

THE FORTNIGHTLY FAFF

The Periodical Journal of the Mercian Mountaineering Club

NOV 2020

LIFE BEFORE LOCKDOWN
LIFE UNDER LOCKDOWN
(ARM) CHAIRMAN'S CHALLENGE
LIFE AFTER LOCKDOWN
WEEKEND WARRIORS
THE HEBRIDEAN WAY





A word from the editor

This'll be a Faff of two halves, or perhaps three thirds. Yes, three thirds. It's been nearly a year since the last one and I lay these magazines out in chronological order. So you'll see some lovely meets reports (well, not all lovely, as Julie's car sank on the meet that clashed with Storm Ciara), and then the sh*t hit the fan and the World got really, really, really dull. Covid-19 brought us lockdown.

But then there is light at the end of the tunnel and lockdown eases, and meets resume, albeit in a camping capacity right as we enter what would traditionally be hut season - how very inconvenient. But as I write this we are slowly slipping back into lockdown as the government nudges Lancashire and Manchester closer to tier three and London enters tier two. So maybe this will be a Faff of fourth quarters! Oh dear!

Stew.





Llanberis

January, 2020

Cwm Glas Mawr was the venue for this meet in the magnificent Llanberis Pass. It's a decent slog from the car park at the Climbers Club hut to the hut that they rent out to Joe Public, but it's worth it. Once at the hut you needn't use the car again. You've the whole of the Snowdon Massif within walking distance, and in the middle of winter that can be the source of some great mountaineering.

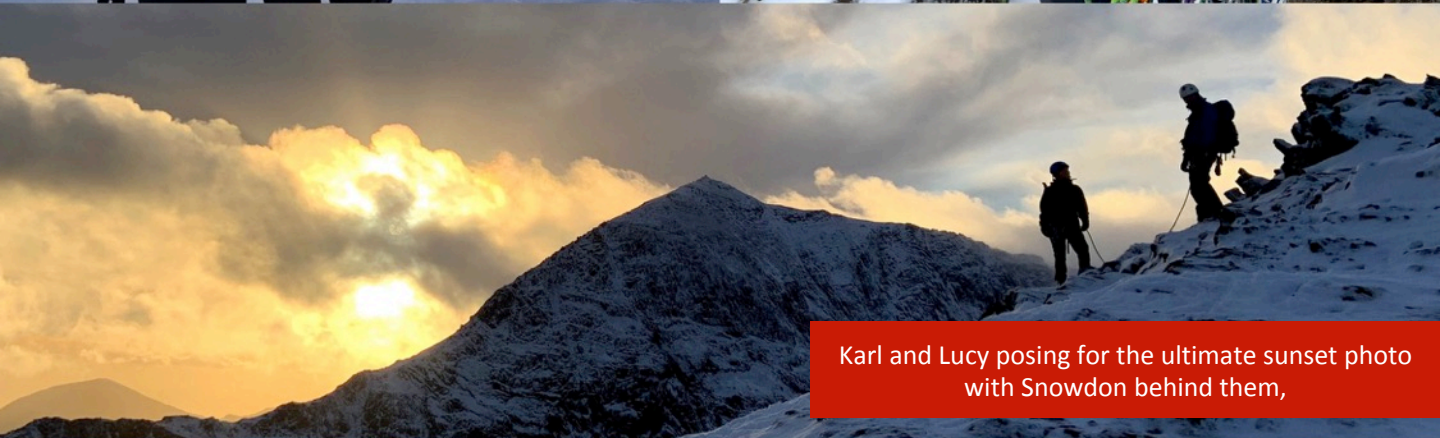
Vicki and Anna



Fruit, chocolate and Scotch egg; Adam's got all the main food groups covered.



Karl and Lucy posing for the ultimate sunset photo with Snowdon behind them,



Having climbed the Clogwyn Y Person Arete (II) we descended via Crib Goch with the sun setting behind us





Day two saw the annual Mercian pilgrimage to bag Tryfan's north ridge. Thumbs up from Daniel.



Storm Ciara Meet

Feb 2020

So we didn't really know it at the time but Storm Ciara was a proper flippin' storm, and I don't use the word flippin' often! Gale force winds, flash floods, and the sort of weather that makes your mountain days feel more epic and the beers in the pub after even higher value than normal. The club was in the Lakes that weekend staying at a climbing hut just outside Keswick. At this point that I'd ask you all to bow your heads and share a minute of silence in memory of Julie's car which didn't make it back from the meet. IT succumbed to flood waters in the dark. On Saturday the ladies spent the day on Saturday doing Parkrun as a safe option in such conditions. Very prudent. The boys on the other hand...





It might not have been the brightest idea we ever had. Cycling conditions on the summit of Skiddaw were really tough. Several times we just lay the bikes on the ground and sat on them to keep them from blowing off the mountain.

Little did we know that this would be the last time for a very long time that such a large group of members would enjoy themselves in a lovely warm country pub with a roaring fire and good banter.



C[🔒]ORONAVIRUS



Who'd have thought a global pandemic would change our lives so suddenly. By mid March the country was in lock down. No more meets, no more socials, no more climbing walls, no more pubs.

