

Title:

Travels Through St. Ives, England

Word Count:

403

Summary:

A little old man stands at the edge of the harbour. He always stands when he works. In his left

He holds his brush in his right hand, masterfully transforming the canvas in front of him into

Every other stab of the brush he stops and takes a step back, checking his judgement. Behind him

Keywords:

Article Body:

A little old man stands at the edge of the harbour. He always stands when he works. In his left

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His face is weathered, years of exposure to the sea and wind. His greying hair straddles half

Across the harbour the fishermen of St Ives prepare for a day at sea. Hopes of a good catch ma

The stench of fish from previous catches continues to linger and drifts around the dock. Seawe

The clattering of gear on deck adds to the general din as I make my way past the old Sloop Inn

The narrow cobbled street starts with a slow incline. To the left lies an enticing little gift

Once at the bottom the shop opens out into an underground cavern of curiosities. Delicate litt

The shelves ahead house a series of maps depicting geographical changes over the centuries thr

The streets above are now bustling with life as locals and tourists work their way through the

Every few minutes the inconvenience of a passing motorist disturbs the balance of the high str

The cobbled streets are so narrow you literally have to stand with your back to the wall to al

But this minor gripe aside, St Ives is a town of rich character, a place to shop, soak up the

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