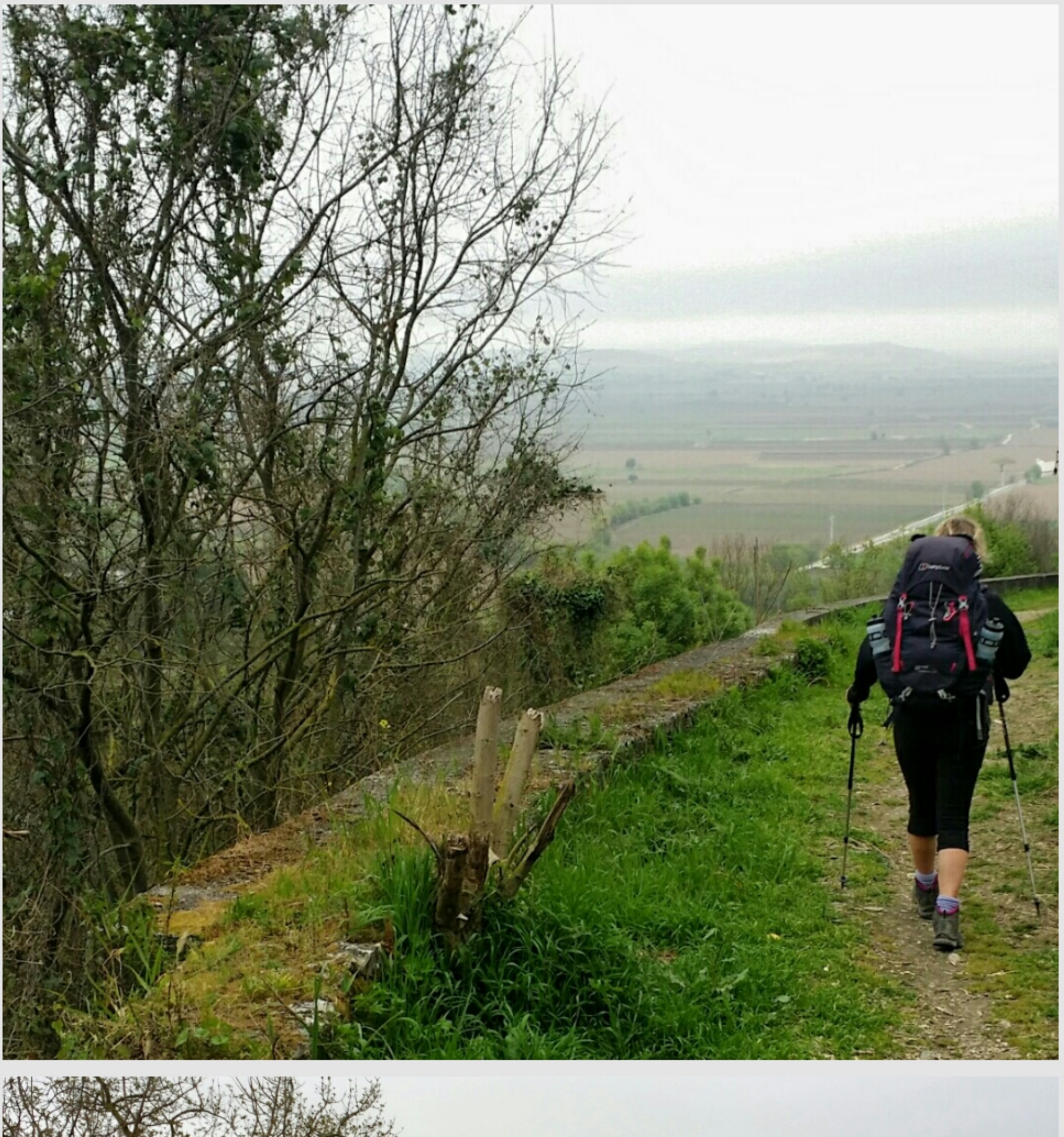
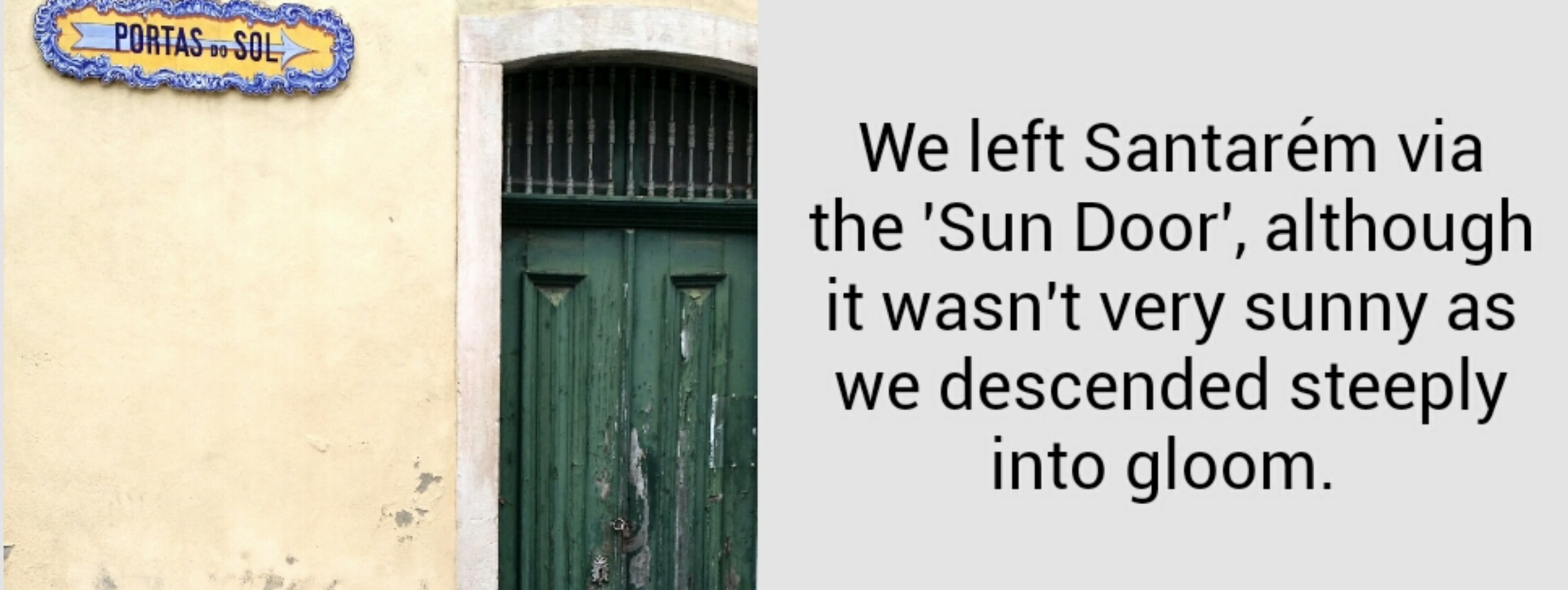
CP Day 3 - Golega

