

A mini guide to the identification of CUTC's tramping **CREATURES**

CANTERBURY UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB
TROG 2021



Journal created by
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Trog Officers

Hamish Dodd (left) and Lewis Irwin (right)



- ✓ Friendly neighbourhood chocolate dealers
- ✓ A newfound appreciation of Adobe programs
- ✓ A newfound hatred of Adobe programs

NOCTURNAL

Howdy, fellow trumper, bookworm, or inquisitive flatmate. It's great to be writing to you! Whether you've found this TROG on a rocky ridgeline or a dusty bookshelf, we hope it brings you as much entertainment as we had editing it all together. It can sometimes feel like your own tramps are pushing the envelope of craziness and masochism, but reading everyone else's stories opens your eyes to just how much other bonkers stuff is happening up in the mountains. This year, as always, it has been a heartwarming to collate all the amazing stories people have to tell, and equally heartwarming that everyone has made it home safe.

Being able to catalogue your missions has been especially gratifying this year, as for me, it was a year plagued with excessive uni work and deadlines. Far too many weekends slipped by without leaving the house, let alone the city, as I slogged my way through 4th year engineering. If your FYP client imposes biweekly progress updates, be afraid.

Before I even had a chance to take stock, I was finished with study, moving closer to the Port Hills, and starting my final engineering internship for the summer. Finally, I was done with work when I left work, and had afternoons and weekends free to satiate my tramping itch. A summer ticking off the last requirements of my degree later, and here I am in February, at long last, catching up on the amazing trips led by the club over my rather absent year.

And I just have to say, what a year! So many awesome, unique trips were run, and this journal is packed full of the crazy stories they yielded. I'm continually impressed by both the organised-yet-bonkers leaders of the club, and all the dedicated, determined and dusty members who bring the people power to what we do. Very grateful to be amongst you all, albeit more behind the scenes than I would have liked!

I hope that this TROG journal does justice to the quality and insanity of the stories within. Last year's journal went for a very scrapbook style, and this year I wanted to change things up, because variety is the spice of life. That, coupled with the fact that it was February 24th 2022 and the only progress we had to show was an email folder filled with unordered, unedited submissions... Oops. I'm not kidding about the whole 4th year Eng workload thing. It sucks. House fires don't help either. Anyway.





So, we decided upon a wildlife identification guide style, allowing for a pretty uniform template to be rapidly applied. In fact, from nothing to finished document, this journal was put together in 5 days flat. Ah, the wonders of deliberately waiting a while between jobs! Being able to pick out all the defining features of a TROG and weave them into mildly shit-talking “creature characteristics” was a great creative exercise. You should be able to pick out a CUTC creature at 100 yards after studying this resource, though approaching any closer is done at your own risk.

The well-read amongst you may recognise this journal’s style as heavily influence by the mini identification guides of Andrew Crowe and Dave Gunson. To me, and many other members of the club, an appreciation for NZ’s flora and fauna was a key motivator to start tramping and immersing ourselves in nature for days at a time. I have distinct memories of being about 8 years old, standing on a jetty and pointing out the lake birds I could find in one of these guides. I remember walking through dark forests with a headtorch, parents in tow, spotting reflective spider eyes and IDing them using “Which New Zealand Spider?”. I remember sitting at outdoor ed camps, sketching native birds under candlelight with a guide book as reference. I’m sure I’m not alone in the club for having such formative experiences thanks to these books. They have certainly influenced mine and other’s lives for the better, and I hope this journal style serves as a friendly nod towards an iconic kiwi collection.

So, enough rambling, and I'll let you get to reading the arduous adventurous ahead. If you are reading this out in the mountains, please leave it at the hut stated on the title page - we try to keep them scattered about popular locations for all to read and enjoy. If this is your personal copy, read it, re-read it, and when it starts gathering dust, take it to your favourite hut to inspire the next generation of CUTC creatures.

It has been so inspiring and heartwarming to receive messages from trampers having encountered a TROG in the wild over this past year, and spent evenings or wet days in huts reading our stories. We love to hear from you, keep it coming in 2022!

Best wishes

Hamish Dodd and Lewis Irwin



President

Hovey Dickson



- ✓ Inspiring leader
- ✓ Talented cook
- ✓ Brilliant meeting shortener

MIGRATED TO DUNNERS :(

What's popping ya chossy dogs

It's been one hell of a year and many things have changed, Twalk has been revived after a year off, Avoca has a BBQ, the number of eyebrows on the average club member has dropped to 1.75, we haven't been in lockdown for ages (might not age well), THE CLUB HAS ICE SCREWS, but I still fucking hate writing things. At least this is the last time I'll have to do it *wipes tear*

With you all I have walked up and down,
but now I am afraid I must leave town,
with more rocks to climb and rivers to cry,
sorry my friends but I must fly
away, away to a not so distant place.
hush hush wipe those tears from your face,
for a more competent man is taking my place.
He froths club admin from what I have seen
A real top bloke and unlike me,
he got past second year in his engineering degree.

It's really been great from the kegs, to pools, to porridge,
well now I'm stuck, nothing rhymes with porridge.
Anyway, I have both enjoyed and endured trips with the club
which either way would end at the pub
But I'm always glad I signed up at the end of the day,
I've had a rad time and wish I could stay
When driving back to Christchurch on Sunday,
'm usually asleep, but if not I would say,
"thanks for the trip, see ya next weekend ay"

As anyone could tell you and my poor rhyming has shown,
some punter in an outdoors club has no place writing a poem

Come visit me in Dunters,
If you want to go for a paddle, climb or walk
give me a call and we can talk
we can go on a mission, lets make it a date
0221288558

x

Pres Hovey



Captains

Georgia Prince and Oscar Holmes



- ✓ Belongings on your back, a big grin on your face
- ✓ Stuck across a river
- ✓ Outdoor adventuring dream team!

POTENTIALLY NUDE

WOW! 2021 has gone fast! It feels like Refreshers was just last week but here we are, at the end of the year! We've had some bloody cool adventures this semester and I hope y'all got on some of them! Throughout this semester the committee has led some absolutely amazing trips which I'm sure will go down in history. We had a beautifully themed masquerade bushball, an extra snowy snowcraft, and we even managed to lug a BBQ into Avoca!

Refreshers was a banger as per usual. The hot pools were as toasty as ever and served as a great prize after an adventurous day of walking - especially for those of us who had to do the last hour in the dark. Far too much goon was passed around and much of the night was forgotten by many. The Otehaake was high so everyone very quickly learnt a comprehensive lesson on how to cross a river. We all made it in and out safely which is what matters (much to Oscar's delight), although a couple did get a little more wet than they bargained for (ahem Liv)!

As can be expected these days, Covid threw a spanner in the works over the mid semester break. A lockdown was announced at the end of Term 1 which came as an uninvited birthday present, shuffling around all of our holiday plans. Both Bushball and Wine and Cheese were affected, but being some of the best trips in the year, we ensured they went ahead as soon as they could. We moved both into term 4 which made for the busiest and best final term I've ever had.

Wine and Cheese followed tradition this year and was relocated at late notice to avoid the weather (Oscar's trips are notoriously known for having bad weather and spontaneously high river levels). But, with the new venue at Packhorse hut, we couldn't be stopped. The weather was beautiful, the drive was short, and we were close enough to town to get wine delivered from Christchurch after dark. Without a doubt, this year just raised the bar even higher for the many wine and cheeses to come. As always, the wine was plentiful and the cheese was topnotch, but to my delight people brought multiple tables, a chess set, a sun umbrella, and a massive persian rug!!! After a day of good food in the sun and a night of dancing with some amazing photoshoots, we were treated to an especially windy night. We managed to collapse tents, reshape tent poles, and almost lose Rowan's tent to an especially vigorous gust. After a wonderful night, we managed to make it out without any rain or a river in sight which is a huge success in my books! There are already ideas brewing for next year and there's no chance I'll be missing out so I hope to see everyone join in for the next annual wine and cheese!

We also had our first ever combined flat crawl with UC³, a tradition I hope will continue in the future. The climbers really aren't bad and a fantastic night was had. Snowcraft went ahead, the snow a little too enthusiastic with a storm coming in overnight and trapping 30 people on the wrong side of Porter's pass. Everyone was stuck in a toasty warm lodge so people were happy and a demonic snowman was promptly built. What happened at Bushball stays at Bushball. We had our CUTC-OUTC meetup at Lake Poaka with our lovely friends from OUTC, which was a great success with trips heading out to all sorts of wonderful places - Blaike Hut, the Greta track, Mt Annette hah sike Hooker Lake. I even heard some drunk AUTC battlers did some nude ice climbing on an iceberg - pffft who would do such a thing... That night (or that morning for some) a party was had, music was blasted, goons were slapped, Losing It was performed and eyebrows were shaved- thanks to the Cult Leader Rana. We also got a BBQ into

Avoca!!!! Massive thanks to Lewis, our Avoca hut officer, for building the BBQ and then successfully getting it into Avoca in just one trip! Steak and duck fat fried potatoes were cooked and we got a sweet 17 in the hut. The bathtub was fired and fuck, a snag in the bath was good though!

To finish off the year we had our Annual Awards Banquet, where food was plentiful and Liv was roasted far too much. It was an excellent time. Trips were reminisced, stories were told and awards were handed out. What a lovely way to end the year!

