

VOLUME FIVE · CHAPTER ONE

The Trig Point

A blueprint for finding where you actually are



It does not tell you where to go. It tells you where you are.

DOODLE

DISCOVER

DO

BEFORE YOU BEGIN

You can only take a reading from where you are standing, and you have to look both ways to take it.

The blueprint is a hilltop drawn as a surveyor's field sheet. On the summit stands the trig pillar. Behind you, the bearings back run down to the track that brought you here. Ahead, a higher peak you have not climbed. Across the top, the horizon, with a scale bar marked in years. On the pillar, a compass. And on the slope just below, the first cairn of the new route.

1 Doodle

Draw the bearings back, name the unclimbed summits, mark the horizon in years, set true north beside magnetic north, and place the next cairn.

2 Discover

What you have left off the map, which summits you can put down, how much of the horizon you are pretending isn't there, and the gap between true and magnetic north.

3 Do

One summit named out loud, one put down, one correction to the compass, one cairn built, and a date to re-open the blueprint.

YOU WILL NEED

The blueprint, printed A3 at least, never A4. Pencils, never pens. Ninety minutes to two hours, somewhere unhurried.

WHO IS THERE

Yourself. Or a partner, each with your own sheet. Or a small back nine group of two to five trusted peers.

Take the reading before you reach for a remedy.

WALK UP ALMOST ANY DECENT HILL IN BRITAIN

That turning round is what the pillar was built for.



A squat concrete pillar, a little over a metre high, tapering slightly towards the top, often whitewashed, sometimes cracked and patched, nearly always alone. On one side, a metal plate stamped with the words Ordnance Survey and a small arrowhead. On the top, a brass fitting with three grooves radiating from the centre, like the legs of a spider.

Walkers touch it the way runners touch the wall at the end of a lap. Then they turn round and look at the view.

The last time I turned round and looked at the view:

18 APRIL 1936 · A FIELD AT COLD ASHBY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Triangles, joined edge to edge, laid over the whole island like a net.

A group of surveyors gathered at one of these pillars and began what the Ordnance Survey called the retriangulation of Great Britain. The man behind it was Brigadier Martin Hotine, who planned the whole survey and designed the pillar itself. From one pillar, the surveyor sighted the next pillar on the next hilltop, and the one beyond that, and measured the angles between them.

26

years of work, stopping whenever the weather closed in

6,500

pillars built, about

1962

the survey finished

THE BRASS SPIDER

It had a single job: to make sure a surveyor's theodolite sat exactly over the mark, every time, on every hill. The angles were read by eye. Satellites do the job now, to within millimetres. The pillars are still there anyway, thousands of them, and people still climb to them.

The places I have climbed to, again and again:

HERE IS THE THING ABOUT A TRIG POINT THAT MATTERS FOR THIS BOOK

Not where you thought you were. Where you actually are.

A trig point does not tell you where to go. It tells you where you are, by taking bearings to points you already know. You sight back to the hill you started from and across to the one you can name on the skyline, and where the lines meet, there you are.

Heads down

Most of us reach the middle of our lives without ever having done this. The course, the job, the relationship, the mortgage, the next promotion. It is good walking.

The summit

Somewhere in our forties or fifties we come out onto a summit we didn't know we were climbing, and the view opens up behind and ahead at the same time.

It can be exhilarating. It can also be frightening, because for the first time the distance ahead looks finite.

The question at that moment is simple, and most of us never ask it properly: where am I, really?

Where I think I am – in one line:

Where I think I am — in one line:

PENELOPE FITZGERALD · 1916–2000

The promise everyone had seen in her at twenty-one went, for decades, largely unspent.



Born in 1916 into a clever, bookish English family, she took a first-class degree at Oxford in 1938. Then life happened to her. Her husband came home from the war decorated and drinking. Money ran out, then ran out again. The family lived for a time on a houseboat on the Thames at Battersea, which sank, twice, taking many of her books and papers with it. She taught for years, at a school for child actors and at a crammer, and worked in a bookshop.

The years of mine that look like waste:

SHE DID NOT THROW AWAY THE FRONT NINE AND START AGAIN

She finally stood on the pillar, looked back over the country she had crossed, and used it.

