

**An Ode to the Otterton High Peak Walk on Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> August 2015  
with Brian Gannon**

***"14 Walkers and then there were 8!"***

We started the walk from Otterton Green.  
A group of fine walkers appeared on the scene.  
Several had travelled on the 157 bus  
Having disembarked with a minimum of fuss.  
Well it could have proved dangerous, off-loading passengers with sticks  
But they all appeared harmless, in fact a very pleasant mix!  
By the bank of The Otter alongside Anchoring Hill, we encountered a '4 bar fence'!  
We all climbed over with reasonable ease, using a 'smidgen of common sense'.  
Just after that point one walker dropped out, we were sorry to see him go.  
But turning eastwards towards Sea View Farm, a place most of us seemed to know.  
Then after Bar's Lane we took the short climb, ending up on the top of High Peak.



Panoramic views were enjoyed from there, though some may have been feeling a tad weak.



I think at that point some were thinking ahead, of visiting a local pub  
Where they could 'down' a delicious cool pint and consume some decent 'pub grub'.  
Still down the stony path we scrambled, which fortunately was reasonably wide.  
And as luck would have it, we all got down and amazingly nobody died!  
We passed the sandstone stacks in the sea, walking down to Ladram Bay  
Where several of our stalwart group, went along the 'convenience' way.  
Much relieved, we all went on our way, passing via Monks Wall.  
We didn't know that in a very short while, again our numbers would fall.  
A second walker took a short cut when we arrived at Colliver Cross  
She had to catch an earlier bus home, so that was another sad loss!  
At last we made it to Clamour Bridge, where again our numbers went down  
As four of our group went on their own way but left without expressing a frown!  
We were now on the final stretch of our hike, with only 8 of us left  
But we think everyone enjoyed their walk, and didn't leave feeling bereft.  
Back on The Green we said our goodbyes to two who left to go home.  
Whilst the final six went to The Kings Arms, having lost their appetite to roam.  
Where we enjoyed a drink and a tasty bite and passed away the time.  
Which is just as well, that now at last, I can finish this awful rhyme!

**Jean Gannon.**  
**12 August 2015**