This year has been an absolute blast and I hope that everyone enjoyed it as much as we did! The club helped fill our weekends with trips and adventures which was only made possible by the amazing 2021 committee and the wonderful members of CUTC. Liv and Lewis are taking up the captains role next year and we're so excited to see where they take the club in 2022.

If you got on any trips this year well done!! That's awesome! If you went on multiple trips this year, heck yeah!! It doesn't matter if they are the easiest trips you've ever been on, or scarcely repeated west coast horror shows, if you got out there that's fucking cool! You did it!! I mean, the whole aim of this club is to just get out there right? To get out there and to inspire others to get out there and then to meet new friends out there and have some adventures. Make some memories. To just enjoy being THERE, in the mountains. Aren't they bloody good?!

So I hope you enjoyed some mountain goodness this year. And if ya didn't, that's what the summer is for - not engineering internships like they try to tell you! So ignore the looming problems of life and the uncertainty of the future, ditch your baggage

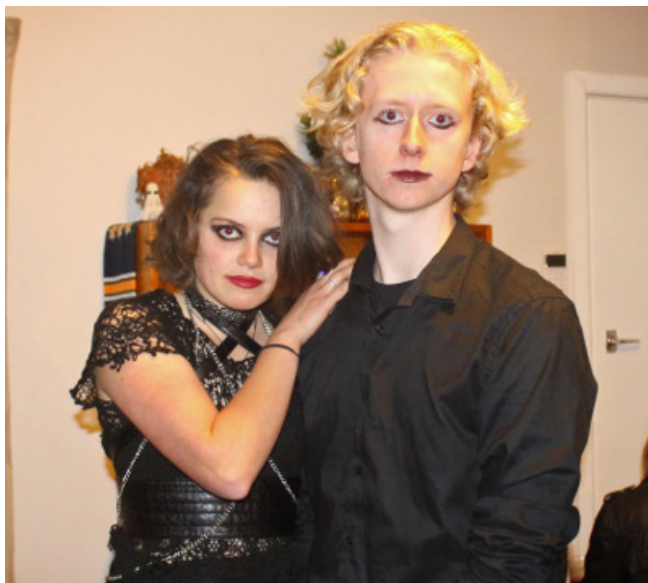
and head out to the wild, greasy hair flowing in the wind, belongings on your back, a big grin on your face. Ahhh that is the way!!

Once again, thanks for listening to our ramblings over the year. It's honestly been such a pleasure. Catch y'all in the mountains sometime!

Your 2021 Captains,

Georgia 'Shall we take some nudes?' Prince and

Oscar 'Oh Shit Caught Across a River!' Holmes



Good Mates on Scarface

Written by Max Truell

December 1st-4th 2020

Featuring: Max Truell, Ben Fletcher and Bennet Hockey



- ✓ Bush bashing, stream bashing, Bennet bashing
- ✓ Dying with the boys???
- ✓ Blisters (each toe, heel, and top of foot)

LIABILITIES

After Ben's breakup and my two weeks of unfulfilling unemployment, we were in need of a mission, and we had just the one in mind. The plan started over a year ago and like most EMTH 119 lectures, Ben and I were not paying attention to robotic German maths lecturer and were instead browsing our number one used website: topomaps. We were randomly scrolling in Arthur's pass when we came across Mt Scarface. The name was so good it had to be a gnarly one and we had been planning to do it ever since. Summer jobs and Uni had delayed us till now, but we had the perfect opportunity.

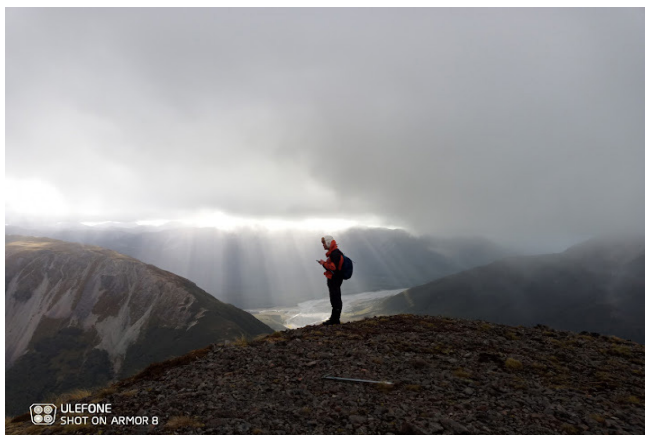
We decided to essentially do the Minchin pass route and tick off Scarface on the way. Somehow along the way Bennet ended up on the trip. To start with, Ben and I were a tad worried about Bennet's chances of actually climbing Mt Scarface, without forgetting something essential or wandering off a cliff along the way. We tried to warn him how gnarly the mission would be. In Ben's

words, “this trip was gonna be different stuff.” Bennett’s reply was always along the lines of “sounds good boys, looking forward to it!” and he was hell bent on doing it so along he came.

The walk up the Taramakau was pleasant and we made good time. Bennett told me he was looking forward to the bush bash and seemed confused when I told him that we were actually going to stream bash to the pass. He was about to learn. The start of Townsend creek was great. Beautiful scenery and we even found a spot for a dip. However, as it got steeper and more clambery, Bennett was struggling. To make things worse, his boots had holes in the sides and were letting in stones, slipping and rolling, and to top things off, he had forgotten his gaiters. We were crawling, the hours were ticking by and we were getting worried about getting stuck in the dark. We tried a new approach of climbing above the stream. As it turned out, Bennett much preferred bush bashing to stream bashing and was once again making exceptional time through the dense *Dracophylum* and beech. At last we made it up to Minchin pass. The other side was easy travel and we made it to the “dog box” bivvy before dark for a well-earned cup of tea and a mint treat.

After the stream bash from the day before we decided to ditch the loop and walk out the easy way, giving us a whole day in between to conquer the mountain. So, we woke up late and got ready while Bennett slowly coaxed his legs into working order. We followed the route down the stream and had lunch by lake Minchin. We met some trampers on the track who had done a “freshers” trip in the





80s. They warned us about their mate Ollie who was practicing chi gong in Poulter hut and said that they had no clue what that involved, but that he wouldn't be naked. Higher standards than me. Ollie, as it turned out, was fully dressed and a nice dude. We made a coffee and yarned to him about the part-time sweet life. We got on our way and were informed that Bennett's degraded boots were giving him blisters. At this point I was pretty concerned about him making it up the next day, but he kept saying how he was looking forward to "dying with the boys" and I thought I might as well let him. We made our dehydrated dinner and went to bed early to give us the best go for the next day.

We woke up to the sound of silence which was reassuring as the forecast was for it to be pissing down and we were worried about the cross-ability of the river. Coffee was had, followed by coffee porridge. Ben ate some cheese and we were off. We splashed across the river and staggered up into the bush. We had been preparing for the worst. Thick slippery ground carpeted by dense beech saplings with bush lawyer hanging like barbed wire. Instead we were greeted by the opposite and made great time to the bush line though sparse bush and some dry creek beds.

We climbed out onto the tops weaving through some steep bluffs and vaguely following the route description. The wind had picked up. As we started to climb up to the ridge, things got even better with hail. While Ben and I waited for Bennett, I made a slushy with a bit of snow and extra joss. Like Raro snow but with caffeine, i.e. better.



At last we made it onto the ridge and despite the whiteout could see where the top should be. There was just one steep section in the way. I tried doing a boulder problem which worked but felt a bit sketch. I pointed out another route, however this turned out to be even worse with a sheer drop off below and managed to give the others a wee scare (typical taking route advice from me). The wind was pretty strong at this point, but we angled ourselves forwards and made the last wee push to the top. After some excited screaming and shouting we settled down in some shelter to brew a cuppa. Just as well we did, because the cloud blew over in this time and we got to take some sweet photos.

The way down went like the way up except we could see the nice scree slope down from the summit that we had missed, and I managed to find the steepest way to bash back down. Bennett's boots decided that they weren't too happy about this and started chewing his feet.

We had a nice lunch by the hut with less sandflies than the night before. Ben only had a small piece of cheese left. "Where did the rest go?" I asked. "I ate it" he replied. "The whole kg?" "yep." "what are you going to eat tomorrow?" Ben pointed to the small

chunk in front of him. As it happened the block only lasted another two minutes. It was a very impressive effort; however it is definitely proof that Ben has a cheese problem.

We wrote about our exploit in the hut book and saw that some people called Liz and Peter went through the hut to check what repairs needed to be done. We decided to wander down to trust poultier hut for the night to give us a head start for the next day.

Trust poultier was a nice little hut, however it had the worst sand fly problem I had ever seen. Now people go on about sandflies all the time and I like to think that they don't bother me that much, but OH MY FUCKING GOD this hut was bad. The door didn't seem to keep them out and they were swarming in by the thousands to try to get a taste of smelly trampler.

Thankfully, to our rescue came Liz and Peter. They had stayed the night before and had worked out that they were getting in under the fireplace. Liz blocked off the hole with her gaiters and went to town spraying the bastards with a can of bug killer that had been left in the hut. Liz had great chat and told us all about backcountry trust and how the hut repairs went. Turned out that her son was a 2014 CUTC captain. They offered to give Ben a lift out to the main road the next day to help with the hitch. We all agreed to get up at 6 and walk out together the next day.

We went to bed at dark and woke up naturally before our alarm at daylight. The dawn was blessed with a lack of sandflies, so we efficiently packed up all our things and hit the trail. At first Bennett was wobbling on his feet like a speed walker in slow motion, periodically cursing his blisters, but he managed to work out a good rhythm as his boots warmed up. About 35 minutes in we stopped for some water. "Where's your ice axe?" Ben asked. "Fuuuuck," I replied.