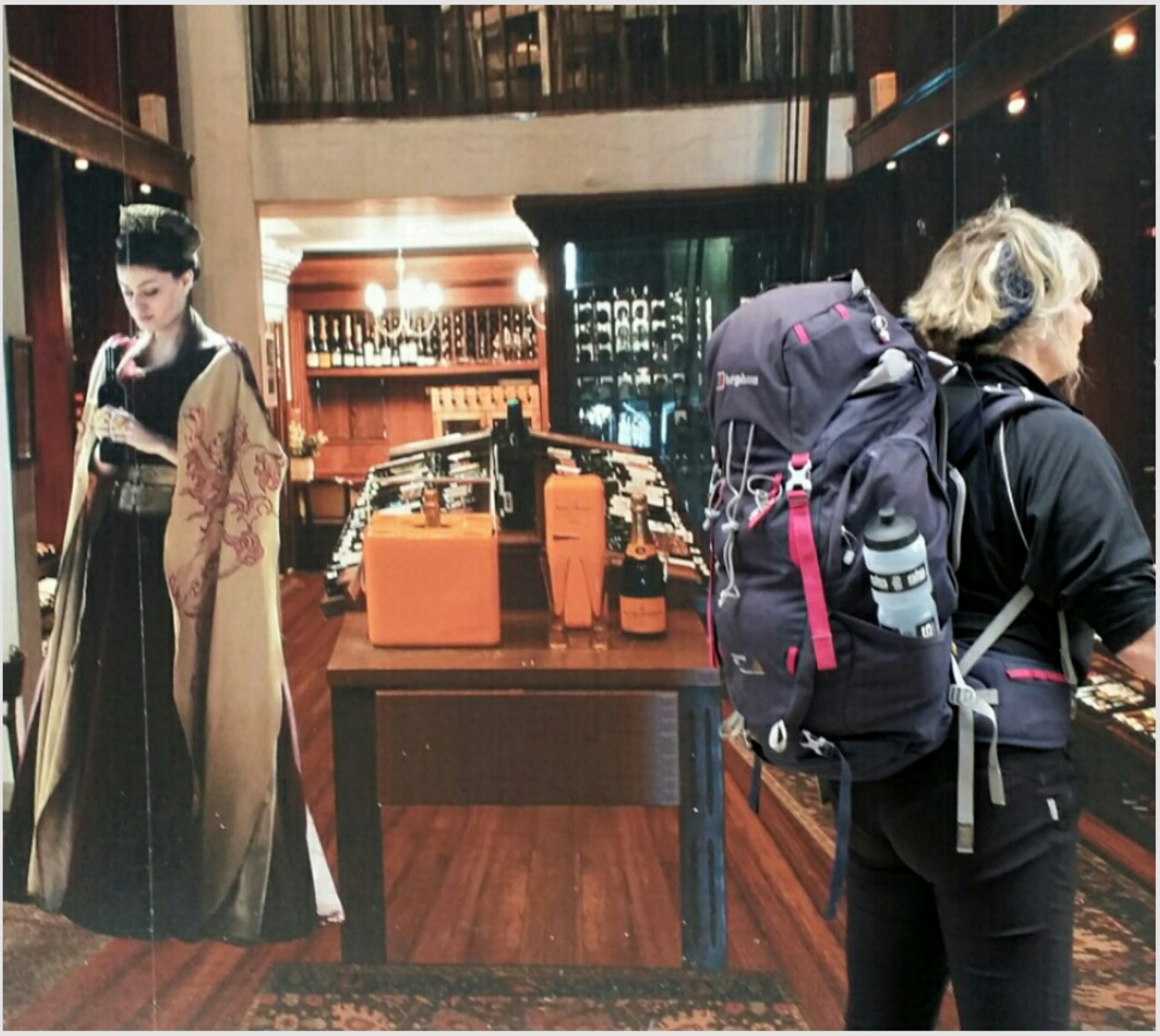
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