

Title:

Traveller's Tales From The Cornish Coast Of Britain

Word Count:

427

Summary:

They say the light is clearer in Cornwall, washed of impurities by the barbed Atlantic winds.

I took the B3315 south from Penzance and headed for Mousehole. The road stretched along the coast

Keywords:

Article Body:

They say the light is clearer in Cornwall, washed of impurities by the barbed Atlantic winds.

I took the B3315 south from Penzance and headed for Mousehole. The road stretched along the coast

The high summer sun blazed down from above, glistening on the peaceful ocean. Never was there

It wasn't long before I reached Mousehole. As I entered the village the road narrowed further,

The only way to explore this place was by foot so I parked the car at the first opportunity. The

Along the way I passed at least four artists, brushes in hand. One sat in a quiet back street

I continued towards the harbour and a tiny beach, hoping to catch the young man later to witness

The seasoned pub overlooking the harbour was at the hub of the community. The low beams and m

As I drove out of Mousehole the village stayed with me. So quintessentially Cornish, this deep

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