

Tuesday 8th August 2006

We started out from Lindfield a little later than planned but began to make our way along the winding country roads....blisters aside, everyone was in very good spirits, especially considering we had another 20 miles to complete that day! Along the way, Rufus disappeared up a tree and ended up having a conversation with a rather bemused woman as she sat drinking tea in her garden. When we stopped for lunch in a pub called the Hedgehog we met an American whose T-shirt said he was on a psychic tour. We told him about our quest for fairer and more peaceful mental health service: "We're all crazy" he said... "Mind you, your dummy look strikingly like George Bush and needs all the help he can get!" As we walked we found some feathers which we put in our hair to symbolise freedom, and fed some friendly ducks when suddenly some huge fish came up and gobbled up all the duck food.

We went through a town called Smallfield which turned out to be one house in a small field, but it had an amazing witch weathervane. It reminded us of the persecution of witches - so similiar to the oppression of 'the mad'.

The narrow country roads were beautiful to walk along and local people were happy to offer us money and support and listen to what we were up to. It must have been quite a surreal experience to see us coming, rattling over the potholes in our pyjamas! We then picked up the pace and spent the early part of the evening making our way towards Bletchingly, our home for the second evening of the bed push.