

Ireland Wild Atlantic Way Road Trip 2026

2nd May

It's not long now before we set off on our next adventure, our ferry crossing from Holyhead to Dublin is booked for the 22nd May and we will leave our great city on the 21st May so that we can catch the next days early ferry. Already the mixed emotions I have when we are about to set off on a long (in time) trip are starting to set in. The feelings of excitement of the forthcoming adventure and then the feelings of missing our family and friends even though we're never too far apart even when miles separate us. I suppose this trip is a little different as although we will cover a few thousand miles, we will never be that far from home, we also have many FaceTime and WhatsApp video calls to look forward to.

14th May

Bit of an Oops update

Well what can I say, our usual rough planning has bitten my bum before we even leave Liverpool, in my first post I mentioned that we were well organised with our departure dates and ferry booking, well that was not quite the case. I had put on the calendar the dates above but Barb was having a look at ferry booking and noticed that the ferry was actually booked for the 19th, my fat fingers pressing the wrong date, that was going to be a bit of a pain as that meant we would have to leave Liverpool on Monday the 18th to catch the 7.30am ferry on the 19th. the problem there is that we will be having our wonderful little Lucas (our grandson) on the Monday and there was no way that we would miss having him the day before our long trip, we will miss him enough while we are away, I do have to say that we will miss the rest of our family as well, good job I mentioned that. Anyway that would mean us not being able to leave Liverpool until about 7pm which is not the end of the world but just a bit of a pain.

We do have an easy solution to the problem, well I thought it would be easy as unusually we have booked the ferry with Fexi insurance so we can change or cancel our booking at any time up to the day prior to the crossing. Don't worry Barb my love I will easily rectify my cock up and just change the date online using our booking reference. Five minutes later I have logged in and made the amendment and receive an email say that it had been received and that a new booking confirmation would arrive shortly, I have done that, told you it wouldn't be difficult. Well that's what I thought, about an hour later I received another email from Direct ferries telling me that Irish ferries would not change the booking as they had no space available for a camper van for the date we wanted, in fact they did not have any availability and they were unable to tell me when they would have, did I believe that they had no availability, did I heck so I go on the website to make another booking and low and behold there is availability, ok not a problem I will just phone up and see what the problem is, again that's what I thought I would do but they do not have a phone number, you can only connect them via a chat. I have to admit that discussing issues via a chat line is not my favourite pastime as no matter how easy the problem is and how well you explain what you want, you are asked the same question after someone or a bot has said Hi my name is Fred your custom is important to us and I am here to help you in anyway I can to solve your issue, then the game of tennis starts with messages going back and forth and 30 minutes later you are no further advanced, eventually Fred grasps what needs doing but then repeats that Irish ferries have no availability, oh yes they have as I have checked through your website, oh I better check, is it ok if you hold while I check, do I have any option nope but please don't cut me off as I don't want to start this lark again, oh no Mr Hawkins that will not happen. The next millennium eventually arrives and Fred says hi I am sorry to keep you waiting but its good news I have been able to sort things and the crossing you want is available, the issue was that the crossing price One Pound difference and that is why they would not change your booking, is it ok If I send you a link so that you can pay the additional £1, now is worth me starting to have a moan, nope just take a deep breath and say yes Fred that is fine, link arrives, £1 paid and booking confirmation arrives but is for the original day, ffs Fred what is going on, oh don't worry the correct amended booking will arrive soon is there anything else I can help you with, I refrain and say no that's fine Fred thanks for your help, there is an hour of my life I will never get back, note to self next time you make a booking make sure that you press the correct date and also book direct

through the ferry company not a third party, now what date is it that we are actually leaving I am confused. Five minutes later I get a message say that my custom is very important to them and would it be have 5 minutes to complete a survey so that they are able to understand customers requirements and improve their customer service in the future, dead easy get a phone number so that your customers can actually speak to a human being and sort out the issue in 5 minutes, your custom is important to us is an anagram of give us your money and don't bother us again

19th & 20th May Days 1 and 2

19th

We usually try to leave home about 10am but today this was never going, some may not know that when we are away on a trip we have our house on Airbnb to fund our trips, we usually have the house depersonalised and ready to receive guests well before our departure date but this hadn't happened due to commitments last week. All of the bedrooms were ready but the downstairs of the house was not by any sense of the imagination ready and as we had been out the previous evening, we were not firing on all cylinders. Eventually we get ourselves sorted out and get things ready to receive guests but this did mean that we didn't leave until after 12.30, it wasn't much of a problem as we only had to drive to Holyhead which is only a couple of hours away. The drive to North Wales was uneventful apart from it was blowing a gale especially over the Menai bridge, we arrived in Holyhead and found a suitable park up for the night, its a long time since we had been to Holyhead and I had forgotten what it was like, after a walk around I remembered why I had forgotten and I will say no more. It's still blowing a gale and the sea is pretty rough even in the protected area of the harbour, Barb wished that she had brought some sea sickness tablets as she is not fond of rough water, we will have to wait and see what it is like tomorrow morning.

20th

I had told Alexa to wake us at 6.30am giving us plenty of time to get ourselves ready and then travel to the ferry port which was only a 5 minute drive, now the first problem was that Alexa wasn't to sure where she was and was still on Central European time and she woke us at 5.30am thanks Alexa so the first job is set her to BST. The check in at the ferry terminal is simple as in "what's your name ok thanks get on board", we settle ourselves down on some comfy couches in the bar area, not that we could have or wanted a drink apart from a coffee and a tea. It's very quite on board and fortunately for Barb the sea is very calm, my calmness was very soon to disappear as when we crossed into Irish waters I received a message from EE saying that we were now going to get charged for data roaming, oh great here we go I can see a few interesting phone calls to EE coming when we get off the ferry. As usual here is another story, we had been on BT mobile for about 15 years and the BT contract included free data roaming for our 4 phone numbers and when I renewed the contract in December BT wanted to move them to EE and I was assured by a manager that the data roaming would still be free for the length of the contract, well surprised surprise he lied, I am sure that I will loose the will to live when I speak to someone at EE, I do have his phone number but I wonder if I will be able to talk to him or will he moved on. The three and half hour crossing went unremarkably and the time pasted quickly, it did include a visit to the Duty free shop where they had a really good offer in the spirit section which obviously in-cured a purchase, well we did have to enter the spirit of things while helping the economy, I am not sure if Irish Ferries need any help with their economy but we helped it anyway, we probably helped a bit too much as we exceeded our allowance but don't tell anyone. Our original plan had been to visit Dublin on the return leg of the journey but we thought that we would have a quick look around before heading for the countryside, this idea ended up being scrapped as finding a place to park was impossible so we reverted to the original plan and on our return we will park outside the city and catch a tram into the city. We had found a park up which Syd the sat nav had told us was an hour away from the ferry terminal but now we were stuck in the middle of the city that has more sets of traffic lights than you can count, eventually we escape and head for the narrow winding roads of the Irish countryside, Syd tells we are about 20 minutes from our destination however Syd was not exactly on the ball as 5 minutes later there were cones across the road and a sign saying road Closed, well deep joy and happiness. As you can imagine up in the hills there are not that many roads and the diversion arrow points down and even narrower road heading in the wrong direction, Syd has properly thrown his dummy out of the pram and has

not got a clue where he is and even less of a clue how to get to where we want to be, eventually he gets his act together and tells us to add another 20 minutes to the journey, oh well we have travelled this far we best get on with it, after travelling down some shall we call them interesting roads we finally arrive at our destination. It was well worth the trouble as the view is spectacular looking out over the mountains with Lough Tay the Guinness lake in the valley below. Later in the afternoon the boys in the Porsche "later in life crisis purchase" owners club come out to play in various models none of which were very interesting, there was an old 911 that I would not have taken out of my driveway at home let alone the Wicklow mountains, it was interesting watching them trying to turn them around in the not so narrow car park I think that they were only used to driving forward in straight lines. As the evening went on, the last of the walkers returned to their cars and that was us all alone, there were a couple more vans parked up a bit further down the mountain but much fewer than I expected perhaps we are a bit early in the season for it to be full of motorvans (combination of Motorhomes and Campervans) let's hope the Wild Atlantic way is the same, that's about it for today there will be more tomorrow. Oh I nearly forgot the EE conversation, I phoned the guy who's phone number I had and he sounded a bit shocked that I had his phone number, guess it might have been a mistake that he hadn't blocked it when he called me back in December or he possibly thought that no crank would keep the number in case it was needed in the future, well this crank did. After he got over the shock of a customer phoning him he was very helpful and as he was just about to go into a meeting he took the details and said he would phone me back in about an hour and phone me back he did, not only did he phone me back he phoned to tell me that the problem was solved, it should not have happened in the first place and if I incurred any roaming charges they would be credited back in full, what more could you ask for, thank you Lee, has my faith in companies talking to customers and resolving their issues, has it heck, I am sure that my faith will only be short lived but for now that's it job done problem solved.

Day 1

Stop over

Car park overlooking Lough Tay The Guinness lake

Ballinastoe, Co. Wicklow

What three words

schooling.cumulative.roadways

Day2

Stop over

Kilmore beach, certainly wild

What three words chummy,anthems,amplified

Day 3 21st May

So much for a heatwave it's flipping freezing here, extra blanket required on top of quilt last night, this morning the mist was hanging low over the mountains and our thoughts of staying here for another night have quickly disappeared. We had originally planned for two stops before heading to Wicklow but last night we scrapped that idea as after checking out what was at the first stop we decided it was not for us, the second one was to visit where my great great grandfather came from, but after some more digging through ancestry Barb found that he had just lived there for a short time and there were no details of where he had lived, so that was also not worth the trip. That meant we were going to head straight to Wicklow so there was no mad rush to leave our park up. Eventually we head off and all was going well and Syd was doing a great job of navigating us through the mountains, well that was until he said take the next right, well we would have obeyed his instructions but like yesterday this road was also closed with a diversion sign pointing left which didn't sound good as it was in the opposite direction. Off we go following the diversion while Syd keeps telling us to turn around and follow his original instruction, eventually he gets cheesed off and sets off in the direction of the diversion, he does take great pleasure in telling us that it was going to take 20 minutes longer than his route. We eventually arrive at Wicklow a fair bit after our original eta and find a suitable car park a twenty minute walk from the town, parked up and suitably attired with camera in hand we head off into the town, now even though I had read some positive reviews of the town I really do need to lower my expectations of the towns we visit, my expectations of a quaint town with narrow winding streets with interesting individual shops, (if there is such a thing) a lively vibe to it fell short of reality, vape shops, Turkish

barbers and similar do not really float my boat, sorry Wicklow but it's just not for me but please don't let me put you off, small towns need us to visit them and help with their economy. It's late afternoon and rather than heading off to our next destination we have found a car park overlooking the sea that we can stay overnight, it's a good job we got there when we did as there were already a few other vans there and only a couple of spaces available and they filled up very shortly after our arrival. After a bit of a chill out while watching the Irish Sea crash on the sea defences and a bite to eat we head off for walk and possibly find a hostelry for a libation, obviously all in an effort to help the local economy and as a thank you for our nights free park up. Now when I thought that we were going out to help their economy I wasn't expecting to prop it up completely, their alcohol pricing bears absolutely no resemblance of the J D Wetherspoons pricing method, I was also hopeful of some live music and a bit of the wonderful Irish craic, but they were sadly missing in both of the establishments we visited, I am sure that we will experience both of these as our trip progresses. After our legalised mugging experience we head off back to Gloria for a bit of a chat and route planning before bed, you will find out our planned route tomorrow.

Stopover
Mur Rough Car Park
Wicklow
What three words milky.measures.harmless

Day 4 22nd May

Today's visit is to Wexford which is just over a hour away but before we set off, we felt like a bit more legalised mugging and pop into the town for breakfast, this helping the economy has got to stop and use Glo's kitchen instead of being lazy. We had two reasons to visit Wexford, firstly because it's there and secondly and more importantly my great great grandfather Samuel lived there and had a cabinet makers business in 1854 (I wish he rebuild our country's cabinet) but let's not go there. We find a car park a short walk from the town, as soon as park a guy waving a truck magazine decides he will come over for a chat well more of a rambling, I think he may have already had a few Guinness, he was happy to tell me that he was on bail for €500 for being drunk and disorderly, I think he might of broken his bail conditions, eventually after the use of some choice language he staggered off waving his truck magazine in the air, this does not bode well for our visit. Best buy a parking ticket before we head into town, as I head off towards the machine a gentleman calls me over, oh no I think not another new found friend, but now this gentleman passes me a ticket that is valid for the rest of the day. We head off into town, through Barbs ancestry research she has the name of the street in which Samuel lived and also had his business. We find the street which has changed a lot since 1854 there are none of the buildings that were there in 1854 and not a sign of where he lived as the large newer buildings have changed the property numbers in the street, but hey we found well rather Barb found Anne Street the home of my great great grandfather. Unfortunately my expectations of a quaint town have crashed and burnt, there are just the usual shops with some vape shops, charity shops oh and a barber who wanted to charge €35 for a haircut he must be having a laugh, good job I had a short one before we left home and if I need another while we are away, Barb will be getting the shears out. Right that's it let's get out of here, we arrive at the car park hoping that my new found friend was not lurking around for another chat, fortunately he wasn't, I had found a stop over about 40 minutes down the coast and depart smartish before truck man returns. We always try to get to stop overs or camp sites about 3pm so that we are not just driving all day and so that we can enjoy the place especially if it's a campsite that we are paying for, it's also good practice as the later you leave it the less chance there is of being an available space. We use a couple of Apps that have various types of places to stay like campsites, pubs, farms, off grid places etc, this one was certainly off grid and was a beach stop over overlooking the Irish Sea which wasn't far away from the park up with space for about 5 vans, depending on how they are parked. It always amazes me who and how someone found these places as when you are following Syd's instructions you think that this can't be right but they are. It's not exactly level but it will be ok for one night and I am not going outside in this weather to get the ramps out. Yesterday I said the the waves were crashing down on the sea defences well compared to tonight they were only splashing onto the rocks, tonight the waves of the Irish Sea are rising high in the air and then crashing down giving the beach a right pounding, that said there are some nutters swimming in it. I am not sure if we are in for a

therapeutic and calming evening listening to the waves crashing down or if they are just going to keep us awake or even visit the park up. Tomorrow we are heading for Waterford the home of crystal glasses and other glass stuff, let's see what that has in store for us and then we will need to find another place to stay but that's for tomorrow.

