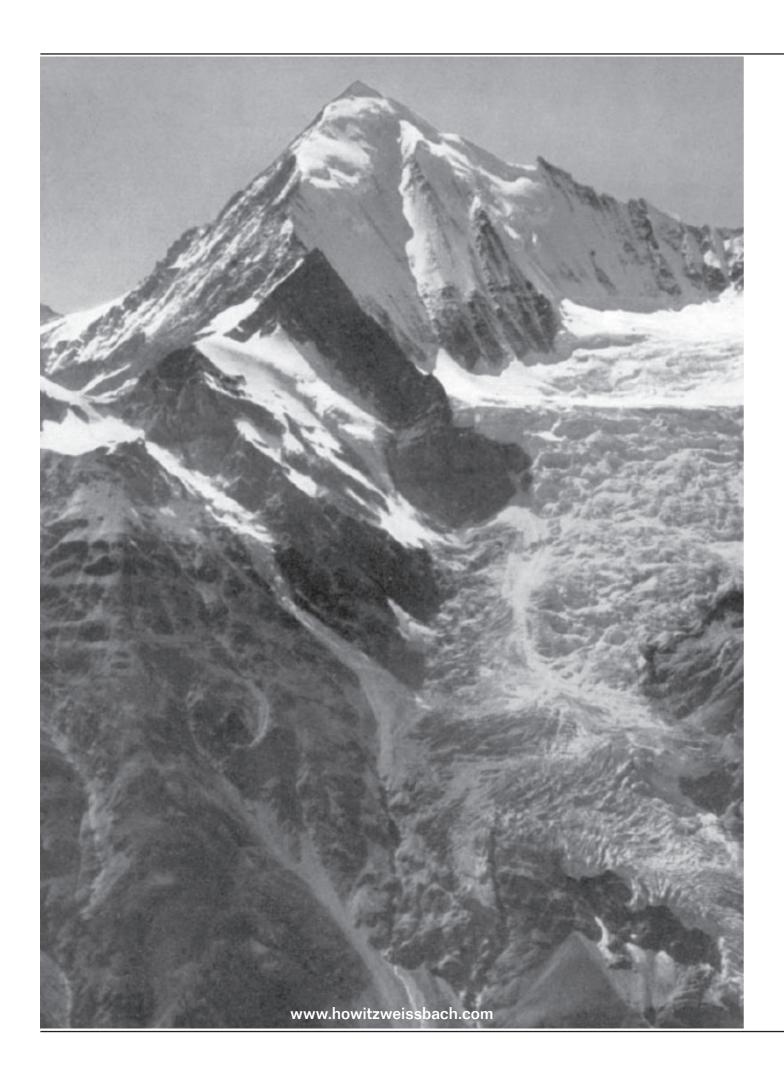


DREI TATRA



THREE TATRA

It is freezing. Snow everywhere. The woods are right outside the door of the hut.

Hot chai drunk from a metal cup. The mountain awaits. We start the march. The sledge behind us. Food in our backpacks. The sky clears. Our feet in thick socks. Snow crystals in our coats. Pine forests deep in snow. A small beaten track for walking. Freshly hewn wood. The scent of resin and the mountains before us. Like a painting. Large, looming, mighty, beckoning. The ascent begins. First easy then more and more steeply. We are slowly rising. Ski runs cross our track. Follow the yellow markers then follow the red. Down in the valley snow, children, sledges, smoking chimneys. White is everywhere. A short rest in the robbers den. Each has a Krakauer and a chunk of caraway bread. Then onward. Snow turns to ice. Panting. The tree line. Ravens circle above us. It has grown late. The sun is red and ominously low. The ridge. Racing clouds. At last the summit. The wind blows through the beards. A view without limit. Vastness. Dusk. Homely lights in the valley. Let's get back there. Crossing the mainline, following the yellow markers. Towards the warm fireplace. Euphoric exhaustion. A pipe on the wooden bench. Tomorrows summit already in view.

























