

## North Wales Meet (Welsh 3000s), June 2013.

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A small but incredibly lovely party met in the old chapel which is now the Gwydyr Club's hut at Capel Curig, Iatish on the Friday evening. The horse trading began immediately.

Mike and Colin were definitely up for the 3000s on the Saturday, regardless of the weather - forecast foul and it had been raining since March, when the blizzards stopped. Ed and Helen were playing it fairly non-committal and keeping the options open. This left me to volunteer to act as Support Party, and Tigger, even more sportingly, to give up his chance of glory and act as Support to the Support Party. Since nobody else had turned up, the question of who would act as Support to the Support Party's Support was left in abeyance, if not total confusion.

The end result was that Mike and Colin would set out at 0430 - very quietly - and the Support Party, and its Support, would meet them in Nant Peris at 0900 after they'd done the Snowdon group and were in need of condolence. Ed and Helen would think about it. I seem to remember stirring in the early hours and hearing the rain beating on the roof, but I made a supreme effort and woke up at 0730 to do my duty, just as a voice, Mike's, whispered in my ear, "Don't bother waking up, we're back". Really, some people. Turned out they'd reached Pen-y-Pass, paid 10 quid to park(!), set off into the rain, but been blown flat on the Crib Goch col, the first time they'd left the lee of the crags. They took the hint and returned, poorer but wiser, and went back to bed. Ed and Helen, canny kids, had never shifted from theirs.

The rain eased off about lunch time and Mike and Colin eventually got up and decided to recce Tryfan descents for a future attempt and had a very enjoyable afternoon thrutching up a loose gully before reaching the top to meet some other three thousanders on the final leg to the Carneddus.



Ed, Helen and Tigger thought they would try their hand at Snakes and Ladders and came back safe to tell the tale later in the evening.





The rain returned after tea and didn't ease up until tea-time on Sunday so Mike, Colin and Tigger departed early. Ed and Helen hadn't given up - went up Moel Siabod Sunday evening - but I had. However, Ed thought the weather might improve on Monday, so he and Helen would get up early and drive round to the North end of the Carnedd, do the 3000s and be met by me at Pen-y-pass at the not unreasonable hour of 1930, to be driven back to their car, and home. Mad - but as it didn't involve getting up early or missing my post-hills pint, I agreed. So off they went, early and quietly. I spent a pleasant day on the Carnedd - which were mostly miserable in cloud, despite the forecast - had dinner and a reasonable pint in the Vaynol, received a text from Ed saying the ETA was now 2030, and pitched up at Pen-y-Pass in good time. And waited, and waited - no phone signal, naturally, so when it got to nine thirty and I'd no way of finding out where they were I started to feel uneasy. Nothing to what I was feeling by half past eleven, mind, when they still hadn't appeared and I was wondering about the correct format for letters of condolence to grieving parents. But at 11.40 two head torches appeared, closely followed by Ed and Helen, and it was a toss-up who was most elated, them for doing it or me for not having to spend the night waiting for the Mountain Rescue at dawn. Considering the conditions - cloud down for all but about three hours in the middle of the day - they'd made pretty good time.

Which just left the drive back to the start - Nightmare- the road back up the Carnedd to Ed's car is steep, bendy and has grass down the middle and big boulders sticking out at the sides and at 1 o'clock in the morning there are pleasanter places. And then we had to get back down it! I was OK - well, knackered actually - but Ed now had to drive back home and be at work for 9 o'clock. What it is to be young, I thought, as I collapsed into my pit in Capel at half past two, when he would have had another couple of hours driving to look forward to.

So the deed was done, which is handy 'cos every time it gets mentioned I can bullshit about how many times we did it back in the Old Days (twice and one near miss, thank you for asking) Tuesday, when I finally surfaced, was another cloudy one, so I had a potter back up some northern bits of Carnedd and came home mid-afternoon. Don't think we've had a bad days weather since, wouldn't you know.