Stop over

Kilmore beach, certainly wild

What three words chummy, anthems, amplified

Saturday 23rd May Day 5

It's not raining this morning, the mist has risen over the sea and we can see an island that wasn't there yesterday well it was there but we couldn't see it, Mr Sun is trying to come out to play, not get me wrong it's still not warm but the shorts are going on. Our first stop this morning is a short trip to Kilmore Quay village which has a motorvan service point so that we can do the things to Glo that need emptying and refill her water tank, this is an excellent way to attract motorvans and encourage the owners to spend money in the village, the cost of this facility was an amazing €2 including all daytime parking and even that payment was made by using an honesty box, I paid more than the €2 as it's a service that is worth more, but at that price it hopefully makes people dispose of stuff in the correct manner. As for the village it is beautiful, it is only small and the road in is lined with beautiful white thatched cottages and houses. It reminded me of the trulli houses in Alberobello in Italy, I know that they are nothing like each other but it had same vibe, however if there was a vote the trulli houses would win. Nevertheless this is a quaint village with a harbour, small marina and boat trips to an island inhabited with Puffins, the boat trip cost €45 and I have seen and photographed Puffins before and my thinking was if you have seen one puffin colony the rest are going to be pretty similar. We did contribute to the village economy by visiting one of the coffee shops overlooking the harbour, I also bought a Crab roll to take away for my lunch, there was a reason that there was no price on the menu board as this crab must have been an extra special crab, as for what it cost we could have gone for lunch in a restaurant, it was a good roll but I am not sure I would be buying one every day. Our next stop was Waterford which was about an hour away, we have visited Waterford before and on that trip we visited the famous Waterford Crystal museum which like most tours of stuff ends with the Disney experience, you know the one it's the shop at the end of the tour that you have to go through to get out and from what I remember the Waterford Crystal shop has a selection of expensive glass that breaks if you drop. So you may ask why are we going well we are going past so it would be rude not to go and have a look, we set off towards the town and to the car park minutes away from the city centre and we can stay overnight for free. It was easy to get through the city to the car park and there is an area at the back of the car park with larger bays for motorvan stop overs, there is space available to park Glo, in fact there would be a lot more spaces available if people were less inconsiderate with their random parking, I hope that they get a couple of parking tickets, I can not understand these people as if we abuse the facilities we are offered for free, the councils will just remove them, it is again nice to see that this forward thinking council understands that the majority of motorvaners will spend money in the city which they wouldn't otherwise get. This car park like many others offers a number of payment options, cash, card, website and a parking app, I like using the apps as if you decide to stay longer you can just add more time wherever you are, I am starting to get quite a selection of the apps as different places use different app suppliers which is a little bit of a pain and guess what this car park uses yet another one which means another visit to the Apple App Store to download it, the download was easy but would accept a registration from the UK would it heck, I pay for the first hour in cash just to make sure that we don't get another parking ticket of which we have had a couple recently, even if we had paid. I am a bit like a dog with a bone with these technology thingy's and I keep at it until I get them to work but this one is being a proper difficult rascal, I try using the other apps that I already have including the one from the EU but none want to play the game. I see a traffic warden walking round checking that others have made the required payment so I wander over and ask him about the App after a quick chat he asks how long we are staying and I tell him we would be staying overnight, he said that as we didn't have to pay after 6pm and that he was going home after our chat so don't bother paying it will be ok, what a nice traffic warden, now that's a comment you don't hear very often. We don't head off into the city until just before 6pm which I think is a great time as most of the shops were starting to close, we hadn't come to go shopping we had just

come for a look around, as we wander around, there are lots of bars with people sitting outside having a drink and enjoying themselves, as we wander around there are a few stages set up in the streets with posters telling you which bands were playing on what nights, the first one that we pass says that the warm up act starts at 6.30 and the main act called Suzie Q starts at 8pm and we wonder who Suzie Q could it be, obviously one thing springs to mind and we decide to pop back a bit later. We walk down another street there is another stage with a band on stage just about to start playing, now our evening musical experience was a bit like Goldilocks and the three bears, the band just about to start their gig were advertised as a rock band and with the road closed and a couple of pubs on each side of the street, there was lots of people sitting outside having a drink looking forward to the nights music ahead and there was a vibrant feeling in the air. Unfortunately there was no seating available which ended up for us being fortunate as if there had been would have got a couple of drinks while looking for the performance that was due to start, instead we found a place to stand with the expectation of a good night of music, this is where Goldilocks three bowls of porridge kicked in. The band start to play a Bruce Springsteen song and the instrumental part of the performance was pretty good but then the lead singer started to sing well when I say sing it was more like he was shouting at the top of his voice and his lungs could not produce enough air to get to the end of the section of the song he was trying to sing. This did not bode well but we stay for a couple more songs before we decided that this porridge was definitely too hot. We head off to find another venue we turn a corner and there is a another bar and outside there are two guys setting up for their performance in the evening sunshine, the bar is very busy and slightly upmarket, we get a couple of drinks and found a table while looking forward to the music to come. The set up is one guy with an electric acoustic guitar if that the correct way to explain it and the other guy is playing a base guitar, the guy with the acoustic guitar sits on a stool and sets his microphone, let the music commence, this guy has a great voice and is an accomplished guitarist and the base guitar is giving well some base to the duo's performance. Now he may have good voice but boring is an understatement, we give them a few songs but as we are nearly asleep we get ready to leave before we do, this was the Goldilocks porridge is too cold moment. We head back to the original stage where Suzie will be playing, the warm up act is still playing and he is really good we find some seats and I head off to one of the two outside bars that are set up, I guess they are expecting a busy night, the warm up guy finishes his set to a round of applause. The roadies start setting up the stage with various instruments and checking the microphones with the one two, one two routine, can't they get past 2 there looks to be too many instruments on stage for the Suzie that we were thinking of and it certainly wasn't, 6 guys stroll onto the stage, lead singer and guitarist, lead guitarist, base guitar, drummer, saxophonist (I do love a good saxophone) and last but not least a guy with a trumpet and a few other wind instruments, this looks like a professional setup but there is definitely no Suzie Q in sight. Wow these guys are good these are definitely Goldilocks porridge is just the right temperature and they only get better as the evening goes on, they have got the majority of the audience up dancing, obviously excluding me, don't dance don't ask me. They play the songs people want to hear ranging from Oasis, Status Quo to the Beatles and everyone including the youngsters were singing along, unsurprisingly this place is mad busy with long queues at all of the bars and we are glad we arrived early and got seats as there wasn't even much standing room, it was like a proper concert and there was a really great vibe to the evening, needless to say we stayed until Suzie had finished their final encore, this may explain why the blog is a bit behind, but it's up to date now and the next few days blogs may be short ones as after 6 nights of wild and car park stays we are going to find an actual campsite to chill out in the sunshine, I will let you know where we find tomorrow.

Stop over
Bolton Street car park
Waterford
What three words twists.cost.booklet

Sunday 24th May Day 6

There was no rush to move from our luxurious car park this morning as parking is free on a Sunday and Barb wanted to visit the Silver museum and it didn't open until 11am Barb try's to persuade me to visit the museum bit I said that I would sort the van out ready for departure when she arrives back. I have only just finished getting Glo ready when Barb returns, I guessed that the museum was not very impressive and the comment that it was a good job it was only €4.50

entrance fee. Our next decision is where to go, our planned next stop is Kinsale but we do not want to go there at the weekend, on our route before we get to Kinsale is Cork yep another city, in fact the second biggest city in Ireland well yippee I can't wait, but it would be silly not to pay it a visit as we are going past, we can tick it off places we have visited and you never know we might like it, it is also the last major town or city we will see until we get to Galway and the won't be for a couple of weeks. Also just outside Cork is Blarney castle with its famous stone, again it would be rude not to pay it a visit as we are going close by, you never it might bring us some but more likely bring me a cold sore, this is another place that is better giving a miss at the weekend. Eventually we decide to go to a campsite in the countryside not far from Dungarvan, right let's go before we change our minds, about an hour later we arrive at the site and yep they have pitch available, we never thought about phoning to check availability. The owner is very helpful and tells to pick any available pitch we like, each pitch is hard standing with its own water and electric hook up if you want, which we don't as the sun is supplying Glo's solar panel with plenty of juice. The pitches are well spaced as per the stuffed up Caravan clubs rules and regs as they describe on page 27 rule C sub paragraph 7d and you don't have to park the correct way making sure which corner of your van is next to the post displaying your pitch number, they are proper jobsworths, this site has nothing to do with CMC but the spacing is sensible in case of fire and each pitch has its own grassed area, it has the full hit, loos, showers, fire pit, camp kitchen and a full motorvan service point. Drive onto the pitch, Glo is level enough, that's it lets sit outside in the sunshine and that was it for the rest of the day so please do not expect any more for today.

Campsite
The Getaway
Dungarvan X35 RT18 1E
What three words strobes.succulent.freshly

Monday 25th May Day 7

I hope you have low expectations for what you are going to get today as we like this site so much we are going to stay for another night and planed not to a lot during apart from sitting outside and enjoy the sunshine. The idea of sitting in the sunshine lasted just over an hour and then boredom set in, we really like the sun but we would sooner be waking around it rather than just sitting in it, we have never been sunbathers. I suggest that we walk into Dungarvan but Barb looks at me and says have you seen how far it is, I had a look and it is over 4 miles away and the route is all on roads including the main road to Cork which doesn't sound very interesting or pleasant with cars passing you at 100kph. Decision made we are going in Glo, chairs and table or left on the pitch and she is made ready for transportation, twenty minutes later we are in Dungarvan, parked a ready for a walk around and we also need to do some food shopping as we haven't done any of that since we have been here, well apart from 2 pints of milk. Dungarvan is another town that deserves a round of applause as it has been forward thinking and opened an Aire which costs €10 a night and has waste disposal and fresh water available, the disposal and water are free if you are just passing by and don't want to stay. Well done Dungarvan council you deserve a pat on the back, not only are you helping to improve your economy, you are also giving people the opportunity to dispose of their waste in a proper manner. After wandering around it's time for food shopping and I apologise to any vegetarians but we are having a BBQ tonight and that will require meat, obviously burgers are on the menu as you can't have a bbq without burgers and they are joined in the trolley by chicken, prawns and some salad stuff, a little feast to be had later. We head back to Glo on one of Barbs short cuts, the one that are about a mile longer than the original route. Before we head back to the site I play a little game of Jenga trying to get the new food supply into Glo's fridge without other stuff falling out, I knew it was a mistake to buy a massive lettuce. We return to the site and it was definitely time to get back outside into the sunshine before it's bbq time with real charcoal, none of that gas stuff going on here, which is a bit of a pain as cooking on a charcoal bbq for two people is a bit daft as once you have cooked a burger, a couple of pieces of chicken and 10 prawns, the charcoal then decides that it wants to burn for the next five hours, why it couldn't have done that in the first place always baffles me, a gas one you turn it on, cook and turn it off job done simples. Ok bbq time, salad preparation done, chicken marinated in some stuff, potato salad done, cheese for the top of the burger sliced and ready to be placed on top of the charged juicy burger then as predicted the charcoal takes for ever to heat

up, eventually getting hot enough to cook stuff and then after removing the food it turns into a roaring fire making it too hot to empty and store away. Will I remember in the morning that it is sitting in the fire pit waiting to be collected, now that is a good question I have asked Barb to remind me but to be honest I would probably get more joy from Jules & Verne, looks like it's up to my memory, might need to buy a new bbq later in the trip. Food consumed, dishes washed and that's about it for tonight, if you could send me a reminder to collect the bbq in the morning there might be a chance of us taking it with us.

Stop over The Gateway campsite
Dungarvan X35 TR18 1E
What three words strobes.succulent.freshly

Tuesday 26th May Day 8

There is no need to be off the site before 12 o'clock but we are ready at about 11 o'clock, Syd has been told to take us to a park up in Cork that is at a stadium and we also stay there overnight for free, yes I know that we are going to another city but we are going past and we haven't been there before, so we should stop and at least have a look. I had mentioned about going to Blarney castle to lie upside down and kiss a stone that's had all and sundry snog it before you get your turn, we did originally think that it would be rude not to pay it a visit, however after a closer look at the website and the entrance price we decided that it would be rude and foolish to go and snog a wet sloppy rock, as the entrance fee was €24 per person, stuff that for a lark. There was a concession for older sods but I think that was just so they could have a laugh watching you get out of a hole that you entered backwards while you puckered your lips for a snog which was just a one way event with not a spot of passion in return, so they can kiss that idea goodbye, we are heading directly to Cork. Syd navigates us through the City to the stadium we plan to stay at, but when we arrive it is very busy and lots of folk walking around in Hi Vis waistcoats, we are waved to a stop and a very nice gentleman told us to sod off, don't be silly of course he didn't say that, he was very helpful and explained that there was an even going on and lots of coach's due to arrive to collect the percipients, but if we came back after 3pm it would be fine and we could stay overnight for free. We turn around and find somewhere to stop so that we could make alternative arrangements while Syd is telling us to turn around and to the park up. After a bit of quick research we find a park and ride but the reviews on both of the Apps we use date back to 2024 which doesn't sound to hopeful, Syd springs into action again and starts giving directions, it's slightly concerning that as we are following his directions there is not one sign post directing drivers to the park and ride, this wasn't looking good, our thoughts are that it has closed since it was put on the sites but Syd gives the last direction to turn left and hey there is was. Next problem is that it's got height barriers, there is a bus lane with no height restriction and as we approach the barrier opens, we will worry about getting out later, when we buy our parking and bus ticket which is amazingly €5 for both and both of use, hey that's good value, Barb asks how we get out if we are in a motorvan, oh that's not a problem just let me know when you are leaving and I will open the bus lane barrier, wow how is that for service. We arrive in the city and it is buzzing, really busy with a real sense of life and enjoyment, even though the city has the usual main shopping contenders with their bright shop fronts and stuff you can buy on any high street in the world. Away from the big named shops, Cork have managed to keep its originality as the smaller side streets that have now been pedestrianised still have independent shops ok there might be a couple of vape shops and Turkish barbers but overall they are just small shops, there are also lots of bars and restaurants that have extended their premises to the paved areas with tables, chairs and umbrellas, oh and lots of people eating and drinking in the bright afternoon sunshine. Now it might have been buzzing but there is only so much of cities we can stand and we head off to find our lift back to the park and ride. Wow it's hot and it's even hotter in Glo all doors of roof vents are open while we decide our next move, do we head back to the stadium car park or head to Kinsale, I have found one just outside Kinsale overlooking Kinsale and what I think is the Celtic sea, not really much to discuss, Kinsale here we come. It's about a 40 minute drive and when we arrive it is mad busy and we just manage to find a space in which Glo will fit into, there is a Fort which is attracting American tourists, a grassed area where people are chilling and a path leading down to the beach which is also busy, I guess that's why there are so many cars parked, don't we would have Sherlock and Watson to figure that out. There are a couple of other vans but not as many as I expected, the is not exactly level so as the sun starts to set and people

start leaving we try a couple of different places and find one that's level enough, we could level Glo properly by using her ramps but I don't like using them on park ups like this, in case we have to move during the night, in all the years we have been doing this we have never needed to do so but better safe than sorry. We are treated to a beautiful sunset as the sun goes down behind the hills surrounding Kinsale village, what's the plan for tomorrow well so far it's go into the village and that's about it, but we do have map of the next part of the adventure so I guess we will follow that, we will have to wait and see tomorrow.

Stop over The terrace Charles fort Kinsale (road side)
What three words rolling.attached.mechanics

Wednesday 27th May Day 9

Our first stop today was to Kinsale village which is actually the start of our Wild Atlantic Way adventure, it was only a 10 minute drive to the town and when we got there it was already ram-packed with cars and lots of people, we had a bit of a mission trying to find a parking space after touring around for a bit we found one adjacent to the harbour wall, it was a good job Glo has a selection of doors as the drivers side was parked as close the wall as possible making the drivers door redundant. The last time we were here was many years ago and there was a yacht race going which made the village extremely busy, part of the reason today was that it was market day and there were also a couple of coach trips with American tourists. We have a walk around the market and buy a couple of things, no not some tat, we got fresh bread, a homemade quiche and some salad stuff for lunch. We have a walk around the village and then stop for a coffee, park ourselves at an outside table and people watch while we have our coffee and tea, then we set off for Clonakilty which is described as having streets with bright vividly painted shops, now both Lidl and Aldi have moved in and as usual when this happens they kill off the local small food shops and unfortunately the once vividly painted shops are now desperately in need of a fresh coat of paint. I have to admit that we were guilty of visiting Aldi for some supplies but that or Lidl were the only options. Our next stop on the route was supposed to be Skibbereen which is described as a bustling market town offering unique shops and world class food where the advance of commercialism has not yet reached, now that sounds more like a small town we want to visit, let's hope that it is as good as its website promises. We won't find out until tomorrow as I have found a park up adjacent to a beach that looks great and after a bit of an interesting drive we arrive at Red strand beach and its description was right, it is a beautiful beach and you can park next to the low sea wall right next to the beach. It's busy with lots of people enjoying the afternoon sun, there are also some people swimming, we went for a paddle and our feet did not stay in the water for very long, it was darn cold and we decided that the people swimming in it were nuts. We are happier looking at the beautiful view and I was hoping for another but it has clouded over a bit, oh well we will just have to listen to the waves gently roll onto the beach and send us to sleep, I am surprised that so far we have only been joined by one other van, perhaps more will join us later, one thing is for certain is that we have not made a great deal of a dent into the journey so far as we only managed 44 kilometres today, just the 2,460 to go, let's see how many we manage tomorrow

