

SCAFELL PIKE CONQUERED



I won't mention the cramp on the way down and in the car on the journey home - so that I had to pass over driving responsibilities to someone else - nor the way that my heart was banging against my ribs, on the way up, screaming "Let me out, let me out, so that I can escape this torture!" What I will mention is: the superb, sunny weather; and the fabulous views this afforded once the peak of England's highest mountain – Scafell Pike - had been reached; and, of course, the victorious sense of achievement on having conquered the same.

While the South Lakes can be accessed in under two hours, rising from the north-east bank of Wast Water, Scafell Pike is a remote giant and, despite our setting off from Sale at 06.45, the Lake Head car park, beneath the mountain, was not reached until 10.00 a.m. With many a pause – for breath and for lunch – we finally scaled to the summit by 1.00 p.m. Though harder on the joints and with the need for calf muscles to be constantly (figuratively) applying the brakes (hence the cramp), the descent was speedier than the ascent, and we had re-entered the car park by 3.15 p.m. I had felt somewhat ponderous and pathetic, particularly on the upward slopes of the mountain, but it was noticeable that the people who had left the car park at the same time as we had in the morning were now returning at a similar time in the afternoon – or, in fact, a little later. So, we did all right! Thanks to my good friends, Mark, Dave and Gordon – with our assortment of asthma, dodgy knees and two hip replacements (where Mark is concerned), and with our combined age of 231! - for accompanying and encouraging me along the way.

Back to Urmston just before 19.30 and just in time to see my granddaughter before she went to bed.

This is the last of the British Three that I have been able to tick off, after previous jaunts to the respective summits of Ben Nevis and Snowdon. All three peaks, at separate times, have been scaled with a view to raising funds for Christmas events laid on by Urmston Grammar sixth form. This year, as last, the sixth form aim to host a party for pupils from Delamere Special School and to drop off presents for senior citizens at residential homes in the M41 region. Any donations that are made to **'Mr. Dickson's Scafell Climb'**, through ParentPay, will be greatly appreciated. Just £1.00 from every family with pupils at Urmston Grammar will amply fill the coffers.

Thanks in advance, Mr. N. Dickson.