

If you want excitement go for a pie night at Andersons!

Abby's comments in green.

Date: 24th February, 2010

Ingredients:

Fish Pie

Vegetable Pie

1 (only) glass red wine

1 black coffee – v good too

1 green tea

1 very pregnant wife

1 2 ¾ year daughter at home with

Jan

1 Volvo – “Trusty”

1 Landrover (sticky snow pudding)

With the impending arrival of no.2 child (now arrived, on 1st March, lovely Rohaise) we decided it would be a good idea to have a night out at Andersons for one of their famous “Pie Nights.”

18.42 whizzed down to Boat of Garten. The road to the village, Cromdale, was passable in the trusty Volvo, XC70. A bit blowy with some snow falling.

19.15 sitting comfortably in the cosy confines of Andersons. One or two reddened cheery faces chomping through pies and wine or a pint. A nice wintry feeling.

We had lovely pies. Me a fish pie. Abby a vegetable pie. The glass of wine was good too. It was a lovely couple of hours, knowing that the following months would be exciting, busy but great too.

20.45 depart Andersons for wilds of the Cromdales. The roads are fine, even after coming off the A95 at Cromdale heading up towards home. Until you come round the corner just beyond Claggersnich into a wall of drifted snow. We are 1 ½ miles from home and it is blowing a bit and snow falling heavily.

5 minutes of digging, reversing back and forth, even “trusty” would not get much further. *I was opted out of digging at 39 ½ weeks pregnant.* We would like to get back to Surya, at home with Jan. Abby would like to come with me. So back down onto the A95 to attack from the other end of our loop road off the A95.

We turn off at Dalvey. The road is ok'ish. Quite drifted at Shenach. We get as far as Old MacDonald farm and can see the lights on at our neighbours, David and Jacqueline's. *Trusty can go no further, on foot it is.* Abby and I walk there through reasonably big drifts. *What! The drifts were up to our hips. Thank goodness I didn't wear my heels out to dinner!* I leave Abby there and walk up to home with a stick and big torch loaned from David.

The snow was deep but I felt ok to drive through in the Landrover, as I walked up to the house. It was a quick turn around, pick up the essentials, spare snow shovels etc. *Not forgetting Surya and Jan.* By now it must have been around 22.00 (not the best time to be taking a 2 ½ year old on an escapade through the snow – *She loved it! Even managed to have a quick pee out the Landrover door into a blizzard, Chilly!*).

Into the Landrover and we literally had to punch our way back down to David and Jacqueline's though the snow drifts. A quick pick up of Abby (my heart did race a bit when I called in through the door and there was no reply, my initial thought was "she's gone into labour. It'll be a helicopter job from here!").

The 200 M back to where we had left "trusty" was now well drifted. There was a lot of digging, swearing, spinning of tyres, gear crunching etc. In the end we got to within 30 M of trusty and left "Landie" buried in a drift.

Well Trusty did the job getting us back down to the relative safety of the main road through big drifts and then on back to Jan and Gordon's (who had kindly agreed to put us up, I think they thought for 1 night, we stayed for 3!).

My thanks go to:

Abby, who did not throw a wobbly or go into a labour during the escapade that night. She did a few nights later and safely delivered a beautiful daughter, Rohaise. *Very tempted to call her Snowflake.*

Surya, who was dragged out of bed at 10 at night into a cold Landrover.

Jan, who did a lot of digging and kept her cool.

David and Jacqueline who were at home that night and looked after Abby.

Gordon and Jan who put up with hill-billy refugees for 3 nights.

