

The Peaks – 9 July 2022 – Hartington, The Peaks, United Kingdom

On 8 July we arrived mid-afternoon at The Black Top Farm two tenths of a mile outside of Hartington. We checked in for two nights and unloaded our *stuff*. Then drove back into town to find dinner – Jane, our hostess, told us without reservations we may have to drive to another town for dinner. That was all the motivation we needed to immediately get back to Hartington.

Our first stop didn't serve meals but the second did. Most importantly the second said if we would sit down they would serve us before all their tables were filled with guests from their lodge or tonight's other reservations. Didn't have to ask twice.

The next morning we were downstairs eating breakfast by 8:30. The word, hearty, hardly describes all the food. The following morning, we let Jane know we didn't need the beans or the meats. My favorite was the oat cakes, flat like our pancakes but with a very different taste to them. Nancy liked the oat cakes but said the eggs may have been the best tasting she had ever had; this from a person who eats eggs for breakfast at least 29 mornings out of 30.



The scenery began great in England and only has gotten better every day.

Our plans were to drive a circuit with Buxton being our first stop. Buxton has an opera house that a member of Senior Nomads, a Facebook group, had recommended we see. About 30 minutes after leaving the Black Top Farm B & B we arrived in Buxton. Almost the first thing I saw besides cars, people and no signs for public parking was a small carnival. Then I saw signs advertising some sort of city event. The next ten minutes a little red car with an American driver and navigator on the left side of the road spent its time trying to find nearby parking due to Nancy's bad back but more importantly avoiding an accident with a person, bike, motorcycle, car, or truck. Decided we would skip Buxton and head out for the open road.





A wide two-lane road. We drove these roads less than 50% of the time. The other roads were one to one and half lanes and some had pull outs for cars to go around each other. Key word is: some.



We saw black cows, white sheep, sheep without tails and with tails, two-toned cows and a rabbit.



We drove through multiple small villages of less than a half dozen homes to larger village that took five minutes to drive from end to end.





Yes, I took a photograph of this sign. A) The sign is a directional sign for where we are staying. This is fairly common in the U.S. but not the rest of the world. B) During today's drive and I believe since we landed in England we have yet to see a sign announcing you have arrived at village or town abc or mno or any other combination of letters. There are highway signs telling you what large towns are ahead of you but very very few directional signs of any kind on the secondary roads such as announcing the name of a village or town.



The Black Top B & B Farmhouse. Our room is the left window on the second floor. The dining room is below us. The entry door is to the left of the dining room and out of the photograph. The kitchen is to the right of dining room. To the right of the photograph are various farm outbuildings and barns. This is a working farm – cattle and sheep.

Jane our host was quick to point out there were no steps on the first floor. The second floor was much more interesting. The long hallway is interrupted by two steps down, a landing for one foot and two steps up. At various points in the upstairs' hallway there are two stairways intersecting from the first floor. And six or seven steps down from our room to our ensuite bathroom.



The front door which no one uses.



This was the road to the Black Top Farm B & B. I drove this round trip three times or six one-way travels. Lucky for other drivers I never met anyone on the road. Note the road is wide enough for a single car but not two AND the stone walls on both sides of the road.





Two wooden steps to climb, up and over the fence, and two wooden steps down and your hike continues.



Late in the afternoon I walked into Hartington. This is one of the four rabbits I saw.



The Hartington church.



A side street in Hartington.



Must be dinner time. More writing after a meal.