

## Winter K-24

I know I am going somewhere; I just don't know where yet. I want to go somewhere, where there is snow and peace. A bottle of red wine, the book Pot Nejca Zaplotnika and some sport equipment will be enough to survive from Friday afternoon until Saturday evening. This I said to myself already on Friday morning. At three in the afternoon, when I was still at work, I got a call from Zvonko Mezka who told me: »At half seven in the evening Janez Stočko, Romana Ostir and two other girls are going on a hike on the K-24. On Peca there is already half a meter of snow, just for you, call him and make an arrangement. « And then a wonderful winter fairy-tale occurred – K-24.

At six in the afternoon I was already in Črna. In between there was a lot of improvisation. Of course there were a lot of things missing, upon others my headlight. All I knew was, that I don't need navigation, as Janez know each centimetre of the way, that is why Vanja Mezner and Karin Sirovina Dvornik choose him to be the leader.

At seven in the evening we took a group photo at the polar bear in the centre of Črna and then headed to Uršlja gora. After good three hours we were stroke by the view of the valley that was slowly going to sleep. We were walking in the direction of Smrekovec. I was walking faster than the other, that is why I got lost from time to time and Janez was already a bit angry as I was not checking the blazes. I was looking, but I couldn't see anything. I could see and I was watching the wonderful starlit sky, a crazy combination of stars. Shooting stars took my mind away. Only when I was again stumbled on a root or I was unable to get my foot out of the mud I was back on K-24. Sunrise, the smell of the snow, the view of the snowy peaks interrupted my dreaming. The energy immediately returned to my body. That is when I decided, that I am going ahead faster. From the cottage on Loka my feet got used to the snowy conditions. Depending on this a double footwear would be needed, one definitely suitable for snow. The only thing that saved my feet from not freeze were the »waterproof« socks. There was a little of slips, glides, trudging through the snow and I was already on Raduha. Vau, what a view... I can't describe. After a long time, I could feel the smile on my face without seeing it. And now to the cottage on Grohat. It felt very easy, just the descent to the valley was left. But in between I was falling into snow waist deep, got stuck in the bush covered with snow, slide on the slopes, in my shoes I collected for a small concrete mixer of stones.

Vanja and Karin decided to not continue the way, and left, so Janez catch me up and together we relatively fast continued the way. The time wasn't our friend anymore. It was already 9.20, that is why we quickly ate something in the cottage on Grohat and moved on, as there was still the hardest but most beautiful part if the way waiting for us. From Bukovnik on we again ran into snow. The snowy Olševa, Govca, Peca ... »Look how beautiful. Snow and sun, « I was excited. The way was hard because of the southern snow, in which I sank in between the rocks and stones waist deep. Under the snow there were bushes and woods, where it sleeps more than on ice. Every time you get stuck in between stones, the stick got stuck more than half a meter into snow and you cannot pull it out. I know, there were missing baskets on my sticks. In the fairy tale house in Repija my friend Marjan was waiting for us. What a pity that we didn't had time to wait for all the delicious food that was waiting to get into the oven. That's why I decided that that my next way on the K-24 will have the beginning and the end on the farm Kumer or Repija.

At the end there was the hard climb on Peca waiting for us, that started on the farm Kumer. We were without energy, we ran out of food – chocolate, water, coca cola would be prestige, and we still had the enemy called time. We walked and trugged on the snow. The silence was interrupted by me saying: »Look how beautiful. « Then I heard Janez how he doubted that we will be able to make it in 24 hours.

We could use the additional hour, as I am a woman, and he already 60. Yes, for the way K-24 you don't need a chip, a tracker, no one is following you, there are no supporters. When you are honest to yourself, you can be also to others and the picks are the most honest supporters, that never let you down. Despite seeing Janez for the first time before 24 hours, I knew he meant it, as it was already his fortieth K-24. As a supporter of equality between genders an additional hour for me is unacceptable. That is why my answer was: »No. We will made it.« And we made it! Fifteen minutes before the time end we run from Peca in Črna.

Photographs should tell what the words have missed. For more technical details about K-24 (93 km, 5.600 m. v.) ask Google.

*Pleterje, september 2017*