58

her first book, a biography of Edward Burne-Jones, 1975

1979

the Booker Prize, for *Offshore*, set among houseboats at Battersea

78

The Blue Flower, her last novel, 1995

Her first novel, *The Golden Child*, followed in 1977. She had written it, the story goes, to amuse her husband, who was dying. She could not have written *Offshore* without the houseboat that sank. What changed in her late fifties was not her talent.

Most of us will not win the Booker Prize. That is not the point. The view from the middle is the most useful view we will ever get, and most of us spend it looking for an exit.

What my own sunken houseboat gave me:

1 The woman who ticked every box

The list has run out, and nobody told her what comes after the list.



She is fifty-one. She did the degree, the career, the house, the children, the job title she wanted at thirty. The youngest has just left for university in another city. Her partner is kind and busy. Her work is good and she is good at it. On paper there is nothing wrong, and she would be embarrassed to say otherwise. But she has started waking at three in the morning with the strange sense that she has arrived somewhere without ever deciding to go there. She cannot name what is missing, so she does not mention it.

WHAT THEY REACH FOR *A kitchen renovation is booked.*

Where I have arrived without deciding to go:

2 The man who did the sum

He did the sum in his head for the first time, standing by the esky: four years.



He is fifty-four, divorced for some years, a quantity surveyor, good company at a barbecue. His father died at fifty-eight, suddenly, at the kitchen table. He knows he is not his father. He has not been to a doctor in a while. The sum will not leave him alone, and it comes out as restlessness: he cannot sit through a film, he has started arguing with his sister about nothing.

WHAT THEY REACH FOR *A marathon is entered, without a training plan.*

The sum I have done in my own head:

3 The architect who became something else

Nobody at work knows about the sketchbooks in the bottom drawer of her wardrobe.



She is forty-four. She qualified as an architect in Manila, came to Australia at twenty-six, and found that re-qualifying would take years she did not have, with a mortgage and a small child. So she became a project manager instead, a very good one. This year a colleague her own age died, quickly, of something nobody saw coming. Since the funeral she has been thinking about the buildings she was going to design, and whether that door has closed. She has told no one, because it sounds ungrateful.

WHAT THEY REACH FOR *A one-way flight to Lisbon is priced, and the tab left open for a fortnight.*

The sketchbook in my own drawer:

A NEW KITCHEN, A FINISHING LINE, A FLIGHT — REACHED FOR

Each has reached for a remedy before taking a reading.

The woman who ticked every box

The trigger: an empty house.



Reached for

A kitchen renovation.

The man who did the sum

The trigger: a father's age.



Reached for

A marathon, without a plan.

The architect with the sketchbooks

The trigger: a colleague's death.



Reached for

A one-way flight.

In each case the view has opened up, and the first instinct is to do something, fast, that changes how they feel. None of those is foolish, and any of them might turn out well.

But none of them is a bearing. That is the pattern this book is about, and this chapter is where we break it.

The remedy I have reached for:

ELLIOTT JAQUES · "DEATH AND THE MID-LIFE CRISIS" · 1965

It began as something much more serious than a red convertible.

Elliott Jaques was born in Toronto in 1917, trained in medicine at Johns Hopkins, took a doctorate at Harvard, and became a psychoanalyst in London. Readers of the earlier volumes know him for levels of work and time-span. It is easy to forget that the same man gave the world the phrase "mid-life crisis", in a paper in the *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*.

He began not with patients but with artists. Across the lives of a large number of painters, composers, poets and writers, he thought he could see something happening around thirty-five, give or take a few years.

For some, it stopped

Mozart, Raphael, Chopin, Rimbaud, Purcell, Baudelaire: all died in their late thirties.

For others, it began

The creative work only properly started.

For a third group, it changed

The work went on, but changed its character. This is the part of the paper that lasts.

Not the cliché

The red convertible, the leather jacket, the affair, the motorbike came later, as a joke.

What has stopped, begun or changed for me:

THE CREATIVITY OF THE TWENTIES, AND THE CREATIVITY AFTER

A forest dark, and the straight way lost.

Hot-from-the-fire

The twenties and early thirties: intense, spontaneous, poured out.

Sculpted

The late thirties and after: slower; shaped and reshaped, held back, revised, the material allowed to push back.



Jaques pointed to Dante, who began *The Divine Comedy* in his late thirties, after he had been exiled from Florence. The poem opens with lines quoted by nearly every writer on midlife since. In Longfellow's translation of 1867:

"Midway upon the journey of our life / I found myself within a forest dark, / For the straightforward pathway had been lost."

