



EUROPE 2023



4 months | 6 countries | 8 house swaps | 10 journey legs



Sunny Interlude

Surprisingly, when we opened the blinds this morning, the sun was shining brightly and the skies were clear. After a quick porridge we decided it was an appropriate morning to walk through our fabulous surrounds. We started from the house and headed across the paddock via a mown strip that showed us the way to a leafy laneway below the hill. Llangattock village in front of us and the hills behind provided an invigorating backdrop to our walk. We quickly arrived at the canal and walked over the narrow bridge and then on through the town. The river Usk borders the town and is crossed by a very old stone arch bridge. Its one unique feature is that it has 12 arches on one side and 13 on the other. We scaled a gate to get to the river's edge to get the best view of the whole structure. The water was running very swiftly. We walked over the bridge and along the other side of the river and then back up through Llangattock via a very old church yard and cemetery. I continued on the way we came (longer and less steep) while Sig went straight up the road. I enjoyed my more leisurely stroll but did have to heave myself up and over an extremely steep stile that led to a little bridge over the canal. Sig was already home smiling when I arrived.

An afternoon drive in the sun took us to the surrounds of Brecon. We drove around the town trying to find a place to park because we were keen to take a stroll along the canal but, after being directed around the centre of town via detours, opted to instead turn around and head back towards home.

We had passed Tretower Castle on the way to Brecon so thought it might be worth a visit. And wow - it certainly was. The "castle" itself is today in ruins (actually part of a farm) but the palatial yet eclectic Court buildings of the estate, created by one of the most powerful men in Wales after the War of the Roses (Sir Roger Vaughan) – certainly reflected the grandeur of those times. Evidently Tretower became a magnet for medieval Welsh poets who drank its fine wines and sang the praises of its generous host. The Court ended up in ruins by the early 1900s but has been gradually and faithfully recreated via public funds over the decades. The digital audio commentary was excellent. When the weather turned cold we hopped back in the car and drove home.







