

Harrys Visit

This is me just prior to our departure for Thatch Close Cottages, hope they remembered my lead?



Nearly there, less than 2 miles from the A40 we came upon a long lane, my ears pricked up, rabbits galore, trees, fields, bushes and hedges.

My faithful minders pulled up outside some recently restored old barns.

Ah the smells, this is seventh heaven!

Was this the place they had been discussing?

I jumped out and shot off to investigate, a doggy pooh bin was strategically positioned, I needed that following the drive!

We had been here before, I ran up the stairs and slumped on the cushions thoughtfully provided by Edward & Marian, who remembered my favorite things.

Here I am sat on my special seat.



So much to do, so much to see, but a quick nap first.

The minders had forgotten my stuff, but help was at hand, a doggy bed, bowls and throw were provided.

The bone shaped tin was there, yes, with my favorite biscuits [well nearly all biscuits qualify for that].

My lead was left at home, luckily there was one provided by the cottage owners.

Off to the Royal Arms, where I was greeted as a long lost friend, Old Biffo the lab was snoozing in front of the fire, he lifted a paw in greeting.

Good to back amongst friends.

His minder slipped me a piece of sausage, on a diet, but hey it's a holiday.

The minders were well satisfied with their meal, and they had the Thatch Close 10% discount, so some extras were slipped under the table.

Then a walk home, what a selection of scents, I could hardly wait to get into the fields back at the cottage.

Under paws heating, no draughts and then following a quick rub down, sleep and perchance to dream of the morrow.
[Yes we dogs do dream]

The dawn chorus at first light, snozzled my minder who let me out. No livestock in the field so was allowed to roam in over 12 organic acres, that's a lot of space for a small dog!

We then watched the sun set over the Garron Valley. My chauffer with glass of wine whilst the lady minder was preparing my supper.



Over 30 specimen trees, kept me busy, ancient hedges, natural grassland. And all fenced off and safe to roam. The rabbits, squirrels and other wildlife, well such sport! also none of them bite.

Later we went to the Forest of Dean, if I had two tails, they would both be wagging, 100's of un-spoilt acres with scents galore followed by a dip in the River Wye.

On our return we stopped off at Woods of Whitchurch, a doggy stop outside, with clean water bowl. A few friends loitering, we exchanged sniffs and lots of tail wagging.

Lots of stroking and head patting- it must be my good looks!

This is our second visit and the minders are already planning to return, perhaps this time they will remember my things?

My friend was not well, so he was whisked off to The Elms Veterinary Practice. The vets, two gorgeous lady vets, lots of diplomas on the wall, he was in perfect hands. I will pretend to be unwell, so they will take me there.

Edward & Marian are interested in improving the facilities for us canines, so don't be shy, suggestions welcome.

If anything is required, please ask. [The appealing brown eyes method, never fails]

Twos company, but if you wish to bring more doggy friends, then just ask, four of us stayed in one cottage over Christmas.

Unable to climb steps, then Valley View is the one for you. Three convalescing friends and their vet stayed there, all now on the way to recovery.