That is not a man buying a sports car. It is a man who has realised he does not know where he is.

Where my own straight way got lost:

NOT DEATH AS AN IDEA · DEATH AS A PERSONAL FACT, WITH YOUR OWN NAME ON IT

The first half of life is lived as if time were endless.

Somewhere around this point, Jaques argued, a person comes face to face with the reality and inevitability of their own death. The years ahead stop looking open-ended. The person has stopped growing up and has begun to grow old. One patient came to see his future as circumscribed: there was only so much he would get done, and some of what he had hoped for would not happen.

Deny it

Refuse the news. Stay young, stay busy, stay in motion, keep the feeling at arm's length with whatever is to hand. Much of the comic midlife crisis is this.

Work it through

Let the realisation in, grieve what will not happen, and come out with a more grounded relationship with reality.

CONSTRUCTIVE RESIGNATION

He did not mean giving up. He meant the conscious and unconscious acceptance that some frustration is inevitable, that not everything will be done. The second word matters less than the first. Out of it comes a different kind of work and life: slower, deeper, more sculpted.

What I am keeping at arm's length:

DANIEL LEVINSON · YALE · *THE SEASONS OF A MAN'S LIFE* · 1978

Did it happen? Was it ever the right dream? Whose was it in the first place?

40

men aged 35 to 45,
interviewed at length,
more than once

4

groups: hourly workers,
executives, biologists,
novelists

40-45

the mid-life transition,
roughly

From their life stories Levinson built a map of adult life as a series of stable periods, each followed by a transition. His most useful idea for this chapter is the Dream: the picture of the life you are going to have, formed in early adulthood, often vague, often about work. It drives you through your twenties and thirties. At the mid-life transition it comes up for review.

THE WOMEN'S STUDY · 1996

Levinson knew his sample was all men. His companion study of forty-five women was completed after his death by his wife and collaborator, Judy Levinson. The broad pattern held, but the women's Dreams were more often split between work and family, and their transitions bent by expectations the men had never had to carry.

My Dream at twenty-five – and whose it was:

THE RESEARCH SINCE HAS ARGUED WITH BOTH MEN

The dramatic crisis is not universal. But the review is very common.

Larger studies have not found a single age at which everyone goes into crisis, and only a minority say they have had anything they would call a midlife crisis. For most people, midlife is a time of achievement and satisfaction rather than turmoil. Levinson's samples were small and his stages tidy. Jaques wrote from a consulting room and the biographies of geniuses.

The only question is whether you take the reading deliberately, with a pencil, or let it happen to you at three in the morning.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JAKES AT HIS OWN TURN, HE DID NOT STOP

He published the midlife paper in his late forties. He wrote *Human Capability*, with Kathryn Cason, in his seventies, and kept refining requisite organisation into his eighties. His last book was published in 2002, when he was eighty-five. He died in 2003, aged eighty-six.

He sculpted.

When I last took a reading on purpose:

JAQUES AND LEVINSON, DRAWN ONTO ONE HILLTOP

Bearings back, the unclimbed, the horizon, true north, the next cairn.

1 The bearings back

Levinson's review: what you set out to do, what you did, and what happened to you that you never chose.

2 The unclimbed

The Dream, and the summits in it you have not reached.

3 The horizon

Jaques's central insight: time, seen plainly.

4 True north

What the working-through produces: a grounded sense of what matters, now that not everything can.

