

Trip Report: Llyn Brenig

Date: Feb 28th, 2025

Group: Fred and Anne (leaders), Dave C, Jo, Clare, Lesley, Mike A, Chrissie, Chris, Bruce, Janet, Selina, Ann B, Steve, Sarah, Heather, Ali + 4-legged friend.

Total Distance: 9 miles. Total Ascent: 950ft

Weather fine, sunny and dry.

A remarkable 16 walkers set off promptly from the Pavilion, reaching the Lyn Brenig Visitor Centre where we met with Ali. By 10.30 am we were underway in still, sunny conditions. The weather most certainly contributed to the convivial contentedness which was evident from start to finish. After a short distance heading south, we headed east across the reservoir dam, taking in the glass-like appearance of the water and the towering wind turbines in the distance. At the end of the dam we turned north soon reaching a point from which nobody noticed or mentioned the 4000 yr old funerary cairn visible to our left; a few had by this time pointed out what may have been standing stones elsewhere, but the leaders were insufficiently informed regarding these structures and so could provide nothing of merit in response to queries.

Coffee, tea and other sundry refreshments were taken on a grassy bank overlooking the reservoir. From here, the path rose gradually, before turning west and then south, rising up over heather moorland into the Clocaenog Forest. Before reaching the forest we were passed by people happily riding uphill on electric bikes, one of which (the bike that is), was sounding a little under the weather. That bike subsequently came to a halt but ,to what we expect was the rider's eternal gratitude, whilst some of us stood around making knowledgeable noises, Dave grabbed hold of the bike, swung it in the air, spun the pedals at high speed and

dealt with the gearing issue in a flash. A good person to have in a mechanical crisis!

Lunch was taken sitting on the trunks of recently felled conifers, not the planned spot, but ideal in all respects. From here we carried on following the Clywidian Way, crossing over the Afon Brenig and eventually reaching a tarred road weaving back along the inlets to the reservoir. Towards the end of this, and just before our return to the car park, we encountered several twitchers in search of the reservoir's osprey, sadly nowhere to be seen today.

With Ali returning to south Manchester, we set off back to Bunbury. Dave and his passengers, who decided to follow the leaders' back home, seemed surprised at the various detours en route, including a jolly visit to a housing estate with tight turns and dead ends, and a long haul along very narrow country lanes.

As usual, refreshment was enjoyed back at the Dysart where we were joined by other more intrepid members who had been out for 2 days hill climbing in Wales, prior to heading to Morocco for a mountaineering adventure later this Spring.

All in all a very nice day out.