

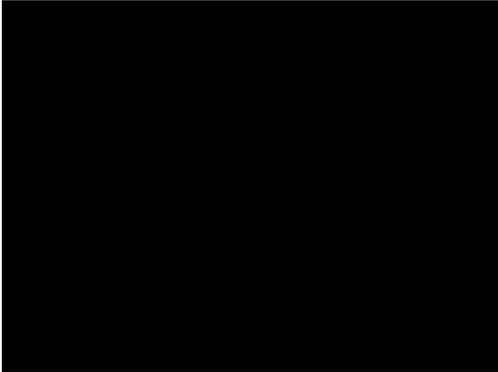
MOUNTAINS, MISTS, MUSHROOMS AND MEMORIES

the same forests and mountains myself. I cried my way through the books - one reason anyway for being glad my tent was well out of ear and eyeshot of passers-by!

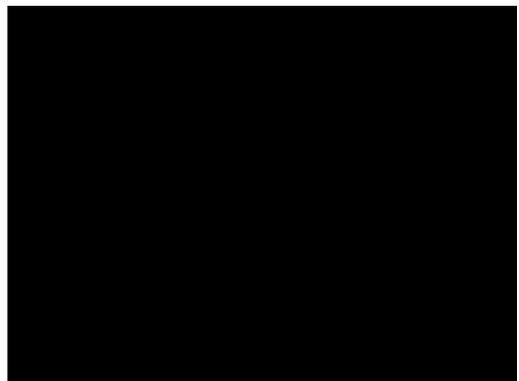
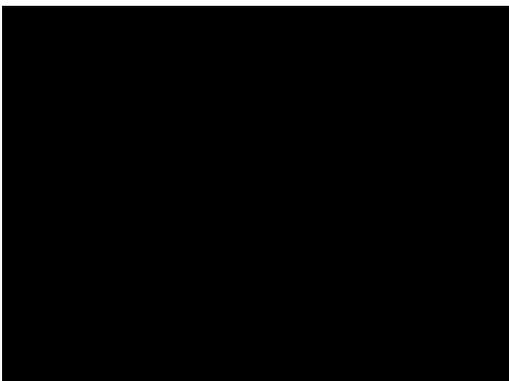
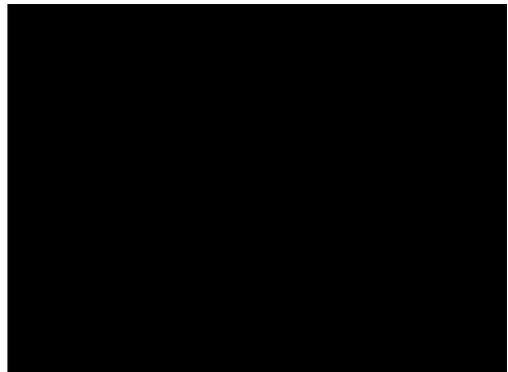
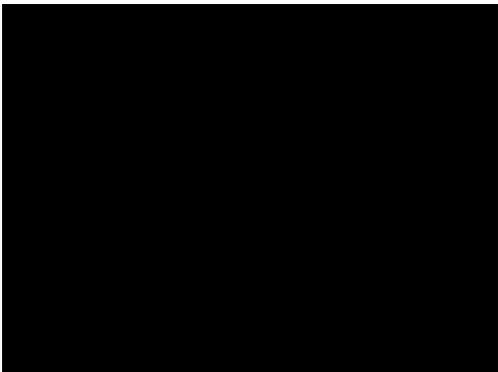
After the initial climb to the top of Monte Falterona, the walking was pretty easy. Navigating on the main ridge was straightforward and well signed and the familiar red and white stripe reassuringly frequent at times in the mist when I could only see 20 or 30 yards ahead.

But this was Italy where nothing can be taken for granted. There were times when signs ran out for no apparent reason (other than being Italian) and several occasions when I blessed Jack for his Instructions for Dimwits and Mothers on exactly how to use a compass. The lower paths when I cut across country were much more Italian and taxing: signs were often non-existent and paths led through

making sure there was no possibility of anyone arriving to witness them.



I also had to remind myself to concentrate, especially after rain, as it would be easy to slip. There were often steep drops to one or other or both sides of the path, but even falling on the



I was less successful with my blow-up mattress, a lightweight job lent me by Jack with more gaps in than actual lying-on material. I blew it up so hard the first night that I cut off blood flow to one arm or the other, depending on which side I was lying. This must have proved too much for my designer mattress which

Across the valley and visible from the church was the beautiful old house at Castelnuovo where the Contessa