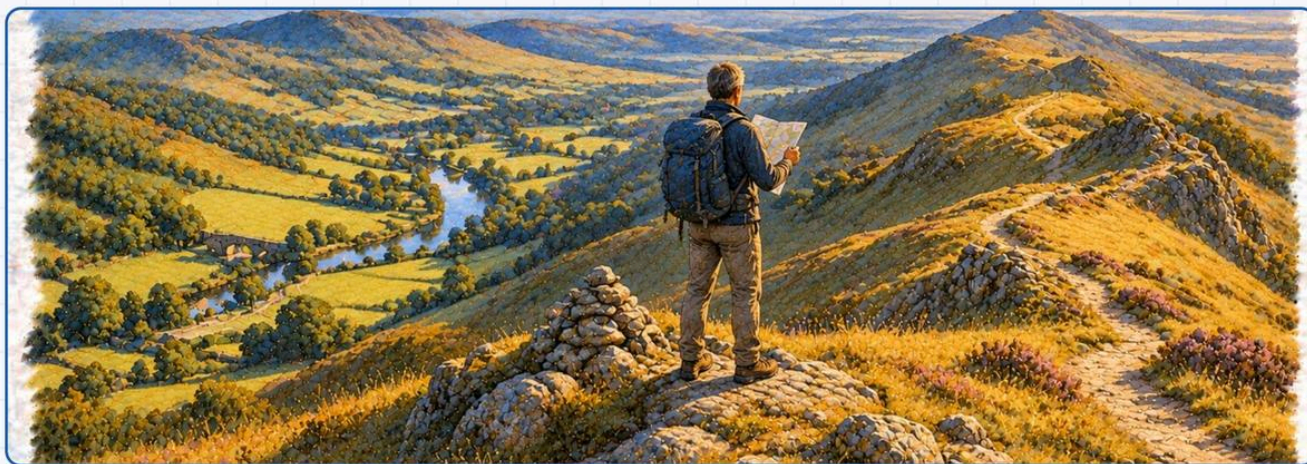
5 The next cairn

The sculptor's first cut, made with the material you actually have.

The reading I most need to take:

BECAUSE IT IS A GREAT DEAL, AND THE JOKES LEAVE IT OUT

That is judgement, earned slowly.



Judgement

You know what you are good at and, more usefully, what you are not. You have been through things you thought would break you, and they did not. Most of you have stopped needing everyone to like you.

Freedom

It comes unevenly. Children need you differently. Ambitions held for someone else's approval can be quietly retired. You get to ask what you actually want.

Jaques's sculpted creativity is not a consolation prize for losing the fire. It is a different and in many ways a better kind of work.

What I know now that I could not have known at twenty-five:

THE TURN RARELY ARRIVES AT A CONVENIENT TIME, OR ALONE

Time is finite. And time is long.

A PARENT'S DIAGNOSIS

A FRIEND'S FUNERAL

THE LAST CHILD LEAVING

A REDUNDANCY

A SEPARATION

PERIMENOPAUSE OR MENOPAUSE

A DOCTOR SAYS "MONITOR"

I spent about thirty years in human resources and organisational development, sitting across the table from people at exactly this point: the redundancy, the restructure, the retirement conversation ten years early, the exit interview. Most were not in crisis. What struck me was how few had ever taken a reading of where they were.

81.1

years, males, life expectancy at birth in Australia, 2022-24 (ABS)

85.1

years, females — and longer again for someone already fifty

SAID PLAINLY

What Jaques described is not an illness. But if what you feel becomes persistent low mood, hopelessness, or thoughts of harming yourself, that is not a blueprint problem. See your GP this week, or call Lifeline on 13 11 14 in Australia, or your local crisis line.

Denial runs from the first. Drift wastes the second. Mine:

A WORKED EXAMPLE · ONE READER AT FIFTY-TWO, TAKING A READING

The Trig Point Blueprint

3 THE HORIZON

YEARS AHEAD *about 30, to 84**a calm tick, not a cliff*

1 THE BEARINGS BACK

SET OUT TO DO DID HAPPENED TO ME
own practice by : two kids, raised *Dad's stroke, '11*
a year overseas *a planning career* *redundancy, '19*

4 TRUE NORTH

TRUE · I STEER BY MAGNETIC · RECORD
family *overtime*
making things *the phone*
health *takeaway, late*
 THE ANGLE *wide — most of my weeks*

2 THE UNCLIMBED

THE SUMMIT WHICH WORD
cello, played properly *STILL*
my own practice *NOT*
law (Dad's idea) *NEVER MINE*
a year overseas *STILL*

5 THE NEXT CAIRN · THIS SEASON

a cello lesson every Tuesday
 BY *31 March* WHO ASKS *my sister*

THE DATUM · ONE LIFE, ONE HILL

SET OUT TO DO · DID · HAPPENED TO ME

1 Bearings back

Set out to do, did, and what happened to me.

2 The unclimbed

Summits assumed, named honestly.

3 The horizon

The years I can plan for. Finite, and longer than I think.

4 True north

The values I steer by, not the ones on the fridge.

5 The next cairn

Small, visible, reachable this season.

