

**Title: Fellow Travellers**

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....As I said to one of my fellow travellers yesterday, my trip on the ME1 had something of the surreal about it.

I'd walked 13 miles from near Pickering to Blakey, found buzzards, a tawny owl, more house martins than I've seen for a lot of years, a woodcock or snipe - too fast to tell which - a lot of stunning flowery things, two cracking pints of Copper Dragon and sore feet. So to stand on the verge at Blakey, seven months after NYMNPA buried the Moorsbus, and watch an EYMS vehicle come lolloping over the hill from Ralph's Cross, stop, be relieved of four quid by its pilot and dropped back at home was the first time that it really sunk in that the Moorsbus isn't going to lie down and die.....

*Eden Blyth, Sunday 2nd June 2014*