

Trip Report - Saturday 15th November 2025

Location : Llyn Crafnant - Snowdonia

Distance : 8.4 miles

Ascent : 1440 feet

Weather : Damp and overcast.

Squad : Tony, Mike W, Dave Barker, Mike A, Sue, Janet, Jim, Steve, Sarah, Iain. Plus Edie

After a not too early Saturday morning departure we made our way in three cars to Snowdonia hoping Storm Claudia had finally left the area. Although grey and a bit damp there were no heavy downpours nor strong winds like there had been the day before during the storm.

It's a long narrow road from Trefriw in the Conwy valley to the car park in Llyn Crafnant and it can be a bit tricky passing other cars if it's busy but luckily this time there were few travellers out and about.

A free car park with free clean toilets was much appreciated by the BUMs (Iain took a photo...) and then we started our walk past a farm and an old mine or two. For the first mile the walk through the woods was difficult to follow but with Mike and Edie leading us we soon reached a more established path and on our way to the lovely Llyn Geirionnydd.

A monument to Welsh poet William John Roberts at the top of the lake proved a great place for a group photo or two and then our walk took us along the west bank which was a bit flooded in parts but not impassible. Somehow the group split into two but we found each other eventually later on a forest track.

Now the track led us downhill and past another lovely small lake Llyn Bychan. There was then a bit of a slog up through a forest along the Snowdonia Slate Trail but eventually we emerged into open countryside surrounded by majestic mountains - Clogwyn Mawr and Clogwyn Cigfran.

The path turned northwards and by a fine wooden bridge over Nant y Geuallt proving to be a great spot for lunch. After refreshment we continued north up past Crimpiau and down into Crafnant valley and a great view of the lake.

The last stretch was a wide well-made path along the northern side of the lake to bring us back to the car park. Back to the Dysart for a welcome rehydration by a roaring fire.

Cheers

Tony.