



Coming ashore from Loch Fannich.



We are not alone.



Mission accomplished.

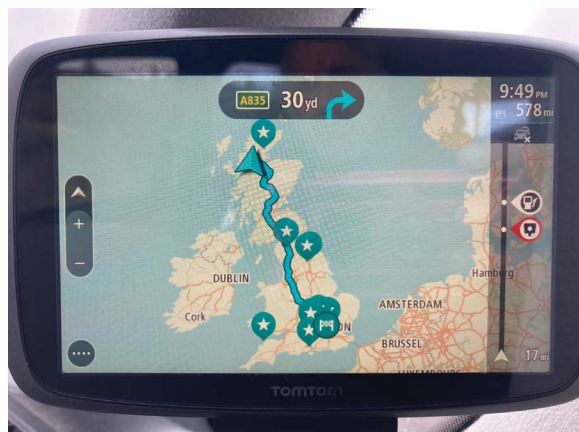
down my throat, washing it down with a cup of tea; I am now lying horizontal in the back of my car, totally trashed. It's 8.30pm. I set the alarm for 6.30am and turn off the head torch.

Sunday brings overcast weather and low cloud and after breakfast I drive the short distance up the road to park up at Droma Dam. I am back on my bike again following the track up to a small dam where I leave my bike. Whilst I had plotted a route via Loch Sgeireach up to the summit of Bienne Liath Mhòr Fannaich there is a well worn path that tracks up to the south. I take this obvious route and it lasts for a reasonable time until losing its way amidst boulder fields and bogs. I eventually arrive on a fairly broad spread of gently rising ground and in the low cloud I am slightly disorientated. A check on both the map and the GPS suggests that I go south to the summit which I do, checking on the GPS that I am heading in the right direction. I reach two large cairns that mark the short ascent to the summit where I sit down for a moment of reflection. I call my wife to let her know where I am. (It feels a bit like that scene from Everest (where the guide dies on the mountain) so I ring off and say that I will call again when I am safely down. There are still some pockets of crystalized snow and with the low cloud and dampness I begin to feel the cold and so I head back down to my bike for the final cycle descent to the car.

The Foxys are complete, 21 mountains, 21 lochs in 2021.

Yet again I have travelled to places, hiked mountains and traversed lochs that I would not normally have gone to. The Foxys, an excuse for an adventure.

Alan Fox



Home, James, and don't spare the horses.

Alan Fox photographs