

Tuesday 19th March 2019

The Roches

The sun struggled to make its presence known through the thick morning's mist. The landscape was dominated by statuesque rocks, all shimmery from the early dew. A well trodden path was snaking its way into the clouds, as groups of people stumbled their way up to the mountain.

A large group, clearly on a school trip, skulked out the bus and peered up The Roches. Wearing matching tracksuits and clean trainers, the boys began their journey up the rocks. One worried teacher began a sudden sprint to catch up with two eager young men, while others were trailing behind. The silence and serenity of the scene was instantly destroyed.

Having given up on the challenge, two members of the group looked on longingly. Bums propped on the front of the Ford S-Max, they bickered about the teachers. Refusing to embrace nature, they spat bars from music pumping into their ears.

Looking on in dismay, a dog walker, wearing a high visibility jacket and well-worn walking boots, shook his head at the group. His Hungarian Puli pulled on the lead, repeating the walk they do every day. His face was like a red apple and he looked exhausted. His back was arched and his face weathered.

Having conquered their challenge, the group begin to head back to the bus. As they trample down the rocks, the sun begins to peep through the clouds. The boys are bundled onto the bus and the silence and serenity returns.