The reading — where I actually am

WHAT THE FIRST HALF GAVE ME

two good kids, a trade I know
a sister I can call

WHAT IT TOOK

Dad, too early; my forties
most weekends, to overtime

WHAT IT DID NOT DELIVER

the practice, the cello
a year somewhere else

IN ONE SENTENCE, WHERE I AM *on the summit at last, and the view is better than I feared*

DOODLE · DISCOVER · DO

A SURVEYOR'S FIELD SHEET, NOT A LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Three rules for the pillar.

1 Read the bearings back first, all three kinds

Most people list what they did, or only what went wrong. Few list what they set out to do, and fewer still what happened to them that they never chose: the illness, the redundancy, the parent who needed them, the luck, good and bad. Penelope Fitzgerald's houseboat sank. That was a landmark too.

2 Read the horizon and the unclimbed together

Some summits are still reachable in the time you can plan for. Some are not, and need to be named, grieved and let go. Some were never really yours, and the relief of saying so can be enormous. Tell them apart honestly, without pretending the scale bar has no end, or that it ends tomorrow.

3 Read true north before you place the next cairn

It is tempting to go straight from "I'm not where I wanted to be" to "here's what I'll do about it". That is how marathons get entered without a training plan. Agree with yourself first which way north is, then place the first stone on that line.

The bearing I usually leave off:

A GUIDED SESSION · NINETY MINUTES TO TWO HOURS

Somewhere unhurried, with a pencil.

- 1 **Somewhere unhurried:** a kitchen table on a quiet Sunday, a library, a bench on a hill with a view if the weather allows.
- 2 **Print the blueprint large:** A3 at least, never A4. Pencils, never pens, because you will rub out and redraw more than once, and that is the point.
- 3 **Alone, with a partner, or with a back nine group:** partners each with their own sheet, side by side; a group of two to five trusted peers at a similar stage who keep it among themselves. It works best when at least one other person hears your readings out loud.
- 4 **Read the guard out loud before you begin,** even if you are alone, and mean it.

THE GUARD

The blueprint maps a life, not a person's worth. Compare it only with your own earlier sheet, never with anyone else's life. In a couple or group session, each person owns their own sheet: nobody fills in someone else's, nobody reads a sheet without permission, nothing said leaves the room. If drawing it stirs up more than you expected (grief, despair, a sense that things are hopeless) stop, and talk to your GP or a counsellor. That is not a failure of the method. It is the method working.

Where, when, and who will hear my readings:

DOODLE LOOK BACK, THEN ACROSS

Do not edit as you go.

1 Draw the bearings back

Sketch the track that brought you here, roughly in decades. Mark three kinds of landmark: pennants for what you set out to do, cairns for what you actually did, rockfalls for what happened to you that you did not choose, good and bad. If a pennant became a cairn, or a cairn was knocked down by a rockfall, draw both.

2 Draw the unclimbed

On the peak in the middle distance, write the summits you assumed you would reach and have not. Not “success” but “run my own practice”, “write the novel”, “live overseas”, “be closer to my brother”. Beside each, in small letters, one of three words.

STILL

Still within reach.

NOT

Not going to happen.

NEVER MINE

Never really mine in the first place.

My pennants, cairns and rockfalls:

DOODLE THEN LOOK AHEAD

Look at the angle between the two arrows.

3 Draw the horizon

Mark the scale bar in years: roughly how many you can plan for, in good health and with energy, starting from the published figures where you live. Mark a few known points: the youngest finishing school, when you could stop work, when a parent will need more care. Do not pretend the bar has no end. Do not let the end take over the page either.

4 Draw true north

On the compass, the three to five values you will steer by. Then the harder part: on the magnetic arrow, what your diary and your bank statement say you actually steered by over the last twelve months.

5 Place the next cairn

Close to the pillar, one thing you will do in the next three months that lies on your true north bearing and moves you one step towards a summit marked STILL. Small enough to finish this season. Visible enough that someone would notice.

My true north — and what the record shows:

DISCOVER OUT LOUD, IF YOU CAN

You are taking a bearing, not passing a sentence.

1 What have I been leaving off the map?

Most people find one kind of landmark missing: only cairns, as though everything was their own doing; only rockfalls, as though nothing was; or no pennants at all. That is a finding too.

2 Which summits am I still carrying that I can put down?

NEVER MINE often belonged to a parent, a teacher, a profession or a younger you. NOT deserves a moment of real grief before it is let go. STILL is where the design begins.