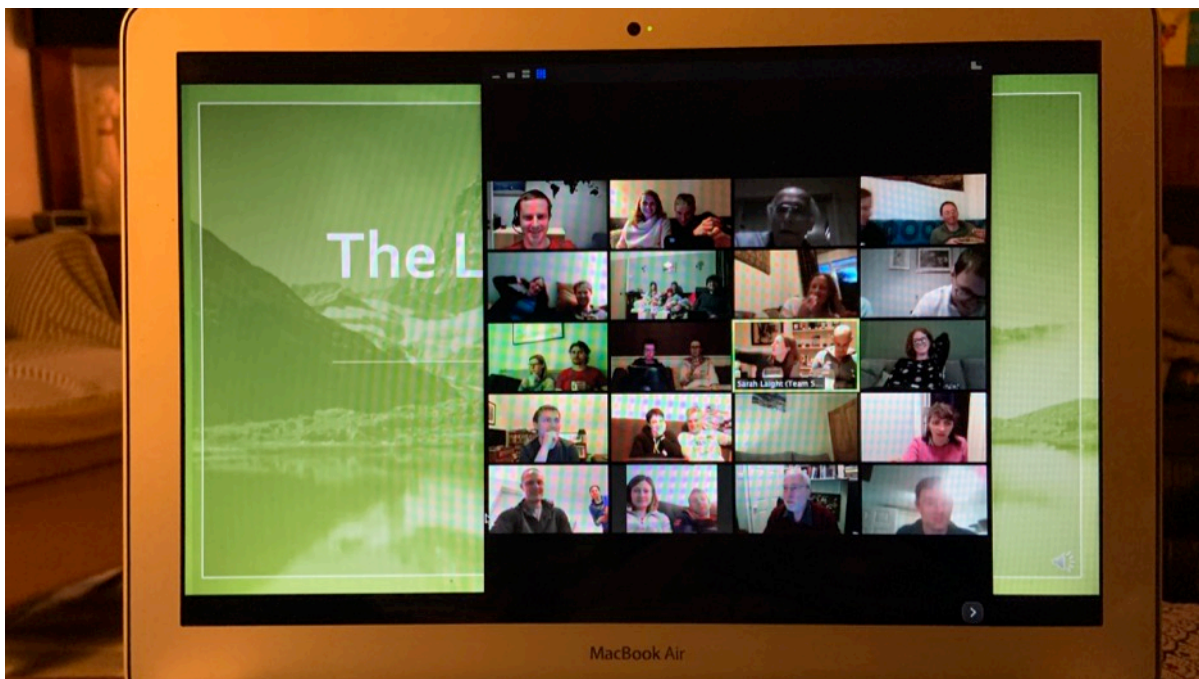
We all stayed at home, cuddled up to our toilet rolls and did our best to stay in touch. The highlight of the week was a trip to the supermarket, and in time we'd all come to embrace the new norm of social distancing.

Mercifully the weather was incredible and members took to biking, running and walking locally to get the most of their 1 hour of daily outdoor exercise. In a way it was lovely to rediscover the local countryside, parks, and canals.

Loads of people recorded 30th birthday video messages for Joel, and the number of WhatsApp groups went through the roof. We had a Zoom quiz, a Zoom video competition, a Zoom treasure hunt.

And we launched a variation of the Chairman's Challenge to give folk something to occupy their time. There were more entries for categories than can be listed here, and I extend my thanks to everyone who took part. Beth and Amandeep were probably the most prolific. I've included some of the highlights, as well as a few memories from the WhatsApp groups too.

But before we dive head first into that let's hear from Beth...



MERCIAN LIFE UNDER LOCKDOWN

This is a bit different from the usual Faff article. There are no mountains, no crags, no cosy pubs, no communal Saturday night meal, no giant teapot being filled and emptied, filled and emptied. It's a sunny Sunday afternoon, and instead of being out exploring, I'm at home drinking tea and working my way through my fourth jigsaw in as many weeks. I haven't left Birmingham for six weeks.

It's day 41 of lockdown. I know this because I have made a point of going for a run, walk or cycle every day, and have recorded these on Strava as 'Lockdown Day X'. Since we're only allowed out to go to the supermarket or to exercise, I'm making the most out of that allowance to get out of our flat, stretch my legs, and try to maintain some sort of sanity. We are lucky enough to have four parks within easy running distance, and within these I have discovered new trails, foraged for wild garlic, watched a heron hunt, admired hundreds of bluebells, and watched a puppy have the absolute time of its life in the Moseley Bog stream. I miss the mountains and the seaside, but have found some mini bits of wilderness closer to home, as I'm sure many of us have.

Mercians by nature are keen to get out and about, to explore, to adventure, and to share the odd pint or four. Sadly, these are all on hold for now and I reckon we've all reminisced about 'this time last year...' Last Easter, for example, many of us enjoyed glorious hot sunshine in Snowdonia (yes, hot sunshine!), climbing and hiking in the day, sunbathing and drinking on the lawn in the evening, and celebrating Vic's birthday, 80s style. We still had glorious sunshine this Easter, but Kings Heath can't compete with Snowdonia.

So how does a club maintain a sense of community when the very reason we exist is to enjoy the great outdoors, together?

The 'Armchairman's Challenge' is keeping people busy searching for potential club huts, creating Strava art, traversing their kitchen tables and all manner of weird and wonderful things. Simon kicked off

the Saturday night Zoom socials with a quiz and since then we've had another quiz, a film night, and a rather chaotic scavenger hunt. The south Birmingham contingent have developed a trade agreement whereby flour is bought in bulk, divvied up, transformed into something delicious, and then delivered by bike. Brownies, sourdough loaves, hot cross buns and pizza dough have all been on the menu, generally accompanied by a garden chit-chat and sometimes a jigsaw swap. Joel turned 30, and to celebrate his sister requested short clips of friends wishing him their best. The Mercians responded with an amazing selection of videos that had some of us almost wishing we were having a lockdown birthday ourselves. *Almost!* (If you haven't seen them; ask Joel, they are all well worth a watch).

Hope you figured out how to prusik back down again Alan...

