

SAT 22nd APRIL 2000

Jill, Liz, Jean, Steve, Douglas, Jack, Mick, Alec, and Jim set out at approx. 06.30 in conditions not looking too bright. The days objective being Carn Dearg Meadhonach Carn Mor Dearg. Martin and Colin shot away into the sunrise to bag three Munros further afield. As the miles were reeled in the weather looked better and better. The party arrived at the car park in bright sunshine which was to continue all day.

No doubt you have all heard the nursery rhyme Jack and Jill went up the hill, well in this case Jill did and Jack didn't.(ask Douglas).

Height was gained steadily, firstly on good track then thro' strength sapping goo! After a break at 600 metres, the ^{going} got tougher over boulders and wet slabs covered in dripping moss. It was about here that Jim hit the *WALL* (stupid place to put a wall), till Steve came to the rescue and topped him up with liquid, this helped but Jim continued to miss on three cylinders for some time. As the pinnacles were tackled everyone settled into a reasonable pace, taking great care as nearly every rock wanted to move, one did but not as quick as Alec, he took a wee while to recover from his near miss. After a bit of a knife-edge the top was reached giving views unrivalled for many a day

Mick, Steve and Douglas legged it up to Carn Mor Dearg, while the remaining six demolished sandwiches, apples, Easter eggs and took photos. Spotted through the lens was William Hague waving and shouting F*** look at this. Steve thought it was someone waving to him only to discover it was Hague giving him the time honoured two fingered salute. (F*** = Ffion I couldn't mind her name).

Everyone descended via the broad ridge skipping over boulders and glissading down snowfields, much to Jills delight. Looking back afforded the company great views of the earlier scramble and rounded off a wonderful sun fun filled day.

On the return journey a stop was made at Struan for a meal at a common wee pub beside a caravan site, where the food the Guinness and goldfish bowls of wine went down a treat. As the homeward journey continued Jean treated the company to a wee song co-written by herself and Tommy Steele. At a further pit stop in Newburgh she was quite upset to find she had left her F registered Vauxhall Cavalier with the lights on. To finish the night off a check was made to ensure Martin and Colin had returned safely, which Martin proved by producing excellent coffee whisky etc. Thankyou all, let's hope for many more days like this.