

## Norfolk is not flat

Would the French let us in? Would the Semaine Federale take place? This uncertainty led Adrian, Julie, Louisa and myself to have a staycation.

We booked an Air b'n'b on the outskirts of Norwich.

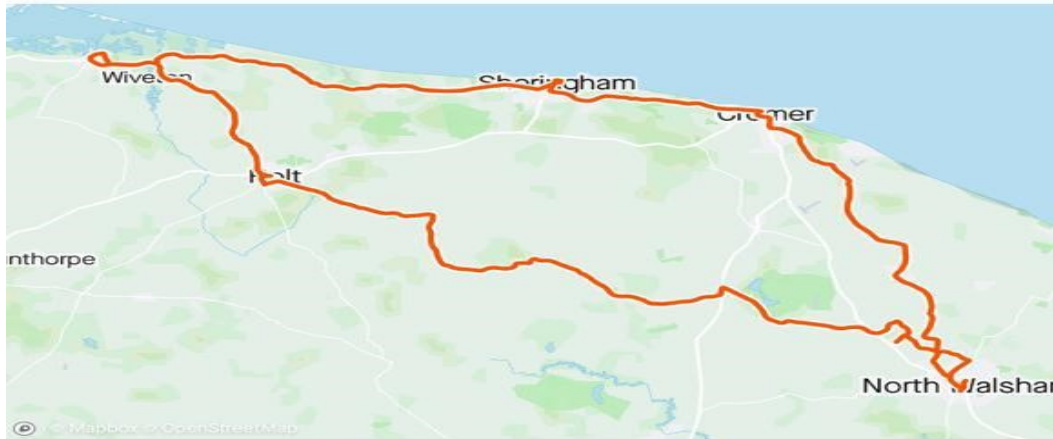
Sunday morning saw Adrian head off to the Snetterton race circuit whilst the remaining 'staycationers' headed to Beccles, cycling through some delightful villages, en route. We even saw the sun today!



Monday morning saw us loading up the bikes for a drive to North Walsham. This was our starting point for some coastal exploration. Cromer was our first taste of the sea side. The coastal route wasn't as busy as I had expected, so we cycled along it visiting Sheringham, Cley next the sea and Blakeney before heading inland to the Georgian town of Holt.



## Lunch Ride



Distance  
**51.18 mi**

Elevation Gain  
**2,113 ft**

Moving Time  
**4:40:12**

Avg Speed  
**11.0 mi/h**

Max Elevation  
**267 ft**

Max Speed  
**34.2 mi/h**

[View Analysis](#)

Tuesday was a day of 'monsoon' rain, punctures and a missed afternoon tea. Our destination was to the west of Diss, where a colleague of Louisa's had invited us for afternoon tea. Seeking out quiet country lanes, we hadn't anticipated that they would be covered in sharp pieces of flint. We had 6 punctures and a ruined tyre. Whilst sheltering under the trees of a very impressive driveway, the owner pulled up and invited us to shelter in his barn, even offering the bedraggled cyclists refreshments. Continuing our journey and getting caught in yet another 'monsoon', resulted in us cancelling the invite and catching the train, from Diss, back to Norwich.

Wednesday morning was spent buying inner tubes, a new tyre and another puncture repair kit. Adrian returned to the house and got to work with our purchases, whilst J, L, and C stayed in Norwich and completed a 'Treasure Trail'. Our lengthy deliberations outside a jewellers, resulted in a shop assistant

coming outside to engage us in conversation. . Did we really look like master criminals? He couldn't tell us what the shop had been used for in the 1800s!

Thursday involved a car journey to Fakenham, a place to be avoided on Thursdays, as we discovered to our cost. It was Market day, which meant lots of people, road closures and congestion. We cycled to Wells next the Sea then through the Burnhams, to the deer park at Holkham Hall. Our afternoon tea stop was on the Sandringham Estate. Sadly, no afternoon tea invite here, so we made do with the cafe.

The forecast for Friday was not good, but we thought we'd head out anyway. The market town of Wymondham was our destination but first, we wanted to find Eaton Park, the venue for the park run Louisa and I wanted to do on Saturday morning. Once again, our route took us through small and affluent villages. The only rain came whilst we were in the café. The final puncture of the holiday, followed soon after.

After a week of rain, mud, sand, flint and grit, both Julie and Adrian were in need of replacement tyres.



We had a very enjoyable staycation and are looking forward to next year's Semaine Federale in Brittany.