

Low House 09/12/2013

Once upon a time in a land far from civilisation, a pack of stoats huddled outside the bustling Munrow sports centre. Amongst, the excitement a phone rings... disaster strikes! *Please read the following aloud in a vaguely northern accent* 'Nick, what's up?' 'WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOUR CAR WON'T START', 'mother of all the f***s, THIS IS NOT IDEAL'. Whispers of the catastrophe were heard echoing across campus. One car and two sterling stoats down, the pack pushed on, cramming all they could into the already laden cars. Arriving at the hut many a stoat were amazed to find pro Chris and gang sitting smugly with a cup of tea, already having shot gunned beds, despite leaving a good hour and a half after the core mandem. After a cosy catch up in front of the fire most retired to their beds.

We awoke on Saturday to surprisingly clear skies, and set off optimistic for the day ahead, blissfully unaware of the impending doom rolling in! Many of the stoats went to Raven crag to get some badass multi pitch done. The ladies of trip (of which there were few, (inciting much abuse from the testosterone driven committee members) ventured up to scouts crag. After an hour or so the skies broke and an almighty hail storm hit a number of unfortunate climbers in the midst of muti-pitch. While Emma and Mo managed to invent a whole new type of abseil, which Emma mistakenly claims to have named 'the escapable abseil', Lizzie was not quite so lucky. Despite valiant efforts from Hazel, Lizzie and Steve were well and truly stuck. It was not until Dan arrived that the rescued team made any significant steps forward. After 3 hours, the brave (and partially frozen) troops were safely lowered to the ground. We quickly packed up and headed home to warm up!

After everyone was nice and toasty, we started the birthday celebrations for El Presidente. The night kicked off with a bottle of Sambuca and a rather naughty card, the contents of which I will not digress for fear of 'bringing the club into disrepute'. We soon took to the streets of Coniston for the traditional bad crawl. The low point/ highlight (depending on how much likeminded to Dan you are), had to be the 3PC, which was even more disgraceful than usual. After which we hastily left the pub. When I went back to apologise for our scattyness I was told in such a sinister manor that it sent chills down my spine; 'it's fine – just don't come back...'

We had a slightly slower start on Sunday, but woke to glorious blue skies which lasted throughout the day. Some would call it 'beater weather'. It was a great day of climbing with many new members getting to do their first lead climb. We arrived back at the hut with plenty of time to make it spotless and set of home satisfied with a productive weekends climbing.

Thanks to everyone that made it such a great weekend!

Love from Little Ray xx