

Chapter One

July 17th 1894

If you had asked him why he had begun walking towards the rock, he wouldn't have been able to tell you. The fact that he had to wade into the sea to reach his boat didn't appear to concern him, despite the fact he couldn't swim.

Only one other person on the beach that morning showed the slightest interest in the boy's progress: his father. The Rev Leigh Mallory folded his copy of The Times and placed it on his deck chair.

He didn't alert his wife to her sons ~~substance~~ who was laying on the deck chair next to him. His eyes closed ~~oblivious~~ to any danger her son might be facing, as he knew she would only panic, the way she had done when the boy had first climbed onto the vicarage roof, during a meeting of the mothers union. The vicar of Birkenhead quickly checked on his ~~other~~ three children who were playing at the water's edge, equally unmoved by their brother's fate. Alice and Mary were happily collecting pebbles as they were swept in on the morning tide, while their younger brother Frank continued to build a ^{area} plane out of sand.

The Rev Mallory eventually returned to his son and heir as he continued to head resolutely toward the rock. He remained ⁱⁿ passive ^{pro} and only rose from his deck chair ~~when~~ the waves were washing the boy ~~back~~ swimming trunk.

Although the boy was now clearly out of his depth, the moment he reached the jagged point he deftly pulled himself out of the sea, and ~~leapt~~ leapt from ridge to ridge quickly reaching the summit. George settled on the top of the rock and stared out to sea. Although his favorite

subject at school was history, ~~but~~ clearly no one had told him about King Canute's ~~trick~~ ^{trick}.

His father walked with some ~~cautious~~ ^{cautious} as the waves climbed ~~then~~ ceaselessly up the rocks, but he still needed to get his timing right. He patiently waited for the boy to become aware of the danger he was facing, and finally ^{and} turned ^{back} to help. He didn't.

When the first spray of foam touched the boy's toes the Rev Mallow headed down the beach towards the water edge. 'Very good' my boy he ^{murmured} ~~praised~~ as he passed his youngest, his eyes never leaving his first born, who still hadn't looked back although the waves were now lapping around his ankles.

The Rev Mallow plunged into the sea, and began ^{to swim} ~~his~~ military breast stroke. As he headed ^{slushy} ~~slushy~~ towards the rock, he ^{soon} ~~soon~~ realized that ~~the~~ ^{the} was further away than he had anticipated, because long before he'd reached the ~~edge~~ ^{edge} the waves were once again covering the boy swimming trunk, but still ~~the boy~~ ^{he} didn't look back.

When George's father reached the rock, he pulled himself ^{out of the sea} ~~climbed up~~, showing none of the self assurance his son had earlier displayed. He clambered ^{climbed} ~~up~~ to the top, and out of breath took a place by his son's side. That when he heard the first stream.

The Rev Mallow turned to observe his wife, standing at the water edge crying George George.

Perhaps we should be making our way back ^{now} ~~now~~ said George's father, trying to sound unimpaired.

Just a couple more minutes Papa ~~said~~ ^{begin} George at ~~the~~ continued to stare resolutely out to sea.

But that moment a speck of foam touched the
boy's ~~head~~ ^{hair} and his father ~~leapt~~ ^{jumped} back, and grabbed
him ~~gently~~ ^{gently} pulled his son off the rock.

It took considerably longer for the two of
them to reach the safety of the beach as
the Rev Mallory cradled his son in his arms,
~~while~~ ^{while} ~~and~~ ^{and} remaining on his back, with only the use
of his legs to assist him on the return journey,
when the swimmer finally collapsed onto the
beach, George's mother rushed towards them,
smothering her son in her arms shouting
Thank God Thank God while showing not the
slightest interest in her exhausted husband.

The two girls stood several paces back from
the advancing tide quietly sobbing while ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~continued~~ ^{continued} to build his aeroplane. ~~For~~ ^{For} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~any~~ ^{any}
~~thought~~ ^{thought} of death not yet having ~~entered~~ ^{entered}
his mind.

The Rev Mallory sat up and stared at
his eldest child who was still staring out to
sea, the rock having completely disappeared
under the waves. ~~His father accepted for the~~
~~first time the boy clearly had no understanding~~
~~of the word fear.~~

~~END OF CHAPTER~~

It was the first occasion on which the father
accepted his son had no concept of ~~the~~
~~word~~ fear

END OF CHAPTER

begged George who continued to stare resolutely out to sea.

