

Portland 2014

After a winter of truly awful weather and fears that the isle of Portland had been 'wiped off the map', a bunch of eager stoats headed down south despite the fears. It was also the last trip run by the epic 2013/14 committee so it was always going to be a memorable one!

We arrived late that night at the brand new Weymouth scout hut and were quick to make use of the various scouting equipment, including the volleyball; all the guys being eager to strip down to beaters/ string vests.

On the Saturday everyone headed down to the popular sporting crag of the Cuttings. We were greeted by glorious sunshine, by midday most members had striped down to either beaters or topless. Who needs to go to Spain or the south of France when we have this? A productive day was had by most with Ross and Joe sending/ dogging multiple 7as, Henry dogging a 5, Raymond sending a 6b and many newer members getting their first leads in. As the sun set we headed back tired and sun burnt, but the evening still had much more in store.

Of course no trip, especially one run by myself is complete without a disgraceful night out, this was no exception. There were rumours of an extremely scatty nightclub set in the basement of an even scattier strip club, all next-door to a dirty kebab shop. What else could you ever want? The nightclub was called 118 so named because all the drinks were £1.18 in price. It was a great find, described by the bouncer as the 'worst nightclub' in Weymouth. It was basically a dingy basement with a small bar and a pole in the middle, playing snobs-esque music. This was stoat heaven, basically an even dirtier version of our beloved snobs. The night went on and eventually people started heading back to the scout hut. However there was still 'Goldfingers' the strip club to investigate. According to a reliable strip club review website 'you need beer goggles to enter'. The men soon separated from the boys, when various guys (Henry and Mike) were whipped back into line by their bints/ women, they timidly left for the scout hut. Meanwhile the more free/ adventurous amongst us, including a few girls ventured into Goldfingers. We sat right in front of the stage surrounded by seedy looking men. We were amazed by the core strength of the dancers. 'damm dat core!' According to Ross it

was the best pole dancing he had ever witnessed. After seeing a few boobs and Raymond constantly asking for private dances we ended the night, heading back to the hut.

On the Sunday everyone headed back to the Cuttings for an even hotter day of climbing. Admittedly some spent much of it sunbathing, recovering from the previous night. I also had the disgrace of repeatedly dogging a 6a+. We headed back to Birmingham that evening shattered and sun burnt, but ooh what a weekend it was, a fine way to end this committee's term.

I would like to say a special thank-you to Emma for helping me clean the hut. And a massive thank-you to all the 2013/14 committee for all their hard work this year, you've been amazing and a pleasure to work with. I'll miss you guys!

Dan