Something that's popped into my mind a few times recently is something that Naomi said to me during a Mercian Bonfire night a few years ago, not long after she joined, which was something along the lines of *'I've realised something about the Mercians tonight. You're not a climbing club, you're a group of friends that climb'*. This rang true to me, and the fact that many of us are in contact on almost a daily basis, without any of the 'hike, bike, climb', shows Naomi was spot on.

by Beth Heeney



FF



The 'up-yours Covid-19'

ARMCHAIRMAN'S CHALLENGE

Adding spice to the 'dull-as-dishwater' Coronavirus era and freeing you from the daily chore of sitting on your arse.

Collect and log on the forum as many points as possible before 11th of May, on which date scan/photograph and email your completed form to chair@mercianmc.org.uk with your points totted up to demonstrate your awesomeness in the face of social isolation adversity. The circled number shows the points you get for completing that part of the challenge. When you've done it tick the little grey box, and bag the points by submitting your evidence (usually a photo, but not always) via the various threads on the 'During the week' section of the forum. Enter as many or few as you like.

Most importantly have fun, and stay safe!

a few randomers

Victoria's Vibrator (6A).

Find a real climb, route, mountain or geographical feature that is your namesake, post it with a brief description.

Eat your heart out Judith Chalmers.

Propose a European destination for a week-long Mercian meet. Provide a brief itinerary of the activities you'd recommend to the membership.

Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks?

Take a photo showing yourself demonstrating a new skill you have learned under lock-down.

And the Oscar goes to....

Share a link to your favourite outdoorsy video. Sorry Fabian, but "two hamsters, one wheel" doth butter no parsnips here.

SUBTOTAL =

something for the future

But does it have a feckin' hot hut?

Recommend a property on Air B&B that the committee could consider for a club hut. Post a link to it. It doesn't matter if it's made of straw, sticks or wood, nor that it isn't even up for sale! Justification for your choice needed.

I've an O-level in art.

Draw an outdoorsy image to be printed on the side of a mug and flogged to the membership. Bonus points for the winner.

Cordon-bleurgh!

Choose a recipe that you'd like to cook on a meet using ingredients from your staples-starved kitchen. Write up the recipe that will (may?) wow your mates on a future hut meet.

Plan a 2021 meet.

Plan a future UK camping meet. This requires three key ingredients, (i) homely pub, (ii) campsite, and (iii) a suggested day activity/objective. No repeats of previous meets please or forfeit your 5 points.

SUBTOTAL =

nostalgia

My beloved, old faithful.

Take a photo of one of your oldest, most cherished items of outdoors clothing or equipment and describe why it is such a magnificent item.

Flashback Friday.

On a Friday, post a favourite (and perhaps previously unseen) photos from a Mercian event to cheer folk up when they should otherwise be happily gridlocked on the northbound M6 heading for a meet.

SUBTOTAL =

music and lyrics

Social Pressure (pushing down on you).

Rewrite the lyrics to a popular song to reflect aspects of our beloved club and or the great outdoors.

Kettle music.

Matt Kettle only likes good music. Recommend a track that you think he'll be grateful for being introduced to, perhaps on to on a drive up to his beloved Scotland. No "tricky listens" please. Matt to give 3 bonus points to the best suggestion.

Music, maestro.

Create a playlist of 10 songs that can all be linked to the outdoors (however tenuously) which you will play to your next designated driver on route to a future meet. List them; track & artist.

SUBTOTAL =

kind of heart

A nice bit of tittle-tattle.

Phone up a random Mercian for a friendly chat to break the tedium of the day. Name the unsuspecting victim you rang.

Let's play doctors and nurses.

Post a link to an on-line first aid video you watched to equip yourself with the skills, should the need arise.

The good Samaritan.

Donate something to a food bank. No need to snap yourself doing your good deed as that's just bad form. Simply post that you've done it, and where.

SUBTOTAL =

just because

A town called Twatt. ☐ 2

Find an amusing place or feature name on OS map (other maps are available). Don't post the name, instead post a 6-figure grid reference so others can discover it for themselves. Sadly, you can't use Twatt, in Orkney.

You shoved your trekking pole where!? ☐ 2

Take an everyday household item and detail (including photo) how it can be applied to a domestic 'situation'.

Something beginning with F. ☐ 2

Create an amusing eye-spy guide of 5 especially Mercian things or behaviours you might see on a typical meet. Be creative here folks, and be as scathing as you like.

Virtual peak bagging. ☐ 4

Create a Wainwright bagging walk that tops 10 summits in the shortest distance. List the summits and the distance in miles. You must use recognised footpaths and rights of way, or bogs/marsh.

Multi-tasking hero. ☐ 2

Take a photo of yourself juggling work and a domestic chore simultaneously. Success or failure, it matters not. But let's be honest here, we'd probably prefer to see you fail miserably.

Camping in. ☐ 4

Go all out camping...indoors! Photographic evidence a must for this one folks, the more kit on display the better.

SUBTOTAL =

Every now and again we would encourage you to post a photo from a challenge you are especially proud to have completed on the Mercian **Facebook** page too. No bonus points, but good karma aplenty and things we can all share within our wider circles.

art & literature

Because it's there. ☐ 3

Submit an outdoors related quote that can be used in a future calendar, for example "Because it was there" (but you can't use that one). Kudos, but no bonus points for originality and comedy value.

Your best page-turner. ☐ 2

Post the details of a book you want to give away because it's awesome and you want to share that awesomeness. Arrange to post it on to whoever claims it first.

Hold it right there! ☐ 3

Recreate a still from your favourite film or TV show using yourself, your pet, or Lego figures etc. Bonus points if someone guesses it correctly.

Art-attack. ☐ 3

Draw your favourite Mercian memory, sign it and stick on your fridge with a magnet and photograph it. Post the photo on the forum for people to guess what is going on and if required who is featured.

Please, oh please, put pen-to-paper. ☐ 4

Write an article for the Faff about a meet you have recently attended.

