

SNOWDON WEEKENDER!

21 and 22 July 2012

MTH3 Run Number 212, and WCH3 run Number 1314



The cars were left in Llanberis

and the hashers gathered at Pen-y-pass



Tia, ET and 10" who had formed the advanced party had done the pig track before so set off on another more intrepid route. Here they are:



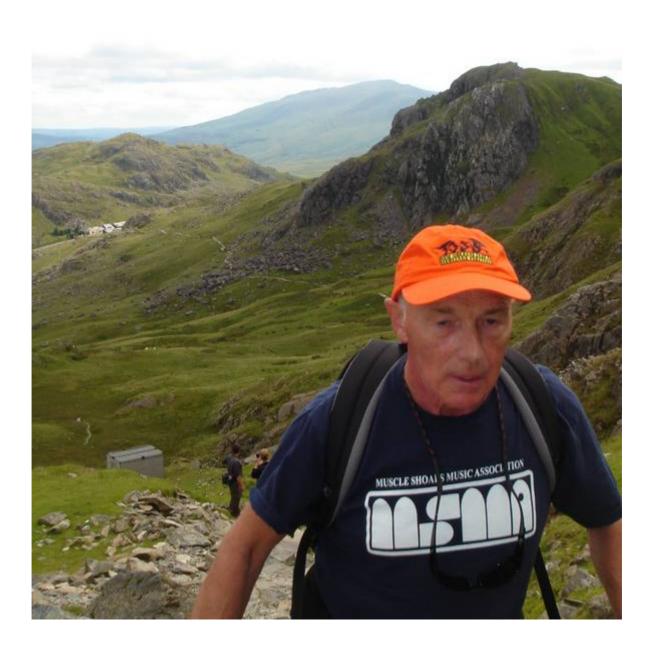
They told us of the mildly disconcerting moment at which their trail went back down for three hundred vertical metres. But they made up the short fall arriving at the summit about 20 minutes after the last of the pig trackers. It was great to have Val and Al with us because they had plenty of experience. It was all very civilized with two breaks for water and lunch











Looking back down the pig track, with the zigzags still to come.





The railway on the ridge with Llanberis lake and the cars in the background



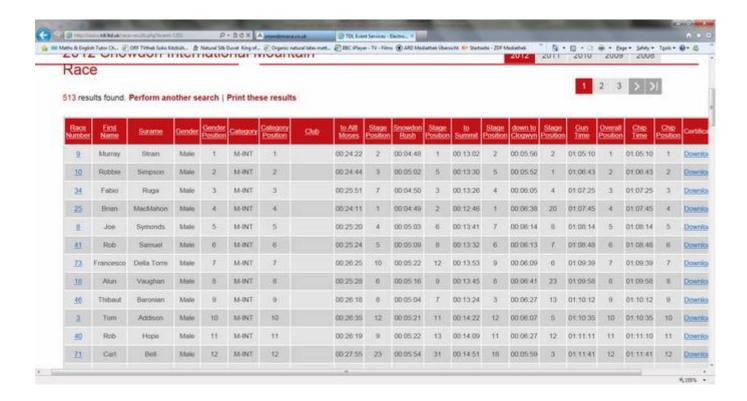
Snoozeanne strides forward

The summit gave us some spectacular views



You know when people are getting into it because they start using summit as a verb! The paraphernalia here is for the Snowdon Race, there were so many people on the slopes to watch them. We were at the top when the first runners arrived. Hats off to them the speed of their descent was amazing

Here are the results



Full results here:

