

## A Walk in the Kentmere Valley, Lake District

I chose this walk, John, Peter and Barbara joined me on it and as it turned out it was the last one of our week in Bowness-on-Windermere. The weather forecast did say it was going to be a better day than the previous one so off we went, as you can see from the picture it was a lot less than right. Still we are made of stern stuff and soon were on our way after parking the car at the village hall in Kentmere. The goal for this walk was Kentmere Reservoir, a fairly straightforward 6 mile there and back on good tracks or roads.



This photo (left) of Raven Crag shows just how low the cloud was becoming and as we followed a signpost across a very wet boggy field (right) I did wonder what we were doing there, there would be no nice views today.



We came out onto a metaled road that led alongside a fenced wooded area, we passed two farms and by then we needed our hats on as the mist was like fine rain. It did not stop me from taking photographs, not that they would win any prizes but they do show a little of the conditions. As we came to the end of the fence we came out at what I named Boulder Alley, I wonder how it came to be so strewn with all those rocks. We came across a small waterfall so of course we had to explore it and out came the cameras. The track went steadily up towards the head of the valley and we should have had a nice view of the surrounding mountains but it was not to be. If anything it was by then getting greyer and wetter by the minute.

I have to admit to a little bit of muttering by that time, food and a break was on my agenda but we did not seem to find a relatively dry spot to park ourselves. Peter was sure the cottage by the old slate mine waste heaps was just around the corner (Aren't all things 'Just around the next corner'?) but all I came to was a big puddle of water on the track so we all plodded on vainly looking into the distance towards our destination. It should have been in view but not a chance of that on that day, two words came to mind and one of them was "bleak". We knew it was near though, as on the track was lots of scattered slate from the workings up ahead, it is no longer worked now and on finally reaching it we saw the cottage and nearby mini mountains of waste. It was here we had our lunch and enjoyed a hot drink of coffee. We had passed the time of day with just two other walking couples, one of whom had a small baby in a back carrier so there were not many mad people out that day. The picture shows Peter, I and Barbara walking towards our lunch break area. The cottage and out-buildings looked in very good order but no one appears to use them, at least there was nobody around on that day.





Onwards and upwards we went through the slate and over to the bridge across the river to the overflow from the reservoir. Peter stopped to take some shots of the water coming down into the river at the base of the bridge. John and Peter went on after crossing to try some shots of the water but it was even mistier up there and they soon returned to Barbara and me waiting below.

It was decided by all to return back to the village by the same path we came up on. We could not see enough from up there to go by way of fields and tracks unknown to us (this is the second time we have had to do this, the first time the bridge was swept away) so back over the bridge we went.

The walk back was a bit of a trudge, we much prefer to use a different route on the return leg. We did spot a sign post to Kentmere; it was an old drover's road so I was pleased to see that. We turned off the metalled road and followed that for the two miles coming out at the top of the village and just a short way to go for the car.



Peter on the old drover's road with John and Barbara in the gloom following behind, I'm up ahead taking the photos.