The Monumental Asset



There's a trig point around here somewhere.
Hidden in the hedge, toppled over in the sedge, close to a ledge.
A challenge this year for the walk leader.
Standing on one leg like a cross between winged Mercury and Eddie The Eagle.
The wind howling, almost as much as the man, as he tries to stay balanced.
Waiting for the photo to be taken, proof of his foolhardiness.
For we have undertaken a number of foolhardy walks this year.
Hailed on at Abbotsbury, thrashed our way through endless fields of sweetcorn.
Desperately searched for an exit from a golf course, scrambled up, and down, ridiculous slopes.
But we have been richly rewarded, by magnificent views, when it hasn't been foggy,
Walked along ancient pathways, when it hasn't been boggy,
And worked on our tans, when it hasn't been soggy.
This most sociable of social groups, a chatty community within a community.
Where friendships are forged, and a helping hand extended, whether to assist over a stile, or to dog sit a hound.
Please give thanks to Cat, our monumental asset.

More stuff from Jules Procter can be found at :- http://www.banburyshire.net