

# EUROPE 2023

4 months | 6 countries | 8 house swaps | 10 journey legs | 2 grand-boys



## A Rambling Day

After yesterday's drive to the busy surrounds of Lake Windermere, we decided to stay locally and enjoy the tranquility of our own location. After a late breakfast of traditional English fare (pork sausages, eggs, bacon) we went for a quiet walk around the village. Deakin and Maddi went off for breakfast at a local cafe while Blayze was left to tackle some homework.

The village is much larger than we thought. It has a considerable number of relatively new dwellings. We strolled out of the village proper down some narrow lanes and enjoyed the fresh breeze. This place is quiet and laid back - a lovely ambience. We strolled along the road meeting 2 locals who were walking home to read the newspaper. They were surprised that an Australian party would want to choose Chipping as a place to stay. We assured them that the reason we like it here is because of the locals. They seemed impressed. Everyone we have met around these parts seems to be friendly and quite talkative.







The afternoon saw another walk at a place we noted yesterday on the way home from the Lakes District. I believe this walk (along the Grizedale Brook) is part of a much longer walking track. The trail commenced on open ground, downhill from a fell completely covered in heather.

We walked beside a creek that was happily gurgling away, apparently on its way to the Grizedale Dock Reservoir. We walked on confetti type litter and were impressed with the very large ash trees on the slopes of the narrow valley. What a glorious walk!

Late in the afternoon we left the younger ones to get their own tea and went into Preston so Siggy could get some much needed exercise with the “walking” football group. I felt I needed to accompany him in case the locals decided to chop the legs out from under him. Joke, joke. He came out in one piece totally drenched in sweat from the exercise. A couple of players knew him from last Friday so when we inquired if this was the walking football venue they quickly corrected us and said “no, this is futsal on steroids!”

The drive home gave us views of the landscape kissed by the setting sun — really lovely. The only problem though is that you have to find breaks in the hedges because they really restrict views of the landscape beyond them.

This area of England certainly justifies its designation as an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. Some of this has to do with the colours and subtle hues of the landscape I think.