Stop over Red Sand Beach
WTW suspecting.chatty.opponents

Thursday 28th May Day 10

We had a couple of planned stops today and we could doing a few more kilometres than we did yesterday but that wouldn't be hard, or first stop was to Skibbereen a town that by its description on its own website was going to be full of life, characterful, bright and colourful with a selection of interesting individual shops. It was about an hours drive and when got there we worked out that I Our opinion the description on their website may have been written a while ago, quite a while ago. Lets just it wasn't for us so after a drive through the village for a look around we decided to head off to our next destination, but on route, Barb had found Baltimore another harbour town which as was about 20 minutes off our route, but as we are here we went to have a look, ot has a ferry that goes to two small islands which are about 12 kilometres away, it is also one of the harbours that do realistically priced boat trips and they last about 5 hours with a stop at Clear island and as I

couldn't get the full details of the interweb, I thought that we could get more information while we were there. It was a small harbour town with a couple of restaurants, make that busy restaurants, the boat trip information office was closed and this was because the trips do not start until the 2nd June which is not much good to us as we wouldn't be here and also the weather forecast is pants and a boat trip in the rain with the chance of rough seas did not tempt us at all, we will have to see if we can find one further up the coast when the weather is better. Right onto the next stop, this was a sight seeing stop and a stop over for the evening and even though it wasn't that far it still took over an hour to get there, get where oh that's a good point, we went to Mizen head signal station which is the most southerly point in mainland Ireland, hey another furthest tip of a country visited, I wonder if I will do the three other points while we are here, we have done three in mainland Europe but I don't think we will be going to its most easterly point as it's in Russia. Anyway we arrived at Mizen head and as well as lots of cars there was also a number of motorvans, we headed down to the modern information centre, paid for our entrance tickets and head off to explore the signal station which is down a hill and across a bridge which looks down at the sea with jagged rocks rising nearly vertically high above the bridge, Barb wasn't too happy looking down over the bridge especially when I said, if you fell off here you wouldn't be getting up. The signal station buildings are now set up as a museum with lots of information boards, I left Barb to read them as she loves doing that but doesn't remember the stuff later, I don't bother as I would also forget so I just miss the middle man out and rely on Barb to fill me in before she forgets. I head off outside to look at the view and the cliffs, apart from the amazing cliffs formations, the rest of the view is what I guess you see if you sail across to America, yep that's right it's water an ocean full of it as far as you can see to the horizon, that bit you will fall off when you get there, it will also be cold, salty and will try and kill you if unprepared. It was really interesting and the views of the rock formations are very impressive and looking northwards the independent jagged sea stacks rising from the sea reminded me of the twelve apostles in Australia to be found on the Great Ocean Road, I am not exactly sure why as it's not as hot, they are not as white, there are not as many of them and the ocean is not as blue and inviting, I am also not why I have called it inviting as it was pretty rough and you would have to abseil down a flipping high cliff to get to the water, but hey what did the Roman's ever do for us. As I have mentioned the 12 apostles and just in case you don't know here is a bit of information, I am not really sure why they are called the 12 apostles as the original formation only contained 9 and now there are only 7 as two of them fell over due to natural erosion, in 2005 the towering 50 meter tall stack fractured and collapsed into a pile of rubble and in 2009 the smaller one crumbled into the ocean overnight, there is a bit of information I remembered for you. We returned to Glo and we really needed to find a more level parking space as where we were parked meant that when we went to bed there would have been two options, all our blood rushing to our head or rushing to our feet, neither of which is good, so as soon as a car moved from a space that we had already inspected for its levelness we pounced on it before another motorvan could swipe it. We are high above the ocean and mr wind is blowing and rocking Gloria a bit but nowhere near as bad as she was rocking when we were in Nordkapp two years ago, he was blowing that hard we thought that she was going to blow over or at least the skylights were going to be ripped out, but neither happened and it's nowhere near that strong here, well unless it blows harder while we are asleep, which is what is just about to happen, I think we have got an interesting day coming tomorrow providing that the weather isn't too bad to stop things running, now what can that be, well you will have to wait until tomorrow.

Stop over Mizen head car park
What three words sensibly, wider, touching

Friday 29th May Day 11

Our departure times seem to be getting later and today's may have been the latest as we didn't leave Mizen head until 11.30 but hey who is in a rush, what I do know is that Barb and your afternoon surprise was not going to happen as we would not get there in time. Our first stop was Bantry Marina not because we wanted to look at boats but because the Marina has a motorvan service point where you can do the stuff that you don't want to talk about apart from the filling the fresh water tank, I think that these service points are great as for €5 you can dispose of your stuff properly, the charge also included 4 hours parking which we weren't planning on using but it was market day and we thought that we would have a look around. It was a fairly large market advertised as selling antiques and collectables however it was actually a mixture between plastic

stuff from China, a couple of stalls selling “unique” costume jewellery that also had made in China on the back and then there was the stalls selling stuff under the “antiques and collectables” banner, this stuff was never going to be antique or collectible, as it was ever going to be was a right load of old junk. You may have seen previously my thoughts on stuff being sold at markets under this banner but that said we have been to some fantastic markets in France and they do sell stuff that are actual antiques and also collectable, unfortunately here the saying was actually a poor anagram of A right load of Junk. That’s my miserable old sod’s moan over and we headed back to Glo and scarper to our next stop, at this stage and as it was about 2pm my initial thoughts this morning about Barb’s surprise were confirmed, there was no chance of us getting there in time to make the most of the experience so that will have to wait until tomorrow, hopefully the weather will be favourable for an hour or so. As it’s a surprise I can’t really tell you where we are going but I will tell you that it was about an hour and half drive down to the end of another peninsula. Back to the Romans didn’t come here is proved again as the road was a series of bends linked together by a series of serious bends on tarmac that didn’t have any flat bits, it was like being on a roller coaster that had octagonal wheels, Barb was on a white knuckle Ride and Glo did not have a clue which way she was supposed to be going, to be honest I wasn’t sure either and I was the one holding the wheel. We travel through a couple of small villages and after a tiring journey we arrived at our night’s stop over which was in the local community centre’s car park, high life or what, we are going to go mad tomorrow and find a proper camp site. We are told that not only will the bar be open there will also traditional live Irish music, now that sounded great and we looking forward to it, we watched as less than twenty people walked past us and into the venue, it didn’t really look very promising. In the past we have been to a couple of really great Hoolie’s in Scotland and had fantastic evenings with lots of people making it standing room only and music that could be heard down the street, on one of them we won first prize in the raffle which was a whole fresh salmon, in fact so fresh that it was going to be dragged out of the loch the next morning, what the heck were we going to do with a whole salmon in a Motorhome and Barb doesn’t even like the fish, not that she got a chance to meet him as I got them to put it back in the raffle, I did think that they might have given us the second prize but that didn’t happen. Anyway I digress, we got ready and at about 8.30 we headed for the hall expecting to hear loud music escaping from the hall, the small waves of that Atlantic Ocean hitting the rocks were louder, and it didn’t improve as we got closer and then when we got to the door we saw the sign saying that there was a €15 entrance fee, now I am definitely not tight but, yes I know people say that as an excuse to cover up the fact that they are, but I am not and if there had been decent sound emitting from the venue I would have gladly paid but not on this occasion and we made a brisk return to Gloria. We were really glad that we hadn’t gone as everyone started leaving at about 9.30 confirming our decision not to go, we will definitely find somewhere else that has live music and hopefully the better. Right that’s your lot, let’s hope that the weather tomorrow allows Barb to get her surprise, not sure if I will be very popular but it will be fun and she will love it after she has taken a sharp intake of breath.

Stop over Lehanmore community centre
Loughnanmore, heading towards Dursey island
What three words Jinxed.seamstress.draw

Saturday 30th May Day 12

Our first visit this morning was to Barb’s surprise, unfortunately the weather was not very good and definitely would not give us the views I expected but I did think that it might make it more interesting. The location that was still a secret was only a ten minute drive and when we arrived Barb was still not sure what we were going to do, there is a tower with cables but not a great deal else. That was until we walked up a short hill where the wind was blowing even harder, that hard that I wasn’t sure the mission would be accomplished, as we turn the corner there it is, a cable car and the only one in Europe to travel across an open body of water, this being the Atlantic Ocean. There no one at the ticket window so as I feared it wasn’t running due to the weather, we have a couple of photographs next to the single car, now you may think of the cable cars that take you to the top of snow covered mountains. Well the only similarities are that they both use cables and have a car, but this one looks like someone has made it in their garage at home it’s made of 3/4” box section tube and then some aluminium sheeting pop riveted to it

and then painted with a paint brush, and old paint brush. As we are looking at and Barb looking very relieved that it wasn't running, a gentleman comes over and asks if we are ok, I say that it's a shame that it wasn't running due to the weather, oh it's running would you like to go across, yes please we will have two tickets. After taking our €8 he comes to explain the safety procedures, he opens the two small sliding doors that rattle and stick on the runners, ok when you get in, slide the doors closed and then you the safety lock to ensure that no one can fall out, ok will do, now was the safety catch was a feat of modern 21st century engineering, well not exactly as it was a hook and eye catch like you have one your shed door, the home made feeling you had from the outside was no better from the inside where the box tubing was fully exposed to show the welding and the bits that the second year apprentice had done. There were two wooden planks facing each other for seating which you could use as they were soaking wet due to the rain pouring in through the gaps where the aluminium didn't meet the box section, this made the journey more interesting as the car was not tall enough for you stand up. As we set off the car shakes as it leaves the platform and I guessed by the expletive Barb used she wasn't too happy with the impending ride, which was made more interesting due to the close to gale force wind that was blowing and more rain came in, it did rock a bit and rattled even more as it went through the towers. Looking out of the putty secured windows was difficult due to the rain and sea spray on the outside the inside was also covered in the leaking water. We reach the other side which is an island called Dursey island, my plan yesterday was to go for a walk around the island but as it's pouring down that did not happen, given no alternative mode of transport Barb enters the Heath Robinson cable car (younger ones might need to Google Heath Robinson) and we set off, the return journey which was much the same as the outward trip and as we get to the platform the car bumps and bangs to a standstill, Barb unlocks the safety lock and escapes into the rain. The guy operating the cable car asks if we enjoyed the crossing, I said yes it was great, I am not sure that Barb's under her breath comments were the same, hey was an experience that you can not do anywhere else in Europe. Next was a drive along the northern coast of the peninsula to the town of Kenmare, the weather brightened up and gave us some of those wow moments when you turn a corner and the view is spectacular, I first remember this type of moment many years ago when we first traveled in the Lake District and beautiful Scotland, we have been very fortunate to experience that feeling in many countries and here they still give you that same breath taking feeling to which the only and best response available is wow. After a slow journey we arrive at Kenmare which is lively but another town and after a quick look around we head off towards a campsite that we have contacted but as yet they have not replied, it is a bank holiday and the campsites are busy but we think that we will just go anyway as we have found previously that if you turn up then they will usually find a space for you. We turned up and Barb goes into reception and after a couple of minutes she returns with a negative answer as they are full but if we like we can stay in their roadside car park for €42 plus €2 for a shower, well that ain't happening. We had past another smaller site in a village not far back down the road, I give them a ring but he said that they were also funny but gave us a couple of park up locations in the village. Ok that will do and we head back the 20 minutes up the road, his second suggestion was ideal and we occupied the last available spot, there would have been two or possibly three spaces if people could park or just weren't space greedy, anyway we are parked. We have a walk around the village and it's very pleasant there is a bar that had an A boards telling us that they will have live music playing later, now this sounds great as we have been trying to find some live genuine Irish music and in a small village that's what we expected so we headed back to it about 30 minutes before the music was due to start to make sure that we got seats. Now in a small village we don't expect the music to start exactly on the advertised time but 30 minutes after the advertised time there was no evidence that anything was about to start, so I go to the bar to check, oh yes it will be starting shortly, well shortly was another 30 minutes and there was not a fiddle, concertina, bodhran drum or flute anywhere to be seen, instead there is a female duo, a singer and guitarist with additional vocals. Our expectation of genuine Irish music was soon to be shattered and I am going sound like a miserable sod again but I just say things as they are in my opinion, the singer had a very good but very unusual voice and guitarist is not very competent and shouldn't really join in with the vocals, she sings very well known songs using her own interpretation, which wasn't to everyone's tastes and people start to drift out of the bar and it's not long before we join them and we head back to Glo. On previous trips we have wanted to find different things and now it looks like our search for Irish folk music is our new mission, let the Hunt for Red October commence (the younger ones and possibly some older ones might want to Google that film) while we were in the bar we were told that Killarney was the place for live music, well that's good as we are

heading there possibly tomorrow, it looks like we will have to visit some drinking establishments in the search, we will find out more tomorrow.

Stop over car park Scensacy garden Sneem
What three words reluctantly deflecting, hairspray

Sunday 31st May Day 13

After visiting a local cafe for breakfast we head off back towards the tip of the peninsula to Dingle a thriving town with lots of tourists, we had managed to fit Glo into the last parking space that was being vacated as we arrived at it, great timing and I don't think the guy behind us thought we would get Glo into the space as he stayed put in the middle of the road holding up the rest of the traffic hoping to dive in, well unlucky mate, I give him a wave and a smile as he drives past to look for another space. We go for a wander around the town and there are lots of individual shops selling stuff aimed at tourist, I guess American tourists as there are lot of them that have been shipped in by a number of coaches and they are drooling over stuff in the shop window and inside the shops. We go into a furniture shop don't ask me why, but they do have some nice stuff including a resin river table that has been reduced to €6495.00, I best be enlarging my river charcuterie boards. Right that's another town ticked off but there is a bigger one to come as we are on our way to Killarney, the route takes us along the coastline of the peninsula which offers us some incredible views of the dramatic rocks formations as the Oceans waves crash onto them. Barb has booked us on a campsite for the night as we had a fair few nights parked up off grid and needed to the stuff to Gloria, there was no off grid park ups close to the town. The town is also be extremely busy as the weekend is a bank holiday and it is Bikefest weekend which is one of Europe's busiest bike festivals with 30,000 to 50,000 people attending over the weekend and there was to be a parade of about 3,000 motorcycles, this sounds like a busy and interesting weekend. Our original plan was to go to the festival car parks in Glo but the traffic had a different idea as it was gridlocked and not going anywhere, plan two was put into motion, hey two plans in one day, now that's a novelty, plan two was to go to the site get Glo replenished with stuff, park up and then get a bus into town and then a shuttle bus to the festival, now that sounded like a more sensible plan and also the weather was brightening up. Glo is parked up and we were ready to catch the next bus but they only run every hour so we have a bit of a wait. We are waiting at the bus stop when a coach bearing the bus number on it arrived, on we get and this was a proper 52 or more seater with leather, well pretend leather seats, but hey it was definitely posher than other buses I have been on. After getting off at the bus station we head off to find a shuttle bus, shuttle bus temporary stop found and there is another coach sitting at the bikefest get on here sign, well that was great timing and on we got only to find that this wasn't the shuttle bus as it was full of Canadian tourists on their way to catch a plane home, we said ok we will come to Canada with you, unfortunately the coach was full and we didn't have our passports with us, we tell them to enjoy their flight and got off. What we hadn't noticed was there was already waiting for the shuttle bus ducking our heads we made our way to the back of the queue, there is no real time table for the bus so we all wait patiently, while we waited the sky started to blacken and it started to throw it down in bucket loads, this did not bode well for an evening standing in a what by now would be a boggy field especially as Barb was wearing a light weight blouse and we only had two of the smallest handbag size umbrellas with us, not that I had a handbag. We did have another plan, what a third plan what the heck, that was to go on a hunt for Red October (live Irish music) and we had been told that Killarney was the place to find it, and then if the rain stopped we could still go to the festival. We have had some insider information of where to go for the music, as Phil's neighbour's brother or sister lives in Killarney and he has sent me the names of various watering establishments to visit for live music. The first one is a public house by the name of J M Reidy's (check out the walk around video on the interweb) which from the frontage is going to be small cosy pub, however that is totally wrong as it was like walking unsuspectingly into Dr Who's Tardis, I can't explain how big it was other than it was massive labyrinth it just went on and on and on, half way towards the back there was a stone courtyard with a stage, then the building went on further and then you ended up in a beer garden, it made one J D Wetherspoons largest establishments look like a corner shop. We got a drink and waited with what seemed like the rest of Irelands population, anyway nothing much was happening and it looked Red had escaped us again, then a female voice came blasting through the speakers but where was she, so we thought that we would make our way through the labyrinth to the entrance but that was easier said than done, it was like finding your way out of Las Vegas casino, eventually we find her and she is really

good and has a fantastic voice but there was only her and her guitar which she could really play, but it wasn't traditional Irish music, we listened to her for a while joining in with all of the favourites, then we departed to go on the hunt for old Red. It was still raining heavily and that really put paid to our festival visit but there is always tomorrow for that. Thankfully the next venue and we don't get too wet, this venue was slightly smaller than Reidy's, we found a couple of vacant seats by the stage and settle down for the live music due to start in about 30 minutes, during which time the rest of the Irish population arrived, our seats now had the value of a World Cup football ticket. Music time and a guy who looked like a young Billy Joel took to the stage, looks like Red has escaped us again but let's give the guy a chance, wow was this guy good he could really sing and really play the guitar, he song after song without using any song sheet or iPad they were all from memory and he didn't get any wrong. He sang a mixture of well known songs that suit audience participation and also a mixture of real Irish songs, he was good but he wasn't Red October so the hunt for that continues, I suppose it does mean we will have to visit a few more bars and we could possibly have to wait until next weekend. Unfortunately like a pair of old sods we had to leave early to catch the last bus, now that is something that I have never ever said, we get up to leave and a group of young ladies asked if we were leaving and could they have our seats, I gave them the grandad joke and asked them for €5 each and they thought that I was being serious, I explained that it was a joke, not a very good one but just a joke, then they just wanted us to stay, we said goodnight and head off to catch the 9.20pm last bus, now when have we ever left a bar in town at 9pm to get to a bus stop, answer never ever. Back at the bus station we wait for our bus and we were waiting for the number bus we needed but there was no sign of it, there was however a very posh dark silver coach even posher than we went on previously, now it hasn't got a number on it just it's final destination, this time before we ended up on our way to Canada again, I asked the driver if he went to our required stop, yep this it, we take a seat in the even comfier seats a settle back for the 4 stop journey, we got back to Glo before 10pm wondering why we hadn't stayed in town and got an Uber but I suppose that could have got messy. Let's see what happens tomorrow.

