Wild Garlic

The wonderful smell of wild garlic greeted me, as I entered the woodland at Allington Hill.

All there had been in the diary, first thing this morning, was the possibility of some beer tasting at The Ale Way, my local in Axminster, with Rob, the landlord.

But the course of the day changed, when I checked my emails. Could I do a beer delivery run for Amanda at Gyle 59, to the East Street Deli in Wimborne? Why not, I thought, the van had enough charge, and I had plenty of time.
So the beer was loaded up, a good chat with Amanda, and so I set off, past Pilsden Pen, and through Beaminster, on the scenic route to Wimborne.

I wasn't in a hurry.

Unloading in East Street can often be challenging, and today was one of those days. So many drivers have no idea how wide their vehicle is, but when the lorry turned up, just as I had finished, it was going to struggle to get through the gap. I panicked slightly, before remembering how to turn my van on correctly, oops, and so I scooted off down the road for just a couple of hundred yards, before stopping again to plug in and charge up. With half an hour, or so, to kill, I headed for the Tap House pub, and a refreshing pint of Cerne Abbas ale.

A snooze beckoned before the drive home.

Feeling refreshed, the thought of a pint of Titanic Plum Porter at The Woodmans, seemed like a good idea. And I could charge the van again, I mused, while I was in the pub.
However, the thought of some Baboo gelato crossed my mind, so I headed to Washingpool Farm Shop first. Then it was time to have a walk up Allington Hill, taking it steady.

Everyone chats on Allington Hill, there is a freedom there, in that space, in that place. It is like belonging to a club, where we all know the secret.
Whether you are having a quiet chat with a friend, out walking the dogs, or, As I was, just having a stroll, there is nowhere else like it.
The views at the top are something special, a panorama of delights, the sea at West Bay, bracken covered Eype Down, Golden Cap peeking from behind Quarry Hill. Then Colmers Hill, the expanse of Marshwood Vale, with Lamberts Castle beyond, Pilsden Pen, wooded Lewesdon Hill, the solitary wind turbine at Salwayash, and with Eggarden Hill in the distance, to the east. Immediately below, Bridport Hospital, and the new Hazelmere eco-community homes, where I thought I might end up living, at one time. Wonderful.

A careful descent followed, along the path that winds its way around Allington Hill, back past the wild garlic.

More stuff from Jules Procter can be found at :- http://www.banburyshire.net