15 minutes later after running back in my stiff tramping boots I was reunited with trusty Pernille and was dashing back to catch up. I had it in my mind that the others would wait at the new Casey hut, however, as I bounded heavily towards the junction the hut was nowhere to be found. Worriedly I dumped the pack and raced around all over the river flats. After 45 minutes aimless sprinting I gave up and jogged up the Andrews stream track to catch the others. Turns out I missed Bennett's thrashed boots being taped as a last hope to get him out.

As we walked, Liz told us all about permolat drama, her son's time in CUTC and her plan to start up a tramping in schools program.



Before we knew it, we were out at Andrews shelter. Bennett had managed a blister on every toe, his heels, and the top of his foot. He had in no way been prepared for this trip, but he had done far better than Ben and I had expected and despite the pain had barely complained. We were slightly proud of him.

Ben was gone and back in no time. A good-sort trucker had picked him up and talked at him all the way to Aikens corner. At last we had the fish and chips we had been dreaming of and even got the train driver to toot at us. We couldn't have asked for more from the trip; we'd had tea on Scarface, Ben was feeling better and Bennett hadn't died. How good!

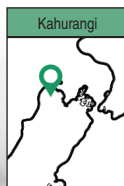
Sponsored by ULEFONE: The world's well-known rugged smart-phone brand (lol nah Ben just couldn't work out how to turn the water marks off)

Dragon's Teeth Traverse

Written by Chris Dewhurst

January 4th-9th 2021

Featuring: Chris Dewhurst, Rob, Shar, Rach



- ✓ Vertical bush-bashing
- ✓ Here be dragons
- ✓ Dehy dinner, dehy dessert, dehy Dewhurst

MYTHICAL

The southern alps have a habit of turning on the weather whenever you're planning on heading into the backcountry. This was certainly the case with my first trip of 2021 when both plan A and B were hidden under a funny purple colour on the weather chart. In fact, most of the South Island was hidden under the same cold front blown up from Antarctica. Determined to make the most of a full week off work, plan C was quickly thrown together which saw Rob, Shar, Rach, and myself headed to Kahurangi National Park (about as far north as you can get without the need for a ferry) to have an attempt at the Dragon's Teeth high pass.

As many trips planned at the last-minute go, it started with us all meeting at a nondescript picnic table close to midnight to distribute a weeks' worth of group food and sus what gear we needed. Having heard a variety of reports as to the technicality of the route, we decided to play it safe and packed a rope and harnesses just in case "steep tramping" suddenly turned into "sketchy free soloing."

By the time I'd curled up in my car for a couple hours of sleep, my pack weighed in at almost 23kg, reaffirming my aversion to the fast and light ethos.

Our first day began with a leisurely morning coffee in Takaka before getting dropped at the start of the Boulder Lake Hut track at about 9:30. Seeing the fairly gradual climb on the map and DOC estimates of 8-10 hours, we thought we'd have a somewhat easy first day. Turns out, we were quite wrong. The day turned into a scorcher and before we were even halfway, we were beginning to run out of water. We stumbled across a muddy puddle to refill from after lunch but by mid-afternoon, our supply was reduced to a single litre bottle for the whole group. After the main uphill slog to Cow Saddle, we each had our last sip and put our heads down to get over the ridge and down to the lake.

Once gravity was on our side, Shar and I sped ahead, down towards the glassy Boulder Lake. We were getting quite dehydrated. After 300 metres of descent, we finally reached our second source of water, Kiwi Creek. When we'd had our fill and a cheeky snack, we realised it had been a while since we had last seen the other two. I started back up the track with a full bottle.

With a not insignificant amount of climbing, I found them again, having a break looking a little worse for wear. Rachel had started feeling quite faint so dropped her pack a little further up to ease the struggle. I left them with the bottle and carried on up to retrieve it. Now with two packs, I carried on around the shore of boulder



lake until I finally caught them at the hut, 11 hours after we'd started that morning.

The next day, we started moving quite late, hoping for a less arduous leg between Boulder Lake Hut and Adelaide Tarn Hut. Lucky for us, our wish was granted. A brief swamp bash up Arena Creek had us quickly on top of Green Saddle. We carried on with some pleasant ridge travel through to the Needle's Eye where we first caught sight of the mighty Adelaide Tarn. The hut was a cosy one with the old style cot bunks, a bit short for me so I opted for the bivvy bag. There was also no shortage of reading material with a 2015 trog gracing the shelf. As Rob was rustling up a tasty dessert of cheesecake to cool in the lake, we were joined by two more Cantabrians, Nelson and Christine, escaping north for the week who had come up from Anatoki Forks Hut. Their plan was very similar to ours, but they were aiming to complete the trip in four days as opposed to our seven, made very apparent by the teeny ultralight packs they were carrying.

We were moving early on our third day, as we were expecting it to be the crux of the trip. We were quickly up to the saddle below Mt Douglas where we saw what we had in store. The Dragons Teeth. They were imposing, steep, and sharp, ready for a tasty snack of trampers. We followed old tin lids for about the first third which were likely left by Keith Marshall back in the late 1960's when he established the route. Back then, he had installed a wire for the top sections but this had rusted and was removed in the 90's. Tin lids were replaced by pink tape as we diverged from the original





route. These proved trickier to follow with some sneaky markers on top of steep rooty scrambles going missed as we skirted underneath. After some fruitless vertical bushbashing, we sheepishly backtracked to find where we went wrong. Back on track, we carried on, cautious of the steep drop to our left. At a couple of points, we spotted some remains of Keith's wires about 50m above us. Trampers were certainly built different back in the day. Finally, after a couple of steep rock scrambles and definitely not losing the track again, we popped up onto the ridge of Anotoki Peak. It was lunchtime and we had barely travelled three kilometres. On the bright side, Drunken Sailors in the distance said it was smooth sailing to the hut.

With the trickiest terrain behind us, we moved quickly from cairn to cairn, up and down over the undulating scales of the dragon. In the distance we could see the front of rain slowly creeping towards us. We were lucky it hadn't been early! We eventually crested the last saddle and flew down the stream to Lonely Lake Hut.

Unsurprisingly, the rain came early the next morning. Most of the day was spent on the tops in the mist. Occasionally, the clouds parted, and we got some stunning views of Lake Stanley to our east. We were all quite soggy as we made our descent down to Fenella Hut and were looking forward to warming up by a fire. The hut was chocka and the group inside were getting ready to turn us away until I was recognised by some old friends from the Wellington Tramping Club. We all squeezed in and dried off then promptly went for a swim in the tarn. Well worth it!

We were enjoying Fenella Hut so much, we decided to spend the next day there. A short day walk in the mist was enjoyed and I learnt to play 500. It's now a new favourite and it's safe to say I won't be winning any time soon.

For our final day of the trip, we opted to take the easy route out along the Cobb Valley Track. Both Tent Camp and Chaffey Hut made ideal spots for quick breaks and provided some really interesting history for the area. After a few hours, we were at the road end. Shar and I chilled out with a weka whilst Rob and Rach hitched into Takaka to procure our ride back to civilisation.

This trip sure was a great start to 2021 and I would highly recommend it to anyone if they're looking for a longer, moderately challenging trip.



NZ Sandfly

Stupidus Bastardus



- ✓ AAAAAGH GOD THEY'RE EVERYWHERE
- ✓ DOES ANYONE HAVE INSECT REPELLENT
- ✓ SHIT SHIT SHIT THEY'RE IN MY MOUTH EWW

EXTINCT I WISH

The NZ Sandfly species are a unique biological oddity, yet, no one would care if they disappeared for good. Hell, we'd probably congratulate the occasion with a parade and new public holiday. Their unique-ness stems from their entirely novel form of sustenance - instead of depending upon nutrients to survive, the sandfly metabolises pure spite and malice into energy.

It is remarkable that these flies exist, given not even a sandfly can find another sandfly attractive - they're simply too horrid. In a stroke of evolutionary misfortune, the mere sight of another sandfly will trigger the same rage felt by humans - but will also spark an intense bout of hate-sex and yield hundreds more of the bastards before long.

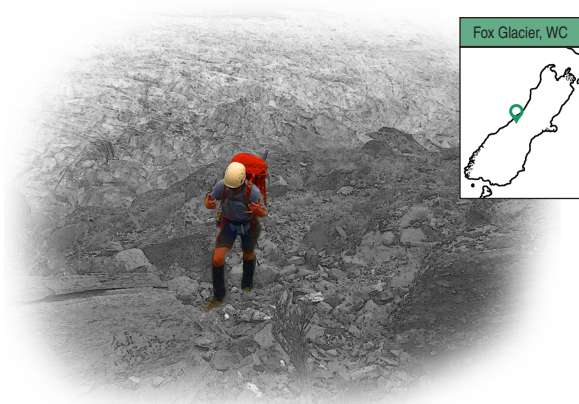
Consequently, sandflies can be found in teeming hordes that they can block out the sun. These swarms are comparable to those of the passenger pigeons, but they at least had the decency to go extinct. Your turn, ya midgey bastards.

