

**I've been rediscovering** Cornwall this summer, seeing it from a whole new perspective – from astride a motorbike. Wandering through Truro one Saturday afternoon in July, I fell in love with a devilishly handsome Mutt Mongrel in the window of Clique Customs in Kenwyn Street.

Looking like it belonged in a Sixties Steve McQueen movie, the matt-black retro-styled machine winked seductively at me as I walked past. Ten days later it was parked outside my house.

I went into town for a set of mandolin strings, and went home with a new lease of life.

The first time I went out on the Mutt, I rode tentatively through the crowded streets of Looe. Nervous after such a long break from motorcycling, I was eager not to collide with any unsuspecting holidaymakers. Creeping along at less than 10mph in first gear, slipping the clutch and revving the engine, I started to relax. It felt great. The bike's low throaty growl bounced back at me from the granite walls of Looe's narrow streets, turning heads on every corner. So, I'm back on two wheels. And, *on any Sunday* and on warm

evenings over the past few weeks I've been escaping, taking the *long way 'round* through the backroads of East Cornwall, leaning into hairpins again and enjoying Kernow from a completely different angle. It's like seeing your commuter route from the top deck of a bus for the first time, instead of from the driver's seat of your car.

I've discovered roads, bridges and hamlets I never knew existed – all within a five mile of home. Even the journeys I've been taking every day for the past ten years I now see in a different light. I've become more aware of my surroundings.

When you're on a bike (pedal-powered or engine-powered) unprotected from the elements; the noise, smell and light of a place smacks you between the eyes – literally. You really don't have to go very far to remind yourself how special Cornwall is.

What a pleasure it is to discover new places right on your doorstep and fall in love with your surroundings all over again. Life on the open road. I highly recommend it.

Lots of the places I've discovered recently have traditional Cornish names – you know, the ones that start with **Tre**, **Pol** or **Pen**.

Many Cornish place names start with Tre; Trebetherick, Trelissick, Trenant. **Tre** means homestead or farm.

**Pol**, as in Polbathic, Polzeath, Polperro and Polruan means pool.

**Pen**, as in Penzance, Pendennis, Penryn and Pentire means head, headland or the end of something.

Other common prefixes in Cornish place names are **Porth**, meaning harbour or bay as in Porthleven, Perranporth and Porthtowan; and **Lan** like in Lanhydrock, Landrake, and Lanteglos which means sacred place.

Whether your wheels have an engine or not, venture out this autumn, get up to speed with your local area, head for the hills, feel the wind in your hair and fall in love with Cornwall all over again.

I never did get the mandolin strings. I'd better get tuned up!

**Yw semlant ow thin bras war an jynn-diw ros ma?**

Does my bum look big on this motorbike?

**Yw da genes jynnow-diw ros?**

Do you like motorbikes?

**Gwren ni skapya!**

Let's escape!

**Kar vy, kar ow diw ros**

Love me, love my bike

**An Diank Vras**

The Great Escape

**Gwrys yn Kernow**

Made in Cornwall

**Onan hag Oll**

One and All

**Di wros yw gwell ages peder**

Two wheels are better than four

**kynnyav yw**

It's autumn