The off-width doth protest too much, methinks. ☐ 4

Write a guidebook description to your favourite climb/hike/bike/trek in the style of your preferred genre.

SUBTOTAL =

Alas, the forum is blighted by an unfortunate **upload size limit of 2mb**. Photos from Smartphones and digital cameras usually exceed this. To compress an image try one of the following. (i) screen shot the photo on your phone screen, then crop the photo. (ii) download an app that compresses pictures, apps are (apparently) available on iOS and Android.

let's get physical, physical

Table traverse. ☐ 2

Traverse your dining room table, or indeed your entire dining room or kitchen. You needn't succeed, and in fairness you probably won't, just give it your best shot.

Get some Kudos. ☐ 3

Run, ride or walk with Strava and get 5 bits of Kudos (is bits the right collective noun for kudos?). Screen shot and post your heroic journey with your kudos 'thumbs-up' taking center stage.

Stairmaster. ☐ 5

Figure out how many times you'd have to climb your stairs to ascend Catbells (451m). Over the course of day climb the stairs enough times to bag your summit and get a summit selfie.

Let me entertain you! ☐ 4

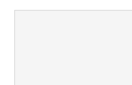
Using a GPS tracking device, go for a walk or run which draws an amusing shape on Google maps, or maybe use Strava. Screen grab your humorous route and post it.

Up-diddy-up. ☐ 2

Don all you mountaineering clothes and equipment and get a photo of you scaling something significant (but safe) in your home.

