I refuse to put the heating on in August, well I might at this rate. We do venture out again to have a walk around the site to see if we can get a bit of van envy, there are two proper big rascals arrived today I shudder the think how much they cost, it might make my eyes water, I must admit I don't think that I would like one due to the usability of them, oh yea. As we had sandwiches for lunch, neither of us are very hungry so we are just having a snack, after that there is not much else to say, we have a couple of plans for tomorrow but as yet have not finalised them so we will have to wait and see what happens tomorrow, until then, again that's your lot.

Day 18 27th August

The Rainman is back with vengeance this morning and as the weather is not looking good for the rest of week we decide to head home a couple of days early and then Phil and Andrea can have Gloria a couple of days earlier for their trip to Scotland. The journey home was uneventful and we soon arrive back in the pool of life, Gloria is parked in the drive ready to be unloaded but that can wait for a minute as a cup of tea is required while checking the Mail that accumulated while we have been away. We remove the expensive stuff and the rest can wait for tomorrow morning, as you will not want to be bored with us carting stuff from Gloria to the house that's about it for this trip. Until our next trip that's your lot well apart from the epilogue of the trip which I will send tomorrow.

## Day 27 the Epilogue

Here we go, let's start with biggest high point which was meeting my nieces Lyn and Angela for the first time in over 50 years, amazing joyful, emotional and slightly tearful day, need to ensure that it won't be that long before we meet again (well it can't be). Low points well actually just one, we won't be heading to Cromer again any time soon which means ever again, it's just not for us.

## Travel info and sites visited

Time away 18 days (a short one for us)

Miles traveled 701

MPG 28,5

## Sites visited

Arrived 10th August, Departed 13th August

### Birch Farm, St Neots

Great CL site with very friendly owners, manicured virtually level grass pitches with great drainage, all with electric hook up and very close to town approximately a 20 minute walk. I would give it 9 out of 10 and if it had toilets and possibly showers it would get 11 out of 10. All for £15 a night, we would definitely stay again, great value compared to the club site on the other side of town which was nearly £40 a night. Oh and if you are a chocoholic there is a Hotel Chocolat factory shop on the way into town.

Arrived 13th August, Departed 16th August

Jennie and Antony's

Arrived 16th August, Departed 20th August

### Cromer Camping

This is basically a field with a mixture of reasonably level pitches although you will need ramps to get level, the rest of the field is on a slope, the site is a mixture of Motorhomes, Caravans and tents of which outnumbered vans. There is no allocation of pitches it is just a set up where you like and abandon it with not much thought of distancing. There are facilities which are converted containers which are basic and some mould on the ceiling of the showers due to lack of ventilation, don't get me wrong they are perfectly adequate, but if you are fussy I would suggest that you use your own facilities, as you can imagine there are no ELH's. I may sound a bit harsh with this review but I don't want to mislead anyone, on the other hand what do expect for £15 a night for a site that is a 10 minute walk from Cromer town center. All that said if I was in the area again I would stay here again.

Arrived 20th August, Departed 22nd August

### Two Mills Caravan site

Bet you didn't think I would stay there (to be honest a while ago I couldn't)

Arrived 22nd August, Departed 23rd August

### The Stag pub Motorhome stopover in the car park

Arrived 23rd August, Departed 27th August

## Carsington Water Caravan & Motorhome Club Site

Well what can say, another great site from the Caravan and Motorhome Club, great location, very helpful and friendly hosts, great pitches and absolutely spotless facilities, including a dish washing area and laundry room with washing machines, spin dryer and separate dryer. At £28 a night midweek in High season in my opinion it is reasonable, there is another site just up the road which is a similar price however the C&MC site was immaculate enough said.