The 'fun' Fox Glacier Route

Written by Rachel Smith

February 2021

Featuring: Rachel Smith and Robert Phillips



- ✓ River wading (mandatory)
- ✓ Ice shelf crossings (obligatory)
- ✓ Reverse waterfall canyoning (compulsory)

TYPE 2 FUN

Armed with some 3-month old (but apparently outdated) route advice, Rob & I created the 'fun' route up the Fox glacier to Chancellor hut:

A) Kerosene taxi: Cheating! (not that we could afford it)

1. Walk up road: We nailed this bit!
2. Cross the (swift flowing, silty, ice chunky) Fox River: We couldn't feel our legs for half an hour after this. We later learned this step was avoidable.
3. Cross an ice shelf on the terminal face of glacier: We nailed this bit, but later learned that this too was unnecessary.
4. Scramble up 'suicide alley': This rocky gut was surprisingly nice. We were actually on route here.



5. Cross the Fox white-ice: We got off-route here and ended up lost front-pointing in a maze of steep undulating ice ridges
6. Dubious choss scrambling: This was required to compensate for the poor route choice on the white-ice, we were definitely off route here.
7. Follow the DoC track: We succeeded at this for only a short while...
8. Leave the DoC track in favour of the direct route: Reverse canyoning up a slippery waterfall face just seemed like a good idea. You might want a rope.
9. You've made it. Be sure to check the hut cupboards thoroughly – there could be beer in there: (we forgot this step, until right as we were leaving)

The Committee goes Carroll-ing

Written by Nicole Cameron

February 20th-21st 2021

Featuring: CUTC Committee



- ✓ Dive right in!
- ✓ Watery egg, dehy dates, photogenic beans
- ✓ Warm fuzzies

CUTC MAFIA

The start of a new year! The promise of many epic tramping adventures, ambitious expeditions, wacky club trips, goon-slapping, and juicy banter to come for 2021 that hung sweet in the air. It was made sweeter by the collection of us trampers who gathered in the UCSA carpark the weekend before uni started for the year, claiming to be the CUTC Committee. Hamish had bought the freshly printed TROG books and the sparkly new CUTC stickers. Everyone swooped like kea to get their hands on the precious cargo. A good chuckle for the car trip...

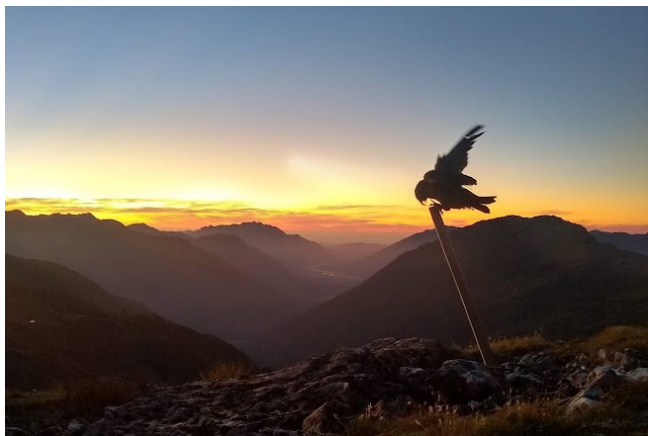
Once we were all accounted for, we headed out in our convoy to Arthur's Pass – of course, with an obligatory stop at Sheffield Pies. Most of us were keen on a chill, social trip to start of the year as a committee, so we decided on the climb up to Carroll Hut. It was an incessant climb and hot work, making our way up onto the Kelly Range. The weather was phenomenal – the red rata trees glowing in the sun above us – and everyone was in super good

spirits. We made it to the hut at lunchtime, took over the dining table, and read a few stories from the TROG copies we'd lugged up with us. Then, we set off to the tarns which were about a further 45-50 mins from the hut.

A few of us ran the trail to the tarns – running on mountains tops is a whole new level of freedom. The tarns were absolutely perfect – massive and beautiful! With a bit of hesitation from some of the committee, we were all eventually “diving right in”. The water was delicious, and it took our breaths away. There is just something so magical about swimming on the top of a mountain! We were surprised at how sizeable the tarn was, given its small depiction on the map. Also, surprising was the seagulls flying overhead, which apparently isn't too bizarre in the mountains. “There were seagulls in the middle of the alps, just doing their thing - CAWW-WW” – Oscar Holmes.

We sunbathed, skimmed rocks, and discussed the tarn's potential for future ice-skating trips, or even – innovatively – curling with gas canisters (specifically, Hovey's overfilled gas canisters filled with his dodge \$3 adapter from AliExpress). Got back to the hut for dinner. The great thing about overnight tramps with the committee is that we have a surplus of food – and it always gets shared! I am always amazed at everyone's generosity when it comes to tramp-ing – gives me the warm fuzzies. As the experienced trampster I am, I had decided to go extra-lightweight and left behind my TP and all my cutlery. Thankfully, my fellow committee was there to save me, when I realised I needed them. Oscar was especially





generous with his donation of several quarters of his gourmet veggie burgers and hundreds & thousands Whittaker's chocolate!

A few of us walked up to the tops (or halfway in my case) to watch the sunset, while the others kicked off some intense rounds of mafia on the top bunk. We had a relatively early night as not to disturb the other trampers that had the fortune of sharing the hut with us.

The morning was gorgeous; the rising sun illuminated the layer of cloud blanketing Arthur's Pass and painted the sky in stunning hues of tangerine and strawberry. Very delicious! Our breakfasts were nowhere near as tasty. The oats & coconut sugar mix I bought for my breakfast had been sitting in storage over the summer and tasted rancid (yucky), Georgia and Hovey dined on watery egg, and Oscar struggled through his "40 chews per bite" oatmeal bars. Luckily, we didn't need much fuel to get us down the mountain. It only took just over 2 hours, and if anyone was feeling particularly tired of the downhill, they could always roll down. Jack seemed to be keen to give this a go, as he somehow managed to fall, backwards roll, untangle his legs, and land on his feet after slipping off the side of a small drop. A true ninja. We got out nice and early, to the cars. A great, wee weekend escape, and a chance to get to know each other on the committee, before we start pulling off the sickest year of tramping CUTC has ever seen! If you are doubting the calibre of our committee members – here is some insight into how we operate via a few quality quotes from the trip:

“Stop throwing rocks, you’re making the tarn shallower... What do you do in your spare time? Oh, I make mountains smaller!”

“What’s with trampers and nudity!?”

“Who hasn’t had a photo with the beans!!!!?” – Hovey Dickson

“If you dehydrate dates, you get figs right?” - Hamish Dodd

“If you are in the Southern Hemisphere, moss grows on the south side of trees” “I’m pretty sure people would know what hemisphere they are in..... wait?!...” - Regrettably me



The Weka and I

Written by Lexi Richards

March 2021

Featuring: Lexi and Family



- ✓ Ferocious
- ✓ Ravenous
- ✓ Misunderstood lover?

ENDEMIC BUT LOWKEY PESTY

As we drifted away, after a not so tiring day, we expected shielding from our minaret ceiling.

But deep in the night, Weka were ready to fight.

Abruptly, I awoke.

On my side of the tent was scratching, scraping, ... sniffing. Sniffing, at the outer layer of tent encasing the pouch holding my torch, phone, and scroggin.

I smacked my hand against the tent in an effort to scare away the creature. I rattled my keys, whispered "go away", and set my torch on disco mode. I tried to deter the Weka, but nothing would make him desist - not even my sister's raucous snoring could scare him away.

My only option was to relocate my scroggin to a safer, more central position in the tent.

I removed the scrog bag and placed it by my pillow.

The Weka was seemingly silent – had he gone away?

My hand groggily ventured back to the pouch to check for straggling scrog – the pretzels highly valuable to me, and worth my life at this stage of the holiday.

All of a sudden, I snapped into reality as my ring finger became locked in a firm embrace between the Weka's beak. I wrangled free, shocked at the intensity of the Weka's grasp and thankful that the tent had formed a protective barrier between us (luckily it remained hole-less).

The Weka and I never met again – to this day I do not know whether his actions were spurred on by violence, a need for scroggin (probably most likely), or a declaration of love. But let me tell you, there is no higher adrenaline rush than being half asleep and becoming caught in the jaws of a Weka.

p.s. Weka stole a total of three bananas from me on this trip, I managed to fetch one back. While the crocs banana carrying system prevents the browning of bananas – it seems it is not Weka proof.

p.p.s. Hahaha I literally got bitten by a Weka.

p.p.p.s. My finger has made a full recovery, thanks for asking x



Freshers 2021

Written by Hamish Dodd

March 13th-14th 2021

Featuring: CUTC committee, 50-ish frothing freshers



- ✓ Standard issue tramping kegs
- ✓ Goon, egg goon, gooniversity graduation
- ✓ Unlimited good vibes

SELF-INTRODUCED

Ahh, freshers, lovely. No, don't take it like that! I'm not sifting - just reminiscing on what was a pretty great couple of days up in the hills near Lewis Pass. But before we got anywhere near the alps, it was a classic foundry carpark get together in the uncomfortably early hours of the morning. Us hard trip battlers, who insisted on misinterpreting the whole cruisy vibe of the annual binge-drinking tramp, hit the road first in eager anticipation of the day ahead.

Over my time in CUTC I'd become quite a fan of the infamous Sheffield Pie shop, but going mainly plant-based some months ago meant I was getting kinda sick of choosing the roast vege pie every visit. Our more northerly heading towards Lewis pass meant I could finally sample the Culverden Pie Shop, which I gathered had also grown a cult-like following. To everyone's dismay it was closed, really inconsiderate really, and I settled on powering through a family sized bag of corn chips from 4 Square at 8.30am. Some people thought this was weird??? I think they're weird.