SUBTOTAL =

grand total



out of a possible
100 points

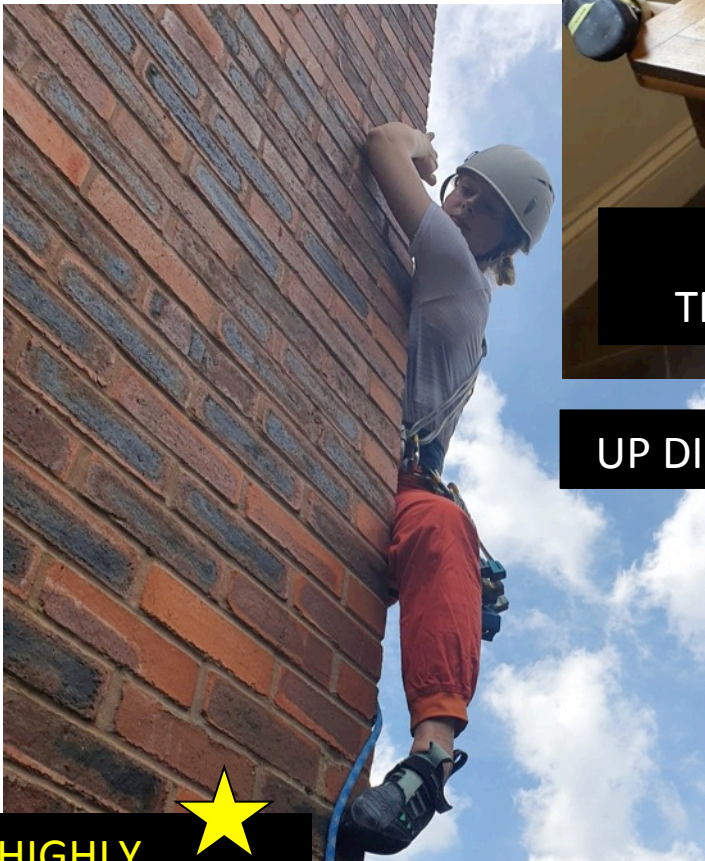




CAMPING IN



TABLE
TRAVERSE



HIGHLY
COMMENDED

UP DIDDLY-UP



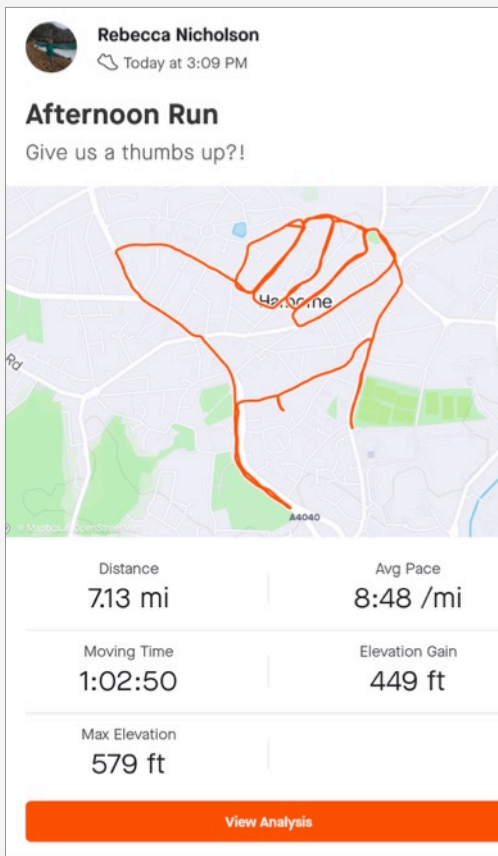
**MOST
EMBARRASING**



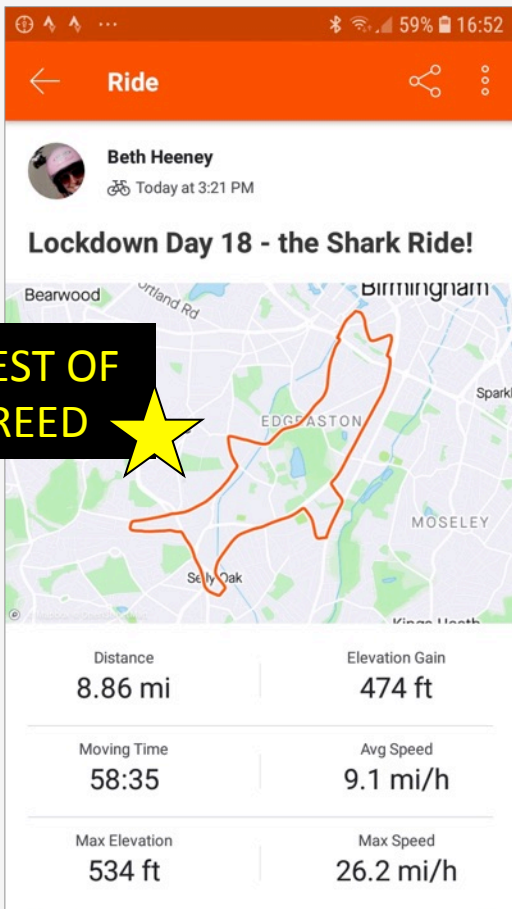
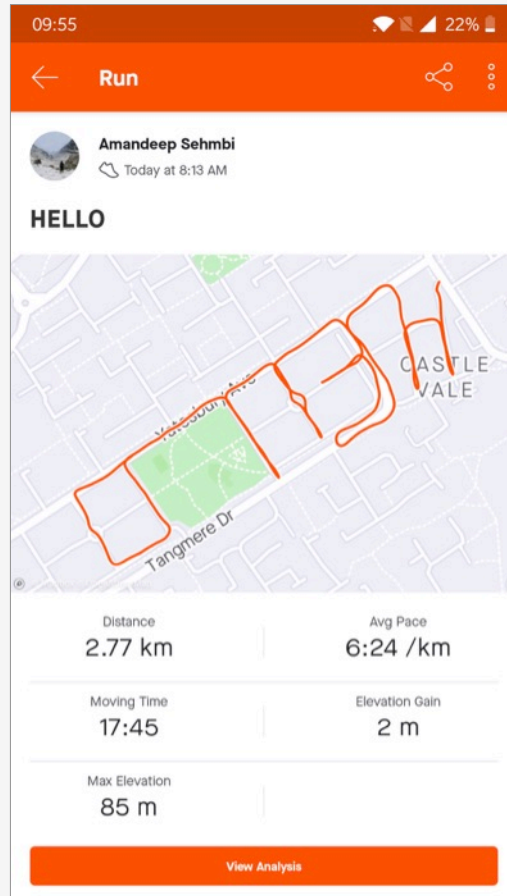
**MULTI-
TASKING HERO**

**CLEANEST
HOUSE**





LET ME
ENTERTAIN YOU



BEST OF
BREED



ANDY
ARMSTRONG'S
KANGAROO

MUSIC BY THE PROCLAIMERS

LYRICS BY BECKY NICHOLSON

I'm on my way, from warm duvet to dressing gown today.
Yawnyawn, yawnyawn, yawnyawn, yawnyawn
I'm on my way, from dressing gown to kitchen fridge today.
Yum yum, yum yum, yum yum, yum yuuuum
I'm on my way to cheesecake and a coffee,
And years from now, I'll still eat this for breakfast.
And yes you're right, I should include the biscuits.
Now only if, Becky would let me have them.

I've searched this place. I've searched this place inside out todayyyy.
Wherewhere, wherewhere, wherewhere, wherewhere
I've searched this place. I've searched this place upside down todayyy.
WHEREWHEREWHEREWHEREWHEREWHEREWHEREWHERE.

Nowhere in sight, I've should've torn the house down.
Instead I sit, and eat my oats with a frown.
I'd like it if, she'd stop eating my biscuits.
And then that way, I wouldn't have to split them.

And now that I don't want to share these things.
I would have Will Smith sing, she's stealing my biscuits from meeeeeeee.

I'll do my best, I'll do my best to hide them far from her.
Yep, yep, yep, yep, yep, yep, yep, yep
I'll do my best, I'll do my best to hide them far from her.
Mwahahahahahahaha
To keep my limbs, from wasting all away here.
I'll hide them close, a storage unit near here.
To keep me fed, the present and the future.
It's worth the cost; secrets and expenditure.

And now that I don't want to share these things.
I would have Will Smith sing; come and share a biscuit with meeeeeeee.

I'm on my way, from kitchen fridge to stuffy car today.
Coughcoughcoughcoughcoughcoughcoughcough
I'm on my way, from stuffy car to secret store today.
Yipyipyipyipyipyipyipeeeeeeeee
I'm on my way, to what I want in this world.
And years from now, you may make it to this world.
But until then, this secret stays with only me.
A hidden store, it's full of biscuits and glee.

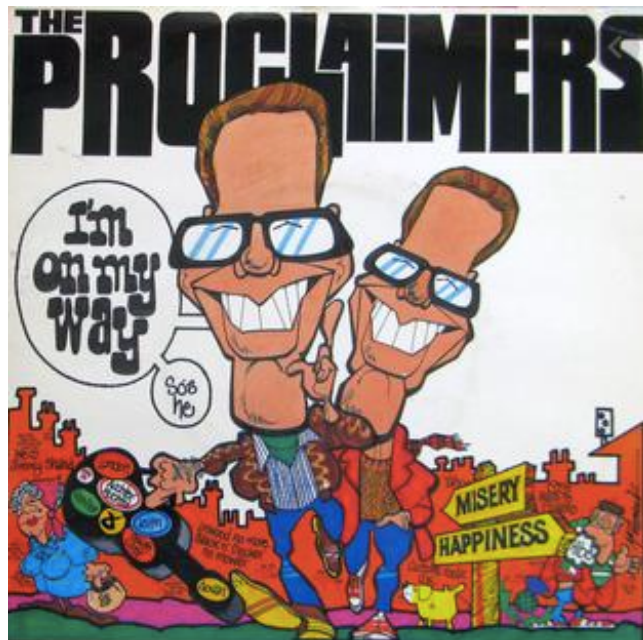
I'm on my way, to what I want in this world.
And years from now, you may make it to this world.
But until then, this secret stays with only me.
A hidden store, it's full of biscuits and glee.

