

Dear All.

Wednesday 20th May (Diddy David and Linda da Plant B – 7miles)

The weather today is forecast to be warm and sunny, like the ray of sunshine which always surrounds a walk when David is leader of the pack, this week is THE exception. We meet outside the Hebden tea room, which although closed to the general public, is open on a click and collect basis. Orders for collection before 10.30am Wednesdays thus in time for the walk, have to be placed Tuesday the week prior, this is due in part to the virus situation and/or the slow staff. There is also a local delivery service, which is run by the retired post mistress and Classic Rock star Alice (on ya bike) Cooper who posted a hit with *Schools out for Summer*, and currently spring, autumn and winter, if the teachers have anything to do with it. The NUTs don't appear to want to go back to work, or at least until, a) PPE is in place (that's pens, paper and envelopes) b) wine is served to teachers with their free school dinners c) there is provision of extra Naughty corners, or d) the 8 week summer holidays start. The walk begins, following a route passed along by David in the faint hope that I will follow it, fat chance. We take the Annual (Nettle) Tea Dance route, following Hebden Beck after its left Nanny State Spout, the path leads down to the Wharfe suspenders bridge, constructed quite early on by architect Anne (the girdle) Summers and associates. The route turns right to follow the wharf along its scenic uphill route past the Sewage Treatment works at Lower Linton. It's here we have the choice of crossing the stepping stones, going back (which would be the wisest move) or taking the dry route towards Linton Falls. and the pretty church of St Michael, the patron saint of M&S gent's undergarments and Food Hall. We continue along the river path, keeping to the Mrs Dales Whey, until we reach Gastric's Band or strid which is where the lovely Linda (I'm told to say) was first introduced to Wild Water Swimming, this is now her 2nd favourite spot, after the Skipton Public Baths & Spa. Its probably time for a Sweetie break, but due to Linda's swimming activities they have become a bit damp. The sherbet lemons have become just lemons, as the sherbet has dissolved. The resident brown trout now more rainbowish after ingesting a large bag of Kali, not sure how the members of KAC (Kinsley Angling Club) are going to react. Speaking of kack, the butterscotch tablets have never improved much over the years, to me the Liquorish ones were the better bet. As the sweetie break comes to an end, David has managed to save the day with a round of Dodgy Jammies, they were the other way round but due to the expiry date on the packed being 04/12/2015 they are definitely on the dodgy side. We gird up our loins and move on towards Grass wood, strange name, its either a wood wood, or a grass field, its must be to do with the ancient local landscape which is full of medieval and earlier relics, Judith (steady) would be able to tell us more, but its not her walk. She does also have her hands full keeping George on the straight and narrow, think the wine gums might have got to him. The lunch stop is to be taken at the Upper Wharfe Cricket ground well known for the sound of leather against willow, to brighten up a dull afternoon, we could certainly do with it now. Never had a lot of time for cricket, I was always wary of the sound of leather against my left ear or knuckles. Suppose it's a lot different today, after the Australian' introduced the Ned Kelly PPE vestments policy, and everyone else followed with suits of armour, Test Match special is more like a scene from Camelot these days. Lunch least we forget is today, for the lovely Carol and I, come direct from the M&S out of date range and consists of a Best before *Meal for 2 deal*, with free wine, thrown in, should have been thrown out. As the day is drawing in and the bottom of the page is approaching, we better move on. The walk into Grassington is without incident if you overlook Chrissie's confrontation with the postman, but that's another unsavoury story, bit like my lunch then. Grassington is still quite a Ghost Town of its former self, with only the Medical Centre doing any meaningful business, due in part to its Blue Badge event on surgical stocking and used face masks. The owners of the Car Park are trying to drum up trade by having a free pee event, but its not at weekends and only after 8pm, surly they are having a laugh. The route out of town is via High Lane which gives good views of the Wharfe Upper valley, before we descend back into Hebden to re-join the afternoon tea queue at the School Rooms, before leaving after midnight for our journey home. The forthcoming walk which is scheduled as a Pie Walk, and under normal circumstances would be a joy to look forward too. Unfortunately, however, Derek is leader, so us like Tina will be dragged along once again around the Pie Capital of the northern hemisphere, kicking, screaming and wiping warm gravy off our shirt

fronts. To say this week's walk has been enjoyable would be pushing it, smile it could have been worse, like 8 miles. Thank you all once again for making the trip special, eventful and forgettable. Bill XX