Stop over Fossa caravan park, Killarney
What three words gears.gatehouse.keep

Monday 1st June Day 14

Right two days to catch up, going out at night time really stops these ramblings getting written and then it takes me twice as long the write it while I try to remember where, when and what happened, I do make prompt notes to remind me, err now what did we do. Well to start off with things were made much easier by getting the last bus home as we weren't suffering at all. Our plan of heading to the festival site were not looking good as it had been pouring down all night and was still raining but not as heavy, we had arranged with the camp site guy that we could leave Glo in the car park while we went to Bikefest but the rain had no intention of stopping, Bikefest will have to wait for another visit. Now this part of the trip gave me some catch up time me some catch up time as our next stop is to the end of the Dingle peninsula to Dunmore Head for no other reason than is that it's there but that's not quite true, the progress to get there is slow due to a couple of reasons, firstly the single track road but more importantly for the stops we made to capture those Wow moments and there were lots of them the scenery was beautiful. During a couple of the Wow stops we went down to the beaches for some photo opportunities from a different prospective, looking up at the cliff faces and the ocean at its own level, now I do have photos lots of white capped waves from lots of different counties and now I have some more and on this occasion I managed not to get soaking wet which has happened on a number of previous occasions by me standing to close to rocks when massive waves have struck the rocks and also while concentrating on taking photos with different speed settings of raging white capped waves crash on to the beach while not watching the tide come in around your feet which is only a problem when you are wearing a new pair of trainers. Just in you are wondering about the shutter speed settings, fast settings freeze the action while slow setting gives blur and movement to the photograph. These getting wet occasions were in no way dangerous but they remind me how dangerous and unpredictable seas and oceans can be and due to the extremely unfortunate recent loss of lives it applies to all types of natural sources of water and it should all

be treated with caution and respect. Our trip to Dunmore Head does actually have more reason to visit and that it is because it's the most Westerly point of Europe, now I thought that we had visited that point at Cabo de Roca in Portugal last year, but there seems to be a number of interpretations of where the point is, so we are going to cover our bases and go to this one as well. We get there and the car park is busy with tourists in small minibuses with a guide that has told them this story, but I would guess they will have missed out the Portugal option. Now this my catch up opportunity as we are staying here overnight just so we can say that we have stayed overnight off grid at both locations, this is really catch up time as all we did for the rest of the day was chill out while people watching and listening to the Ocean crash onto the beach and that was it.

Most westerly point of Europe

Stop Over

Coumeenoolie beach car park, Dingle overlooking the ocean in the middle of nowhere a
WTW tucked.sermon.bonnet

Tuesday 2nd June Day 15

Yesterday was one of those holiday moments when your fortnight holiday is over and you are going home, when we first started doing these longer trips the 14th day felt a bit strange but now it's just another day as will be the 21st the end of a three week holiday. It wasn't raining this morning and we took the opportunity to walk down to the beach, as it was early in the morning, well 10 o'clock the tourist coaches had not arrived and the beach was fairly empty which allowed for yet more Ocean, rocks and sand photographs and hey I didn't get wet, we were heading south along the coast and as there was only one road out from stop over, we retraced yesterdays route back through Dingle and then onto Tralee, yes it's another town but you can't really go past as you might miss something. There is a Lidl in the town and they are always good to park in as they are usually big and you get 90 minutes parking for free and we didn't expect to be in the town for that long, let's cut a bit out, after we had walked around it was time for a coffee, you know the routine let's put something into the communities economy, and we hadn't paid for parking, I had seen a shop advertising that it sold coffee and it looked a bit quirky so in we went, this place was like the pubs in Killarney it looked like a small shop from outside but when you go in there is a bakery & cakes counter and then as you walk through further there is cafe serving food, the kind that you stand in a queue say what you would like and they put it on a plate and pass it to you and then you do the rest yourself, like in IKEA, it didn't look like they did proper coffee but it didn't end there as when you turned the corner you where in a pub that also went back and back, you could actually find your way out of this one but it did seem a bit bizarre, this was not the place for a proper coffee but there was an Italian cafe / restaurant over the road, now Italian and coffee there is a matched pair and it was a great choice as this one was particularly good. Great let's go, oh no there is a Penny's aka Primark, what can I say other than I headed back to Glo. Our next stop was a town Called Listowel this wasn't to go shopping this was where we were staying overnight. We find the stop over car park, oh what glammers lives we lead, but hey it's free and we are only passing through and as it was free it helped with the budget, not that there actually is a budget and if there was one it had already been saved by the boat trips we hadn't been on because the weather had been crap and there was no way that Barb was getting on a boat and I wasn't convinced that there would be much chance of seeing any whales And if you did you wouldn't be able to stand up and photograph them which equals Ocean photo yes, Whale photograph no, or a blurry out of focus photograph of a bit of one. How to keep things short, we are parked up in a car park for the night, how interesting can I make that, I can't so there will be more tomorrow.

Stop over

Listowel car park ridge Road Listowel
WTW processes.uneasy.buddy

Wednesday 3rd June Day 16

Right folks today is going to be even less interesting than yesterday, now isn't that a good way to entice readers to continue reading, well let's see if I can firstly we have decided to have a full chill out day and found a park up outside a ruined Castle, well what remains of the walls of an old Castle, but it's by a river, it's flat, it's quiet and it was 25 minutes away from last night's park up, how adventurous are we. Now really that was the end of the day unless I went on about how many people stopped to look at the Castle, what we had for dinner or how many cups of tea had. Instead I thought I would share with you a few things that I have been thinking about and observed, I thought that I would start with Gloria's mpg results, I am only kidding. Reading through some of my ramblings it reads to me as if I am a bit grumpy about stuff but I am not, people that know me know that I always try to be extremely positive even though that positivity has been tested at times through the years, I understand that I am not on my own having to deal with difficulties in our lives but I have been fortunate to have support from family and friends and also my own positivity. So if I have come across as grumpy at times I certainly haven't meant to it's just that I say things how I see them and can possibly be a bit brash with my comments but there is no point in pussy footing around things, they are what they are and things I say are only my opinion, so I am not bloody grumpy ok. Next the blog itself, I have read other travel blogs and in comparison mine is absolutely nothing like a travel blog but was never supposed to be, when I started it over 15 years ago it was just used to let our family and friends know where we were on our travels, what we were doing, things we had seen, people we meet and to try and share the wonderful experiences we have been lucky enough to have had and share these with them and in some way it also helps us feel closer to our family and friends as we do miss them, right that's enough of that soppy stuff, I do also try and share some travel hints but they are just as an aside, I suppose I should and will try to add some more of these in the future. It isn't a massively advertised, it's not advertised in any way and doesn't have anywhere near enough hits or whatever they are called to ever earn anything from it and it was never set up with that in mind however if Google, Amazon or the other big shots would like to set up an advertising plan I won't turn them away and I also won't hold my breath waiting for the call, but if you know anyone that would like this stuff please share it with them. Next observations, and this is going to be a bit contradiction in terms as when we were in the south and driving down country lanes in the middle of nowhere with no shops, pubs or anything to provide any kind of service but what is there is lots of new large and extremely large architect designed houses all painted in brilliant white. They all have beautiful curved stone built entrances accompanied by very impressive gates open to the driveway, at times it does look like they were designed by the same architect who has made a couple of tweaks to the design depending on the size of the house and how much it cost, which by looking at them was a lot. Now we are further up the west coast there are narrower roads miles from anything and really in the middle of nowhere, there are lots and lots of original older properties, still with curved wall entrances, I suppose I compare it with the wilds of Scotland or Wales where the houses are few and far between, one thing for sure is that if you had been shopping you wouldn't want to forget the milk or fuel for that matter, oh and Killarney the pubs are massive. That's enough fill in stuff let's see what we get up to tomorrow.

Stop over Carrigafoyle Castle Ballylongford, Co Kerry
WTW bedpost,grafts,crossword

Thursday & Friday 4th/5th June Day 17 & 18

Welcome we haven't had one these before on this trip but you have you have got two for the price for one due to neither days having a lot of content and I am running out of fill in bits. We did manage to set off early this morning which was good as we had a bit of a driving day with a couple of stops on the way, our first stop was Limerick but before we got there we needed to do some housekeeping stuff and find a laundrette, Barb had found one at a fuel station so that was the first stop, it also had a cafe where we could sit and wait, ok that's done and off we set off towards Limerick, we know that it is the 4th most populous city in Ireland and we really don't do City's apart from special ones you know the ones that you jet off to for a long weekend. Let's fast forward and miss the uninteresting drive and arrive in the city first job find a car park, Barb with the help of one of the travel apps has found a large outdoor car park and after getting through the traffic which is another reason to avoid cities we get to it, it's massive but it's also full. We sit and wait for someone to come back for their car but that didn't happen and we decided to go and find another one, as we driving out a couple came walking towards us and I asked if they were leaving

they said yes but there was plenty of space where they were parked, which was behind an open barrier and they were told it was ok to park there. They were also in a camper van and it turned out that they were from Newcastle during the conversation I asked them if the city was worth a visit, the answer was that they only stayed for 30 minutes and his description of the city wasn't very complimentary, he said that he had been to some dumps in the north east with closed shops and buildings in desperate need of repair and that where they had visited in Limerick were a good deal worse, that didn't sound good. Before you shout at me these descriptions were not mine and as he lives in the North East then it's ok for him to criticise some locations, we have been to Newcastle and some other towns in the NE and really enjoyed them, we were there a couple of months ago. Anyway I will apologise for his descriptions, I can't comment on Limerick as given his comments we decided not to bother and we told Syd where we wanted to go next, I would say that every city in the world suffers from similar issues with parts of the city, even the posh ones, well I might exclude Monaco. We have decided to find a campsite to stop at for a couple of days and we had picked out two places, one was the Marina at Kilrush and the other was a campsite overlooking the River Shannon just as it flowed into the Atlantic. The Marina was first on the route so off we went, the town looked great, was busy, had a number of independent businesses and also a number of drinking establishments advertising live music. We had read a couple of reviews on the site finder apps and it had confirmed that the town was a good place for live music but unfortunately the reviews also said that there had been trouble with youths fighting in the street, that sound inviting. The Marina was a really good location with hard standing pitches, electricity and all the facilities you would need and we were just about to see if they had space when two youths came out of the building shouting obscenities, then they walked over to a car and one of them jumped across the bonnet and made actions that he was having a sexual relationship with it, this didn't bode well and we decided that unfortunately this was not the place for us, even if it did have live music and apparently very good seafood chowder. Next stop was the campsite which was the opposite of the Marina, it was very quiet with pitches overlooking the Ocean but there was absolutely nothing anywhere near which meant no music and no chowder, just peace and quiet. We settled for that and chose a pitch with great views of water. We booked for two nights and there is not much more to say other than it was raining and there wasn't a chance of going for a paddle never mind a swim, I might need some fill in bits tomorrow.

Stop over Green Acres, Doonaha, Clare, County Clare
WTW dips, loaning, hemisphere

Friday 5th June Day 18

Don't expect too much today as we didn't do a great deal, the weather put paid to a coastal walk or any walk for that matter which was unfortunate as the site owner had pointed out various points of interest, they might have been interesting on other days but the rain and the hoolie that was blowing off the ocean put paid to any walk. The site itself has lots of static caravans and a totally separate area for tourers all with hard standing, the day was spent chilling out, watching the waves roll in and some route planning for the next couple of days. Now I did say that today would need a bit of padding and I haven't really got much stored, but let's have a try. We have been discussing cars, roads, driving standards and we got to talking about what are the biggest selling items that garages and motor factors sell and came up with a list of bits. The items coming in top spot were shock absorbers followed by brake pads, tyres and steering components. Then we had door mirrors, both sides, then we got carried away and with slight exaggeration we moved to the inside with two components, first was the steering wheel as they are squashed as the driver holds on to them for dear life, then was the passenger's arm rests as they also suffered as the passenger gripped so tightly while having their eyes shut and white knuckles. As for driving the locals, vans and wagons have no intention of slowing down unless there is absolutely no option other than driving through the hedges lining the narrow road. That's about it really as all we have done is chilled and slowed the journey rather than just traveling all the time even though the mileages between stops have not been too long. We have done a bit of planning which has been based on route but has also had a bit of let's go hunting Red October as we have found a restaurant / bar that by previous reviews has live Irish music and as one person described the seafood chowder as the best he has had in Ireland now that's a brave comment, I hope he has had more than one. Hopefully we will find out tomorrow, I will let you know but it might not be tomorrow if we are going out.

