

Trip Report: Snowdonia

Date: 18th January 2009

Group: Jean (Leader), Jim W (the nominated by she who must be obeyed leader and reporter), Mike, Lesley, Jim G, Colin, Sue, Ian, Graham, Chris plus dogs Mollie and Roxie

Route: The Berwyns

Total Distance: Unknown

Total Ascent: Unknown

Weather: Unknown

Much panic the night before the walk as some weather reports were giving out warnings, but these changed progressively for the good during the evening so we decided to go for it.

Meeting at the Pavilion for 8am proved a good strategy as the comparative lateness allowed extra sleep for those who normally need it, and for Mike's hangover to disappear. Elena was anticipated so Jim W was dispatched to knock her up. Poor Elena was obviously not expecting this as she had thought an e-mail cancelling her attendance had been sent. (Nice pyjama's Elena).

It had been arranged that we would all rendezvous in Corwen for a loo stop, it never occurring to anyone that there apparently are two Corwens (at least Colin's sat nav says so), so we were a bit delayed when one party went off to the wrong Corwen. Disappointingly the toilets were out of order, but at least it gave Jean the opportunity to do her usual exhibitionism, when she went to the loo down a farm track, just as the farmer in his tractor was coming round the corner.

Anyway once we got under way after putting on every bit of clothing we owned, we had a fantastic walk up to the top of Cadair Bronwen. There is something magical about walking through virgin snow, with clear blue skies above.

Now a word about dress code. It has come to our attention that a certain member has a rucksack smaller than Colin's booty box. Naming no names, but he has a brother called Ian. This sack must have been borrowed from Doctor Who as it contained a multitude of essential gear, plus sandwiches, with the crusts cut off. I mean come on!!

As it was pretty cold on top, we did not linger long and Jim G deciding that if you have seen one path you have seen them all went off-piste and like sheep we followed. This proved an interesting diversion through thigh high heather and tussocks. Ian had to carry Mollie who was in danger of disappearing, and as some of us have higher thighs than others, for all we know Lesley is still up there somewhere. Ho hum!

Down to a small forest for lunch where thoughtfully the leader had chopped down a tree, which made a perfect seat for the whole party. Now the fun began, as we emerged from the wood to follow the path of a small stream down the valley. At least according to the map it is a small stream, but with the rain yesterday it was a torrent. The paths were mildly damp to say the least, and the subsequent bog trot tested our boots waterproofing somewhat. Some were not wearing boots, but were sporting walking shoes. Jim G now has webbed feet - ask to see them at tomorrow's agm.

A quick check of the map showed that we had to go across a ford on our journey back to the cars, and discretion was exercised and we returned along the road.

Back to the Dysart for 3pm to lower the tone somewhat for those who were enjoying a nice lunch.

A good day out in January and a fine start to what should be a good programme in 2009.

Jean