I'm on my way,
I've got me tea,
To get biccies,
I'm so happy,
They call to me,
And now I'm here,
OMG THIS IS BISCUIT HEAVEN

**BEST ACCOMPANYING
MUSIC VIDEO**



*Click here to listen
to the song on
YouTube and sing
along with Becky's
new lyrics*



MUSIC BY
THE TALKING HEADS

LYRICS BY
THE MOODY'S

And you may find yourself
Standing in an empty hut
And you may find yourself
In your underpants and t-shirt
And you may find yourself
Cooking a fry up with a large pot of tea
And you may find yourself still searching for your boots
With the hut all to yourself
And you may ask yourself, well
Where have they all gone?

Letting the minutes go by, I'll put the kettle on again
Letting the minutes go by, we've got all day what's the rush
Back to the hut again after the rest have gone
Once in a lifetime, I'll not leave my lunch behind

And you may ask yourself
How do I lock this?
And you may ask yourself
Where did they say to leave the key?
And you may tell yourself
These are not my waterproof pants!
And you may tell yourself
This is not my tuna sandwich!

Letting the minutes go by, I'll put the kettle on again
Letting the minutes go by, we've got all day what's the rush
Back to the hut again after the rest have gone
Once in a lifetime, I'll not leave my lunch behind

Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?

Letting the minutes go by, I'll put the kettle on again
Letting the minutes go by, we've got all day what's the rush
Back to the hut again after the rest have gone
Once in a lifetime, I'll not leave my lunch behind

You may ask yourself
Which way did they go from here?
You may ask yourself
Where does that pathway go to?
And you may ask yourself
Is it right? Is it left?
And you may say to yourself
"Oh shit! Where have they gone?"

Letting the minutes go by, I'll put the kettle on again
Letting the minutes go by, we've got all day what's the rush
Back to the hut again after the rest have gone ahead
Behind the bottles and cans, there's my snickers multi-pack

Letting the minutes go by, I'll put the kettle on again
Letting the minutes go by, we've got all day what's the rush
Back to the hut again after the rest have gone
Once in a lifetime, I'll not leave my lunch behind

Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
There's no need to rush
Pub isn't open yet
It's only eleven!
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?
Where has the A-team gone?

Go on, click it, you
know you want to...





JOIN A MEETING

HOST A MEETING

“ The World’s favourite pandemic-proof video conferencing software for the 5th month running! “

Harvard Business School, October 2020



Sign up now



WHO SAY'S
YOU CAN'T
TEACH AN OLD
DOG NEW
TRICKS



BEST COVID
CUT ★





BEST
CINEMATOGRAPHY



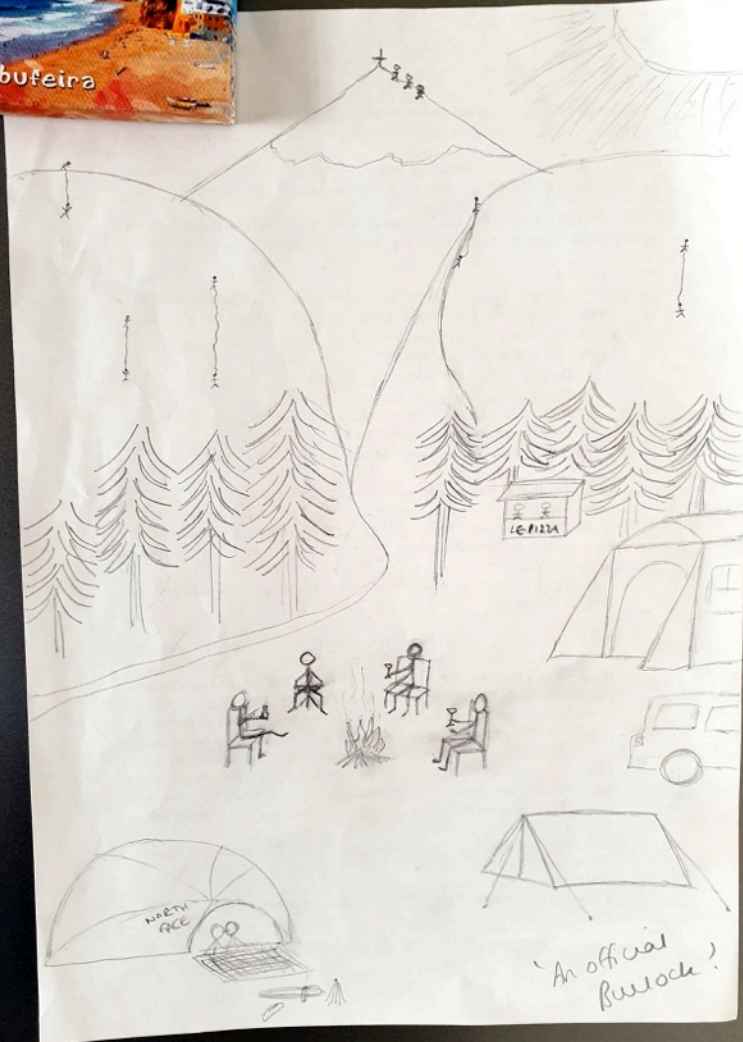
HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE



