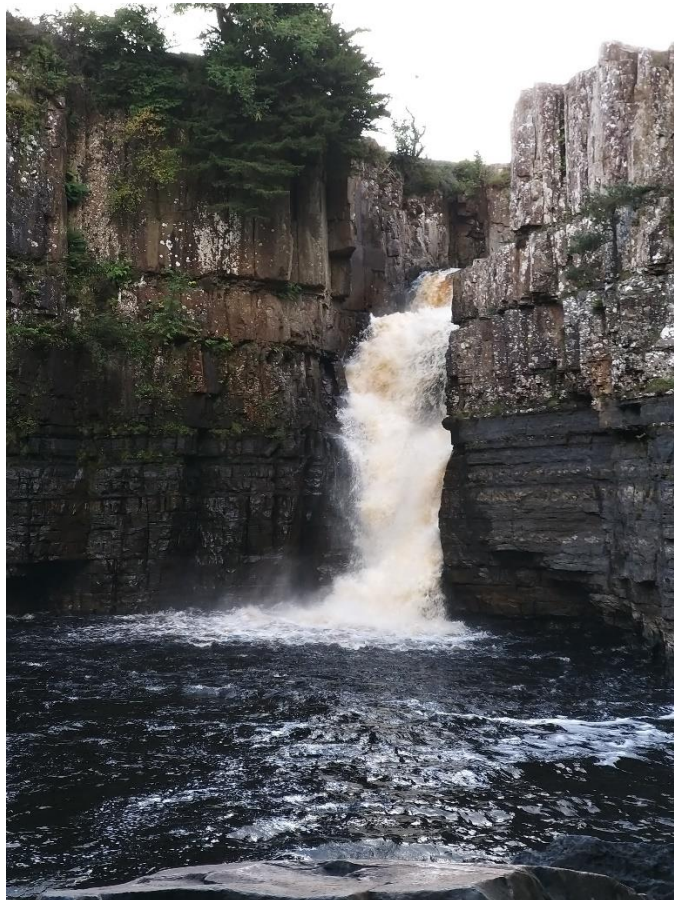


High Force

The power of the river, swollen by the melting snow, hurled the foam laden, bubbling water out and down. The breach worn in the ancient rocks over millennia long gone deepened. A rainbow of mist, warmed into life by the sun, escaped above the boiling cauldron swirling in the river below from the weighty avalanche that smashed into the depths. Rippling and tugging at the banks that confined it, the river Tees continued on its chosen course, past the viewing platform. Ripples of white water parted, outlining the remnants of rock scattered along the riverbed. The roar of the falls deafened the sightseers' ears and their eyes widened with wonder, mesmerised by the strength and power of nature. Time stood still, until the sound of others, wanting their own sight of such beauty, brought back reality.



High Force, Northumberland – Photo Patricia Simpson