Thankfully I can always rely on Luke and Georgia to eat almost anything so I wasn't completely alone, thx guys ♥.

"Aw fuck yeah, lime and sea salt" - Georgia

After a wee bit more winding our way along the highway, amid the beech forest and dappled morning light, we rocked up at the car-park and made a concerted effort to park efficiently. Did I mention we had 75 people on this trip? Yep - a fair few tramping wagons to squeeze in, like weary bodies in an overcrowded hut (or bath). As soon as our intrepid group of 15 got their rubber to the rocks, I could tell we'd be a speedy crew. No lack of eagerness here, yewww. This was surely compounded by the ultra light packs made possible thanks to POTUS Hovey (President Of Tasty Unlimited Sustenance), who'd sorted a mint group cooking setup - conveniently carried entirely by the easy crew. A handful of our crew had tiny packs with just the essentials; warm layer, snacks, goon, first aid, goon, PLB, goon, etc. I was low-key jealous, my lightpacking attempt was thoroughly outshone.

We splashed and crashed our way up the Maruia River, boulder hopping and river crossing at great pace. Certainly no aversion to wet boots amongst this lot. Safety whistles rang out along the valley as myself, Georgia and Luke rallied the troops from either end. The sky was a stunning blue and near cloudless, before long the crisp crossings were welcome respite from the building heat. A babbling side-stream led us up toward the eastern side of the Zampas, the terrain growing more steep and wild with each





hard-earnt kilometre. A sizeable scree face loomed into view as we pushed through the bushline. The promise of a food atop it proved effective as incentive, and before long we were enjoying an awesomely scenic lunch. Salami, crackers, instant pasta and wraps made their usual appearances; my defrosted ciabatta buns with peanut butter definitely left more to be desired. Ah well, the view more than made up for it.

It wouldn't be a hard route without constant uncertainty on whether we'd make it before sundown - so we wrapped up our lunch break and sidled across the sizable tarn to the north. Not quite a swimming tarn, this one - rather silty and green looking. Although we wouldn't be taking a dip, the greenish tone paired nicely with the shimmering yellow amphitheatre of steep tussock faces to the west, topped with a rich, cloudless sky. Also I think this is where someone got stuck in a tarn last year - comedy gold! A sidetrip to Zampa summit was also decided against, should we get stuck in darkness as sticky and immobilising as any silty tarn. Instead, we focused our energy on making great progress along the rocky exposed ridgeline northwards. Spurs and gullies gave us great outlooks over Cannibal Gorge, and it was smugly satisfying to imagine the easy crew carrying all our cooking gear and food for us, while we literally took the high road. Suckers.

Not to be outshone by the other crews starting their drinking when they inevitably arrived far prior to us, a picturesque crest of the ridge hosted the 1st annual CUTC Gooniversity Graduation Ceremony. Six of our finest graduates held their ceremonial vessels

aloft toward the beating sun, thanking it for growing the finest grapes \$8 can buy. Ritualistic swigs were taken on a knee, showing respect to the goon and symbolising it's imparting of knowledge upon thee. Lastly, they were cast upon the sky in a triumphant celebration. Ecce quam bonum.

After a bit more ridgeline rambling, we began our descent back into the bush towards Ada Pass Hut. I floated about the rear of the pack to help introduce newer trampers to the wonders of scree running, and I was told that my smile while sliding down after them was visible from the bottom. Scree is great, thank you, scree. After a final food stop, we entered the bush again. Luke executed a stroke of navigating genius, forging a route through the scrambly forest almost exactly as he had on his last visit, including squelching through the same swamp. We popped out onto the river valley almost on top of Ada Pass hut, where we made a quick stop to assure the other trampers they wouldn't have to worry about sharing the hut with us. Apparently they had no reason to not want to share the hut, so we dropped off the 2020 TROG for a few examples.

The final blat to Cannibal Gorge hut, and the newly established CUTC tent village, was over before we knew it. As a bonus, we arrived mere minutes before admitting defeat and using head-torches. Depending on how loosely you define "dark," we pulled off a hard route before dark. Stunning.





But not nearly as stunning as the sight we were treated to on arrival. A massive tent village dotted the twilight tussock with blobs of high-vis orange, yellow, blue, and green - and even shimmering christmas lights in one particularly bougie case (looking at you, Oscar). All 75 gnarly trampers were enjoying the starlit evening, the campfires, the kegs, the guitars, the goon, and generally vibing super nicely. Love y'all! But especially Hovey - the easiest way to my heart is definitely through my stomach. Hovey and co had sorted a super hearty, tasty and warming curry for us all, so bloody good.

Our cosy mountain village kept the convos going under the stunning milky way and noticeably glowing Magellanic Clouds, tales of tramps past and tramps to come. There is something so serene and beautiful about these backcountry scenes, nothing else compares.

After a well earned sleep, we awakened on Sunday morning to whorls of mist rising from the condensation that had settled on the tent village. Another pearler day had greeted us, and the group cooking setup continued to punch above expectations. The long-awaited appearance of the egg goon brought smiles and the occasional gag to the bleary trampers, but the scrambled eggs it provided were pretty good as far as I could tell.

Soon enough, breakfast was polished off, and tents were packed up. Special thanks to Lewis for his delicious stewed people atop my muesli, befitting Cannibal Gorge. Funny how they taste just like

stewed plums. A cheeky group photo, keg stand and all, was the last point on the agenda and we were ready to go. We started to filter back towards the trailhead, most everyone making great pace along the mild, flattish trail. The poor bloke or blokeess carrying the keg must have left before me, as a group of 60-something trampers gave me a sly look and said "Well I think we know what that bike pump is for" as we passed by. Right characters they were, good value. Then, after what felt like mere minutes of ambling, we were back at the cars!

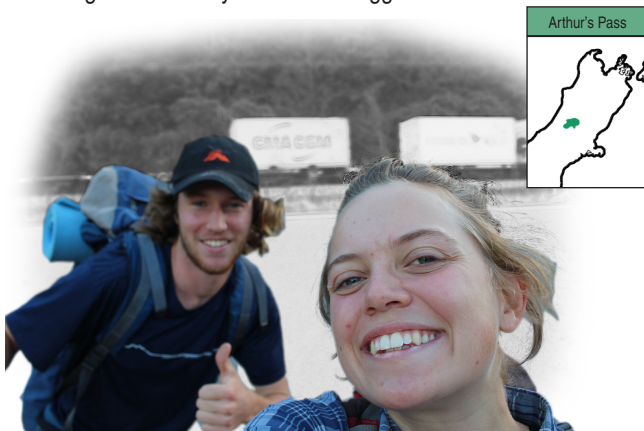
So, my second Freshers ticked off, and first as a leader. Felt super good to give back to the event that got me hooked on CUTC last year, and hopefully inspire the next group of leaders. God knows the fitness, passion and appreciation for tramping is there - some right impressive characters I had the pleasure of meeting/trying to keep up with. Now I just need them to write more TROGs...



CUTC 48 Hour AP Hut Bagging

Written by Lewis MacDonald March 19th-21st 2021

Featuring: Hordes of hysterical hut-baggers



- ✓ Kiwi Hut jail wardens
- ✓ Deep water fastpack soloing
- ✓ Cross-valley yodelling

RAPIDLY SPREADING INVASIVES

Foreword (and some photos) by Georgia Prince:

“Yeeeeeeowww!!! We reckon it’s time for a BIGGGG mish!!

Here’s the plan: To get CUTC members to tick off every hut in Arthur’s Pass, in just 48 hours. This’ll be a team effort. It’s gonna be rad. This means that you don’t need to be super hardcore to participate. You can choose to race to 10 huts, or just to 1! Everything will get us closer to our goal. So come along and contribute to the cause!”

TROG by Lewis MacDonald:

After Georgia mentioned this hut bagging idea over 6 months ago I’d been buzzing for it. All the huts, one entire national park, two days. This is a recipe for one hectic weekend.

This mission was the first time I'd headed out on a Friday afternoon and I highly recommend it. The sense of adventure just builds up the whole day, culminating in a very energetic start to the tramp. What it does mean though is skipping lectures and putting off tutorial work till Monday. At the time that was a great idea because I just considered catching up as a future me problem. As I found out this wasn't such a good idea (surprisingly), because I physically could not get out of bed to do said catching up till well after midday on Monday. And here's why.

It can't be said that this trip was incredibly well planned. I came into it with a rough idea of where I wanted to go and knew it was going to be a long trip, and just accepted that, it will be what it will be. On the other hand, Georgia had figured out like 6 or 7 exact routes with estimated times ranging from eye-watering to requiring some sort of time travel. Despite this, we got to the Aikens car park and decided it would be better if we figured out the route at 5 am the next morning, as no matter what, we had to get to Locke Stream hut for Friday night. As 7 pm ticked by we rapidly set off up the Taramakau River, after getting a toot from a train for good luck of course.

Starting at 7 pm meant we'd have 2 ish hours of sunlight for our 6-hour slog. I decided that we should make the most of this while it lasted and get some Twalk training in as a bonus. I can imagine the people driving past seeing 2 nutters sprinting into the bush at 7 pm would raise some questions. We made quick progress up the Taramakau getting to what we thought was the Otehake



confluence just before the sun set. The usual route up the Taramakau goes up the true left so that you can cross the Otehake and Taramakau as separate rivers as they are both fairly large individually. Crossing the Otehake was deep and strong. Wading in my boots got wet, then my gaiters, then my shorts, then my shirt, then my undies (which would stay wet for the whole rest of the trip), not nice. Being waist deep on me it was mid-belly deep on Georgia, who wasn't far from floating away. Once across the Otehake, we were fearful of what crossing the Taramakau would be like. Turns out, what we had just crossed was the combined Otehake and Tcow, no wonder it was such a torrent. The navigation on the trip had started with a blunder and it wasn't even dark yet. *Gulp*. Hopefully this wasn't a bad sign for things to come.

