

Year 5 Accounts

Well, there aren't any are there obv's. 2020-2021 was cancelled. Strange, of all the fears, uncertainties and doubts about selling up and going travelling full-time not once did 'Global Pandemic' come up in conversation. Health issues, elderly parents, language barriers, breakdowns, yes to all but not global pandemic. So, sorry no detailed financial accounts for you to digest. Year 6 (2021-2022) will have some patchy detail and we hope by year 7 (2022-2023) we will back in full swing but for now let me tell you a story. Are you sitting comfortably? Marvellous.

It was February 2020 and we were having a wonderful time in Morocco lapping up the culture and warm weather. As luck would have it we only planned to be there for February so we were well our way back through Spain when the dreaded Covid 19 had started to spread like wildfire through the world.

'It's OK, we said. We'll cut short our travels, head back to the UK to make sure the 'Olds' were looked after and then in a month or so we can head down to the Gambia and check out the camping situation there. Such was our naivety.

So off we headed not knowing what restrictions/border controls we would encounter en route. Up through Spain and through the Somport tunnel into France. Nothing. No border controls, no restrictions. Everything seemed normal. We shopped in Lidl the next day and it was business as usual. A few fellow travellers we had met in far distant countries were en route south but we crossed in the night unable to rendezvous as they wanted to get to Spain before the borders shut. As we headed north picking up petrol on the way without a single bother we started to wonder if everyone was just panicking and it would be all over before it began.

The ferry was running as normal and although it was quiet and there were a few hand sanitising stations dotted about we crossed over and headed to our campsite in the new forest for a week before finishing our dash back to Ross-on-wye.

As the week went on the news chatter became louder and louder. The fellow travellers who were headed south turned 180 degrees and had ended up in the same campsite. They too felt something bigger was brewing. And then BOOM, Big Bad Boris announces all pubs, restaurants and clubs to close from 12AM. It was 22nd March. Oh bugger, we blurted anxiously 'If he's closing all those establishments then campsites will surely be next. Plan A was unfolding rapidly and not in a good way. We only had one problem though. There was no Plan B. How bad was this thing going to get? No-one knew. We decided in rapid haste to put the feelers out for a short term rental in the local area. Miraculously, someone knew someone whose tenant had just left and they wanted some rent coming in as they too were unsure what the future held. So the deal was done. (Again we can't thank those involved enough to make that happen). On Monday 25th we headed to Ross-on-wye stopping en route to Big Yellow storage in Gloucester to pickup some furniture from our lockup. A puffy to sit on, the mattress to sleep on and our rug. Our RUG? The hell did we need the rug for?

A quick stop in Sainsburys to buy a kettle, a toaster and whatever provisions were left on the shelves and at 4PM we pulled up onto the drive with a very poorly sick Scoobie (the details of which have since hit the blogging headlines) and the very nice landlords handed over the keys and we were secure. For a few months anyway.

An hour later at 5PM Big Bad Boris announced that all campsites were to close with Immediate effect.

After a year and a half we have only just sold a renovation project bought to keep us sane during all the various lockdowns and are now back on the road. So as we enjoy the lovely Indian summer

from a very wet, cold and windy lake district we hope to be back to normal very soon bringing all the news, gossip and traveling adventures throughout Europeland and Beyond.
Bye for now.

Smilie and Moneypenny AKA The Moto roamers.