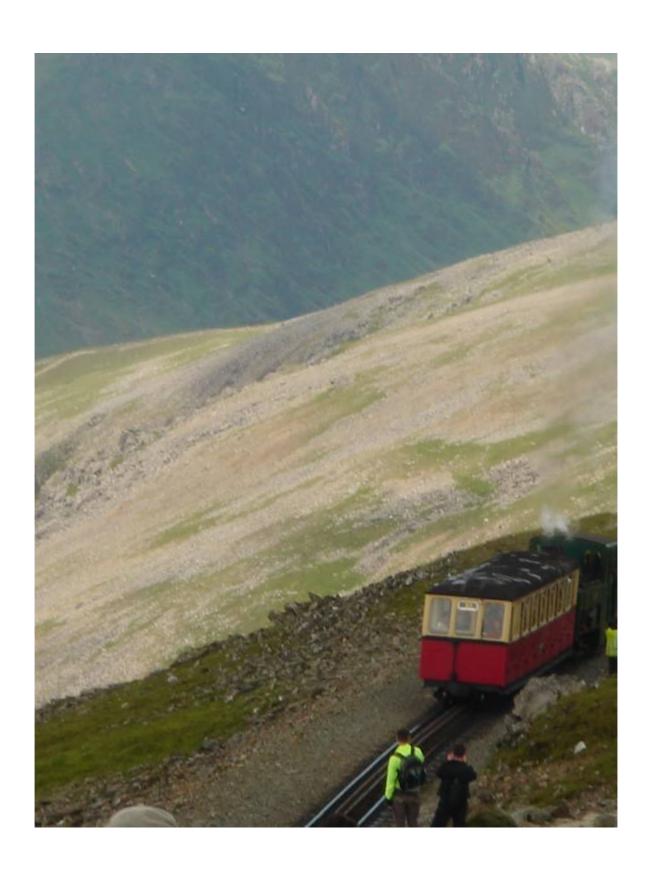
http://www.tdl.ltd.uk/race-results.php?event=1202





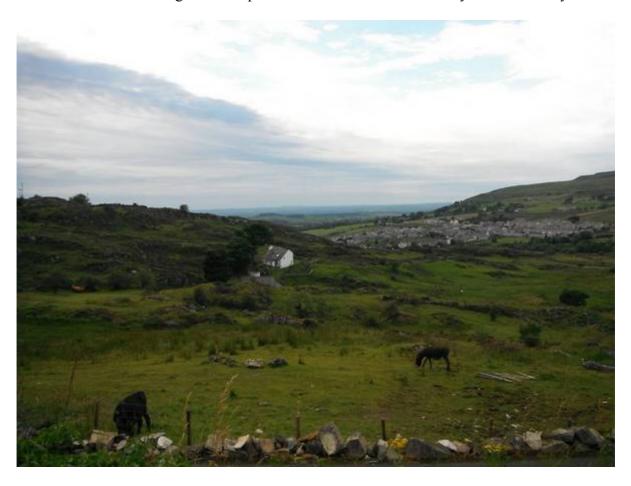
Higher than the helicopter?





The descent was quite hard because we went down the railway track path and you couldn't get a handle on how long there was to go. The worst bit for me was the 800 yrd of steep asphalted road. I had to take to walking backwards to spare those aching calves.

There was nearly an incident because OTT and Hansel had been waiting in the car park while most of the others were gently rehydrating at the boozer. We saw our first arrest of a teenager conducted in Welsh. Soon we were at the accommodation. There was a long discussion about what to call it: the documentation by the owners could not decide whether it was a hut or a chalet, inside a sign said a cottage, these seemed credible to many, but there was a word which I saw for the first time in the neighbouring villages – bunkhouse. Now that's a good description. It was the view which took your breath away.



This was a valley roughly parallel to the one with Llanberis lake I think and that was the coastline with Anglesey in the distance. Marvellous. We had the GREAT FORTUNE to be able to dine out on the patio. A MARVELLOUS BBQ WAS HAD WITH THE BJ GAS PAN IN ATTENDANCE.

Here is the first circle of the weekend



The next morning we set out on our live hare run. Is this the first time we have had a MTH3 and WCH3 joint run hared by a WWH3? Founder and GM no less! The Snowdon summit was in cloud today.





Any hope of going down the path home were dashed



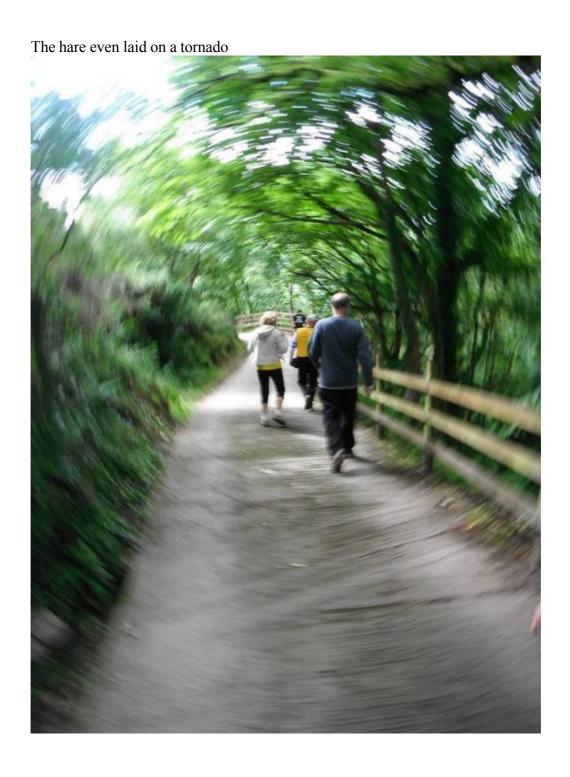
The hare managed to get us all down a massive falsie with masses of shiggy, basically it lead along a stream flowing down one side of a field. Grutel, just look at the expressions on our faces in the next photo



