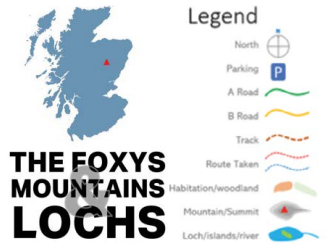
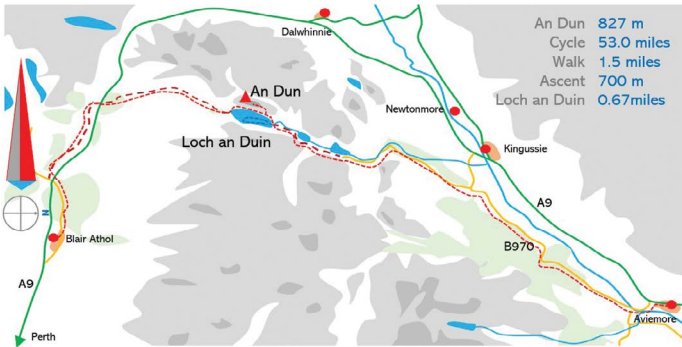


21 in 21 Act 4



An Dun + Loch An Duin



A Foxy is the combined traverse of a loch or lake (over 1km) and the summiting of a mountain (over 2,000 ft) bearing the same name. (See May 2022, p21.)

steep climb up towards the Edendon valley. By the time I broke out of the treeline it was raining again with thunder rumbling and lightning flashing in the near distance. As it was still July I had hoped for a longer spell of daylight but that was somewhat hopeful as it was now nearly 10.30 and the storm clouds were spreading shadows of impending doom.

I'm not sure there was any way to keep dry when cycling in a downpour and by this time I was already soaked through and not looking forward to a night in my single skin micro tent. (Summer use only, it advised, or was that my microlight sleeping bag?) In any case, the surrounding land was rough peat bog and stumps from felled forest with not a piece of flat ground in sight. That was not my only concern as I found that I was running low on water and it still looked like a few kilometres before I would drop down to the river. Even worse, my bike light had lost all its charge but there was just enough light to discern the track ahead. I was now in need of shelter.

I passed a ruined croft with only the gable end wall and the fireplace still standing, no shelter there. Then, a little further on, as the track started to descend, I saw another croft next to the track. It was intact and, more importantly, it appeared that the roof was intact. I dropped the bike by the side of the track and beat my way through an overgrown and nettled path to a doorless entrance on the



The train to Blair Atholl, the first warning of delays.

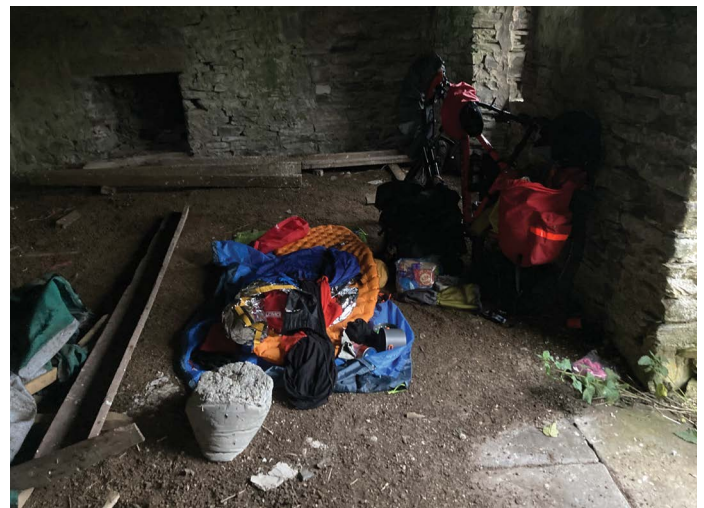


Alan loaded and ready to go.

I should have realized that all may not have been well when it was announced over the train speakers that we would be delayed 'due to weather related issues on the track ahead'. After 10 hours or so of train rides and three changes on my journey from the south of England, the final local train stopped at Blair Atholl at 8.30pm. Then the downpour began. The rain bounced off the platform in a fury and I rushed into a nearby waiting room which was, thankfully, open as many were still shut owing to Covid restrictions, for some respite. It was not looking like it was going to be a good start to the trip. I opened my packs and sorted out my gear out, pulling out my set of waterproofs. After about 30 minutes the rainstorm abated and I considered that it was safe to set off.

I was heading towards Loch an Dùin and the summit of An Dùin. They are situated at a pass that links the River Garry and River Spey valleys via Glen Tromie with my ultimate destination of Aviemore, a journey of 53 miles and an overall ascent of 3,000 ft.

The roads were damp and puddled as I began the gentle ascent out of Blair Atholl and under the A9 towards Calvin and the start of the cycle track that follows the A9 as part of the Land's End to John o' Groats cycle route. From here it was a good surface for 6 miles to Dalnacardoch Lodge where I crossed the A9 and started an initial



Inside the deserted croft.