Just after it had gotten pitch black and the stars were shining spectacularly we saw the sign for Kiwi hut. While not technically in Arthur's Pass by a matter of meters we decided to bag it anyway as it was a 10-minute detour. At the hut we were greeted by four kind Te Araroa trampers. They were impressed by our weekend ambitions and offered us chocolate and some yummy crystallized ginger. Two of them who had come south from Hope Kiwi Lodge even recognized Georgia as the goon girl from trog 2020, how cool. We said goodbye and thanks for the chocolate after leaving a hut bagging sticker in the book, departing the hut in a tired state. As it turned out the Te Araroa trampers would cross paths with the guys bagging the goat pass huts on Sunday. This crew later told us that the TA guys were not such big fans of us anymore.





When we left Kiwi hut in our tired state we must have locked the door as a reflex. Neither me nor Georgia can remember doing so. This became a problem for the TA guys as backcountry huts have simple locks that can only be operated from one side. That meant we had locked the lovely TA trampers, who had given us food and encouragement, inside the hut. What a way to repay them. The story goes that they had to bust a window frame out to escape. If one of you great trampers ever reads this, me and Georgia are terribly sorry, but at least it should be a funny memory?? Haha???

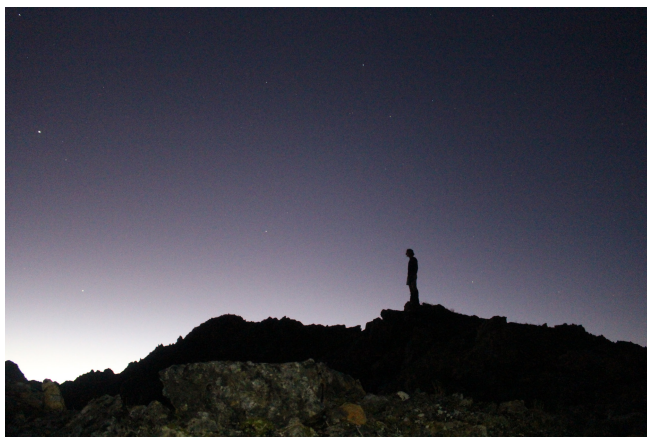
Carrying on from Kiwi prison we found then lost, then found then lost the track over and over, getting to Locke Stream hut just after midnight. We found the room which smelled the least of dead rat and went straight to bed. 4 hours of questionable sleep later we were up and finally deciding on where to go. We decided on going for a route up Townsend creek to Minchin biv, followed by a tops crossing to Townsend hut where we could see whether or not to push onto Koropuku hut, or stay the night at Townsend and have a huge day on Sunday.

We set off back down the track to where Townsend creek meets the Taramakau by torchlight, at a more confident pace now we knew where the track was more or less. Climbing up Townsend creek started out like expected, boulder hopping, bit gorgy but nothing troubling other than slippery rocks. Then we got the junction 2/3rds of the way up and we started climbing. Not like just gaining altitude climbing but full-on bouldering. Georgia seemed to enjoy the chance to show off some climbing skill, while I wasn't so

skilled and ended falling backwards into a big pool of water. Fortunately a soft landing but me and my pack were well drenched. Once the boulder fest eased of somewhat we knew we had to find a waterfall diversion track. Townsend creek is part of a DOC walkway so we imagined this track would be nice and DOCess. Instead, I think we found the worst DOC track in existence. The track wasn't cut at all and just consisted of a few markers which suggested the best direction to bush bash through the thick west coast bush.

We got to Minchin biv for lunch after a tough morning. It was a squeeze getting into the one person plus a hobbit biv but some crumpled spines made it work. The tops crossing from Minchin biv to Townsend hut is absolutely stunning. We were literally straddling the main divide. On the way to our highest point of the trip we startled some chamois, seeing them leap down bluffs and scree is very impressive. Tough as goats knees is a very justified saying. To get to Townsend hut from the ridge we had to scrub bash through some very prickly and dense alpine bushes all while dodging leg snapping holes until we found a trapping track. We got to Townsend hut at 5 pm concluding a huge 12 hour day with over 1500m elevation gain. Dauntingly we knew we were in for an even bigger day tomorrow.

3.30 am came around unpleasantly quick after a well-needed sleep. We packed up fast and were out the door by 4 am, fueled only by muesli bars and in my case last nights sardines. Somehow we found a better route through the scrub back onto the tops in





the light yesterday. I guess my diligent route finding is worse than complete random luck. The tops were so peaceful pre-dawn. We were a bit nervous about doing this section in the dark but it turned out to be incredibly satisfying. By the time we got to the col we had to cross the sun was rising majestically over the mountains. What an amazing place to be. Dropping down into the Koropuku basin we were glad we had daylight now. Getting bluffed going down here wouldn't be hard to do as a lot of big rock features are not shown on the map. We got to Koropuku hut at 9 am after a quick and unnecessary bush bash and had breakfast. Koropuku hut is a very cool hut boasting lighting, lawn bowls, tid-dlywinks, fancy table cloth and wifi! Koropuku hut isn't visited very much and the hut book went back to the 80s. We were able to find the hut baggers from 2002 in it, how cool!

Setting off from Koropuku was a daunting prospect. The remote huts website time to get to the road is 8 -10 hours for what is less than 12km of walking, only 5km of which were on non-DOC track. It must be a terrible track! Georgia was expecting the worst but I was optimistic. Thankfully we learned DOC Hokitika had cut the track in January making it easy but still super steep going, what a saving grace. I don't think I could have coped with 10 hours of bush bashing at almost a 90° incline at this stage of debility.

Breaking out onto the tops we let out some excited yoooouu weeees which were heard by Luke who was out bagging Pfiefer biv across the valley. Getting back to the car was interrupted by another crossing of the Otehaake, this time without the Taramakau

included. I got through the river and started to carry on to find a lunch spot by lake K, I looked back to see Georgia standing still in the river with a grin on her face. Cold water is a good soother for inflamed knees.

We got back to the car at 6 pm making it a 14-15 hour day, and over 30 hours with more than 2000m of elevation gain all up. Safe to say we were very keen to get to the pub for a pint, a feed and to hear how the other groups got on. What a weekend!



Huts bagged

Anti-Crow - bagged by Jack & Rhian

Barker - bagged by Jack & Rhian

Bealey Spur - bagged by Lexi & Zoe

Bull Creek - bagged by Shaun & Chris

Carrington - bagged by Jack & Rhian

Carroll - bagged by Rana, Pak & Patrick

Casey - bagged by Ivan & Sophie

Crow - bagged by Jack & Rhian

E. Hawdon Biv - bagged by Blake, Sophie, Leah, Olivia & Micaela

Edwards - bagged by James & Finn

Goat Pass - bagged by Soren, Lewis, Sam, Trong

Hawdon - bagged by Blake, Sophie, Leah, Olivia & Micaela

Koropuku - bagged by Georgia & Lewis

Locke Stream - bagged by Georgia & Lewis

Minchin Biv - bagged by Georgia & Lewis

Mingha Biv - bagged by Soren, Lewis, Sam & Trong

Otehake - bagged by James & Finn

Pfeifer Biv - bagged by Luke

Poulter - bagged by Ivan & Sophie

Poulter Biv - bagged by Ivan & Sophie

Ranger Biv - bagged by Shaun & Chris

Sudden Valley Biv - bagged by Oscar & Alex

Townsend - bagged by Georgia & Lewis

Trust/Poulter - bagged by Ivan & Sophie

Upper Deception - bagged by Soren, Lewis, Sam & wTrong

Waimak Falls - bagged by Jack & Rhian

Worsley Biv - bagged by Ivan & Sophie

Huts not bagged

Candlestick Biv - not bagged by Shaun & Chris :(

The 3 Billy-Goat Huts

Written by Lewis Irwin

March 19th-21st 2021

Featuring: Soren (Fearless Leader), Me (Reckless Driver), Trong (Boundless Energy), Sam (Tireless Planter)



- ✓ Mingha biv is best biv, deception river really is
- ✓ Don't dine and ditch either a hut or a pub
- ✓ Choc pancakes are supergood

ENDEMIC

-Met at 8, gapped it to Greyneys Shelter (the Sheffield brekkie pie wasn't so good this time), got there by 10.20, thankfully had hut tickets.

-Blatted up the track, reached the conspicuous 3rd-way knob in a little over an hour, had lunch here (was golden view!), i introduced the crew to snowberries, which i never thought grew that low

-Gapped it onward, ran into some rather gnarly (literally, roots everywhere) terrain, picked our way until we reached the most beautiful pool you could ever hope to swim in.... we'd forgotten our togs. boo. no whio either.

-Tracked onward, hit Mingha biv all of half an hour later- nice spot! couldn't find the john though. sticker in the book and a bragging rights pic.

-Onward to the pass! Some truly spectacular falls on the walls, and a slight debate as to which led to lake Mavis, starting to get a bit puffier than expected, Sam lagging a bit. A brave photo for Trong, then 15 minutes puff up to the saddle...and straight down to the hut!

