

MONDAY

Ingrid High

That blue sky... What did he say?

"Yes, it is about the homogeniser" — Did I once see this as making life worth living? That blue sky. They are at least all quiet. Seem to have got all I told them in the morning. I hope. Has ever any of them touched rock? Warm, rough, friendly rock, balanced themselves with the help of just a tiny knobble for the hand far out?...

"No, a slash within apostrophies doesn't cause a line-skip." — Felt everything in their body being just right. True, I did almost slip with one foot on the slab, but the hands were — no marvellous holds or anything — beautifully right. Do they ever even look out of the window? The sky is so blue. My knees are red-green after that chimney the day before. But the muscles feel just at ease. Used, but well used....

Another question. — Sitting at the bottom of the pitch. Seeing Dave go up. Knowing it would be difficult. But... Linnell's Leap was done, so this would go. I can still feel every move of it. The uncertainty of curling Kletts on the small holds, the fast moves to the bigger ones. I'll try once more. No it didn't feel right. Need to think more. I will — must — get up. So. Dave swears that he didn't see my knee. — But I suppose that I am unfair to them. It is always the most unexpected people who turn out to be climbers. But they just aren't interested in this blue sky. Not in programming either. — Then there was the last lay-back. I can feel the sharp edge of the flake in my hands still. No rubber-marked foot-holds. Then it is all over. I stand in the small niche with the whole world in front of me. Dave leads on. Roger comes up. I can see his delight. He goes past. That place was too good to leave. Too great an atmosphere to break.