But once the waves touched George's shoulder, his father leant back and pulled him gently off the rock.

It took considerably longer to reach the safety of the beach, as the Rev. Mallow cradled his son in his arms, and swam slowly on his back with only the use of his legs to assist him on the return journey.

When the swimmer finally collapsed ~~on the beach~~ on the beach, George's mother rushed forward, smothering her son with her outstretched hands, showing scant interest in her exhausted husband.

The two girls stood several paces back from the advancing tide sobbing while Traffic continued to build his aeroplane. Death not yet coming crossed his mind.

The Rev. Mallow eventually pulled himself up and stared at his eldest child, aware for the first time that the boy clearly had no understanding of the word fear.

~~End of Chapter.~~

~~Fear George may not have understood but surely he did at some young age. Great must debate the true meaning of word, but for George's lack of fear they had no explanation, for his father's justice they would have had to be no further than his father.~~

Chapter Two

February 1898

Philosophers regularly discuss the meaning of the word ~~hereditary~~ ^{hereditary}, and more important the part it plays in the ~~success~~ ^{success} or failure of succeeding generations.

Had ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~pro~~ ^{pro} meet George's parents they would have been pressed to explain his extraordinary gifts. ~~on top of which he was good looking and had presence rare in one so young.~~ ⁽¹²⁾

Both his father and his mother considered themselves to be upper middle class even if they didn't have the ~~means~~ ^{resources} to maintain such pretensions. The Rev Mullings parish priest considered him to be high church highbrow and traditional, while they ⁽¹²⁾ considered ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~life~~ ^{life} to be a snob. George must have inherited some distant relatives' qualities while ~~missing out~~ ^{missing out} on his parents' shortcomings. However George was grateful that his parents were so determined ~~that~~ ^{that} he should follow his father to Winchester College, that they were willing to make ~~arrangements~~ ^{arrangements} in order that he ~~could go to a fashionable~~ ^{could begin his education at} ~~prep school.~~ ^{prep school.}

How often he had heard his father say. Well just have to tighten our belts especially if we are to give Trafford the same chance.

George considered his father's words for some time before he enquired of his mother if there were any prep schools in England for girls, that his sisters Alice and Mary might attend.

Good heavens no, she replied such an outlay would be a waste of money, ~~and~~ ^{so} what would be the point.

To give them the same chance as your allowing me suggested George.

But why put them through that ordeal, when

it will not advance their chances of securing a suitable husband by one jot or tittle.

But perhaps a husband might benefit from being married to a well educated woman.

That's the last thing a man wants reported his mother, they simply require someone to produce an heir, and organise the servant.

George ~~didn't~~ remained unconvinced but didn't pursue the subject until he'd returned from prep school at the end of his first year.

The Mallory summer holiday was spent trekking in the Malvern Hills where the rest of the family quickly discovered that no one could keep up with George, although his father ~~made~~ ^{made} valiant attempts to accompany him to the highest peak while the rest of the family were happy to wander ^{and} a few feet above sea level.

George with his father puffing away some yards behind re-opened the vexed subject that troubled him.

Why aren't girls given the same education as boys? George demanded as he led his father up a steep hill.

Is not the natural way of things my boy replied his father between breaths.

So ~~that~~ who decides what is the natural way of things asked George

God replied the Rev Mallory ^{confidently} [It was he who decided that man ~~should~~ ^{should} lead and women would follow, and thus it has been decreed down the ages.

Decreed by who asked George, because I can't believe God talks common sense.

By whom responded the Rev Mallory as he needed a little more time to consider his sons

more important
question and (now he should answer) it, Men
are superior to women in every way ^(p10) It was
ever thus his father lambly ~~stated~~

Then why is Queen Victoria ^(p10) on the throne
demanded George.

only because there wasn't a man in line
at the time replied his father feeling he was
entering uncharted waters.

How fortunate that there wasn't a man a
line at the time of Queen Elizabeth and even
Queen Mary ^{but George} which rather proves my point papa,
^{because} with that precedent as an example why
^{own} not allow girls an equal chance to make their
way in life.

That would never do said his father sharply,
such a course of action could well end society
as we know it. Just think about it ~~George~~ now
would your mother find a wife or a suitable maid?

By letting the men take up service which
would allow women to take up better jobs.

By God George I do believe your thinking like
a socialist, having you been told that Ugg
George fellow.

