



up the road” might mean anywhere within a five-mile radius; that rain here doesn’t fall, it commits; and that a trip to the Co-op in Llanrwst counts as both a social event and a cardio workout. We’ve joined local groups, explored woodland paths and occasionally even managed to understand a full sentence of Welsh before the conversation galloped away again.

Of course, life here isn’t perfect - but that’s its charm. The Wi-Fi sulks when the wind changes, the Calor heating has a mind of its own and the sheep treat the A470 like their personal promenade. But when you step out on a crisp morning and see sunlight spilling over the valley or hear the river whispering after a night of rain, perfection feels like a very overrated concept anyway.

Dolwyddelan has given us something Ascot never could: stillness. It slows the pulse and clears the noise. It’s a place that insists you stop rushing and start noticing - the scent of woodsmoke on cold evenings, the chatter of rooks at dusk, the quiet pride of belonging to a community where people genuinely look out for one another.

In moving north, we didn’t just change postcodes; we changed pace, perspective and priorities. We’ve found happiness here not through convenience, but through connection - to nature, to neighbours and to each other.

So yes, this is a love letter - not only to a village, but to the life it’s helped us rediscover. To laughter echoing in the valley, to mugs of tea cooling on the windowsill while the rain dances outside and to a kind of peace that asks for nothing more than your attention.

Dolwyddelan, you had us at hello.

Lloyd C. Mason-Boardman