3 How much of the horizon am I pretending isn't there?

Was the end of the scale bar hard to mark? Or so close the rest of the page went dark? The aim is the calm tick.

4 Where is the gap between true and magnetic north?

A small gap is normal. A wide gap tells you the problem is not knowing what matters. Your time and money have wandered from it, one reasonable decision at a time.

HOLD ONE DISCIPLINE FOR THE FIRST HALF HOUR

Describe, don't judge. When you hear "I should have", "I wasted" or "everyone else has", come back to the drawing. A surveyor does not blame the hill for being where it is.

The landmark I left off:

DO AT LEAST ONE OF EACH

Close enough to reach this season.

1 One summit to name out loud

One item marked STILL, said to at least one other person, so that it exists outside your own head.

2 One summit to put down

One item marked NOT or NEVER MINE, let go deliberately. Write it on a separate slip, and do something that marks the end: file it, burn it, give it away.

3 One correction to the compass

One specific change to how you spend a week, in time or money, that narrows the gap between true and magnetic north.

4 One cairn to build

The first marker on the new route, with a date by which it will be done, and the name of the person who will ask whether you did it.

5 A date to re-open the blueprint

Three to six months away, in the diary now. Take a fresh sheet when it comes, and keep this one to compare.

Name · put down · correct · build · date:

WHERE YOU ACTUALLY ARE, IN A SENTENCE OR TWO

Said without flinching.

- 1** You can say where you actually are: what the first half gave you, what it took, and what it did not deliver.
- 2** The three in the morning feeling has a name you can work on rather than outrun.
- 3** You can talk about the summits you will not climb without bitterness, and about the ones you still might without embarrassment.
- 4** The gap between the values you say and the values you live has narrowed enough that someone close to you notices.
- 5** The first cairn is built, and you are already looking at where the second one goes.

Where I actually am, in a sentence or two:

FOUR WARNINGS • THE FIRST TWO

A trig point needs bearings to more than one known point. So does a life.

The remedy before the reading

The new car, the new kitchen, the new country, bought or booked before you have worked out where you are. Some may turn out exactly right. But if the first thing you reach for changes how you feel rather than where you are going, you are in the comic version of Jaques's crisis, running from the news rather than reading it.

The reading taken from one landmark

The account of your life built only from what you achieved, or only from what went wrong, or only from what other people did to you. If every line on your sheet runs to the same kind of landmark, go back and draw the others.

The one landmark I keep sighting:

The one landmark I keep sighting:

FOUR WARNINGS · THE SECOND TWO

The surveyor on the next hill is measuring a different country.

The horizon drawn too close

The reckoning with time that tips into a sense that nothing is worth starting because there is not enough time left. That is not what Jaques meant by acceptance, and it is not what the statistics say about most readers’ horizons. If the end of the scale bar has taken over the page, and especially your days, put the blueprint down and talk to your GP or a counsellor.

