

Picture the scene:

Early on a cool autumn morning a group of desperate looking characters are assembling in an isolated farmhouse on the long road west.

Terse greetings are exchanged.

Numbers counted.

Watches consulted.

Eventually one of the Elders gives the word.

Let's do it.

Masked, our disparate group march into the building

The Smellys are on tour again and its breakfast at Mainsgill.

Scene 2:



The same motley crew descend on the tiny village of Little Salkeld and set off down to the river Eden in lovely weather exploring, caves, old bridges, castles, stone circles and ancient pathways, whilst narrowly escaping the advances of the sirens of Long Meg to take refuge in the Sun at Pooley Bridge.

Scene 3:

Safe haven is later found in the journeys end at Greenside where our weary team refresh themselves with splendid pie and peas and explore the lead mines whilst a group of passing troubadours practice their well tested skills for the big night.



Scene 4:



A lonely figure leaves the safety of the old buildings, clutching odd markers.





On returning, he gives the signal and our intrepid explorers set off onto the mountains and clag on search of elusive targets, returning



eventually with tales of daring do, precipitous climbs, crocodile infested rivers, ferocious sheep and al fresco toilets to the warmth of the hostel for a night of curry, quizzes, beer, birthday celebrations, whiskey, more beer, thespian entertainment, gun shots and tales of times past till sleep takes over and all is quiet apart from the rasp of stentorian snoring.



#### Scene 5:

A glorious morning greets our waking group on the last day of their adventure as aching limbs are stretched and coffee looking down the valley clears heads.



The gang disperses briefly whilst culinary wizardry is again practiced in the kitchen to feed our hungry team before hands are shaken and goodbyes exchanged as yet another great



Smellys Lakes weekend draws to a close.



A grand few days out!