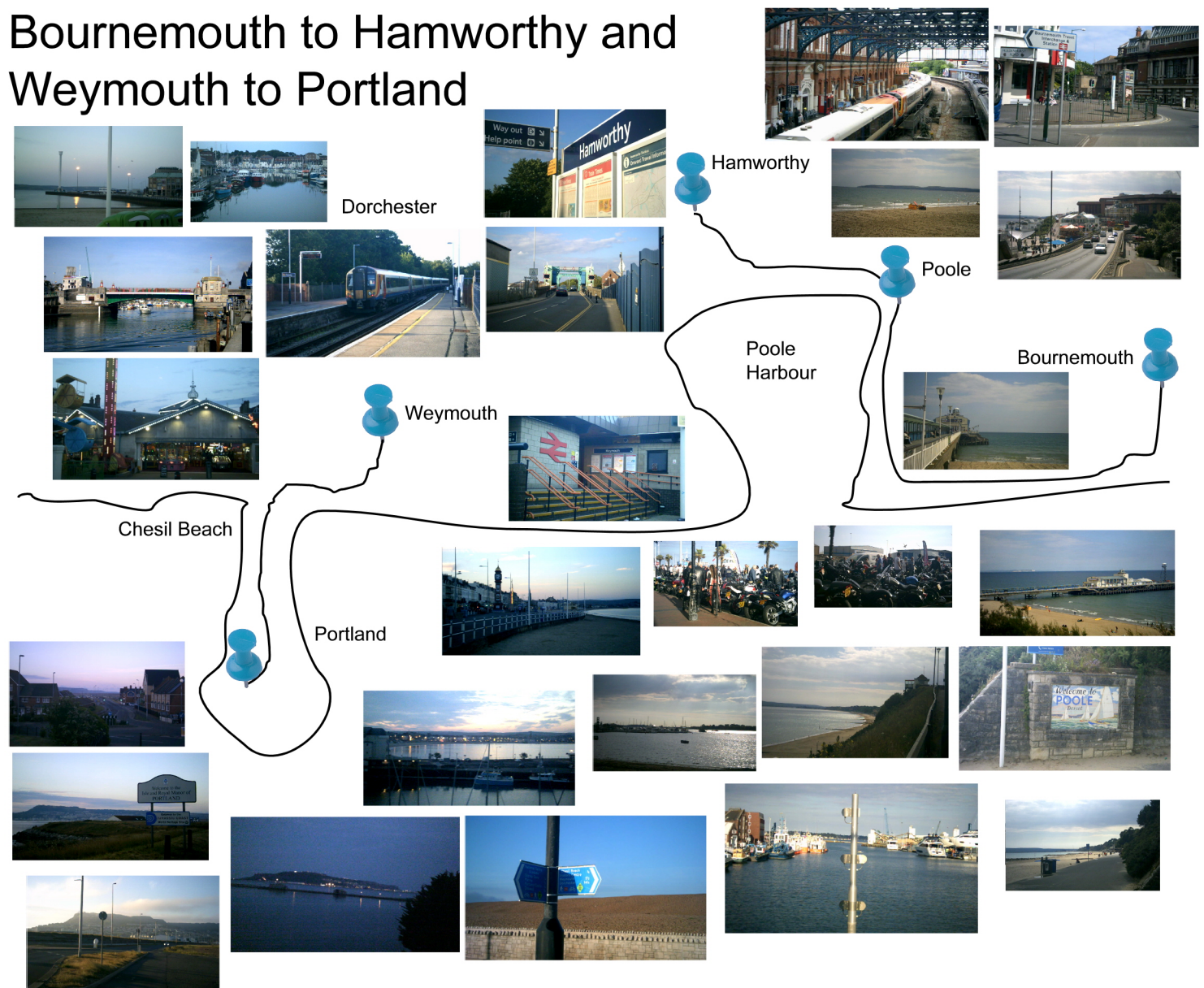


Bournemouth to Hamworthy and Weymouth to Portland



The week after I did Chepstow and Newport I was in Dorset and Bournemouth. After getting off at Bournemouth Station I walked south to the beach. Then I walked along the beach as far as it would go and then turned north to Poole Harbour. Poole Harbour is supposed to be one of the biggest natural harbours in the world. The strange thing is that there are parts of the harbour that are only knee deep with water and the large ferries have to navigate through specially dredged lanes. It is also a place where the very rich live so I was a little out of place around there. As I walked for a few miles around the harbour I was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of bikers with their bikes. I forgot that Poole is the place where the bikers meet, again I didn't exactly fit in. I crossed a metal bridge and headed north towards Hamworthy. Having reached Hamworthy station I waited for a train to Weymouth. Hamworthy station is not a big station and I was practically alone until the train arrived. The train travels to Dorchester before heading south to Weymouth. Once I reached Weymouth Station I headed towards the beach. It was now getting quite late so I stayed overnight in Weymouth. All throughout the day and night it was beautiful and calm in Bournemouth and Weymouth and it was a bright start the day after. The sea was calm around Weymouth, but Portland Bill is perhaps the most turbulent place in the British Isles, because the sea has to navigate over a shelf under the water, thus causing the waters to move very quickly and unpredictably. I set off towards the land bridge that joins Portland with the mainland. This is where the famous Chesil Beach is situated. It was very hard work getting along the road to Portland because my feet and legs still hadn't recovered from my walk around Chepstow and Newport the week earlier and then from my walk from Bournemouth to Hamworthy the day before. When I finally made it to Portland I knew that there was no way I was going to walk it back to Weymouth. I decided to catch a bus, but not being very familiar with this part of the world, I wasn't sure where I was supposed to get the bus since the destination on the front of the bus said "King's Statue". I asked for a ticket to the "King's Statue". I thought that these buses were great, they automatically tell you what the next stop is each time (it had been quite a while since I last caught a bus), and the "King's Statue" happens to be situated at Weymouth Beach. One of the reasons why I had wanted to go to Weymouth was to see the famous train that runs through the streets, and this is a proper train. I had seen on a programme how the police have to physically move vehicles that have been carelessly parked at the side of the road to let the train through. I managed to see the tracks that run through the town but alas, no train. At the time I thought that Weymouth reminded me of Whitby, probably because of the bridge that crosses over the harbour, joining one part of the town with the other. All in all, it was a great walk, but it does take five or six hours depending on which train(s) you get to Bournemouth and Weymouth.