

## Annual Dinner Trip Report

On a cold Friday evening a group of eager stoats set off from Birmingham, keen for a weekend filled with climbing, class and sophistication. Little did they know what would await them...

Throughout the journey spirits were high, (particularly after the discovery of 5p bread and a MacDonalds INSIDE an Asda!) and despite a few navigation issues, all stoats eventually found their way safely to the Hinning House, a comfortable hut equipped with fire place, beds with duvets and high tech kitchen facilities. The hut was soon filled with a mixture of new and old members of the club, and much time was spent catching up until the early hours of the morning.

After a good 3-4 hours of sleep it was time to get up and start what was hoped to be a successful day of climbing, at least until the predicted rain drove off everyone off the crag. One bus headed to Wallowbarrow crag for a day of multipitch and the other headed towards the single pitch crag at Scarfell? Black crag? Long scar? (Where were we?!) After a lot of confusion over where the stoats actually were, attempts to locate the crag in a guidebook were forgotten and instead, memories from previous years and a substantial amount of guesswork were used to begin climbing what was hoped were vdiffs.

Over the course of the morning a few pleasant, although very slippery, routes were completed. However our good friend the rain soon rejoined us, and after several members of the group started to show early signs of hypothermia, our VP made the executive decision to head back to the hut. This was met with no objections.

Once back inside, people soon started to look healthier, and although possibly designed for midgets (or social secs) the showers were beautifully hot. The afternoon was then well spent drinking tea and watching Shrek on the hut's projector screen.

The other minibus had more success on the crag with many freshers getting their first taste of multipitch climbing and only one sling and karibena being lost in an (almost) epic.

Once everyone had safely returned, Emma and Lizzie began the important job of cleaning the Meanie bin. As the original had been hijacked by the Munrow and was being used as a functioning bin there was no other option but to take the ice axe bin. However when washing away the thick layer of mud encrusted around the inside, the first major challenge of the weekend was encountered; an ice axe punctured hole in the bottom. Luckily Jake Lodge came to our rescue with insulation tape and bin bags and the broken bin was hastily patched up.

Later in the evening Beast Sec arrived with her team of triumphant boulderers, fresh from a hugely successful day at BUCS. However there was little time to hear stories of the day's achievements as the girls quickly got busy sorting their hair and make up and comparing dresses, while the boys got busy watching the rugby.

Finally it was time to bring out the Meanie. This years batch was quickly decided to be exceptionally drinkable, but also exceptionally potent, a combination which would lead to the night taking an interesting turn for certain stoats...

But for now, everyone was enjoying themselves, the boys looked dashing in their suits and tuxes and the girls looked dazzling in their dresses, UBMC has rarely looked so attractive.

Unfortunately not everyone was able enjoy the Meanie. Due to a prior catastrophe with a coach company, Nick and Dan, two of the heroes of the night, had offered to transport people to the hotel in minibuses while the remaining people travelled in taxis. However Dan made the most of not being able to drink by helpfully refilling everyone else's Meanie instead.

When it was time to leave for the meal the minibuses managed to make the somewhat windy and bumpy journey and arrived at the hotel with no problems. However the journey of the taxis did not run quite as smoothly.

By this stage it became clear that the Meanie had already claimed two victims of the night.

One taxi had to stop a highly impressive eight times to allow these two to chunder. By the time it finally arrived, one stoat had lost his ability to stand, the other had acquired a dramatic head wound, and eight passengers had almost lost their ride home.

Luckily, thanks to some skilled sweet talking from Emma, the drivers eventually agreed to return, with the promise of more sober passengers on the way back. On arrival these two were quickly escorted to the toilets where they would remain for most of the night. A huge thank you to every one who took time out of their night in a 'toilet shift' to look after the night's casualties.

However for any one not occupied or chundering during the meal, the food was delicious and the drinks and conversation continued to flow. Soon it was time to give out the much anticipated Prizes. Owen and Tom both claimed Most Improved. Prizes for Most Disgraceful and Drunkest fresher went to John and Steph and the All Rounder prize went to Joe. Unfortunately Pete wasn't present on the trip to pick up his Ross Cooper award, but luckily Ross Cooper was there to collect it on his behalf. El Presidente then stepped up to give what turned out to be a surprisingly sweet speech, individually thanking each member of his committee. (Awww)

The rest of the night was filled with taking increasingly hilarious photos, showcasing UBMCs musical talents on the piano and guiding old gits to the secret stash of meanie hidden in the bushes outside the hotel.

At the end of the night, although some members of the group decided to keep the party going at a night club in Windermere, most stoats sleepily piled into taxis and minibuses to go home.

In the morning every one awoke feeling slightly worse for wear. Only the incentive of an awaiting cooked breakfast was enough to gradually lure people out of bed. Some

of the group then set off for a fun day of indoor climbing at Lakeland Climbing Centre, otherwise known as 'the one with the slide'. However even this proved too much for some of the stoats' hangovers and a few retreated to the pub to recover.

Some of the others headed off on a scenic but damp walk, which almost ended with a wade/swim across a river. Meanwhile, the star cleaning team of Emma and Mike set to work removing all evidence of the previous night's messiness until the Hut was sparkling.

Finally bags were packed and the weary stoats began the journey home, which was only interrupted by a collapsed wall in the road. Fortunately this was no obstacle for a minibus of climbers and the men of the bus (plus Beast Sec) took barely any time shovelling bricks out of the road to clear the way.

During the remainder of the journey, the stoats tried to make themselves as comfortable as possible through different means; Ross choosing to settle into Paddy's sleeping bag. This would have been fine if he hadn't been for Paddy's announcement of "I had my first wet dream in that sleeping bag.... I haven't washed it since".

Thank you so much to every one who made the trip as memorable as it was and helped us out massively when things went wrong! We hope you all had a fantastic weekend to round off another brilliant UBMC year. We're very excited to see what the new year will bring.

Lizzie and Emma