Lord George ~~the~~ ^{is} a liberal father

It is not unusual for a ~~father~~ ^{parent} to accept that
his son is better informed than ~~most~~ ^{even} they are
~~the~~, but The Rev Mallory was not willing to
admit as much while the child was only thirteen

George looked back to her that his father
was falling further and further behind but then
when it came to climbing ^{even} the Rev Mallory had
long ago accepted that his son was in a different
class.

George had not cried when his parents first sent him away to prep school, not because he didn't want to, but another boy dressed in the same red flared and grey ^{flannel} trousers was bowling his head off ^{from} the other side of the carriage. It was to be the beginning of a life long friendship.

Guy Bullock came from a different world. He wasn't able to tell George what his father did, but whatever it was the word industry seemed to ~~be associated~~ ^{with} something George felt confident his mother would ^{have} ~~be~~ ^{be} aware of, and one thing became abundantly clear Guy had never heard the expression 'tighten your belt'.

By the time the train pulled in to X (name) station two hours later they were best friends, a state of affair that ~~was~~ lasted for the rest of their lives.

They slept in a dorm bed in the ^{junior} dormitory, and sat next to each other in the class room, and when they reached their final year no one was surprised that they shared a study.

Although George was invariably a yard better than Guy at almost everything they tackled, Guy never seemed to resent it, in fact he appeared to revel in his friend's success, even when he was appointed Captain of Football and went on to win the top scholarship to Winchester. Guy even told his mother that he would not even ~~pass~~ ^{pass} the entrance exam to Winchester if he had not shared a study with George who never stopped pushing him what extra yard.

When the results of the ^{exam} common entrance ^{exam} were placed on the school notice board, George spotted another ~~notice~~ ^{notice} that had been pinned to the ^{announcement} ~~announcement~~

same board. The Chemistry beak, Mr Beecham was inviting any leavers to join him on a climbing holiday in Scotland. Guy had little interest in climbing, but once George had penned his name to the list, ~~he~~^{Guy} added his signature without a second thought, and it was no surprise that they ended up sharing the same tent.

George had never been one of Mr Beecham's favourites, ^{perhaps} because Chemistry was one of the few subjects George did not excel in, but his ~~lack~~ ^{of} passion for climbing far outweighed his indifference for Mr Beecham. After all if he had gone to ^{all} the trouble of organising a climbing holiday the man must have some virtue George centred in Guy.

From the moment they set out in the barren highlands of Scotland George was transported to a different world. By ~~the~~ day he would stroll through the ~~hills~~^{moor}, ~~and~~ while at night, with the aid of a candle, he would read ~~Beach House~~^{Mesmerism's case of Schizoid Hypo} before falling asleep.

Whenever Mr Beecham approached a new gill, George would look at the bark and unfold the note he had ~~selected~~^{selected}. On one or two occasions George even went as far as suggesting that perhaps they might ~~use~~ unfold an alternative note, but Mr Beecham ignored his advice pointing out that he had for the past eighteen years led climbing parties to Scotland, and could only advise making ~~to~~^{consider} the value of experience. George fell in line, and continued to follow his chums up well trodden paths.

Over supper each evening when George was introduced to ginger beer for the first time, Mr

Beecham would outline his plans for the following day.

To morrow he declared ~~at the end of the fortnight~~ we have our biggest challenge, but after ten days in the highlands I ~~was~~ ^{considered} your ~~more than~~ ^{extraordinary} ready for it.

A dozen young lads stared at Mr Beecham intently, as he added when we will attempt to climb the highest mountain in Scotland.

Ben New said George 4871 feet he added although he'd never seen it.

Mallory is correct said Mr Beecham reluctantly clearly surprised that any child ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~could~~ ^{could} undertake his feat. Once we reach the top he continued, what we climbers call the summit or peak.

You will enjoy one of the purest views in Britain. But as we have to be back in time for supper, and ~~the~~ descent of any mountain is always more difficult than climbing it, everyone must report for breakfast at seven o'clock as our journey ~~must~~ ^{has to} begin at eight if we hope to be back before nightfall.

Guy promised he would wake George at six thirty the following morning as his friend often overslept, and then missed breakfast, because Mr Beecham kept to a strict timetable that resembled a military operation.

However George was so excited by the thought of climbing the highest mountain in Scotland, that it was he who woke Guy the following morning.

George was among the first to join Mr Beecham for breakfast ~~the following morning~~, and was standing outside his tent long before they were due to set out for the mountain.