

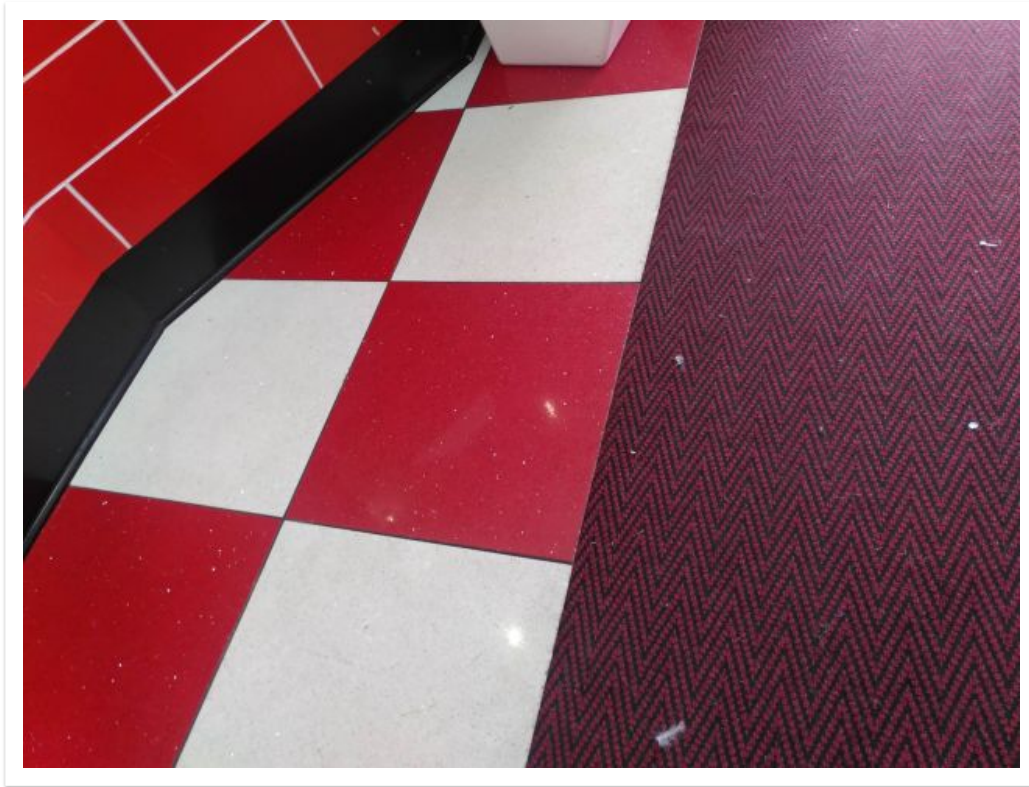
July 28, 2023

# Aberaeron, Land of Honey

by Amy Grandvoinet

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*Friday 28th July 2023*



Dear friends,

There is a place called Aberaeron. It is a land of honey. A bee will not sting you. The honey will soothe you, in holiday ice-cream form. There is ice-cream made from honey in Aberaeron, and it is a holiday location you can reach via the new electric T1 bus that leaves Aberystwyth at 41 minutes past most strokes of each hour of the Town's Clock.

'Box of Delights' reads one special shop arriving in Aberaeron. It sells seashells from the seashore in glass door- or drawer- handles. There are *plenty* of shops in Aberaeron, as well as colourfully painted houses or buildings (a pub is slightly-lilac pink with rainbow hanging baskets blobbing off it at each and every of its story

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can climb it by winding the steps of a staircase. Small paths will get you places, with glittering fence-rocks. Trees in a small park are not magic service trees, but are very beautiful, and bend near a bridge that curves over a watery channel giving civic entry to jellyfish and minnows. Swallows fly. A picnic spot can be scene from a bench in the small park - all patchy - and there are many vendors in Aberaeron who will furnish you with fine (& spontaneous) items for picnic event, should the wish arise to enact one.

Approaching, in direction temporarily away from the harbour, Aberaeron's bookshop - named 'Gwisgo Bookworm' and whose website will tell you Aberaeron is a 'delightful Georgian seaside town' - there is a non-honey ice-cream shop with Barbie ice-cream. What is its flavour? Its flavour is sugar. The floor is checker-board red (pictured); a pink Aberaeron Crab jigs.

The sky is blue; more than a holiday, in Aberaeron it is just a nice day.

At the Castle Hotel Aberaeron, which is red and European, there are rattan ceiling-fans which require elaborate cleaning. You can order a number of drinks here from big silver taps. Babies like shellfish are paraded on the street. There are bright books on the terrace table, there are orange and white and black shiny tiles in the bathrooms indoors. *Go, Dogs, Go*. A green light.

At the picnic, there is confetti pakora, croquette bhajis, iow tomatoes, crinkle McCoys, and Czech beers to toast Kafka. There are gardens near here called Llanerchaeron. Again!

A party bar only lets you have plastic beakers! Holy water is in your eyes.

Best wishes,  
Amy Grandvoinet x