

Low House Trip Report

As we met at the Munrow on Friday evening psyche levels were high despite the mildly moist weather and somewhat distressing forecast for the days to come... In an attempt to appease the rain Gods, Brian and Sam scatter Bombay mix. The offering is deemed subpar... however there are now plenty of nibbles scattered around my car for the months to come!

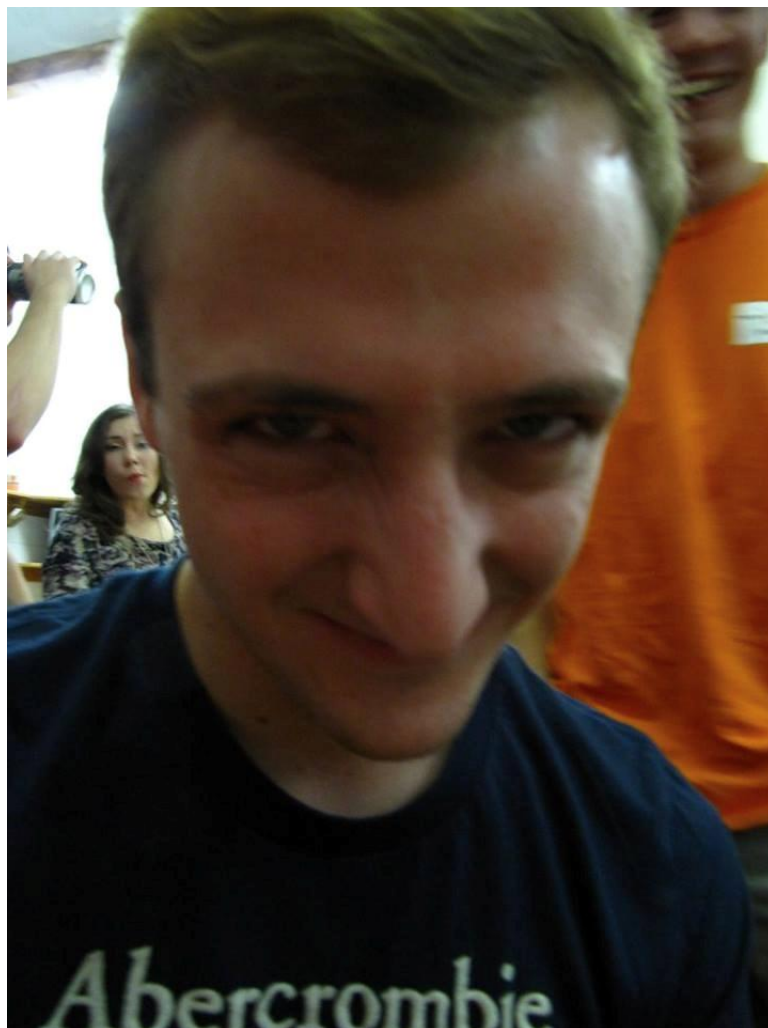
After much driving we finally arrived at Low House and much socialising was done. To everyone's surprise El hadn't chundered! We regaled each other with stories from the car. Most notable was Greg and Adam's banter war. I would repeat the conversation but it's impossible to do it justice without Greg's flawless delivery! Let it suffice to say that one singular comment concerning Adam and the dancers at Legs 11 was so hilarious Chris almost fell out of the car! After much laughter we retired to the bunks. Nush, keen to lull her roommates into a deep sleep gave a rendition of the Princess and the Pea... Cool story bro...!

Saturday morning came and looked suspiciously dry! However with the forecast quoting a 95% certainty of heavy downpours we decided it was probably best go climb indoors and avoid a repeat of the Berg epic of 2013... Hence our trip to Kendal wall commenced. A small mishap with the SatNav lead to a rather large detour in order to avoid a ferry... Eventually we arrived and our day of climbing began on the UK's largest lead wall! Much leading and bouldering was done and we left our mark scribed in chalk! Henry and Brian led a group of bold individuals to Bowderstone for a spot of outdoor bouldering. While the extreme angle of the boulder did provide some protection from the deluge of rain the routes were somewhat strenuous especially for Greg and his delicate fingers...





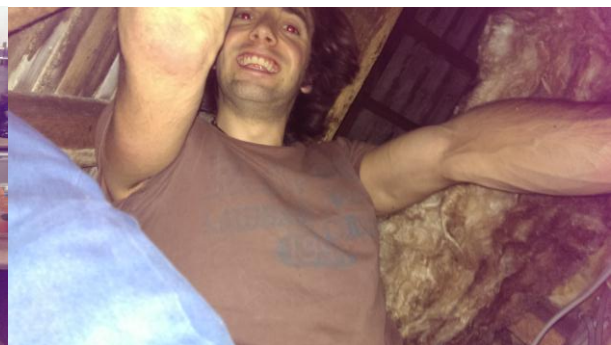
We celebrated the day's good weather with our customary pub-crawl through Coniston. Starting with drinks in the comfort of the hut, things got off on a high with John being pennied on his first drink and the appearance of the pesky butterfly terrorising the inhabitants of the kitchen. Marie also made the mistake of surrendering her camera which saw the re-emergence of the game which shall not be named and Greg taking a multitude of selfies which could violate the soul with a single glance...



We set off on our pub-crawl and to the amazement of all El still remained chunder free! We enjoyed a very civilised pint in The Crown and then moved on to the Black Bull with their delightful real ale selection! Conversation heated up with controversial topics such as 'what is better zero or pi??'. After much beverage consumption last orders were called, with high spirits we strode onwards to the Sun Hotel (still no chunder from El...).



On arrival at the Sun many of use were psyched at the sight off the pool table however after spending a whole £1.50 we soon released it was a dud... After buying a pint, Greg, clearly not used to handling something so girthy swiftly dropped his drink to the amusement of all! Following the tradition of playing the piano at the Sun, Annie sat down to perform a master piece only to realise that for the first time in 3 years the hotel actually has guests who were trying to sleep! We settle for some classic pub socialising. After a fine crawl we returned to the hut. Unsatisfied with the amount of climbing, Chris rectifies this by making a first ascent of the loft hatch, which soon became his new hobbit hole. In other news Hugh and Robyn decided to cross dress gaining much kudos!



Sunday morning was a distinctly slower start as we waited for the rain to stop. Over breakfast John duelled with the butterfly from the previous night who he believed was trying to steal his omelette... It soon became apparent that rain was as good as it was going to get! In fairness it was no worse than the great blizzard of the 2012 trip... So with supreme levels of psyche and determination to

touch rock at least once, we set off outdoors. Sam and Nush, like titans, braved the rain and set up top ropes over at Scout Crag. By all account this was essentially like top roping a water fall but it was a climb none the less so in my eyes a total success!! The rest of us took a trek to Langdale Boulders. When we arrived the field resemble a small lake so the mood was somber...



Sensei Chris tried communicating with the rock to convince it to dry out but to no avail...



Therefore we amused ourselves by taking a few photos in the rain and made our way back once more to Kendal's fantastic indoor wall!



After a somewhat wet but otherwise epic weekend, we headed home with John looking extremely sad about the fact we wouldn't be stopping at Nandos for dinner! Shock and horror El never chundered...

Phrases of the weekend 'crimp hard and prosper' & 'let's do some sketchy sketchy trad'.