-No keas round here, sadly, nor a fire or a nice swimhole, so as huts went not really the GOAT. Nice view though.

-Settled in for dinner, greatly enhanced by some classy Whittaker's choccy pancakes (cheers Soren!) and a read of the 2013 Antics issue (cheers OUTC!)

-The clouds closed in and so went we.

-Woke up at 7 to a fog bank, which was to be expected in a mountain pass at the start of the west coast.

-Started picking our way down the stream wondering how long our 14km day would take (hopefully less than 9hrs), and how long the fog would keep us twilit.

-Oh my, it's getting rocky, really starting to boulder hop now. one hour later and the fog breaks, just as we meet our first trail runner of the day

-T-plus-2.5 hrs and we fetch up at our last hut- the upper deception, rather damp and dark here, guess that's coastal weather for you. Not as well hidden as the track guide had us fearing, but i guess the hint's in the name. A quick glamour shot and morno tea, and on we carry.





-3hrs later has us at the “flats” of the Deception river, and starting to detect a hint of sulphur, meaning we’re on track for a quite shy spring beneath a quite proud waterfall.

-We stopped for lunch at a fan, as we were met by a cheerfully haggard pair of TA walkers, who gave a funny look as we mentioned our club allegiance and mission. Turns out they’d met Georgia (‘goon girl’ from their Trog!) and other Lewis on their mish up to Townsend biv, and had a delightful chinwag, only slightly ruined by G and L absent-mindedly locking them in the kiwi hut (they managed to escape through the window, don’t worry)!

-With that spice injected into our day, we decided to carry on, nervously noting that the 9-hr deadline was indeed looking likely.

-2 hrs and a fruitless search for the biddable spring later we finally caught sight of the end of the track, only another hour off? Finally, we thought wearily.

-In fact it was 1.5 off, and we arrived at the Otira rail overpass at nearly 5pm.

40 minutes of fruitless hitchhiking later we all agreed that only I’d hitch a lift and everyone else would hide in the bushes to bait an unwitting motorist in. It worked, too! 6.30 at the Bealey Hotel indeed!

-An awesome catchup with all the other crazies, with a nice dinner and a good amount of ribbing for ‘goon girl’ and Lewis for their

escapades, before a final disconcertingly-foggy drive home and an accidental dine-and-ditch (sorry Luke! at the Bealey hotel.)

-The only real downer was Shaun and Chris were stayed from their objective of candlesticks biv by an insurmountable waterfall and an unaccountably grumpy hunter.

31/32 huts, I'd still call that a win!

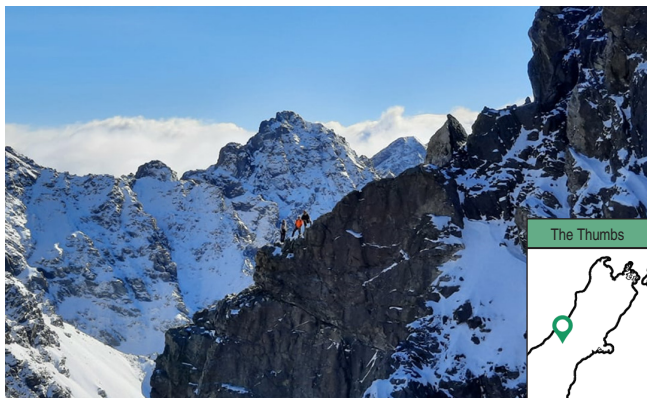


High Thumb, Low Thumb

Written by Rachel Smith

April 17th-18th 2021

Featuring: Rachel Smith, Robert Phillips, Liv Martin, Kerry Clapham, Luke Whitehead, & Alida van Vugt

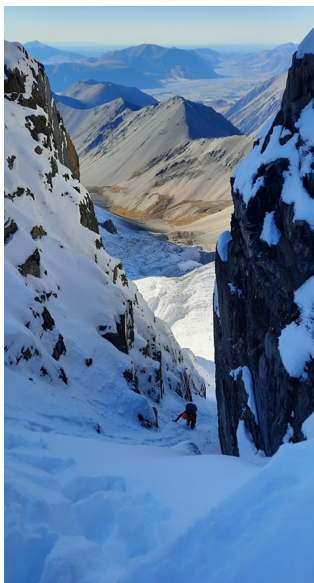


- ✓ Snowy, serene, starscapes
- ✓ Chossy scrambling
- ✓ 3am Maccas pitstops

THREATENED BY INJURY

The weekend began with a classic days' tramping. After driving up to Mesopotamia, we negotiated our way up Black birch stream, featuring a bit of river crossing and off-track nav. We arrived at our bivvy rock below the Thumbs just before nightfall, and had a lovely cold night with amazing stars.

An early start on Sunday saw team High Thumb (Alida, Luke) boost up a couloir, while team Low thumb (Rob, Kerry, Rachel) went a more roundabout route. Soft early season snow made travel slow, and both parties turned back oh-so-close to the summit due to challenging chossy scrambling with no rope, after yelling a brief hello to each other across the gap between The Thumbs.



*Left: Luke heads up the couloir towards High thumb,
Right: Rachel descends down from Low thumb*

After returning from summit attempts the party headed across Brabazon saddle to Crooked spur hut. Things were taking a long time, due to the fact I had an ankle injury and was struggling with the off track travel, meaning we arrived at Crooked spur hut at night time. Things were turning into an epic...

Heads Down. We split into two parties, one with the gear, one with the injured person (me) and boosted out the remaining track in the dark, arriving at the car around 10pm, shattered after a 16 hour day. Thumbs up. We made it home (always good) by early Monday morning (3am). Thank god for 24 hour maccas in Ashburton. Another good weekend being infiltrated by nature.

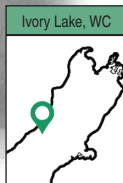
A Tale of Woe

Written by Luke Whitehead

April 3rd-10th 2021

Featuring: Luke Whitehead, Georgia Prince, Emily St John

Photos by Luke and Georgia



- ✓ West Coast best coast
- ✓ So friggin beautiful
- ✓ Navigation by braille

MOUNTAIN FOLK

Ok ok, we were quite disorganised and didn't write a trog for this trip straight after it happened, so forgive any factual mistakes because I'm writing this several months later. But it was such a mish that it needed to be documented in some way, so here we are.

So we wanted to go to Ivory Lake. Like, a lot. Remote, challenging, alpine, beautiful - descriptions of Ivory Lake and its surroundings were pulled from a bumper book of buzzwords written to lure me into the hills. Georgia shared my motivation and enthusiasm. Would anyone else be up for it? A quick post in the CUTC facebook group revealed Emily was keen.

But which route to take? So many options! And what about the rain coming in on Sunday and Monday? We had 7 days, 8 at a stretch. A plan was born. Head up the Whitcombe valley and wait for the storm to pass. On Tuesday, make a big push and get to Ivory Lake via Steadmans Brow. 2 nights at Ivory Lake (maybe

doing a side trip to Park Dome!?), then tackle Galena Ridge, Mt Bowen and Miserable ridge and return to Rapid Creek, completing the loop. Yeeeowwww!! We were stoked. This was actually happening.

On Saturday morning we were on our way to the West Coast Best Coast. The first couple of days were pretty chill and we picked our way up the Whitcombe to Frew Hut, then Price Flat Hut, as the drizzle set in. Easter Sunday was celebrated with a chocolate bunny and only once incident. Clambering over some chossy slip debris (of which there is plenty in the Whitcombe valley), the ground disappeared beneath my feet as the large rock I'd entrusted with my weight turned out to be quite untrustworthy. I fell back, rocks crashing down around me, and rolled down the hill. Unfortunately, I was just out of sight of the others so they didn't see the drama unfold, just looked very confused when they came round the corner to see me 10m or so below the track.

We arrived at Price Flat, our home for 2 nights, just as the big rain arrived. Cosy and warm, we enjoyed our rest day, though we didn't really feel like we deserved a rest just yet. At some point we heard a distant buzz down the valley, which grew and grew until the winds really started picking up outside. A helicopter touched down and 2 hunters hopped out, along with a week's worth of gear, food and beer. Despite the abundance of space, they were keen to camp. They were actually pretty cool, and later in the day we joined them outside as they scanned the hills with their telescopes. It turns out you can see a hell of a lot of deer when you look for them.



Tuesday arrived and we got up early to be away before sunrise. We were rudely awoken at 3am by an alarm which nobody was getting up for. Eventually, in a daze, we realised no one was getting up because it belonged to one of the hunters, camped outside, who'd clearly forgotten to switch it off the night before. I'd be mad, but I've definitely been guilty of this before. Anyway, we were away at about sunrise, crossed the swingbridge and began the long climb through some classic west coast bush.

We reached the ridge of Steadman Brow in good time, although there were no views today, just clouds. Surely as we climb we'll just pop out, right? Up we went. And still the ridge kept going up. Yeah, it's a pretty long climb. The tussock gave way to dinner plate rock and shingle, which was hard underfoot but nice and speedy to walk on, like a pavement. The cloud eventually got thinner, and we caught sight of blue sky above. And snow on the ridge! We passed The Rotunda, and suddenly we were above the cloud. Ok, barely - we had a bluebird sky, with a wall of cloud behind us, and the snow capped dome of Mt Beaumont ahead. But from the top of Beaumont, we could see the tops of a couple of surrounding peaks. Woohoo!! It felt like we were on top of the world.