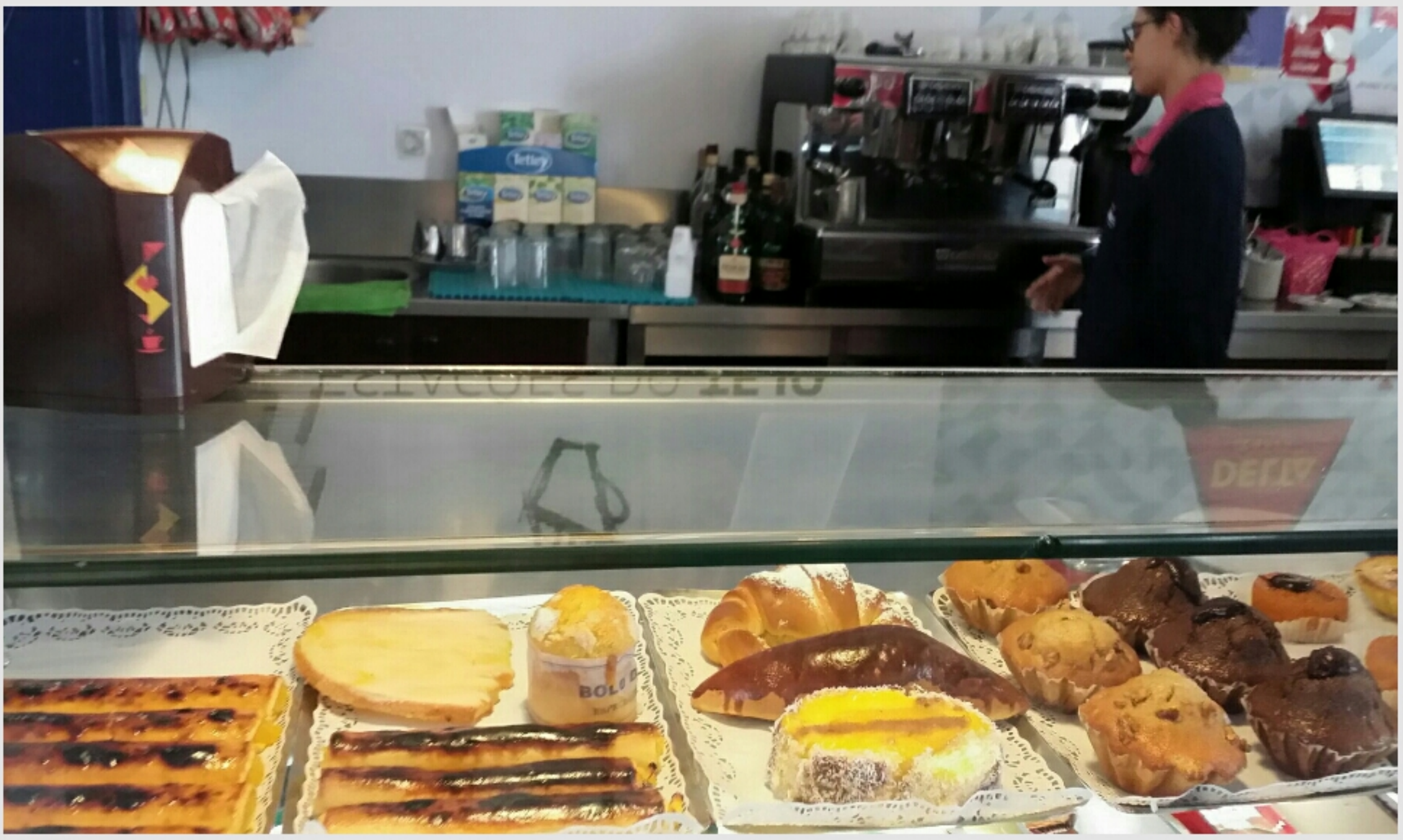






