

Title: My Moorsbus Story

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Date: 2023

This will not have been an uplifting story, dispensing excitement, awe, catharsis, or even an unfolding narrative. Not funny, not descriptive, not insightful, not bawdy (did anyone expect bawdiness?), not calming, not instructive, no moral, no incident, no jeopardy, not a story.

But it is worth telling that I am grateful to Moorsbus in a functional way.

It means I can plan and do a walk, especially a linear one (which you don't get to do if you have to return to your car), have a couple of pints and be shuttled home. It means I can access patrol points as a Voluntary Ranger for North York Moors National Park, such as up Rosedale, to check waymarking, path furniture (that's stiles and gates, don't you know), to cut back vegetation, to litter pick, to interact with visitors out and about, to assess the directions and routes of the Park's promoted walks (such as no.4 over Hartoft Rigg), to report back problems. It means I can explore and write up walk notes to add to Moorsbus's own collection of Walk & Ride (try Rosedale Abbey back to Cropton).

So Moorsbus is very useful, thank you.

Oh, I suppose I could get more romantic about it: here goes, Moorsbus makes my life better.