

Ogwen - October 2014

Before we could even arrive at Glen Dena to prepare dinner and fight over beds, a certain car had certain Oil issues (again, at Ogwen, why?). However, preparations had been made and the issue averted for another day.

As we arose at the early hour of 7am, resting in the beds many of the MAM members willingly gave up for our tired stoats (thank you!), we got ready for a full day's climbing, where we were met by the all too familiar sight at Ogwen of inconsistent showers and looming rain clouds, but in the spirit of every Ogwen before we pushed on. Little Tryfan saw much multi pitching. However, Brian thought he'd go one further, by combining three pitches from three different routes he'd created a whole new master piece in his mind. But much to the dismay of those below him, forced to go over, under and around Brian's incomprehensible ropes, committee and freshers alike found themselves in the world's greatest human weaving session.

After getting a second multi pitch in, and some others having success at the local bouldering, the stoats returned home. A variety of meals were cooked and washed down with a greater variety of alcohol in anticipation of the games ahead.

The traditional games commenced, with the cardboard box game having five competitors all beaten by the second round of cushions. The sling game brought forth an entirely new category of facial expressions somewhere in between: agony, embarrassment, suffocation and something consisting of both shame and pride. Table wrestling pit many eager stoats to the test, but only the two 'beast secs' and Adam Jordan himself truly mastering the art.

With only two people brave enough to 'face their fear'; myself and Matt Reynolds (good man), the rallying began, the infamous lake Ogwen skinny dipping, many a fresher volunteered, unknowing of the pain ahead. As the crusaders departed a fact was revealed, possible the only time in club history, a higher female proportional of skinny dippers was present.

The 'somewhat' cold water caused many people to create noises never heard out of Lake Ogwen by any known organism, some even resorted to embracing religion (namely myself) in the hope of relief and to wake up with nipples still attached. With many 'dippers' stripping down to their birthday suits (mainly the men, but a good effort from Anastiasija) we finally felt at one with Ogwen valley, for it had seen more than most by the end of the night. Trailing back cold but refreshed, the crusading stoats joined their comrades back at the hut to finish of the night.

With the clocks going back an hour everyone got a well needed lie in after the previous night's festivities. However, we still pulled ourselves out of bed (or bouldering mats for some) before the slightly less late time of 7:30am.

With weather no better than the previous day, we still marched upon little Tryfan once more, with Brian restrained at the local bouldering the faff was minimized, but tired and achy from the previous day forced many to retire to the pub or nap in the hut to recover lost sleep, while a few curious stoats discovered Narnia deep within the vaults of Glen Dena.

As the last few climbers returned from their day's adventure many were bemused by that lack of Epics at what can only be described as an epic ridden trip in the past. Cars were ram-packed and the fridges were raided, many a passengers slept on their return to the homeland, but all in all, a great trip, for a great club.

John Harrison