Included because it
made us smile at
the Zoom quiz



Included
because it
amuses me



Louise's interpretation
of the wonderful
Ailefroide meet, circa
2014

ART ATTACK

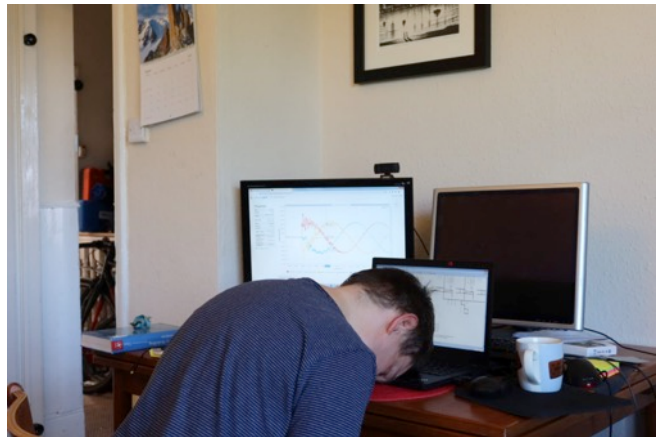
Stew's reimagining
of the group ascent
of the InPinn on
Skye in 2018(-ish)



C[🔒]ORONAVIRUS

And then, mercifully, lockdown was relaxed. Which was just as well really as most people were thoroughly pissed off. We'd spent a glorious spring in our back gardens or, worse still, cooped up in our flats.

When on that fateful day the government gave the word, we went from this...



...to this...



...faster than you can say "you should have gone to Spec Savers".

We still couldn't go out on meets, but like at the Olympic finals in the 100m dash we were sprinting for the hills (and rivers, and coasts) on the B of Bang, be it in small groups, or in households, or in social bubbles...



Main picture: Daniel fell running in the Lakes as part of a Balboa-esque training regime for his summer Alpine trip.

Inset pictures (clockwise from top left) Tom giving a good display of man leg in the mountains above Chamonix (and no he didn't do a 'Cummings', he lives there), Adam wild camping on Kinder with Anna, Vijay making the leap between Adam and Eve on Tryfan in Snowdonia, Sarah and Alex climbing in the Wye Valley, and Fabian looking muddy but satisfied with his bike in the Peak district.





Above: Amandeep, Vicky, Vicki, Louise and Fabian having a socially distanced BBQ in Stew & Vicki's back garden. Fabian is sporting his new lockdown DIY haircut unlike...

Right: ...Malcolm who did what so many gentlemen did and just go with it. Here he is giving Vicki the grand tour of his very grand garden where he'd spent lockdown growing just about everything that can be grown in our climate.

Below: Ruth maintaining the correct distance whilst pouring Louise a glass of her vin blanc in Sutton Park. Following the refreshments folk partook in a game of petanque





Weekend Warriors

Blimey! Anna Flemming in a rather intimidating situation on the Isle of Lewis, Outer Hebrides. I'm not sure who is more committed, Anna or her belayer.

Photo : One of Anna's Mates

Weekend Warriors

Adam, Vicki and Julie backpacking the Ennerdale Horseshoe in July. The 20-something mile route takes in a string of Wainwright's around the most isolated of the Lake District valleys.

Photo : **Stewart Moody**



A high-angle photograph of a person climbing a steep, reddish-brown sea cliff. The climber is wearing a blue helmet, a dark blue tank top, dark shorts, and yellow and blue striped socks. They are secured by a blue rope that runs diagonally across the frame. The cliff face is textured with some yellow lichen. In the background, the sea is a deep blue, and there are several large, dark rock formations jutting out from the water. The overall scene is one of adventure and outdoor recreation.

Weekend Warriors

Making her first appearance in this issue's Weekend Warrior, here is Lucy climbing on the sea cliffs in Pembroke on a week long getaway.

Photo : Karl Stewart

Weekend Warriors

Daniel taking his pride and joy out on it's first proper technical biking trip. With Adam and Stew he took in some of the trails and descents above Ladybower reservoir in the Peak District.

Photo : Stewart Moody



Weekend Warriors

Lucy and Karl made a bid for freedom in the direction of the open sea. And this photo is the result. Wow...just wow! With such a great setting maybe we need to change the club strap line to be "Hike, Bike, Climb, Paddle".

Photo : Karl Stewart



Rhydd Ddu

Sept, 2020

Our first venture into the world of meets was to Rhydd Ddu where Welsh restrictions were more permitting than England. We did a risk assessment and had people fill in a track and trace register. But more importantly we had a proper get together albeit with a good helping of social distancing.

