

we walked half the West Highland Way

by Amy Mostert



snippets from an illustrated letter I wrote of our trip from South Africa to hike the West Highland Way in August 2017

we walked

through forest and farmland, viewing distant highland mountains
by gardens filled with hobbits, gnomes and faeries
and everything was green and covered in purple foxgloves

foxgloves



we walked

passed distilleries and mini ponies, feeling weighed down and sore
along a roadside path sheltered by hedges and greenery
and took a snooze on a bench next to a river

we walked

up a steep little hill, looking forward to taking off our boots
to our camping site where we said hello to some baby chickens
and slept under a not-quite-so-dark summer night sky

we walked

for a short detour to buy more gas, buying way too much
through an avenue of hedges and into a forest
and panicked about the distance as we sped up our pace

Drymen



we walked

passed fields of sheep, taking in breath-taking views of the Loch over the rise
down a steep descend and along meandering shore-line
and got a good nights' rest at a lake-side campsite

Balmaha



we walked

early before the dawn, speeding to make up for lost miles
through drizzly forests, along little wet sandy beaches
and stopped to make tea on our stove in the rain

we walked

passed waterfalls and cliffs, making good time before lunch
into a faery circle? where hours disappeared into the afternoon
and then tried to rush up and down all the steps and boulders

we walked

passed a gushing waterfall, feet aching and almost in tears
with jacket on jacket off, jacket on jacket off
but no matter how fast we barely covered any distance

we walked

passed other hikers camping by the path, thinking maybe we do the same
until we could walk no more, set up our tent in wet grass amid the ferns
and tucked ourselves into our sleeping bags and fresh socks for the night

midgies!



we walked

with our wet tent packed, fleeing swarms of killer midgies
to the end of the Loch as rain fell hard on soaked muddy paths
and I a slipped and fell climbing over a stile

we walked

next to dry-stone walls, under clearing blue skies with highland hills for miles
up a hill where two deck chairs and a cooler box of cooldrinks awaited
and daydreamed of pub meals and a comfy bed

we walked

the last few miles through a wood to the village, deciding to call it for then
with the views and the journey still great memories we cherish
and we look forward to our return to pick up the path where we left it



↑
asleep
in
b&b

Crianlarich