We left Santarém via the 'Sun Door', although it wasn't very sunny as we descended steeply into gloom.





Jackie was meant to 'pose' for this shop window picture but failed miserably to play the game. Breakfast did cheer her up somewhat though







Slightly boring walking through ploughed flat farmlands, enlightened by the occasional flower blossom. We then reached the outskirts of Golegã, apparently the horse capital of Portugal.

Jackie still failing to 'play the game' - 'Eat an orange off the tree', I said. 'Like this?' said she. 'Is that the best you can do?'. 'Yes'





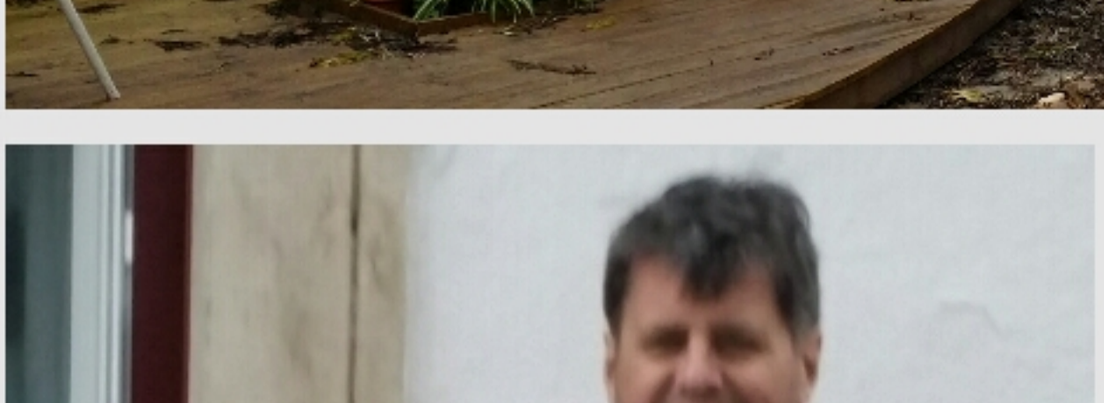




The spring flowers (or should I say weeds) lifted the mood somewhat on a grey day. Azinhaga was the birthplace of José Saramango, a Nobel prize winner. Looked just like Mr Burns from the Simpson to me.







Arrived in Golegã - still hadn't seen any horses yet though. The kind albergue owner lent us his bikes so we toured round town and stocked up with bread & wine at the...