

Diary of a Rover-ing Coordinator by Alfred Tennant

Sunday 18th March 2018

04.10 – Mums Alarm clock wakes me up. No chance if she thinks I am getting up at this ridiculous hour. Clamp my eyes shut as she insists on making noise and turning on lights. After 20 minutes she gets the message and leaves the house.

07.30 – Dads alarm goes off. Do these people not realise its Sunday??

08.15 – Get dragged out of bed, dressed in my fleece and my new jacket and buckled up in the car.



09.00 – Arrive at the Laurel Centre and find all my LDWA walking buddies! Lots of love, especially from Aunties Alma and Hilary. Can't find my friend Maude anywhere. Do find out Mum has had an interesting morning – Extra long car journey, gritting car parks, helping decide to short route all the entrants and redeploying marshals.

09.40 – Back in the car. Meet Norman and Ian at Turton tower. It is so windy here they are hidden behind the gate post to try and keep out of the cold. Even their jug of water

has frozen. Luckily it's not long before the last entrants come through, shortly followed by the sweep team.

Drive to another check point. Meet Steve and Sue. Get so excited I disgrace myself by having a wee on their carrier bag. Try unsuccessfully to snaffle food.

On to Entwistle. As we approach the car park we find half of the checkpoint marshals trying to push a car up the hill and clear the packed ice. Mum goes to help and we go back to the top of the road. Once one car gets up the hill Mum comes and gets me and takes me to meet Auntie Viv everyone at the checkpoint. I get tied to a tree and snaffle sandwiches and biscuits. Watch mum help take down the Gazebo.



Off then up to Orrell Cote. The snow is so deep that I would be buried in it, so I stay in the car and keep warm. Mum is off again, this time to see Roger and Chris at the farm. Two cars are stuck and mum falls over repeatedly in the deep snow. Dad feeds me gala pie and I have a snooze.

We then made a final stop at the last checkpoint. I meet Ray, Ken and Sue. More wind and iced drinking water here. Mum keeps eating chocolate cake, but won't share it. I might have to report her for neglect. Lots of bedraggled but cheerful walkers coming through here. They say that it has

been very cold and trying up on the moors. I think they will be ok when they finish though, I have seen all the soup at HQ! More marshals arrive to take over from the morning group and I head back to the Laurel Centre.

At the finish desk they ask me for my number, I'm not sure why. Uncle Nick is there, but he has no gravy bones. I do not understand this either.

I find Auntie Alma who gives me more gala pie. I love gala pie. There are lots of people eating soup and getting warm. I nearly get in a fight with David Morgan about who loves gala pie the most. I win and make David hand feed it to me.

Dad takes me home, it has been a long but fun day helping out. Mum stays and waits for everyone to get back safely. I missed a near riot over Manchester tart, but it all ended well as someone managed to save one for Mum. She can't help having been bought up down South and having been deprived of these custardy delights. Its then time to get packed up and help clear the centre, taking the equipment back to be stored.



Eventually at 6.30 she comes home and we have a snuggle together on the sofa before she drops off to sleep.

She tried to hide it, but I know she made a fuss of Arnie the dog entrant behind my back. I will forgive her eventually. Perhaps if she gets me some more gala pie?



Alfred 

I thought my LDWA work ended here, little did I know that on Monday I was then expected to be laundry supervisor.

