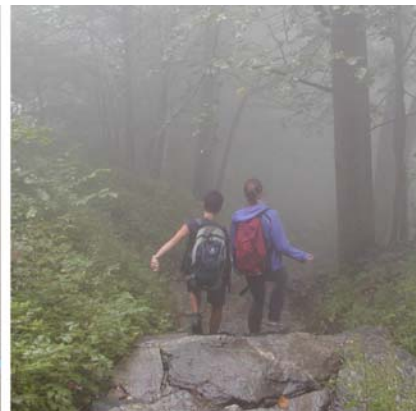


Sunday, August 28th, 2005
Amden

A little before half past nine I met up with Guilia at Burkliplatz by the lake to wait for a couple who were going to join us for some climbing. The sky looked grey and it was a cool morning. But we were confident that this time the meteorologists had got it right and we expected things to clear up soon.



Franz and Barbara arrived and we jumped in the back of their car and drove east to St Gallen, aiming specifically for the little village of Amden, perched on a mountainside above the Walensee. About halfway there the rain started to fall. By the time we got to Amden a heavy fog had joined in and things looked bloody miserable. Retreating to a café we joined a score of people who had also been caught out by the bad weather. We drank coffee and hot chocolate and chatted for a while, hoping that the weather would clear up. After an hour or so the rain stopped, but the heavy fog remained. We decided to at least go down to the climbing area for a look, and in the spirit of maintaining a faint hope we even took all of our gear with us.



We parked the car near the top of the upper path, donned our packs and then started plunging down through the wet misty trail towards the small cliffs we wanted to climb. It was only a few minutes of walking and we were there.

Despite the earlier downpour the cliffs of the upper gallery looked relatively dry, so we considered a series of possibilities as Guilia took us on a brief tour along the base of all this part of the climbing. We got to the very end at a number of short climbs called *Les 7 petite fugues des David* and decide to first play around there. It looked easy enough, but

we weren't incredibly sure because I had forgotten to bring my guidebook. It ended up being a bit trickier than we thought (most of what we did was around 5b), and it was still a bit slippery from the earlier rain. However, we did have a lot of fun and enjoyed the muddy climbing well enough. Some other over-optimistic climbers had shown up with a guidebook, I was able to snap a quick photograph of the relevant page and we had a much better idea of these and nearby climbs. It took a long time for the weather to clear, but the rain never came back.



My last climb, recommended to me by Guilia, was a terrifying 5c called FKK. The bolts were too far apart for comfort and near the end I was exhausted mostly by fear. That settles it then, I guess I'm never going to be a really serious climber after all. Perhaps it's for the best. It was still a very nice day and meeting Franz and Barbara was cool.

