

**Trip Report: The Peak District****Date:** 30th July 2005**Group:** Lesley, Chrissie, Jean, Jim G**Route:** Kinder Scout from Snake Pass**Total Distance:** Unknown**Total Ascent:** Unknown**Weather:** Unknown

An impromptu 'extra' walk to accommodate the desires of three women of a certain age during a sailing widow's weekend was crowned by the exclusive presence of a guide. A brave Jim Grant, never phased by the prospect of discussing recipes in the car instead of football, took up the challenge and led from the front whilst Les, never one for putting herself in the limelight, brought up the rear (always useful on a BUMS walk!).

The destination was Kinder Scout, famous for its peaty and expansive plateaux and fringed by rock formations, forged over time by weather eroding the Gritstone. All the rocky outcrops seemed to carry their own names based on shape or theme; 'Boxing Gloves' and 'Chinese Wall' to name but two. Les dubbed her favourite 'Picnic Rock' for obvious reasons, Jean's favourite was 'Toilet Duck' again for obvious reasons and Chrissy's was 'Misty Buttress' as she said it sounded lovely.

From the car park all this had yet to unfold. As Les opened the boot it was discovered that a Platypus had been leaking and had resulted in a soaking wet rucksack and contents. Jean was sure it was her's as she had been awoken that night by a nightmare imagining her platypus had leaked over the floor. Les didn't think it was her's as the same thing had happened in Arabba and she had learned her lesson well. Chrissy, not having a man about the house hadn't had enough lessons on the operation of the complex platypus so it couldn't have been hers as she had bottles. Oh dear, that can only mean one thing—the guide's was the culprit. Poor Jim his stuff was all wet. Never mind, he was too brave to cry and off the four set up the A57 dicing with half a mile of near death from cars and being tooted at -we can still do it girls!

A steep but short ascent of 1000 ft. got us panting to the top of Seal Stones. Walking along the Edge we saw shepherds rounding up sheep, a Merlin at close proximity and some strange slug creatures which are still unidentified. The walk along the edges was a mixture of peat and rocks, very feature-full and not at all boggy. Lunch on Les' picnic rock next to the 'Boxing Gloves' rock played into Jim's hands as it had started to spit with rain and Jim had somehow conjured up a plague of biting midges. 14 minutes later we were on the move again.

The descent was easy walking and Jim was able to regale the ladies with tales of a love feast which Les thought sounded rather good. However re-reading the guide book proved a very disappointing affair with scanty detail. The ladies were soon using their imagination to weave a tale of orgy and madness as the path wound round to the forest below.

A very attractive forest path somewhat petered out into a boggy mess of conifer roots and prickly branches, culminating in a stream crossing and then back to the road. 10 miles (using Mike the Sage's 2 mile an hour estimate) and very little rain resulted in the group back in the Dysarth by 3.37 pm.

Well done to Jim for leading us valiantly and not being too bored with women talk!

Lesley