

The next day we read in the papers that the guide had died in hospital. The woman had been his daughter. I suspect that he had taken his daughter, with her boyfriend, on a short summer afternoon stroll on the Mönch. After these events, there was little enthusiasm for the holiday and we finished by doing a mountain marathon run. At the mid-camp, I witnessed a storm over the Weisshorn: black, very black and very vicious. I stood and watched it, and pondered: a few days before, I had been at the bottom of the flashes, in the middle of the darkness.

References

1. A Solo Ascent of the Munros and Corbetts, *Cairngorm Club Journal*, Vol 20 no. 104, 1996, p. 161.
2. Scarecrow on a Pyramid, *Cairngorm Club Journal*, Vol 21 no. 107, 2004, p. 154

Walking

On the day after a wedding celebration at Braemar on the 31st July 2004

We dined simply, with ghosts,
in the ruined Bynack Lodge
before making our way towards
Carn Liath's summit.

The world was ours
until a moving hillside
drew senses across the valley
to where, on plucked staccato hooves
antlers, spindle legs and close packed bodies
funnelled the July air.

From the slowing, stopping,
turning, staring herd
rose calls
low and generational.

Umbilical severed
need not yet outlived.

Sheena M Leith