Saturday 6th June Day 19

It's a bit of a driving day today as the route was to take us to the Cliffs of Moher via a couple of stops in between, Barb thinks that she has found part one of the Hunt for Red October as she has found a guy on YouTube that says he has been to a bar that sells the best seafood chowder he has ever had, now that sounds like we will be half way towards completing the hunt. We had a couple of stops on route, the first was Spanish Point which attracts lots of surfers, we had a wander around and it was blowing a proper hoolie, there were lots of surfers in the Ocean but the waves weren't very high, with the wind that was blowing I thought that it might have been more suited to wind surfers. The next town was where we about to complete part one of the quest and have the best seafood chowder ever and we headed for The Corner Stone in Lahinch with our taste buds waiting in anticipation, when we arrived the town was busy and the car park had height barriers that Glo would not fit under, now I know I keep saying this but other councils have embraced the idea of motorvans visiting their town and spending money and even charging a small fee for parking, I do realise that there are some people that they do not want to stay in their towns, but if they think about things there is a solution to it and the all of the business's will benefit. Eventually we found a parking space in a road a short walk from the town in a residential road, parked perfectly legally but it would be better if there was a designated area, rant over. As we approached The Corner Stone our taste buds were getting excited, we took a seat and ordered drinks mine being a Guinness 0%, driving don't you know. When we go into eateries I like to have a nose around and have a look at other diners food but this wasn't possible as there was only a few a couple of diners and they were having moules mariniere and that wasn't happening. Anyway starter was a given, seafood chowder starter to share then fish and chips for Barb, as you are by the sea so why not have fish, not sure what that has to do with things as I had a burger. The seafood chowder and with anticipation we both picked up our spoons and took spoonful of what was going to be one of the best culinary experience's that we had ever tasted. Now I am not sure where the guy who gave this, the best seafood chowder review ever, came from but it wasn't this planet or he was the owner of the business, this was certainly not the best chowder ever, in fact it was struggling to get out of the 3rd division, it was not great, Barbs fish and chips was not great but my burger was good, it was all a bit of a let down, I certainly wouldn't return and never recommend it and I need to find this guys review put him straight and ask if he has ever had anything other than beans on toast. We headed back to Glo while thinking that old Red has avoided us again, we headed off for the Cliffs of Moher and it was a bit of a lottery as the weather couldn't make its mind up whether the sun was going to shine or if it was going to pee down, about an hour into the journey there was an urgent a very urgent need for both of us to find a bathroom, which fortunately we did, it looks not only did old Red avoid capture, he sent a couple of torpedoes to say hello. We sat in the car park of our saviour for a couple of hours before we started to feel better, the weather looked as if it had made its mind up to brighten up so there was a chance of getting a sunset photograph of the cliffs, before we set off Barb phones the restaurant and the manager said, oh it usually takes 24 hours for things like that to happen, well on this occasion it must have been a rush, she said that she would get the managers manager to phone us. Ok let's move on get the cliffs for a bit of a wow moment in the evening sun and watching it set over the Ocean, I Goggled the site and it went straight to the prices and booking page and said that people of a certain age only paid €6 if they arrived after 4pm that sounds good doesn't it, as we are only 10 minutes away I say let's just go and pay at the gate. Now some of you might be I front of me here and know what was about to happen, anyway we arrive at the gate, hi two senior tickets please, hi fine just tap your card on here you have a good day, great thanks, gate opens and we parked and then Monzo goes ding thanks for paying €24 to see a cliff. Here we go again back to the ticket office, hi can I help, yes you can you have just charged me €24 and it should have only been €12, no that's the correct price the €6 price, wait for it, is only if you book on line, there is a price board there, ffs this is not turning out to be a good day, sharp intake of breath let's go and see this cliff, on our way we ask another guy about the price and his answer was, oh yes that does happen quite a lot but it's not up to me, ffs this is not being a good day. First point of call was the visitors centre, now I feel like I am in full moan mode but as I have said before it's just how I find it, as you can guess by the start of this sentence I / we found the visitor centre a bit underwhelming as was the 4d film that lasted for about 90 seconds, let's go and see this cliff. Now what do you think happened next, yep we go outside and the sun has done one and is hiding behind the low dark clouds which usually means somethings else is about to happen, we made a rapid ascent of the path and steps and yes there is was, a cliff a big cliff that

was not completely visible due to the cloud cover. Barb decides she has had enough of this going up hill lark and returned to Glo while I carried on further along the path and stairs to the end of the cliffs viewing point, well I would have if the end bit wasn't closed, to be fair it could have been closed as a safety measure as it was now blowing a gale. It was time for me a quick retreat and head back to Barb and Glo, which turned out to be a good plan as it started to rain and just as I got into Glo it changed into a downpour, after escaping the rain there was no rush to do much as we were staying in the Cliffs car park overnight, as we were both still feeling a bit rough we just settled down to watch the rain and listen to it bouncing off the roof which we both like listening to, we are definitely going to have a better day tomorrow come and join us, we will smile.

Stop over Cliffs of Moher car park
WTW lately.regency.usurps

Sunday 7th June Day 20

Wow what a night at the top of the cliffs it blew a proper hoolie with the gusting winds making Glo rock and role, it reminded us a bit of Nordkapp in Norway two years ago but that was much much worse actually scary worse. Our route today took us to Galway which was only 90 minutes away but of course we had a couple of stops on the way first one was Doolin which is known as being the traditional music capital of Ireland we had thought about staying there for the music and the craic but it was only about 15 minutes away, we stopped and had a look around at the nice small town, but we decided to carry on to Galway our only other stop was to have lunch in Glo, we arrived in Galway now our park up for the night was not exactly plush as it was the railway station car park and it had a lot of work going on the knocking down type of work and there were a few other vans parked up and it was only a short walk into town, it wasn't going to win any best views awards but it's location for the city made up for that, anyway we were only sleeping there. We go for a wander and fortunately as it's Sunday most of the shops were closing, the city has managed to keep its smaller side streets and local businesses which are aimed at the tourist industry and there are a large number of tourists, yes I know we are tourists but I mean American tourists who seem to be amazed by the items available in the tourist type shops, there were also lots of tourists from many different mainland European countries. Most of the drinking establishments are advertising that they will have live music playing and by 7pm it had started and we pop into one obviously in the name of research, yep live traditional music and it is already busy full of us tourist types and some locals. The music was great and people were obviously enjoying it, I know we were as the night goes on the atmosphere gets livelier with people dancing in front of the band, I am not Guinness's biggest fan but I will drink it, it's funny watching some of the Americans especially the women drinking it while obviously not enjoying it, but hey they were selling the stuff as fast as they could pour it and they were pouring it two pints at a time. This band finished its set and we headed off to a different venue that had been recommended, this one had a larger group of musicians and instruments and it was even livelier than the previous bar, I join in with the Guinness crowd but mine is Guinness Zero, as if we are staying in an off grid park up rather than a site I won't drink just in case we need to move for some reason. We had a great evening and headed back to our luxurious location where we had been joined by another van, what our musical and craic evening has done has ended one part of the Old Red hunt, the chowder part will be revisited and I guess the music hunt will be found again, tomorrow we are heading to Connemara, well unless we change our minds, let you know tomorrow.

Stop over Galway railway station car park
WTW hype.icons.supply

Monday 8th June Day 21

Yes Connemara was the destination and it is going to make for a short blog as not much happened apart from driving there, but first Barb wants to go and have a look at the shops, I go along for the ride with an agreement that when got fed up I would go back to Glo and get her ready to move on, Barb is made up with this as she prefers to go shopping without me unless it's shopping for certain items. The shopping experience lasts until after lunch time, I had returned to Glo and when Barb arrived and we headed off to Connemara, the journey takes us through the

Connemara national park and past a number of loughs and rivers and a couple of villages that we had a drive around but didn't stop as there are only so many villages you can visit. Our stop over was the harbour wall adjacent to a fish smoke house which we went to have a look at, obviously the produce was available for sale but as Barb doesn't like smoked salmon it's a bit of a pointless task, I did contemplate purchasing some smoked mackerel but at €16 for two fillets I decided that the aroma would not be too good in Glo. That's about it really as we parked on the harbour wall watching and listening to the Ocean do its stuff along with the gust of wind rocking Glo around, getting used that now, let's see what happens tomorrow.

Stop over Connemara smoke house on harbour quay
WTW unpainted.Greeted.racer

Tuesday 9th June Day 22

We had a couple of wow moments, like wow how hard can the wind blow, wow how hard can it rain, wow how loud can the thunder be and then the big WOW how hard can this hailstorm be, all of that made for an interesting nights sleep, remind me it is June isn't it. This is going to be another short day, well the day is still going to be 24 hours but the post is only going to be a short one as after one stop on route, we are going to stop at a campsite for a couple of days. There was actually two stops the first one was to go shopping as we needed milk and you don't want to run out of that stuff around here unless you black tea or coffee, the actual real stop was Kylemore castle so that Barb could have a look around, me being a philistine worked out that if you're seen one castle you know how it goes, and I have already seen one well possibly more than one so I saved the €18 entrance fee. Anyway I needed to have a conversation which was a long one with the website company who our website is with, as I am getting proper cheesed off with them adding adverts to the blogs and I did think that I was going to change website providers which was going to be a bit of a pain as our current contract runs out on the 29th June and we would have to change providers while we are away and get web domain name transferred to the new provider which if at home wouldn't be too much of an issue as I would have a good internet connection and would be able to sit down at a desk and organise it and also figure out how their new system works. The conversation doesn't go as bad as I thought, as they found a way of getting rid of the adverts, it will also make the blog posts more like blog posts and lastly it will stop the addition of there name after our web domain, all at a sensible price rather than the stupid price they were originally asking for. It's not going to be plain sailing as I do have to rebuild parts of it, so there might be a slight learning curve in the next couple of days and a couple of test blogs going on. Moving the clock forward a bit, Barb has finished her tour and meets me in the cafe as I had escaped there for a coffee after the long phone call, we head back to Glo and tell Syd to take us to our chosen campsite which was only 30 minutes away, we have booked and paid for the pitch online, wasn't get caught in that it's cheaper online lark, so when we arrived it was just a case of getting a pitch number and then parking up. We have a pitch which in the lower section of the site and was partially protected from the wind coming of the Ocean. We walked up to the top of the pitch and yep it was blowing a Hoolie granted not a proper one but still a Hoolie and there was a van up there with a pop top, not too sure how clever that is, but I certainly wouldn't be leaving it up, after we walked up to the top of the hill we then walked down one to get to the beach, didn't the grand old Duke of York do that up and down lark, I do sometimes wonder how or if my brain works. After a short walk along the beach with no paddling involved we headed back to Glo and that was about it for the day, as we are staying here tomorrow night I will have tomorrow to sort the website out, let's make that hopefully we will all find out tomorrow.

Stop over Connemara Caravan & Camping site, Culfin Co Galway
WTW stably.associations.persude

Wednesday 10th June Day 23

Last night when I said that it wasn't blowing a hoolie well it sure did later and for most of the night and we were glad that we weren't staying at the top of the hill as Glo was rocking enough when the wind was gusting, as for today it's going to be a bit uninteresting, again that's a good way of retaining your readers but here we go. Just for a change the weather is not good and the rain couldn't makes its make it's mind up if it was going to light or heavy, in the end it settled for heavy

which put paid to any outdoor activity, Barb decided that she was having a Duvet day and that she might have a look at where we were going next and possibly where we were going to stay if she wasn't too busy. For me it was website rebuilding which wasn't a fast process due to the interweb connection but I preserved and got most of it working, normally I wouldn't make the site live until it was fully finished and tested for a few days to iron out any snags but the plug in supplier for the blog part of it were not being very cooperative unless I paid them as well as the website company and that was not happening. It wasn't helped by the interweb connection keeping dropping out depending on which way the wind was blowing. By late afternoon it was working enough for the domain name to be linked to the new site which would get rid of the advertisements that readers might of thought we were adding and getting paid for which we wernt. This required another call to the website company and again I wasn't looking forward to the fun and games I had last time which included changing lots of host settings, ip addresses and other stuff but it had to be done. What can I say technology or the knowledge of the person I was talking to, made the whole process simples and it was all done in ten minutes or less with no changes to made to any of the techy stuff, wow how easy was that. I still need to add more images to the gallery, add the previous entire blogs, get a couple of the links working correctly while learning fully how it works, not the correct way of doing it but it's done. The blog will look different, the complete journey is in previous blogs section and is in chronological order starting at day one and will be added to as well as the individual blogs. Right website done with for today, next job was to figure out what to do tomorrow, stay where we are or to continue on to the next part of the route, in the end we decided to make the decision in the morning, so we will know a bit earlier than you but we will all find out tomorrow.

Stop over same as last night

Thursday 11th June Day 24

Hey guess, yep it's raining and that made our minds up to move on to our next stops as we may as well be driving between places when it's raining and stopping at places when it's hopefully not raining, today's end destination was 2 to 3 hours away and we also had a couple of stops to make on the way. The first destination was Aasleagh water falls which was only 30 minutes away, what can I say yes they are very nice and very fast flowing water over the rocks but we have friends in Norway and New Zealand that might question water falls, photos taken our next stop was Westport which was a town on our route. It was a busy small town and finding a parking space was proving a bit of a mission and unsuccessful visits to a couple of car parks, Barb spotted a space down a side street but you could only stay for 2 hours but you got the first one free and the second was only €1 complete bargain. Two hours was going to be fine as we were only going to have a walk around and then head off, another town with lots of independent shops and plenty of bars and restaurants, not that many tourists, apart from us, here that we have seen in other towns which ment that the shops were selling day to day stuff rather than tourist tat, yes there were a few but not as many as in other towns. After a walk around we headed to the harbour where we had a coffee before heading off to the final destination of the day, well we hoped that it will be the final stop as it's beach stop over at Achill Island beach which looked great but the last review on the Search for sites app was in August last year so we weren't sure if you could still stay there and the only way to find out was to go and have a look. Move forward an hour and we arrived at the beach and there were two other vans already there and no signs saying no overnight parking that was ok with us. It's a great spot right on the beach overlooking the Ocean, when I say beach there is no sand in sight as it's a pebble beach with large pebble's, there are some water falls from the hillside which isn't surprising due to the amount of rain there has been. One of the vans was a local guy taking photographs with a massive lens obviously attracted to a camera but that was dwarfed by the expensive lens, he left early leaving just the other van and us. I had been outside to have a look at the Ocean, haven't seen it before, and the scenery which is beautiful and hopefully we can have some sunshine tomorrow to make it look more beautiful. While I was outside I noticed a number of spent shotgun cartridges lying around, now did that mean move on or stay, we decided to stay but I did put the PIR lights and the cameras on the van for a bit of security, not that they will be much use against a shotgun but at least we would have some advanced warning. We will have to wait until tomorrow morning to see if staying was a good idea, if it wasn't then you might find out on the news not from us, hopefully we will let you know how things went tomorrow.

Stop over Cathedral rocks Achill island
WTW recipient.sprinters.operated

Friday 12th June Day 25

Well we are still here and no shotguns arrived to disturb us and amazingly we are up early which is good as we had planned a bit of a route and by the recent daily distances we have traveled today's route was a long one, which in reality we didn't expect to get to and we were thinking of a stop over on the way. The route included 8 stops which would only add time to the route, let's see how far we got, all 8 stops were set into Syd's memory and off we went and then Syd shouts after 1 kilometre you have reach your first stop which was the other side of the cove with the sandy beach, now the stop did not take long as just for a change it was raining and we weren't going for a beach in the rain no matter how nice it looked, Syd take to our next stop. The second stop was 15 minutes away and as we got about 10 down the single track road there was a guy in a van with flashing lights and sign saying road closed, that's 2 out of 8 completed and we had been driving for 20 minutes, Syd bring on number 3, as we were in a one way in and the same road out, a bit like a long cul-de-sac, we retraced yesterday's route and the we were supposed to turn off the main ish road on to the single track cul-de-sac the light rain turned to heavy rain, time to have a rethink and the rethink was that as this stop was another headland overlooking the Ocean, which we have seen a couple of times and in pouring down rain there will not be much to see or is it ocean, ok Syd scrap that take us to stop 4 we were getting through these stops quickly and that momentum was about to get even quicker as the next 2 stops included a 30 minute walk each way to 2 more cliffs and headlands and as the precipitation was getting increasingly heavier, that was another 2 off the list, this started to look like we might have a chance of getting to the final destination. Syd scrap the next 2 and take us to stop, Syd shouts will you two make your minds up. Next stop was a town so we expect to take cover from the rain, we arrived at the town and this was a forward thinking town, at the harbour it had special bays for motorvans, it also had waste disposal facility, a water supply, you could stay overnight all for free, you might even spend money in the town and you could visit a couple of the pubs knowing that you had a safe park up and were not going to be told to move on, not that it has happened to us at any stop. Forward thinking and hopefully helping the town's economy, we weren't staying there but we did walk around and we did contribute to the economy, but not in a pub. The rain stops and as we approach the next stop, the weather even started to brighten up, this stop was down another one way street to a headland but this was different as it described itself as the best cliffs in the country, I am not sure that the Cliffs of Moher would agree but this one had one advantage over Moher as it has a 50 metre tall sea stack and I really fancy a photograph of it. From the car park it is a 5km walk on a round trip, great at last we can go for a walk overlooking the ocean, well that's what we thought, we climbed over the first tall stile and started to follow the boggy track upwards to the top of the head as we neared the top, Mr weather decided he was going to be a proper misery guts and throw it down, this is becoming a bit tedious and there wasn't any chance of it stopping and back to Glo it was before we were soaked. Now I am not sure if I have missed or added any stops as I have lost count, anyway amazingly we were then on our way to the last stop that we didn't expect to be happening, we arrived at the stop which is Downpatrick head which unsurprisingly looks out over the Atlantic Ocean, wow what a view it's breath taking and so is the wind as strangely enough it's blowing a hoolie with gusts that try to blow you off your feet, initially we park Glo at the edge of the cliffs but the wind has got Glo rocking and it probably isn't the best place to park for the night. A number of motorvans arrived but then chickened out and headed off for a calmer location but not us we just moved to the back of the car park where it was slightly less breezy, this is another reminder of the night we spent at Nordkapp in Norway but compared to that night, this is just a bit of a breeze. In the end we were joined by just 2 vans. The view is one of those wow moments and we felt very fortunate to be able to be going to bed listening to the white capped waves crash onto the rocks below us and go to bed knowing that this is the view we will wake up to. As for route planning there wasn't any, I am staying here, if the weather calms down there is a chance of seeing Whales and Dolphins in the bay, if it doesn't calm down I am waiting until it does, that's about your lot as I am going to watch the mesmerising and somehow calming waves of the Wild Atlantic Ocean crashing down with its tremendous power. I wouldn't like to be in it but I could watch it for hours, bring on the Whales tomorrow, happy bunny tonight, it's beautiful.

