

### **Trip 3 – Episode # 21: Cape Breton & The Cabot Trail: Part 2**

After being rejected (very nicely) by the Meat Cove campground, we drove back on that twisty-turny road. Knowing that we might be in search of a boondocking spot, while we were heading north, we kept our eye open for potential outlooks, and found a perfect one. Which as you can see, we had all to ourselves.



With a perfectly acceptable view.



And as a bonus the next morning ...



So, yeah, it was worth the drive to Meat Cove.



We still had lots of beautiful trail ahead, with some memorable stopping points. Even through the reflections in the windshield, the sights were spectacular.





Always in search of waterfalls, we stopped at Macintosh Brook, which we were told led to a waterfall.







It was a lovely walk,  
with the babbling brook  
leading the way.

So we felt healthy, if not  
exactly intrepid.









Rushing water  
was an  
indication that  
we were getting  
close.

And finally we  
were there.







But, to get close enough  
required some intrepidity.





And as usual, it was worth it.





Having successfully found the source of the Macintosh Brook, we headed back toward our faithful steed ...



And continued on our way.



One of the things that's so amazing about driving the Cabot Trail is that you can see where you came from...



And where you're going.





We found this beach along the way. We have no idea what it's called, but it was one of those rugged beautiful beaches you see all along the way.









The churning sea was magnificent.





And so were the churning skies.





We left the Cape Breton Highlands, but we were still on the Cabot Trail.



Then we approached Cheticamp. We didn't stay long enough to find out if it was chantant, but it was definitely charmant.













It was interesting to see the humour ...



As well as the pride.





When we saw a sign that said Old Cabot Trail, of course we had to check it out.



It took us to a small community in Grand Etang. We drove through but did not stay, which was unfortunate. It was distinct and colourful.







I loved that this young man was playing guitar on his front porch, for anyone to hear.





Unfortunately, we had to keep on going.



We had discovered, on our iOverlander App, that there was a boondocking spot along the Cabot Trail that was offered up by a generous man who had bought the land and wanted to share it with RV travellers. It was near Cap le Moine, and sure enough we found it just where iOverlander said it was.







It was a spectacular spot, although the driveway was so steep, as we turned to drive up, our trailer hitch took a gouge out of the road.

We met the owner, who had bought the land and was trying to raise the money to build on it. He literally lived in his car on this beautiful piece of property, and asked for whatever donation boondockers could make.











Not only did we get a beautiful sunset overlooking the North Atlantic...



We also awakened to this the next morning.



We thanked our host, contributed to his GoFundMe campaign, and crossed our fingers that we'd make it down his driveway without doing damage to the road, or Charles.





Fortunately, we were able to continue on our way, enjoying another glorious day, with beautiful sights of land and sea, and sea and land.











We made one last stop, our last in Cape Breton, in Inverness, where they have one of the most beautiful beaches.









I must have been driving after we left Inverness, because the next shot is through our window at our campsite in Monastery, Nova Scotia. In the window, you can see our new stained glass memento from the Cabot Trail.

Just below it is the only other ornament we've picked up along the way – a roadrunner made of twisted wire and beads, crafted by a Mexican artisan from Big Bend National Park. Who knows how many souvenirs will adorn Charles by the time we're done.



The next morning, to Pictou and the ferry to P.E.I (which was up and running again after the fire that had kept it in harbour earlier in the summer).





It was a terrific visit to Cape Breton, and although we hated to leave, there was that red sand of Prince Edward Island, welcoming us back.



How can anyone be sad to arrive here?