

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to Sea



Well after what has seemed a ridiculously long, depressing winter, we FINALLY got the chance to nip Bluebell out this weekend for a night away. We had been recommended **this site** as a perfect retreat for the night, and so back in January we got it in the diary and got the count down underway!

We invited our friends Tracy and Andy and their dog Murphy to join us in their mo-

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to
Sea

torhome, Dolly.

We couldn't believe our luck when on Saturday we awoke to a glorious blue sky and sunshine- despite the weather intimating all week it was going to be wet and dismal! It just goes to show, you should always stick to your guns when it comes to the weather and holidaying in Britain!!

Despite a slightly stressful start- we needed to jump start Bluebell, once at home and then once more 20 miles down the road after we had stopped for fuel. Amazingly we were rescued by the Shell petrol station manager in his MOTORHOME!! What are the chances eh?! Anyway, thanks to him and some jump leads we had inherited we were soon our

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to Sea

way, albeit a little worried about the state of Bluebell's battery, but nethertheless, nothing was going to dampen our weekend.

We arrived to the fab little site around 3 ish and were shortly followed by our friends. Quick beer and a ham butty later and we were ready to investigate the local surroundings. We made it as far as the **pub** a 10 min walk, and decided we definitely all deserved a quick drink! 3 hours later, we stumbled out, back up to the campsite, a bit wobbly and had a lovely chill in our van. Before I carry on, I must tell you a little story about what happened whilst in the pub.. We were sat minding our own business, putting the world to rights with Murphey and Jazz happily munching their rawhide under the table.

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to Sea

Somehow- I managed to get my finger trapped in Jazz's collar and he managed to get tangled with Murphey's lead. A bit of a commotion followed, with the dogs howling and the pub being silenced. The next thing we know, the pub cat, a rather large ginger fluffball, called "Asbo", wandered very coolly over to the our table- lifted his front paw and punched both Jazz and Murphey on the side of their heads, then walked off! Very very funny!

Back to our stumble back up to the campsite - we cooked a spag Bol in our van, got into our p.js, drank an awful lot of red plonk and had a flipping lovely night. To say we were slightly merry doesn't come close- poor Andy achieved the most spectacular exit of Blue-

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to Sea

bell we have ever witnessed- he literally fell straight out off the van and ended up in a heap, breaking his watch in the process. It was funny, sorry Andy!!

Next morning, after a blissfully quiet nights sleep and unbelievably escaping a hangover (get in) we enjoyed a big full English brekkie in Tracy and Andy's van and then headed down to the beach for a walk to blow away the cobwebs

You can tell it was a boozy night, first time ever where I haven't taken at least one pic!

Here are some pics of our walk – does anyone know what the bird is?

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to
Sea

Until next time....

Lydia x



Share this:

- **Share on X (Opens in new window) X**
- **Share on Facebook (Opens in new window) Facebook**
- **Share on Pinterest (Opens in new**

First night away of 2013.. Cley Next to
Sea

window) Pinterest

- **Share on WhatsApp (Opens in new window) WhatsApp**
- **Email a link to a friend (Opens in new window) Email**