

Sunny sPortland

You could taste the excitement. 38 Stoats, buoyed by promises of guaranteed sunshine, chatted outside the Munrow as they waited to leave for the sunshine-kissed south coast. After much unnecessary faffing, we were off - minibus brimming with gear and cars groaning under the weight of many a psyche-filled Stoat. At the late hour of 11 o'clock we had all battled our way down to the warm Scout hut, and cheered ourselves with tales of promising weather forecasts... All except for Sam Hockley. His car, being the finely tuned machine that it is, gave up an hour outside Birmingham, leaving its occupants with no choice but to limp back to Selly Oak.

Dawn brought the first rays of sunshine to the Weymouth North Scout Hut, prompting a mass exodus for the (as promised) sunny Isle of Portland. Most of the group headed to the Cuttings for a fine day of climbing, with many younger Stoats getting their first leads in. A smaller group headed to Blacknor South, where they cruised up Medusa Falls, among other things. The group at the Cuttings were soon joined by an equally large group of students from Brunel University, which made for a very crowded crag. However, with the exception of Annie's car, who didn't arrive until we left, the Stoats battled through the masses and were still able to ascend many plum lines before a retreat was made for the throbbing metropolis which is Weymouth seafront. Here many Stoats stripped (special mention to Jonny for his white boxers, and John for his beater burn lines) and ran into the sea, before running back out again.

Back at the Scout Hut preparations were made for the night ahead, with promises of 118 bar lingering in the air. Many a can of Red Bull was drunk – thanks Red Bull! – and it was discovered that neither 'Stella-bombs', 'Guinness-bombs' or 'Sambucca-bombs' constitute a tasty drink. At 10 we headed to Actor's bar, and endured the longest game of pool on record as Anushka and Elena fought a battle of epic proportions. At least they got their money's worth. 118 bar did not disappoint, with the locals and the pole providing much amusement for the gathered Stoats, who soon discovered the best beam in the roof for attempting one-armers on. As some Stoats headed back to the Scout Hut at the late hour of 12am, a smaller, more dedicated group ventured off into the night to discover the many delights of Weymouth on a Saturday night.....

Sunday morning brought yet more sunshine and an appalling smell of festering bodies. Despite the previous night's activities, nearly all were keen for more

Henry Jeffreys

climbing and the whole group headed to Blacknor, spending the day climbing in the sun before heading back to rainy Birmingham for the last week of term.