Stop over Downpatrick Head at the top
WTW scholar.clangs.trailers

Saturday 13th June Day 26

My hopes for using binoculars and the long lens on my camera to view the sea life in the ocean unfortunately the ocean had a totally different idea as although it wasn't raining it was still blowing a proper hoolie, not quite as gale force as yesterday but it is still a proper hoolie with white capped waves as far as the eye can see with the closer ones come crashing onto the rocks, no self respecting basking shark would be lying around in these waves, if there was one it would be a bobbing shark. Cameras, lenses and binoculars are all back in their cases ready for the next opportunity, as it's wasn't raining we are going to go to the top of the headland to look at the rock formations and the ocean, hang on can't we see the ocean from where we are parked, yes we can but we would see it in different bay in a different direction. After getting dressed in suitable clothing, footwear, hats and ensuring we had ample supplies we headed off on our attempt to reach the summit, ok yes that is a bit of an exaggeration as it was less than 1k up a hill but it was windy, when we get there, the cliff formations are impressive, the most impressive was Dun Briste a 45 metre tall colossal sea stack which provides predator free sanctuary for puffins, kittiwakes and cormorants. The fishermen that arrived last night were still there fishing from the cliffs that must have 100 to 200 feet above the ocean, probably wasn't much use us taking our £10 extending spinning rods with us. One of them was not at all happy as he had got his tackle stuck to something at to bottom of the ocean, it must have been painful for him to think that he had no option other than to cut his line and loose his tackle. That could have been the end to his fishing for the day. We returned to Glo a bit windswept and readied ourselves to set off for our next destination which was Sligo with a short stop at Ballina the whole drive was only about one and half hours and we had planned to stop at Sligo for the night. Ballina first stop which didn't actually end up as a stop it more of a drive through that we classed as a visit, on to Sligo and Barb had found a free park up very close to the town centre, Syd made a hard job of directing us to the park up and eventually after two tours of the town centre he finally sorted himself out and found it. Next was a walk into the town to have a look around and can you believe a visit to Penny's aka Primarny don't ask, we had a bit of a plan that we would go music hunting in the evening and had a look around for suitable venue it became obvious that a number of people both male and female had been out early and had peaked a bit too early but this wasn't going to stop them going back to their various hotels getting changed and then coming out for round two. This made up our minds that staying in Sligo wasn't going to be a good idea, we did have a back up plan and this was only 30 minutes from the town, we headed off to Glencar lough which also had a waterfall that was supposed to be worth a visit. When we got there the car park was full of them there tourists and a couple of motorvans, we found a temporary spot and waited for the tourists to leave, in the end the other two vans left as well, I know that Glo needs a wash but there was no need to be snobby, that was it just us in a large car park overlooking the lough, it was going to be a quiet one with no waves crashing on to rocks, just a couple of sheep in the field next to use, then it was a bit though not a lot of planning for tomorrow which you will find out about tomorrow.

Stop over Glencar lough car park
WTW bruiser.frontal.regards

Sunday 14th June Day 27

No other vans joined us during the night, very quiet until those tourist types started arriving but we were parked at the far end, away from the car parking bays which meant that we didn't shoot off immediately after they arrived, we were back in no rush mode, thinking about it I don't think we have had a rush moment since we arrived. Our rough plan was to head to Donegal with a couple stops along the way, the first of which was Mullaghmore which is on the WAW route must see places, when we finally got our act together and before we left, we walked up to the waterfall and yes it is a waterfall, but on our travels we have been very fortunate to have visited some countries with Waterfalls and I guess this has made others small in comparison. Mullaghmore was only 30 minutes away and it wasn't long before we found a parking space and walked into the village. There isn't much in the village but it is very pretty with a couple of bars, cafes and an ice cream

parlour, there is a small harbour with crystal clear water and a beautiful 3km horse shoe beach, the village is famous for a few of things, Classiebawn Castle which overlooks the village and was Lord Mountbatten's holiday home, now that was some holiday home, the harbour was also where Mountbatten and two of his family were killed when his boat was blown up in the harbour. Another thing that the village is famous for is that it is globally known as one of the best and heaviest big-wave surfing locations on the planet and apparently the waves can reach up to 15 metres, for us being here today that seemed mad as the Ocean is flat calm with only ripples of water coming onto the beach. I guess that shows you why you should have the uttermost respect for the sea oh and oceans as they can change from being your friend and fun to being extremely scary and I guess fun for surfers. This beautiful village totally changed our plans for the day as we just stayed there for the rest of the day, evening and night, in the afternoon we met a fellow CV (Glo) owner Stephen Gilmore who is a member as are we of the CV owners facebook page. We chatted for a while discussing our vans, places they have taken us to, future travel plans and the village, Stephen is from the other part of Ireland and was able to give us some places to visit as we head further north. In the early evening we sat outside a hotel bar having a drink while watching adults and children have loads of fun jumping off the harbour wall into the crystal clear water, some the adults would then visit the sauna on the harbour wall and then back into the water. Later on we went for something to eat at the other bar, Barb ordered beef and Guinness pie and as we are as close to the sea that a fish could have jumped out of sea and straight into the kitchen, I ordered fish, Barbs pie was delicious as for my fish I would have liked for its dad to be on my plate, you know when you see pictures of a long lightly battered fish with crispy golden batter curled at each end and they look fantastic, well this wasn't like that but hey it was alright and it might have just been my expectations. Next it was to find somewhere to park for the night and there were a couple of options firstly the hotel car park with absolutely no view, no facilities and at a cost of €15, we have stayed overnight in a number of car parks for free, so that one is out, Stephen had told us that if we went around to the top of the headland there were a number of parking areas overlooking, guess what, yep that's right the Ocean. The first one already had about 6 motorvans parked up and was full, the second was on a bit of a slope apart from the bottom of it where some guy was sitting in his Audi, god knows what he was doing but he eventually did one and we grabbed the only level part, two other vans joined us later but they must of had their blood rushing to their heads or their feet all night alternatively they rolled out of bed every time they turned over, but hey we were fine listening to the gentle waves below us, wow that was an exciting day for you but you did get to find out things about Mullaghmore that you might not of even heard of, let's see what happens tomorrow.

Stop over Mullaghmore headland
WTW imbued.showering.recruiters

Monday 15th June Day 28

Our first plan this morning was to go into the village and get a coffee as reimbursement to the local economy for our free nights stay, which if we spent more money in the village instead of making coffee in Glo, didn't make the nights stay free, but hey a proper coffee is better than instant, anyway it ended up being a free night as even though it was 10am nothing was open, 6'ish euro saved. We had gone a bit mad as we had a two day plan laid out, firstly head to Donegal with a possible overnight stay somewhere close by and then on to a couple of the locations that Stephen had given us yesterday, hey how is that for planning. We had two drops to make before we arrived at Donegal which depending on what they were like could have changed the whole plan, things did actually speed up as both of the towns ended up being drive through's without a hamburger or a coffee, as they were both shut, the town, not the drive throughs as they didn't have one. On we went to Donegal, I had found a car park at the harbour a few minutes walk from the town and you could stay there overnight at a total cost of €2.70 for 24hrs, listen to that Liverpool One, we arrived and there were lots of vans already there but there was still plenty of space, I paid for 3 hours 90 cents hang the expense, as we were not sure if we were going to stay overnight as we really wanted to find a campsite. The town was really busy with them there tourist types buying "I heart Ireland" stuff, we were to find out later why there were so many tourists in the town, now it must just be us and towns as after an hour and thirty minutes we were done and that included stopping for a 0% beer, we really must have something about towns that we didn't know about, this meant that we weren't staying at the harbour overnight even if it was only €2.70, I had found a campsite about an hour away and off we went. On route we went through the village

of Killybegs, now here is a prime example of not doing any research, we arrived at Killybegs expecting a small fishing port, well it is a fishing port but get this, Killybegs is the Largest fishing port in Ireland and there are dozens of extremely large and I guess extremely expensive fishing boats but no matter how expensive they are, there was a bigger rascal parked up against the harbour wall and that was Cunard's second largest ship the MV Queen Anne, wow now that was a surprise. She was only there for the day and I guess the passengers got off and were then transported by bus for a day in Donegal, if I had been a passenger I would have stayed on board and made a dent in my extremely expensive all inclusive drinks package. Our next stop was a basic campsite at a farm 20 minutes from Killybegs, this place was in the middle of nowhere, the last 10 minutes of the drive were down a goat track and we did wonder if Syd had lost the plot but he hadn't and out of nowhere a farm appeared. Barb went and booked us in, she didn't return for ages and it was because the farmer was extremely friendly and was giving her lots of information about the area, he also told her that his grandmother had bought the house and the farm for 90 Irish punts during the Great Depression in the 1930's, I haven't got a clue how that conversation came around and I guess that was a lot of money back then but it certainly worth more than that now. Going a bit off piste now and I am actually going to give anyone that is planning on doing this journey with some travel info, the site is a working farm, now I say working as in so much that there was a tractor parked in the yard, some chickens and a couple of sheep and two of the baby sheep were being bottle fed but that was about it. As for the site, the pitches are just park were you like, it is what I suppose you would describe as the farm yard, the facilities are a bit dated but fully functional and very clean, there is a massive indoor camp kitchen with everything you would need, there is a BBQ if you fancy, that's outside, great view and not a noise to be heard apart from a couple of chickens with chicks and a couple of sheep with baby sheep and when they went to bed there was not a sound. All this for 30 Euro and it even included EHU it's definitely worth a visit, right that's enough travel info, it's starting to get a bit like a travel blog. Not much else happened for the rest of the evening so you will have to see what happens tomorrow, there might be another assault on a summit but we will find out if that happens tomorrow.

Stop over Derrylahan hostel and camping Kildare County Donegal
WTW visits.vowing.tibias

Tuesday 16th Day 29

What a great night not a sound to be heard but what I have found strange is that since we have been here and no matter where we have parked and we have parked in some really dark sky location with no light pollution, we haven't seen any stars and I can't remember seeing the moon either, there must have been total low cloud all of the time, I have been looking forward to taking some magnificent night sky photographs but it hasn't happened yet. Right on to today, Barbs farmer friend and also Stephen that we met the other day both said that we must visit Slieve Liag which is a mountain not far from where we were and said that when there we should attack the summit as the views are fantastic. This was going to be a tough one as Slieve Liag has the second highest sea cliffs in Ireland, it's 3 times higher than the cliffs of Moher and is amongst the highest sea cliffs in Europe, wow this is going to be a big one. Off we went and it wasn't long before we arrived at base camp also known as the visitor centre and cafe, we prepared ourselves and set off straight to camp 4, which wasn't so strenuous as there was a shuttle bus to take us there. From camp 4 there it was a final push to the summit, Barb decided that she was going to give this one a miss but as I was well prepared with trainers, T shirt, shorts and a fleece jacket, a Berghaus one I will have you know, I was going to go for it, well it was about 200 metres on a purpose made path with steps made out of the rocks that had been lying around and cemented into place which was a good job as the bus was coming back in 40 minutes. They were both correct as the view from the summit was fantastic, with the cliffs dropping 600 metres to the ocean, the surrounding mountains and oh a lot of the ocean stuff, it was well worth risking getting there, but I had to make the descent quickly as the bus was due, the descent is made more difficult than the going up bit as Sir Isaac's mate Gravity has a say in how quickly you go and this might be quicker than you would like it to be. Exhausted, we climb onto the shuttle bus and ready ourselves for the 10 or so minutes to base camp, it's not long before we realise we have got on the wrong bus as this one is full of tourists who we guessed were on a coach tour, it stopped at various places on the way down while giving us a full tour commentary, oops, how on earth do I come up with this stuff. We had a couple of uneventful stops and we ended at a small harbour stop over that Barb had found only there was a slight problem as there were signs saying no overnight parking, I went for a walk

around the small village and found another car park and this had parking bays marked specifically for motorvans which was right opposite a restaurant called the Lobster pot which apparently sold wonderful seafood with lobsters fresh from the tank in the restaurant, but it is one of those restaurants that doesn't put prices on their menu and this does cheese me off as it could embarrass some customers after they have sat at a table. There is always the saying if you have to ask the price you can't afford it, that's crap even the well known chef's restaurants like Gordon Ramsey at the Savoy hotel publish their prices never mind some restaurant with illusions of grandeur in the back end of nowhere that comprises of a harbour with a ferry, a fish and chip take away that has seating, the no menu fish restaurant, one pub and that's your lot and only the pub was open. Obviously in an effort to assist the local economy we paid it a visit and the only other person in there was the bar person, a few locals drifted in and sat there making love to their pint of Guinness, check out Billy Joel's The Piano Man. We went back to Glo who even though we had put at the very top of the ramps was still nowhere near level, what the heck it's only one night we will survive, I will let you know tomorrow how quiet or even how noisy this stop over was and I wonder what stories I can aggregate then, I guess we will find out.

Stop over car park on a proper slant in Burntonport, County Donegal
WTW smothered.neon.cherishes

Wednesday 17th June Day 30

It was a surprisingly quiet night, mind you nothing much was going to happen until the first ferry of the day, the other surprise was that we were on the road early at about 10am which is well before our usual start times and it also meant that we would be able to listen to Pop Master while on the move, it was a good job we were on the road early'ish as we had optimistically planned a 100km route with a couple of stops on the way, 100km isn't that far but our route was going to take us down some roads that were made for horse and carts and others would twist and turn up and down through the mountains, it didn't sound like fast going to me, especially when you get stuck behind tractors, stop at view points to look at the Ocean and road surfaces that are not related to travelling fast unless you are in a rally car. Mentioning rallying this weekend will be the Donegal rally which leaves us with a bit of a dilemma and a couple of questions, do we double back to watch the rally which starts on Friday and finishes on Sunday, I haven't seen a real life stage rally for years and I probably won't see the Donegal rally again the stages are well spread out so we would have to pick the ones we could get to and based on previous years it is expected that the roads will be rammed and at times impassable, when we used to go to watch rally's we would get to a stages hours before the cars were due, find a suitable vantage point and sit and wait in all kinds of weathers and when we crewed for Ian we hardly ever saw the actual stage just the possible devastation the car may have been subject to, while we waited for them to arrive at the service area, not after every stage I hasten to add and it was great fun. So there is the question do we head back and use 4 of the remaining days, do we want to sit in traffic jams for god knows how long, do we want to arrive at stages and wait for the cars to start going past and the big question is that as the weather forecast says constant rain for all three days, do we want to stand in boggy fields in the peeing down rain for hours, the younger me would say bring it on, and so should the current one, but that one is thinking about it and doesn't really fancy the idea of getting absolutely soaking wet. We checked weather forecast and it wasn't looking great, that made up our minds to continue on our route further north towards Malian Head which is the start point for the Wild Atlantic Way but for us it will be the end of the route, it was early afternoon and time for us to find a place to stop. We had originally planned for a pub stop over as we fancied romantic evening in a restaurant, or possibly we didn't want to cook, Barb had found one that had a bit more to offer as it had loos, showers and electricity for €15 plus what you would spend on food and drinks. We gave Syd the address and off we went, we had a couple of stops to look at the scenery and about an hour later by which time we had a bit of a change of minds as Barb had found a free stopover about 500yds from the pub which was next to a derelict church and a graveyard, we had a look at the pub and then went to the graveyard, there was a great view over a lough. The idea of a romantic evening meal while sipping a glass of Merlot, well that idea lost out to a free stopover, a view overlooking the lough, quiet neighbours and saving 100 euro, anyway what's wrong with cheese toasties and a beer, cheapskate, that was about it so let's see what happens tomorrow.