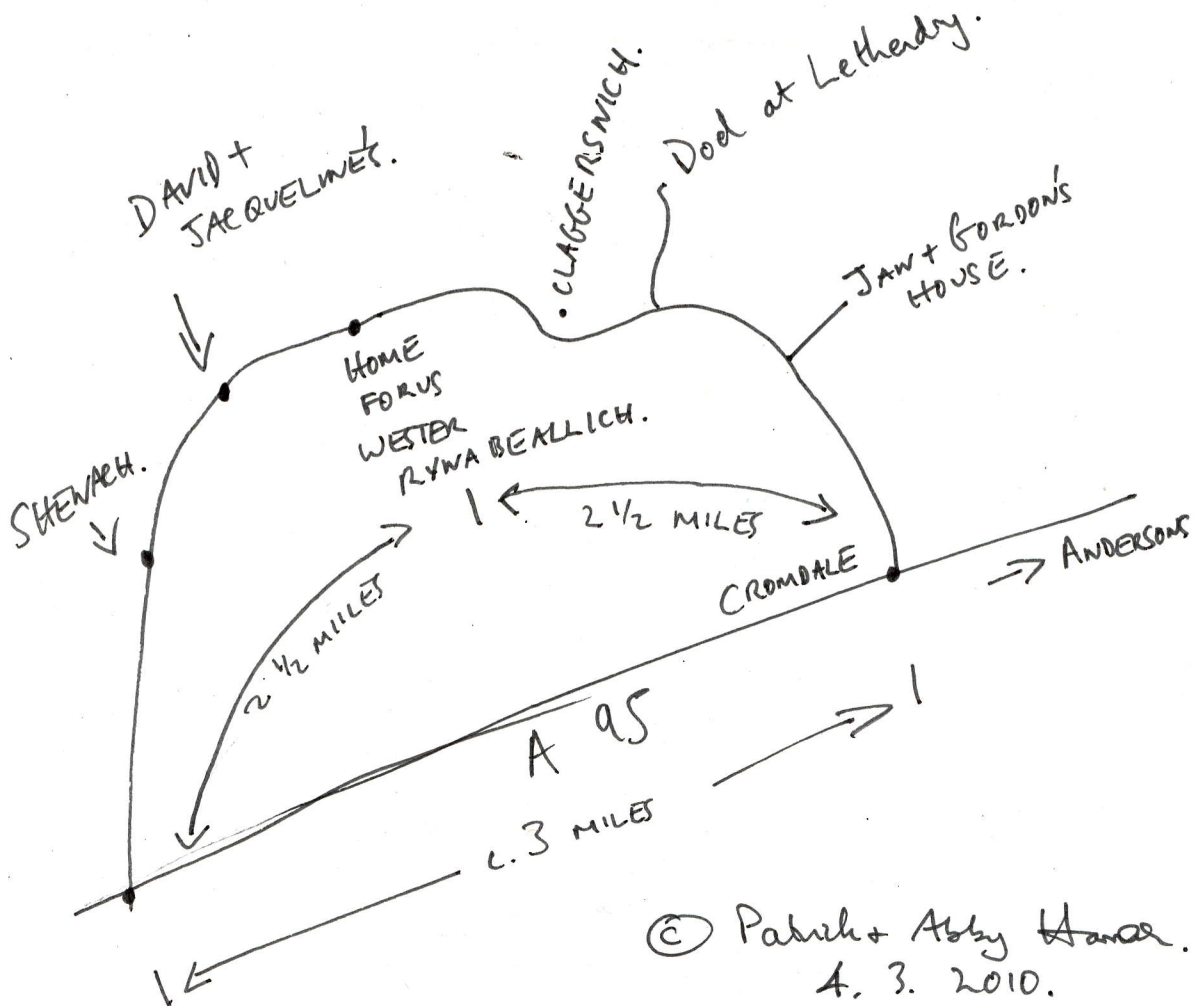
The MacDonalds at Dalvey who rescued the Landrover.

Barry Milne who ploughed the road from the Dalvey end of the loop up to our house a couple of days later.

Dod McConnachie of Lethendry farm who cleared the road (and has been all winter) from the village end of the road.

Vedrestein tyres.

The Andersons for the great pies and some excitement!



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