

A lovely day on the Norfolk coast

Bluebell the motorhome was parked in the huge carpark of BritStop 219 on Saturday night. On one side was a large field where we were lucky enough to watch the deer, on the other side was my dad and Jenny's motorhome, behind us was the sea (well half a mile walk away) and in front of us was a rather exquisite restaurant.



We started the day with a good leg stretch (4 miles no less!) around the pretty village of Burnham Thorpe, which is where Lord Nelson was born and raised. There are some beauti-

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ful country cottages in this part of the world including a gorgeous refurbished manor house complete with moat! Gorgeous and a very pleasant way to spend an hour or so, drooling over everyone's houses and debating on what we will buy when we win the lottery!!

Haha

The weather was bright and blustery and certainly blew away the cobwebs that had accumulated after the previous nights tipples in the pub!



After our pleasant walk we drove the 6 miles to our next destination, Britstop 219 on the coast, and waited for Dad and Jenny to ar-

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rive. We'd planned to get supplies from the farm shop that we knew was nearby, but travelling out of season put a stop to that, as it was closed. So we ended up having our lunch at our host pub, despite being booked in for dinner also.

It didn't matter- lunch was delicious and was taken in front of a roaring fire with a pint or two of Aspall cider. I can certainly think of worse ways to spend a winters weekend! Feeling slightly guilty after a couple of pints and a luxurious lunch, we went for another leg stretch, down to the beach. Unfortunately the recent high tide flooding had resulted in the access path being shut off so we wandered the mile or so circuit round the village, stopping at another pub for a wee break and

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a wee dram!

It was soon time to get our glad rags on and head to the restaurant for our dinner. Keith and I had fresh Brancaster mussels to start (yum yum) and then I had fish pie for main, whilst Keith had cod in red wine sauce (yes, red wine!) – Dad had the biggest portion of battered haddock I’ve ever laid my eyes on and Jenny had fish cakes. The whole meal was delicious and we enjoyed a good catch up.



The sea air and hearty meals (not to mention the booze) soon took its toll though and we all started fading at around 9:30pm, so we bid farewell and hit the sack. I’m glad we had

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an early night, as the wind really picked up and we* didn't sleep too well, fearing we were going to blow over (* I say we - more me - Keith managed to snore his way through the storm!) Luckily we didn't blow over and the early night meant we woke up fresh as daisies ready for a morning trip to Brancaster beach.

We've never been to Brancaster beach before, I don't know why- it's gorgeous! There really is something about visiting the beach in the middle of winter, when it's deserted and blustery don't you think? We loved every second- the wind was doing its best to knock us over, the dog was going nuts running around and exploring, we had so many layers on we looked like we'd gained 5 stone

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each, but my goodness it was exhilarating and we couldn't stop smiling!



What's your favourite beach to visit in the bleak mid winter?

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