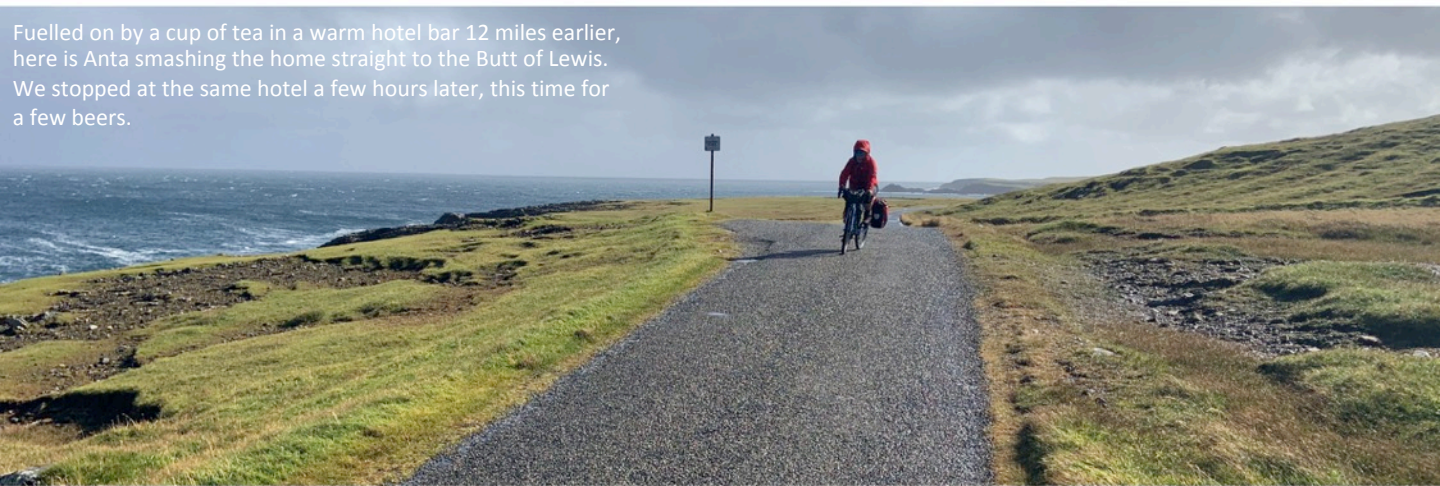
Photo : **Simon of Mercia**



THE HEBRIDEAN WAY

words and photographs by Stewart Moody

Fuelled on by a cup of tea in a warm hotel bar 12 miles earlier, here is Anta smashing the home straight to the Butt of Lewis. We stopped at the same hotel a few hours later, this time for a few beers.



For pure escapism and some of the finest landscapes in the land, Scotland's Outer Hebrides are hard to beat. The 8 main islands are linked by a cycle route called the Hebridean Way. Crossings between islands are catered for by ferries and causeways. Adam, Anta, Fabian, Julie, Stew and Vic loaded up their bikes with camping gear, rum, swimwear and a kite and hit the road.

We left the cars in Oban and jumped on the 5 hour ferry crossing to Castlbray at the southern end of the island chain. It was a Sunday, and we cycled late into the evening and made camp in the dark on the first of many beaches. It rained hard that night, and the whole of the next day, and the day after wasn't much better. But with a stiff south-westerly wind behind us we peddled over 250 miles north to the Butt of Lewis. In doing so learned the a new meaning of the word durable as we encountered few creature comforts save for a night in a bunkhouse strategically scheduled to coincide with Fabian's 40th birthday. But that highlight wasn't the only one. We camped on deserted beaches, cycled for hours on deserted roads, savoured some amazing sunsets, and sunrises, and we rejoiced when a seemingly closed hotel turned out to be open and served us hot drinks and bacon butties as we dripped puddles onto their floor. And when at last we reached the end of the road I enjoyed my just deserts, real Stornoway black pudding. Nice.

Vic taking a rest after a punishing climb away from the ferry terminal on the Isle of Harris. Bright sunshine, dark skies, rainbows, and showers were the order of the day.





One of the four ferries we caught on the trip.

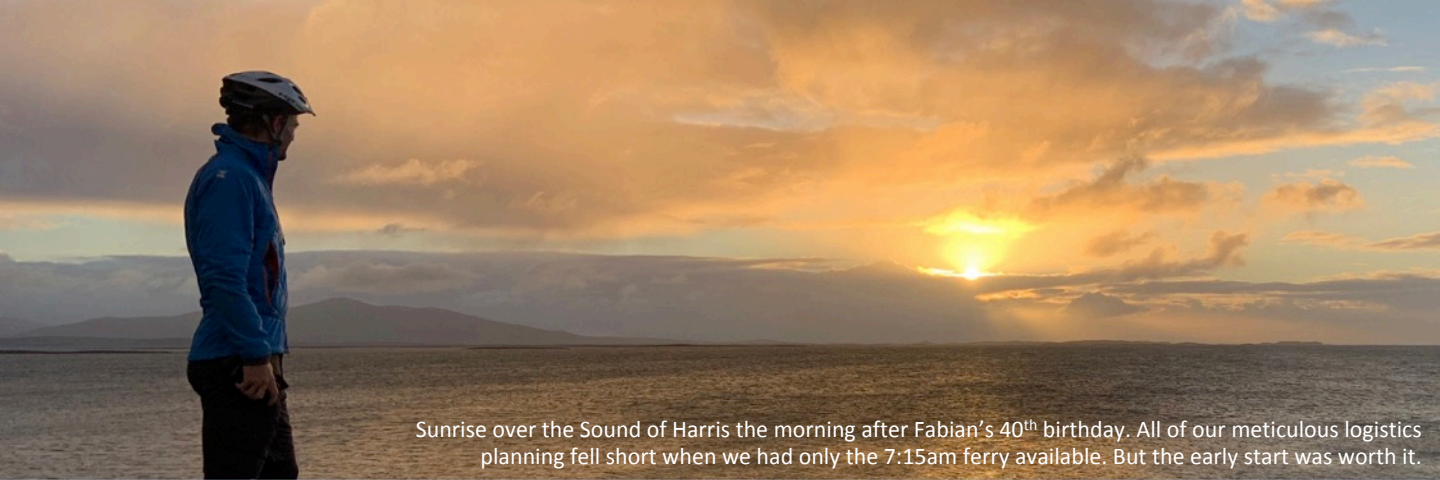
Me taking my bike for a spin on the beach where we swam on Fabian's birthday. We had cups of tea made on our camping stoves and Adam flew his kite.



Our last night of wild camping and Fabian shakes out his sleeping bag in an effort to rid it of ticks. We all fell foul to the little b*stards.



The team heads into the Hills of Harris, home to some of the steepest climbs and a fateful detour into a terrible head wind to visit a beach.



Sunrise over the Sound of Harris the morning after Fabian's 40th birthday. All of our meticulous logistics planning fell short when we had only the 7:15am ferry available. But the early start was worth it.



A bracing dip on Fabian's birthday.



Our wild camping spot on Harris. Home to many ticks and a lot of bog.



Our wild camping spot on Lewis. Not bad.

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