

You do have to be mad, but it doesn't help

It's seven o'clock on a Sunday morning at the Wellmeadow car park.
You're bleary eyed, and your backpack already weighs half a ton
On your back. The world is still abed. You really must be stark
Raving mad. You know for sure that today is going to be a load of fun.
The bus arrives and you stumble aboard, while remembering the pack
Of travel sickness pills are still sitting on the dining room table
At home. Then it is "hello" about twenty five times or so. The lack
Of fresh air is quite apparent. You twist and turn the vents, unable
To make them work. Ah well it's only a couple of hours to go
Along the twisting winding roads to the starting point. You chat
To the person in front, unaware that she is still fast asleep. So
You breathe deeply, avoiding all thoughts of fry ups and greasy fat.
At last you are off the bus, struggling to get your kit on straight
While adjusting the trekking pole, when you spot the rest, a long way
Up ahead and going like the clappers. Then you see the burn's in spate.
In all the rush and confusion you hadn't noticed it was raining. Grey
Mist all the way up to the top. Now it's time to cross the raging burn.
Water up to your "whats- its", and cold enough to freeze the balls
Off a billiard table. Almost ashore and you make a grab at a lone fern
On the bank, but it comes away in your hand and your frantic calls
Go unheard while you're on your back in the stream, soggy and clinging
Wet, and wondering what the hell you are doing here on a Sunday
Morning, while friends at home are sitting around eating and drinking.
Rocks are looming through the gloom, must be nearing the top. One day
You will actually do a hill walk in sunshine. Meanwhile you stub your toe
On the trig point, while searching for a suitable rock to sit on, and flay
Around in the pack for soggy sandwiches and lukewarm coffee. Then blow
Your nose on your sleeve, because your frozen fingers are too numb
To find your hanky. Oh, and you now notice that it has turned to sleet.
Someone said that it's usually a good view from the top. That's a crumb
Of comfort on a day like this, and now you feel the blisters on both feet.
You are on the way down now, sliding through the knee high heather
One minute, and up to your knees in bog the next. Then you trip,
And down the slithery slope you go, careering away hell for leather.
Why the heck didn't you bring your ice axe, you stupid flaming drip!

Further down you go A - - - over T - -, and crash into a huge boulder
Which miraculously breaks your fall, ___ as well as your left shoulder.
A fellow member asks if you are ok, and are you feeling any pain?
You grin and say no, you're fine, you enjoy living in the fast lane.
Just think, in another hour you'll be back on the bus. Ha-ha, what a joke,
It's at least two and a half hours away. Meanwhile you start to talk
To yourself. That's the first sign they say. Why do ordinary folk
Do this? Does one need to be a masochist to enjoy a Sunday walk?

Back at home the phone rings and a mate asks how did the day fare?
Wonderful you say, absolutely terrific, I had the time of my life.
You tell him that he should come along to enjoy the bracing air
And the camaraderie, and leave behind the stresses and the strife.
I say, don't waste your Sundays propping up the bar at your local pub,
Join the happy band of the Blairgowrie and District Hillwalking Club.

Anon !