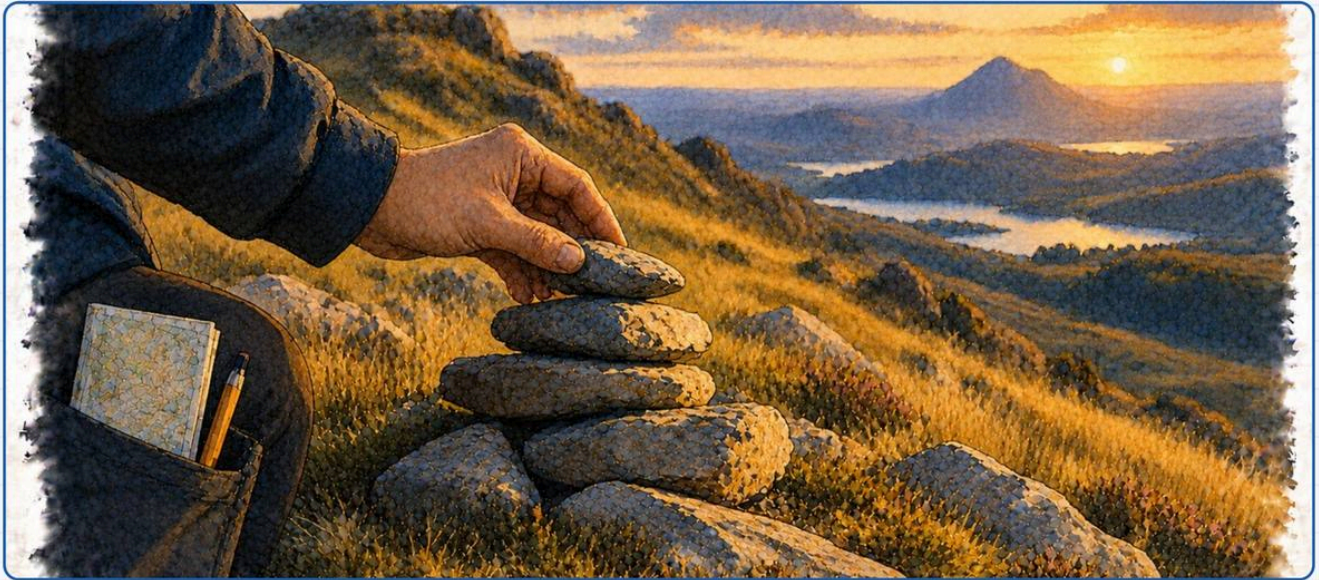
The sheet used as a scorecard

Yours against your friend’s, your brother’s, the people in the reunion photographs. The moment the blueprint becomes a comparison, it stops telling you where you are and starts telling you where you are not, which is everywhere.

Who I compare myself with – and why I can stop:

CLOSING · BACK TO THE HILLTOP

You cannot replay the front nine. You can find out where it has brought you.



For twenty-six years, surveyors carried their instruments up to pillars like this and waited for the cloud to lift. They were not deciding where anyone should go. They were finding out where everything actually was, so that every map that came after would be true. The woman who ticked every box, the man who did the sum, the architect with the sketchbooks: none of them is in trouble, exactly. Each has reached for a remedy before taking a reading, because nobody ever showed them the pillar.

Penelope Fitzgerald used everything the front nine had given her, including the boat that sank. Elliott Jaques named the moment, then kept working for nearly forty years. Dante found himself in a dark wood and wrote his way out. None of them replayed the first half.

Take your bearings back, honestly. Name the summits still worth climbing and put down the ones that were never yours. Look at the horizon without flinching and without despair. Find true north. Then place one stone on the slope ahead, and play the back nine on purpose. Open the blueprint. Pick up a pencil.

MAP

THE TRIG POINT

FINDING WHERE YOU ACTUALLY ARE

NAME

DATE

READ THE BEARINGS BACK FIRST

a bearing, not a sentence



1 THE BEARINGS BACK

WHERE I HAVE COME FROM, ROUGHLY IN DECADES

all three kinds — if a pennant became a cairn, or a rockfall knocked one down, draw both

SET OUT TO DO

plans, “by thirty I’ll...”

own practice by 30

WHAT I DID

work, people, things made

raised two kids

HAPPENED TO ME

unchosen, good and bad

Dad’s stroke, ’11

2 THE UNCLIMBED

NAMED HONESTLY

specific: not “success” but “write the novel”

THE SUMMIT	STILL	NOT	NEVER MINE
the cello, properly	☒	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐

3 THE HORIZON

THE YEARS I CAN REASONABLY PLAN FOR, IN GOOD HEALTH

finite, and longer than I think

NOW · AGE

52

END

KNOWN POINTS

▼ 55 · youngest finishes school

▼

▼

4 TRUE NORTH

NOT THE VALUES ON THE FRIDGE

TRUE

MAG.

TRUE · 3 TO 5 VALUES I STEER BY

for the back nine

family

MAGNETIC · WHAT THE RECORD SHOWS

my diary and bank statement, last 12 months

overtime

5 THE NEXT CAIRN

small, visible, reachable this season

ONE THING IN THE NEXT THREE MONTHS

a cello lesson every Tuesday

☐ ON MY TRUE NORTH BEARING

TOWARDS (A STILL)

DONE BY

WHO WILL ASK

A LIFE, NOT A WORTH

☐ GUARD READ OUT LOUD

☐ COMPARED ONLY WITH MY OWN EARLIER SHEET

RE-OPEN ON

DOODLE

Bearings back, the unclimbed, the horizon in years, true and magnetic, one cairn.

pennants, cairns, rockfalls...

DISCOVER

What have I left off the map? What can I put down? Where is the gap?

describe, don’t judge...

DO

One summit named, one put down, one compass correction, one cairn built.

name · put down · build · date...