Thursday 18th June Day 31

We had a quiet night with not a peep from the neighbours, when I say quiet night that was apart from the pouring down rain but we are used to that and it had stopped in the morning we had a couple of stops planned today, the first one was to see a lighthouse yes we have seen one before but this one was on the WAW official must do's on the trip, the second was also an official must see it was a cliff face, a rock and the Ocean, although we had already seen all three of this type of spectacle a couple of times on the trip this one was special but first the lighthouse visit. Skip a bit of travel time and we arrived at the lighthouse and yep it was a lighthouse at the end of a rock and it was also going to cost €24 to go inside but you couldn't go to the very top, based on that fact that we have visited a number of lighthouses and also visited the top of some of them, we decided to be happy just seeing it at a close distance. We did visit the cafe for a coffee which to get through you had walk through the gift shop, we resisted buying a "I heart Fanad lighthouse t shirts" that were obviously priced for American tourists, but hey the coffee was good, next stop was the cliffs, water and rocks visit. We will skip a bit of the driving time but the last part was down and then back up a very interesting goat track and it was great to think that we had to back along it when we had finished the visit to the rock, I have been doing this rock a disservice as it is a very impressive rock, it was the Great Pollet Sea Arch which is a magnificent 150 foot sea arch as its name says, it is also Ireland's tallest sea arch which I suppose is a big rock with a hole in it. The walk to the sea arch isn't an attack on a summit it is the exact opposite as the car park is at the top of the cliff which is also taller than the arch itself and the only way to see it is to make the trip down to the beach and then back up again which is a hike of over two miles plus how ever much walking you do on the beach, according to the visit the information, the hike will get your heart rate up. Barb decided to sit this one out and wait for me in Glo with heating on, the info sheet wasn't kidding the path was steep and long, then when you get to the stoney beach the type that moves under your feet as you walk, then to get a proper view of the arch you have to scramble over lots of rocks. Was it worth all that effort, darn right it was it is pretty special, it was a bit unfortunate that Atlantic Ocean wasn't its usual wild self and its waves weren't crashing against the rocks and the sky was flat grey and the rock would have looked more fantastic with a blue sky and sunlight shining through its hole but you can't have everything and I am sure that a bit of photoshop will sort that out when we get home. Then it was time to retrace my steps and by the time I reached the summit, the info sheet wasn't kidding about getting your heart rate up, exhausted and a bit wet as it had started raining I got back to Barb and Glo. After some deep breaths we were ready for the return trip down the goat track and then onto our next destination which was Letterkenny where Barb had found an Aire stopover just outside of the town, as we travelled towards the town it became obvious that some of the roads we were using were going to be parts of one or more of the special stages for the Donegal rally, the observation wasn't too difficult due to the signs saying that the road will be closed over the next few days and also the big circles on road depicting where the chicane's would be, we did think of parking overnight on the route but there was nowhere suitable, not thinking anymore of it we headed to Letterkenny. When we arrived we had another one of those hey you two you haven't done any research moments, as the roads were blocked, there were rally signs everywhere, there were stalls selling all types of rally gear, we wondered if there might be some relationship between the town and the rally, that wasn't really difficult but what could it be. After battling through the traffic while listening to the boy racers who's cars have the biggest exhaust's and dump valves, coughing and banging louder than a group one rally car, that loud that they would never pass noise control, we arrived at the rugby club and the gate was shut, well it was until Barb opened it and we drove in and parked in one of the designated motorvans spaces. Plugged into the EHU and with the kettle on, we did a bit of research and found that Letterkenny was fairly important to the rally as it was where scrutineering was taking place, it would be parc ferme where the cars would be parked and also the the start and finish, not the start of a special stage but the bit when the cars leave the Start Podium and head along the road section before the actual start of a stage, so yes a fairly integral and important part of the rally. After we arrived the motorvans spaces started to fill up and one of the fields had been turned into a campsite and more land was being used as a car park, we walked into town and it was really busy, one of the bars which is part of a big business, they even have a bar in Dubai, was sponsoring 5 cars and they were lined up outside, it was another of

those tardis pubs small frontage and absolutely massive inside, live music playing and everyone was having a great time. We then walked up the street, turned right and all of the cars participating in the rally were parked in number order. In front of car one was the starting podium on which the drivers were being interviewed, it was lively down the road but here it was completely ram packed, after we had a look at the cars we headed back to find somewhere quieter, the original bar we visited was a lot quieter now and we called in for a nightcap before walking back to Glo, the boy racers and there were dozens of them were out in force and having competitions to see who could make the most noise and boy they could make some noise, couldn't go over a speed bump but a lot of noise they could make, we couldn't decide if they had come to watch the rally or just drive around. Fortunately where we parked was reasonably quiet, we just wondered what it was going to be like on the morning, I guess we will all find out tomorrow, but until then that's your lot.

Stopover Letterkenny Motorhome party St Eunans GAA club, Co. Donegal
WTW flying.dedicating.jurors

Friday 19th June Day 32

The weather not too good this morning and that has made the decision for us that we are not not rally spectating, instead we are heading off to complete another quest, we were heading for the most Northerly point of Ireland's mainland we have already been to the most Southerly and Westerly points and next week we will complete the four points of the compass quest, which is a quest that we won't complete in mainland Europe, we have done the North, South and West but won't be visiting the Easterly point, have a look and see where it is. We didn't leave the site until about lunchtime and the boy racers are still banging, popping and wheel spinning on the main roads it looks like the rally attracts a different type of person than rally spectators. Due to the traffic it took a while to get out of the town and then we were on the main road north, even though we where heading to another middle of nowhere destinations it still didn't stop the boys racers heading somewhere in convoy again seeing who could the most noise and I was wondering why the supposedly fast cars were all traveling at 70kph on a 100kph road, anyway stuff them we need to go in find somewhere to spend some possibly a lot of cash as Glo's go go tank is seriously lacking in juice. We pass a couple of stations with silly prices, we find one that's selling the stuff at 173.9 euro why don't they just give up with .9 lark surly it can't still be kidding people, quick travel tip if you come here download the Circle K app, you get up to 3 cents a litre discount, hey what's going on here a travel blog giving travel tips rather than stories. Let's do the time warp and we arrive at Malin Head the most northerly point of Ireland, there is a bit of a hike from the car park to the cliffs edge overlooking the ocean or is this the ocean anyway there is a lot of water out there, I headed off down to the cliffs edge there wasn't much of a path and I did think of heading back but you can't not go when you are so close, anyway got there, took a photograph and scrambled back to the top, ok tick been there, seen it, done it, next. That is the Wild Atlantic Way done, as depending on which direction you have traveled Malin head is either the start or the finish line, in our case we had started the journey at the south in Kinsale and now we are at the end of the route, there we go that's another tick on the list, but that's not the end of our journey as we now had to decide what we are going to do between here and the ferry home from Dublin but that's for tomorrow, as for tonight we had a pub stop over, there were already a number of motorvans parked up when we arrived but we managed to find a level spot, we were going to treat ourselves to dinner in the pub but before we go in it was time for the great sport of people watching, on this occasion it was a German guy trying to level a big motorhome, we had checked out this spot when we arrived as it was the closest to the ocean with a great view, but we figured out that there was absolutely no chance of getting Glo level. The German guy had a different idea, let me set the scene, when tried the space it was ok front to back but one side was that far from level you would fall out of bed and our ramps would not of made absolutely no difference. Anyway Mr German got his ramps out and drove to the very top with the tyres hanging on like limpet's to stop them falling of the top, you didn't need a spirit level to figure out it was it wasn't level but you might just roll over rather than falling out of bed, but he went in to check then came out, muttered a bit and then backed off the ramps. Then it got serious if not a bit dangerous, with ramp in place he started knocking in large tent pegs in front of them to stop them moving forward, now the silly bit as he put another ramp on top of it, and he also put another ramp under the opposite wheel which in my mind would negate what the other ramp was trying to do, anyway first it was time to get to the top of both ramps without an accident, anyway with a lot of rocking back and forward

as the clutch squealed for mercy and the ramps moving backwards he got to the top with a lingering smell of burning clutch and guess what it was obviously still not level. Then he went to get out forgetting that the van was now a foot higher on the ramps, fortunately he managed to hang onto the steering wheel and didn't fall out, we couldn't understand what he and his wife were saying but it definitely wasn't I love you. He slammed the door and disappeared inside, I guess they were just going to play roll together, now wasn't that interesting for you. I will try and keep the next bit short, it's was early but Barb was hungry so we went into the restaurant the empty restaurant, now this always tickles me as the waitress or if you prefer Server asks hi have you booked, er no but by any chance do you have a table for two, well I suppose we can fit you in, is this table by the window ok for you. Food was great and when finished we took our drinks outside to make the most of the sunshine. Well that's it for today and I hope that you now know or not to level a motorvan, sorry if that bored you.

Stopover Seaview Tavern, Edgewater Cottages, County Donegal
WTW footsteps.compulsive.final

Saturday 20th June Day 33

Right let's start with booking tonight's campsite, Barb phoned them while we were on the road and I guess we were used to the Ireland way of checking if a site has space, the calls went like this, ring ring hello, hi have you got space for a campervan for tonight, yes what name is it, Barbara, ok see you later. You now know you are back in the UK and it goes like this, ring ring hello, hi do you have space for a campervan for this evening, yes we have do you want to book, yes please, name full please, address, phone number, email address, card number, oh hang on how much is it, thirty five pounds, card number, what time will you be here as you have an hour booking in slot, welcome back to the UK, the most expensive site in the last 30+ days. As soon as we drove into Northern Ireland we noticed that we were back in the UK, retail shopping parks, rammed roads, main roads, loads of people, bad driving and we weren't sure that this was for us, we had two plans and the first was the giants causeway but we have been there before and it won't have changed much, and a trip into Belfast which I was really looking forward to but and I know this is probably silly but with the recent problems that we are sure have finished and where in isolated area's, we still weren't sure about going and we have found during our trips that if you don't fancy it, just don't go as we won't enjoy it, we can although for a weekend break. That left us with the option of travelling through NI back over the border to Ireland after a couple of stops in NI on the route, obviously this is only our thoughts and we were probably overthinking things and I guess that after being out in the easy going countryside, we weren't ready for full on stuff. I guess that this wasn't helped by our first retail experience as Glo needed fuel and we found a station with reasonable priced diesel, hose in hand and a whole nothing happens, trigger squeezed nothing happens, walk in to the tills, hi is pump 4 working, yes it is but you need to prepay, ok here is my card, oh you will need to put the filler thingy back in the pump, ok back to Glo and thingy thing put back in the pump, back to the till, hi here is my card, how much do you want if you don't use it all we give you a refund, oh let's call it a hundred quid, back to Glo trigger thingy back into Glo's hole but she wasn't that thirsty and didn't want all of the 100 quid, back to the till, hi it didn't use the 100 quid can you put the refund on my card, no we do the refund in cash, ffs get me out of here. We arrived at the Marina, were shown to a pitch, parked up and plugged in. The sun was out and so were the chairs, I thought that I would catch up on the progress of the rally but rather than seeing who was in which position I read the tragic news that a young boy had been killed while spectating at the Donegal rally and two other spectators had been injured, my thoughts are with the boys parents and family, the two injured spectators and also the driver and navigator who will also be suffering. After reading that sad news my mind wasn't in the mood for any planning, that would just have to wait, instead we went for a walk around the Marina and into the village which wasn't that far away, after returning to Glo nothing much else happened, we are only just over the border and we were going to figure out our plans tomorrow morning we will all have to wait until tomorrow to find out what we finally decided to do.

Stopover Ballyronan Marina, Margherfelt, Mid Ulster NI
WTW romantics.shakes.player

Sunday 21st June Day 34

Not sure if we are right or not but given the time we have before we board the ferry, the places we want to go to and that we are also going to see Barb's cousin who lives just outside of Dublin have made up our minds to scoot through NI and head over to Ireland's east coast and leave NI for a future trip. We have planned a route and we will call into a couple of towns on our way across to Ireland east coast. Unless I can come up with some junk this was going to be a short one as it's a bit of a driving day, as with a lot of our mornings we weren't ready to leave the site until the throwing off time, hey at £35 we are making the most of our stay on the site. Our first stop was Armagh, as we drove in there was a queue of traffic trying to get into a retail park, this didn't bode well as that was the last place we wanted to be on a Sunday afternoon but unfortunately we did need to get some milk and stuff, well this about as good as an idea as going to Costco at the weekend, the world and his wife were there. We finally escaped and headed into the town which was pretty similar and with nowhere to park, this was not the place to be on a Sunday afternoon, we had one more stop on our way to the freebie stopover that Barb has found and we headed to Dundalk, on the way there we had a thought that as Dundalk was a bigger town it might be the same as Armagh but with even more chaos and it was only a couple of miles from the stopover we would give it a miss today and go on Monday when it might be a bit quieter. Also the sun was out and it was a beautiful day and we haven't had many of those so we headed straight to the stopover to enjoy the rest of the day, the stopover was a large car park overlooking Dundalk bay, when we arrived you could have been forgiven to think this was an actual site as there were more than 30 motorvans and caravans parked up. We found a spot that had a view of the bay and hey it was level well level enough, that was it chairs out and kettle on and sit outside in the long awaited sunshine, after speaking to a couple of people it turns out that most of the people here are fairly local and often come here for the weekend and were right as by 6pm there was us and about 5 other vans. Not much else happened other than we had a walk to the quay and then up to local Caravan site to have a look at the pizza take away that we have been told about, oh and there is also a bar with live music playing, so it would be rude not to pop in and listen to the band while helping the local economy by purchasing a couple of products from the bar. Now I said listen to the band which wasn't that difficult as it was only a small venue and the duo had the Amp turned up as high as they would go without blowing the thingies out of the large speakers, they were that loud we went outside to listen to them and unfortunately they were not that good. We made headed back hand in hand at the edge of the sand and danced to the light of the moon, that's not really true as that line is part of a poem from 1870 by Edward Lear, we sat outside chatting about what to do next without coming to real conclusion and that was about it for the night, what to do next will have to be figured out tomorrow.

Stopover Gyles Quay, Riverstown, Louth
WTW crinkle.unwraps.winemaking

Monday 22nd June Day 35

I think that have said in a previous blog that it was going to be the shortest one of the trip, well is was wrong as we stayed put from last night had a late brunch, sat around and didn't do much else and that was it, there you go job done. If you think you are getting away with just that you are sadly mistaken as I still had some fill in bits left over, a couple of travel tips first, fuel prices we have seen prices vary a lot during the trip, in Ireland it has varied between €169.9 to €203.9 for diesel I would suggest that if you see it for €173.9 get it as that seems to be the most common best price and don't forget the Circle K discount, oh and don't buy Adblue pig wee from a fuel station as it's daylight robbery as we found out but it's still about €15 from supermarkets. Next is a point of interest that I missed out in a previous blog when we were in Westport Co Mayo, there is an uninhabited island in Clew bay called Dorinish which is about 2 to 3 kilometres from the mainland, what's special about that you may ask, well let me tell you, it is also known as John Lennon or Beatle island as John bought it in 1967 for £1700 intending to build a retreat for his later years. Sadly John never reached his later years and following his tragic death in 1980 Yoko sold the island in 1984 with the proceeds of the sale going to an Irish orphanage. I obviously haven't kept enough fill in stuff as that's it I have run out of stuff

Stopover Same as last night

Tuesday 23rd Day 36

This could be even shorter than yesterday's as there wasn't a lot done, after getting Glo ready for departure we went for a walk along the beach to collect some more large and small pebbles for Sharon, this isn't a quick job as we are very particular about the ones we collect, we try and find ones with no blemishes, interesting colours and if possible ones that have interesting markings, there is a lot too this pebble collecting business, if we collect anymore we Glo will probably be over weight. Pebbles stored, we set off for our first destination of Dundalk, after we found a parking space we headed into the town and guess what, it was a town with shops and even a Pennymani it's a Primani but spelt differently. We stopped off for lunch, a club sandwich and a bowl of chips to share, it's was a town and we have ticked been there box, then we headed a whole 30 minutes down the road to tonight's stopover which was a small harbour with nothing to do but sit and chill, well it wasn't really chill as it was about 30°C we are trying to catch up with the rest of you which we haven't done before on this trip, it's a bit of a shock as we are now trying to keep Glo's interior cool rather than trying to get it warm, guess what that was it, this is so short I may make this a two day blog.

