

**Wednesday 13 April 2016, Ladram Bay, High Peak, Passaford
Lane and Bicton with Chris Buckland**

“MOVE ALONG, THERE’S NOTHING TO SEE HERE”

No time to lose.

No where to park; they own it you know.

Not the Walk Leader expected. No problem.

No path across the field; it’s a roundabout route.

No accidents crossing the road; OVA insurance, no worries.

Not a blackberry to be seen. Has summer already been? Did I miss it?

No space for walkers on this road; it’s a ‘rat run’. Where are they?

Not a permissive path to Clamour Bridge, nor dry neither; never is.

No gates out of Otterton Park; 400 years and still waiting.

Not a stick to pick up in Colliver Lane; what’s carbon fibre anyway?

No right of way across Home Down..... except for Heather.

No smells at the sewerage works.

No monks to be seen. Have they gone to the wall?

Nothing discreet about Ladram Bay vans. A few brown at the back. Bravo.

No conger in the pool.

Not very High Peak at 159 metres. High Willhays is 621.

Not for me thank you. No sweat. Where do you stand? Tall.

No camera; no photos for you dear reader.

Not Peak Hill as well? No chance. No problem.

Nothing dry about Wingate; never is.

No Stones on Seven Stones Hill. Who dumped all the glass?

“No more hills.” I don’t believe it. The Leaders always say that.

No logs to sit on for lunch. Nothing for it but to sit on the grass.

No excited conversation; no idle chatter. Too busy chomping.

Nothing breaks the silence.

Not a direct descent down Passaford Lane. Where’s the ford? Cheated again.

No mud across the meadow, but buried Pipes uncovered.

No beavers in the Otter. A marketing stunt.

No sign of ships anchoring. My faith is ebbing fast.
No salmon defying gravity at the weir.
No sails at the Mill. Not a windmill then.
No solidarity when invited to tea. Thank you, Dee.
Not safe but the road must be crossed.
Not a church anymore.
No way on this Bridleway; mustn't pester the land owner; who are we anyway?
No shouts for help after a fall. No shortage of help.
No risks, no road walking; safe trespass instead.
No one for Tennis. Can anyone play?
"No time for walking", says Paul. I'm retired don't you know it.
Not too much mud.
No rain at all.
No one got lost. No one picked up.
Never a dull moment.
Nothing else to say. We can but hope, I hear you pray.

Chris Buckland
18th April 2016