Totally flummoxed, some of us had spent so much time on this trail that another type of falsie was soon in evidence (or had the hare left a tell-tale marking see trash for Run 101)

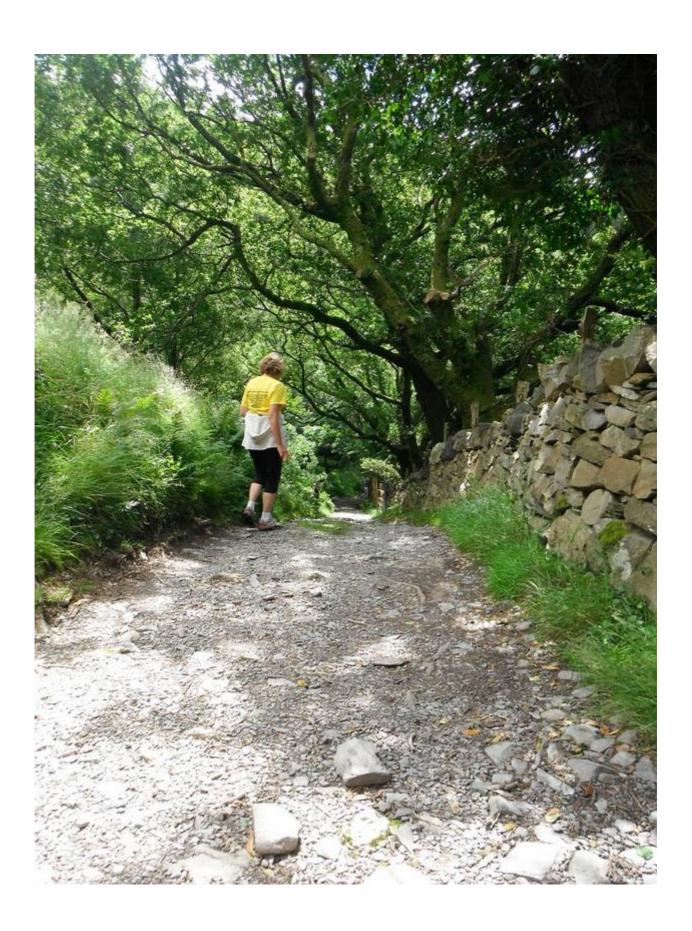






A waterfall

Thanks for ET for his pixel based shock and awe! If anyone wants high res pictures they are there on dropbox – it takes 30 seconds to register. Thanks to Grutel for photos as well.





Back at the bunkhouse/cottage we had the second circle of the weekender, a lengthy affair given all the misdemeanours of the previous night. FCUK was called up as the flaky Rip van Winkle for crawling off to bed shortly after eight thirty and then Overdrive too who retired soon after making some comments about hashers who could not stand the pace.... The endurance award goes to Hansel and BJ who claimed to be prodding the logs (!) and setting the world to rights at 2am.

10" got a down down for a peaceful night's sleep: 'I didn't hear a thing' he was heard to say.. The consensus was that he was one of those responsible for the trumpeting snoring. At about 2am I heard Madhatter emit an utterance in an accent and tone that I have never heard from him, nor probably will never hear again. SNORING?! It was a statement and a question hence the interrobang punctuation. After the remonstration from the deep. The bunkhouse fell quiet (or maybe I just fell asleep....)



Thanks to all for their seamless co-operation and for the lovely food that we all brought and shared. BJ even bequeathed a surplus oil drum BBQ to BHC (Bunkhouse Cottage).

Here is that cunning Grutel-set trail. The cross in the circle is BHC and the circles are the checks...