Stopover Harbour Road, Annagassan, Louth
WTW particle.repaired.producing

Wednesday 24th June Day 37

Yes I decided to make this a two day event and now I am wondering wether to make it a trio as today's didn't have a lot of content either, Barb is going to Powerscourt Gardens tomorrow which is apparently the 3rd Best garden in the world and we need to get closer to it so that she can have an early start as apparently there is 47 acres of it, guess I won't be seeing her for a while. We also needed to stay on a site tonight to do things that Glo needs doing. There was not a lot of sites to choose from in the Dublin area without paying over 50 quid not euros plus €2 for showers and it didn't look that good, I guess it's a case of Location, location, location so I am going to blame Kirsty and Phil, but stuff the location lark it is just theft. I found one that was a bit further away but at a reasonable price, when I phoned to see if they had space it was obvious we were back in Ireland, hi have you got space for a campervan and how much is it, yes got one €35, ok can I book one then, yep of course what name is it, it's Paul, ok see you tomorrow, simples. Then all we had to do was get there, totally unlike us we voted for the quicker route which included using toll roads, time warp to the campsite, said hello paid and told to go wherever we wanted, we chose a grass pitch hedged off at both sides and at the top of the hill overlooking the sea or is one ocean, not sure but they are both water and there is a lot of it. After some sitting out in the sun we went for a walk down to the beach that belongs to the caravan site, well when I say walk it was actually clambering down 400 steps of irregular sizes and heights, if you were going down there for a while, you would take a packed lunch. After a walk along the beach and a paddle to above the knee in the crystal clear water, make that the cold crystal clear water, we made the ascent up the stairs back to Glo for some more sitting out in the sunshine.

Stopover Wolohan Silver Strand Caravan Park, Crowmarsh Gifford, Wicklow
WTW falling.tans.tearful

Thursday 25th June Day 38

It's Big day time for Barb to visit a big garden which is apparently the 3rd best garden in the world not sure what number the hanging gardens of Babylon came, anyway as there were 47 acres of gardens for her to visit we were up early and on the road, it was about an hours drive to Powerscourt gardens so let's skip the first bit of the journey, I did think that when we got close to the 3rd best 47 acre garden in the world would have one of those brown come to the gardens this way signs but there were none to be seen. So we rely on Syd to take us there, now if you have put a postcode that it is in the middle of nowhere and covers 47 acres into a SatNav there may be a problem of him taking you there and this is exactly what happened on this occasion, after Syd taking us down some stupid roads which probably circumnavigate the 47 acres a couple of times and still not a brown sign in sight, he proudly says You have reached your destination, well we may have reached our destination but what we had reached was probably the back gate to the

gardens and when you have paid an entrance fee, you don't want to be going in the back way, anyway it was locked. We tried telling Syd to take us to the gardens but he insisted that we were there. Time to drive around and find a sign which would hopefully give us a clue as to find the front gates, all this lark probably took longer than the original drive but eventually we found the place and through the elegant stone built entrance arch, the narrow entrance arch, they must use the back gate to get bigger things in. We drive along the 2 kilometre tree lined drive and eventually reach and the entrance to the gardens, phew that was much more difficult than it needed to be, I told Barb not to rush, mind you with 47 acres to look at it was going to be a bit of a marathon not a sprint. After dropping Barb off, I headed to Bray where we planned on staying for the night as there was a stopover by the harbour, I went to check it out and have a look around the town that was apparently only 15 minutes away which to be fair on Syd it was, there were two ways to the harbour the shorter route took you under a narrow 3 metre arched railway bridge and I wasn't sure if that 3 metres was at the highest point in the middle or at its lowest and as Glo is 2.7 metres high and her highest point is at the very edge of her roof, could have made things interesting and as we had found that out in Italy a few years ago I chose the longer route which used a level crossing to get to the harbour. The car park was extremely busy and I had wait for a while until a suitable parking space became available, then it was a relaxing walk along the seafront and into the town, what can I say yes it was a seaside town with shops and stuff oh it even had a Penmarni, I found an authentic Italian coffee shop and called in for an Americano and chose a table outside so I could have a bit of people watching sport, the coffee was much better than the people watching which was totally uneventful, then it was a bit more of a walk around the town, which considering that I don't like shops was wasted on me. Then I got a call off Barb to go and collect her, have you finished, yes I have, was it a misprint should have said 4.7 acres, don't be smart come and get me, ok on my way I will be there in about 30 minutes, that was if I could remember my way back while ignoring Syd and the elusive brown signs. Amazingly my memory got me there without any detours, I went to meet Barb and we sat in the sunshine having an ice cream, I sensed that she wasn't very happy with the gardens especially when she said that the ice cream was the best thing about it. She said that she wasn't too sure who voted it the 3rd best garden in the world but whoever it was they were either on something, had been bribed or had not been to Sefton Park, oops let's head back to the town and I can show the harbour stopover it's much better. My memory also worked in the opposite direction and after avoiding the low bridge we arrived at the harbour, Barb found a parking space overlooking the small yacht's bobbing around in the water, which would also do us for the overnight stop, there were other vans there but Barb had found us the prime location which was hidden away in a secluded part of the car park. What would we do next oh I know let's go for a walk around the town, oh deep joy that sounds like a great idea and off we went, it was still full of the uninteresting shops that were there before but obviously Barb hadn't seen them, it was a tad hot to be looking at shops which it was unlikely we were going to buy anything from. After a walk along the promenade we headed back to the harbour, on the way Barb said that as it was going to be hotter in Glo than it was outside we should go to one of those establishments and support the local economy, oh go on if we must. It was apparent that others had that community spirit as the first we visited was extremely busy and the second was pretty much the same, then we headed back to Glo to open everything that would open to try and get some cool air from the slight breeze that was coming from the sea, not much happened after that including writing this which is why I am playing catch up again, Dublin tomorrow let's see what happens there.

Stopover Bray Harbour, Bray Co Wicklow
WTW saga.dissolves.servers

Friday 26th June Day 39

It was off to Dublin's fair city today and it's probably the hottest day we have had so far, excellent timing or what but we did have an easy way to get there, foot, train, foot and that was it job done although our feet did do a lot more walking when we got there, the station was a ten minute walk from the harbour and we got there just in time to pay for our tickets, get on and 3 minutes later off we went, perfect timing, now anyone would think we had planned that but obviously they don't know us as it was just good luck, we thought that the tickets were good value at €10.40 return for both of us. Forty five minutes later, well we were but we had got off at the wrong stop, we had stayed on for one too many, then we had an option of walking back to where we wanted to be or to change platforms and wait for the next train going back, as it was stinking hot, we waited for

the next train, which arrived about 10 minutes later and we were at O'Connell Street 5 minutes after that. Today was the only day that we could arrange to come into the city and unfortunately it was the hottest day of our trip so far which made it the worst day to go into a city when we should have been relaxing in the sunshine, but hey we were there. Cities aren't really our thing unless it's a weekend break somewhere but as we were only a short train ride away it would have been rude not to visit Dublin even though it was hot, sticky, has lots of shops and was full of people probably more than a usual Friday as it was the Cities Pride event on Saturday. Our visit to the city was not planned to be a long one as we had no interest in the shops apart from one which was Weir & Sons jewellers which was established in 1869 and we visited some time ago, it wasn't just the jewellery or really the watches they sold that we had gone to see but the building itself and its interior displays. The shop in Grafton street was opened in 1905 and occupies a corner position with a striking period shopfront with a curved glass entrance leading to the ornate entrance doors which invite you inside with excitement of what will be inside and on our first visit it didn't disappoint, apart from the exquisite individual hand crafted expensive jewellery and an array of expensive watches, never forget the watch department, then you have the shop itself. Once inside it is like stepping back into a more graceful era which is rich in character, with beautiful hand carved woodwork accompanied by curved glass display cabinets housing a fine collection of silverware created by the companies craftsman dating back through the years, its unique interior was preserved to reflect the charm and character of a bygone time it was like magnificent museum and it's elegance reminded me of our visit to the Patek Philippe museum we visited in Geneva, every detail evoked a sense of timeless sophistication. Anyone would think that I like this place and hey guess who helped write that little lot. Anyway back to today and after a little problem with Goggle maps and some gaps in our memory of the shops location, it comes into view the magnificent shop front was still as I remembered and as we approached I was excited to enter and revisit our first experience. Well that was where my excitement ended as at sometime between now and our last visit the shop had undergone a refit, gone are ornate glass display cabinets that were antiques themselves had gone along with the silverware they used to contain, gone is most of the beautiful hand crafted woodwork and has been replaced with modern pretend wood displays and cabinets that I expect suppliers of certain watches have requested so as to keep their corporate identity throughout their network. Well they and the owners were in my opinion Wrong as the shop has now lost its sole and its unique experience, I fully understand that time moves on and things have to change but they should have found a way of retaining the history and sole of the business. The moving to this new image was also reflected in the knowledge of the staff, again I fully understand that younger staff need to be employed, but they should be trained and possibly chaperoned by an experienced member of staff until they have a bloody clue as to what they are talking about, I am not talking about anything complicated, I am talking about their basic knowledge about the precious stones they sell or even knowing what it is, our experience was made worse as while we were waiting for the young lady who had scarpered off to find out what Tanzanite is, there were 5 or 6 older and I guess more experienced staff were having a good old gab about the previous nights World Cup match, one did finally approach us only to scoot off when we mentioned that the younger lady had gone to ask someone else the question. In my opinion the customer service was seriously lacking, our whole experience was ruined and it's a good job we weren't mystery shoppers as the score would not have been very high. Usually revisiting places you like is a good experience but sometimes you should not revisit places and instead keep the memories you have and this is what we should have done on this occasion, we certainly will not be heading back any time soon, ok moan and disappointment over. Next stop was obviously Temple bar for a bit of Irish craic, it was its usual self, busy with stag and hen parties, American tourists on coach trips drinking pints of Guinness that they don't really like, people jumping in the air doing star jumps while their friends try and capture a photo while they are in the air, it was also busy as tomorrow was Pride day and preparations were being made for the celebrations and you could tell by the various languages being spoken that people had come from far and wide to be part of the celebrations. We had gone to find a specific bar that had a fantastic interior and gives you one of those wow moments but again our memories were struggling to remember which one it was as there are a fair few to choose from and that meant that we had to visit a few to try and find it. Now Mr Wetherspoon has not made an appearance here and that was well obvious by the prices, there was none of that let's start in first gear it was straight in 6th and top gear, which as we visited a different hostelry 6th gear was not top gear, a this one had an 8 speed box. We weren't having any success finding the bar that we were hunting but perhaps we had and that had also had a refit, so we tried one more and I had forgotten that modern automatic gearboxes far more than 8

speeds and this was one of the ones with 10 if not 11. I tell you what I wouldn't like to be in a large round here as it would do serious damage to your bank account, I guess that's why it cheaper to go to Thailand for a stag doo. Well that was enough of that it was time to get the train back to Glo, we got to the station and again our timing was impeccable as the train was standing there waiting for us, anyone would think that we knew what we were doing but obviously we didn't it was a pure fluke. Hot tired and footsore we arrived back at Glo who was not exactly the coolest place to be, every window was soon open as was the side door, the roof skylights and the extractor fan was on full. We did have thoughts of going for a walk along the promenade but that idea was soon forgotten and that was about it for the rest of the evening, now to pre warn you, the next couple of days are not going to be around as we are going to visit one of Barb's cousins and that will be family time and none of your business, well I suppose you can have a bit of the morning as that will be travel time with a couple of stops along the way...

Same as last night

Saturday & Sunday 27th & 28th June Day 40 & 41

Saturday

No mad rush to leave as our plans had changed a bit and that was because we have misplaced a day in so much as we were actually going to see Stan & Sarah on Sunday not Saturday, I guess it's an age thing, and we weren't meeting Stan and Sarah until the afternoon as Stan was in a sailing race in the morning, the route took us on an actual motor way which bypassed Dublin this was a toll road and fortunately this had a payage which was good as we had used a section of the M50 the other day which just used ANPR and we weren't sure if the section we used was part of the toll road, I had checked the website and it didn't recognise Glo's registration number, we had asked people if the section we used was or wasn't a toll section but we got different answers from different people, in the end for the sake of €3.50 I thought that it was better to pay it rather than to risk the fine. As we had got our days mixed up we needed to find somewhere to stay and we booked onto a campsite overlooking the sea, now isn't that unusual, we wanted to make the most of our stay and headed straight there so we could chill out for the afternoon and also get our money's worth and arrived there at 12.30pm which was a bit earlier than we were supposed to have arrived but it was ok and after booking in oh and paying cash surprisingly, we were sent off to pick a pitch ourselves and we found one on the brow of the hill which was separated from the adjoining pitches by hedges on both sides, isn't that posh and yes it was overlooking the sea for change. After sorting things out we headed off for a walk along the beach thankfully on this site it was only a short walk which didn't include 300 steep steps, this beach was also massive and went on for ever in both directions, we went for our walk in one direction and stopped as it looked like it was flat and I didn't want us to fall off. Then we retraced our steps to the site, part of the afternoon was spent sitting outside but Mr weather had different ideas and we retreated inside Glo and that was about it for the rest of the day and no planning was needed for tomorrow as we the plan was made, head off to Stan and Sarah's with a coffee stop on the way and that's it done until tomorrow.

Stopover

When we came off the motorway we found the village that we thought we would visit, when we found a parking space as soon as we arrived we and should have known what was coming, it was very quite and there wasn't much to see and there was one coffee wagon open and as that was the only option we paid it a visit, wait for it yes it's back to moan mode, the coffee was not good but it was better thanks Barb's tea as that was just left behind when we left. Next we thought we would visit the harbour but that was a no no as the car park had a height barrier and we didn't fancy a convertible Glo, it was time to leave. We headed to the village / town where Stan and Sarah live, as we were early we decided to have a look around, now this was a busy little place, eventually we found a parking space and we went for a walk around and it was definitely a busy lively place the restaurants and cafe's were all full of people enjoying their Sunday. We could see the racing dinghy's in the distance lining up for the race start but this looked like it was proving difficult due to the high wind, eventually they got lined up as close to each other and they were off and boy were they off, it was blowing a hoolie and the small racing craft were lifting out of the

water as they hit the white capped waves, it looked a bit hairy to me. It was time for us to go to Stan & Sarah's house and after our greetings we walked back to the marina and the yacht club to meet Stan, now the rest of the Ireland trip was family time and not really for public reading apart from the ferry crossing which is not really worth telling you about other than it was very busy with foot passengers. That means that our 2026 Ireland road trip has come to an end, but it wasn't the end of the trip as when we arrived in Anglesea we meet some friends who were in their motorhome and we spent the week together, again this part of the trip was not really for public reading, then we headed home but as we had paying guests staying at our house we couldn't return home for another night and we spent the night at a park up in Liverpool and then returned home the next morning.

Well that's another itch scratched and the Wild Atlantic way Ireland trip is done, its a shame that the weather was not better for us especially when there was a heat wave at home, the weather did spoil things a bit and prevented us from doing some things that we wanted to do but we did make the most of the beautiful landscape views and watching the Atlantic change from calm blues waters to raging white capped waves which reminds me that we all need to treat the seas around the world with great respect and remember how dangerous they can be, unfortunately this has been very evident recently with sad loss of life when people have gone to enjoy the beautiful weather but have not respected the power of the seas, rivers and what look like calm and still waters. Well that's a bit profound for the end to the end of one our road trips and I have also been told by Mrs H that our next trip has got to be somewhere sunny and warm, looks like we will be getting ferry to a different country next time which hopefully if funds allow will be later this year, we do have a bit of an idea where that will be but we will let you know when we have confirmed our plans, for now that's it, travel safe and enjoy yourselves, one life, live it and love it.