We pushed on along the sky-top pavement towards the infamous Pt 2084. The views cleared to reveal the huge jagged faces of the Lange and Sawtooth ranges drop away into a sea of cloud. South, over this sea, we could see Aoraki Mt Cook and the spectacular ranges of the Canterbury Alps and the Adam Wilderness area. So friggin beautiful. Travel on the ridge to Pt 2084 got more scrambly,





and we soon reached the famous rock step. The downclimb really wasn't that technically hard. The only problem is the mountain is made of actual weetbix, which literally crumbles in your hand. So, we fished out the 10m of 5mm cord we brought especially for this purpose, and delicately lowered our packs. It was a lot of faff but definitely felt better.

We scrambled on to Pt 2084 and enjoyed the most beautiful sunset I've ever experienced. Just bloody amazing. Words can't describe, and photos don't do it justice. The sea of cloud was sitting at about 1800m, so Ivory Lake was hidden. Just 360 degree views of big mountains jutting out of the fluffy white expanse below. Park Dome, Evans and Whitcombe rose up above where the Lake should be. Further south, the Divide was a spine cutting through the cloud, all the way to Aoraki, which shimmered with the last of the light at the stupidly early time of 6pm. Oh yeah, it's getting late - we need to be down there.

And so began the long descent from Pt 2084 to Ivory Lake, which was very slow on account of it being dark and completely clagged in. This was a navigational nightmare, even with a GPS. We could literally see no more than 10m, and as far as we knew, there was only one good line: down the ridge (which had a habit of flattening out and being even more of a navigational nightmare). 2 hours later, the red dot on my phone was so so close to the Lake. I threw a rock out in front of me, into the darkness. Clatter as it hit more rocks. I threw another. More clatter. We were basically sleep walking. The red dot inched closer.

Another half an hour passed. I threw another rock. Splash!! The Lake! No way!! We screamed out in delight and ran down to the water's edge. Finally, we'd reached Ivory Lake!!! A group hug was well and truly needed. I may have shed some tears in relief. We guzzled down some water, not realising just how thirsty we were. We staggered on, searching for the hut. Naturally, we walked round in circles for a bit first. But there it was! And yep, it's a very very nice hut. Nice and cosy, with a polished wooden interior. We were knackered and demolished our dehy spag bol. 14.5 hours and nearly 2500m elevation gain. Plus, my feet were quite damaged and covered in heatspots, despite my futile attempts to tape them. We agreed to just pass out and sleep in. Tomorrow could be a chill day, there was no motivation to climb Park Dome.

I slept so well that when I woke up, I didn't know where I was. With weary eyes, I looked around. A hut. Nice cosy wooden interior. I nestled back into my sleeping bag and almost fell back to sleep, but my eyes settled on the window. Slowly the cliff outside came into focus. Wait, what? I don't remember that. Hang on, we're at Ivory friggin Lake!!! I jumped out of bed, promptly hit my head on the bunk above, and fell back into my sleeping bag. Now very much awake, I carefully hopped out of bed, ran outside and had my mind blown. What the fuuuuuuccckkkkkk.

Ivory Lake stretched out ahead. The glacier was perched above, the last of it still clinging to the slabs. Sheer cliffs towered above and around. The scale was dizzying. I spun around. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. More mountains surrounded us. There was





Park Dome. And the hut? We were just metres from the top of a cliff that dropped away to the stream below. I spun round again. I couldn't believe we were here. And look, that was the ridge we came down last night. Whaaaaatttt. I could see how it took us so long. The proportions of this huge basin totally threw me off. Honestly, I just stood there, jaw on the ground. Georgia and Emily came out and had the same reaction. This is crazy. The West Coast Best Coast just solidified its place in my heart as the most ridiculous, beautiful and awe-inspiring part of the country.

The stoke had very much returned, and we had our sights set on Park Dome. We set off just after 10am, dropping down to the stream and taking the broad rocky ridgeline to reach our lunchspot at about 2000m. Emily turned back, leaving Georgia and I to tackle the final climb to Park Dome. There was a little bit of snow on the north face, but it was quite broken up so we took a very chossy spur to the top. Yeah, high quality rock isn't something the West Coast has much of. But we managed to haul ourselves up the crumbling scree without incident. We cramponed up for the final snow patch, and before long we were at the summit! Woohoo!!! There were panoramic views of lots of big mountains, but in particular we had front row seats to the huge, imposing face of Mt Evans. Wowwee. This is incredible.

We glissaded down most of the snow, and once back on dry land it was a fantastic jog down the hill towards Ivory Lake. Of course, my feet started to complain. The hard rock was not comfortable underfoot. Once back at the hut, 8 hours after we set off, it was

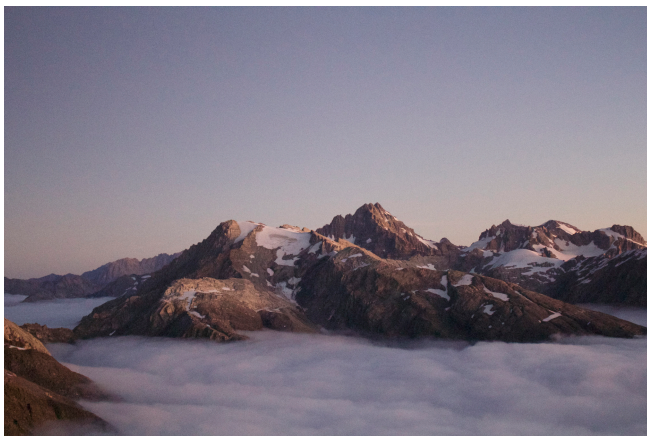
getting dark. We had a quick swim and downed some more dehy spag bol.

Thursday morning was another slow start. We pulled out the famous Ivory Lake armchair and sat back to appreciate the view. And get some good photos, of course. Naturally, we had to wait for the sun to come round to get the right light, so we didn't end up leaving the hut till 10am again. No regrets, I could've spent a week at Ivory Lake. We plodded up the hill towards Pt 2084, saw some rock wrens, and once again tackled the sketchy weetbix climb. It was much easier going up, so the cord stayed in our packs.

At Mt Beaumont, we checked our phones and got the latest weather forecast. Well well well, rain was coming. Tomorrow night. Hmm, that could be a problem actually. It looked like a lot of rain was heading our way on Saturday. Weather warning levels of rain. We definitely couldn't be on the tops tomorrow night. Galena Ridge, Remarkable Peak and Mt Bowen looked stunning in front of us. But it looked like a long bit of ridgeline. And it was already getting late. Yeah, in April, 4pm is late in the day.

After all we'd done, we made the call to descend to Top Tuke Hut instead. The route down was easy enough to follow*, and the grey rock gave way to green tussock. The Tuke valley is very picturesque. Some keas came and said hello and guided us towards the track as the sun set. Wow, orange poles!! These were the first track markers since the Whitcombe, which felt much longer than 2 days ago. We dropped down to the river as darkness set in.





And struggled for way too long to find the hut. It's actually a fair bit up from the river. We were on the verge of bushbasing up to it (that would've been a big mistake) before we stumbled upon the track. At last! My feet were not in a good state. Like, very very bad. I peeled off my boots and socks, and found the skin all over my feet totally raw. Ouch ouch ouch. My boots had not aged well. Angry at myself, this was probably the low point of the trip for me. My feet had never hurt this much. Aghhhh, it sucked.

** Note from Georgia - Luke this was horrendous haha-ha. We got lost on the wrong spur and then you guys did your awful bum sliding and we just happened to find the track. Such lies.*

The plod down the valley the next day was beautiful, but painful. I just had to put one foot in front of the other. We climbed up and over the hill, had lunch near Dickie Spur hut, but were too exhausted to go and bag it. We stumbled down the hill to Mikonui Flats, encountering some more hunters, the first people we'd seen in 3 days, and continued on the hut. Now we just had to figure out our plan. The rain was coming in tonight. Lots of it. To return to our car, we could go over Douglas Saddle via Explorer Hut. That would be a long day, but we could push on to the hut tonight. But should we? The gorge on the other side could be troublesome in heavy rain. The other option was to try our luck hitching a ride from the Mikonui road, all the way back to Hokitika Gorge. Would anyone pick us up though? It was a hard decision. It was a hard position to be in. Were we screwed here?

We wandered down to the river to mull it over. Two figures on the other side had a bonfire going. We crossed, had a yarn, and it turned out to be Martin and Friedeman - a Croatian and a German whose names we'd been following in the hut books for the entire week! They'd been 2 days ahead of us and had finished yesterday via Douglas Saddle. Now they'd decided to drive up the Mikonui road and have a chill walk here to finish their trip. They were great, and we sort of lost track of time. Our window to leave for Explorer Hut had gone. We were staying here tonight.

But the best news came when Martin and Friedeman said they'd be happy to drive us back to Hokitika tomorrow. How good!??? This solved all our problems. We were stoked. So we had a hearty meal of dehy spag bol and got a great night's sleep.

Everything seemed great the next morning. The rain had started and we wanted to get away so we could cross the river without trouble. As I went to tape my feet for the final time, I couldn't find my knife. Where was it?? I turned my pack inside out looking for it: nothing. It was nowhere in the hut. Shiiiiittt. I wanted to keep looking, but we had to go. It was on my mind for the whole walk back to the road. I mean, it wasn't a long walk back to the road. Martin and Friedeman did it barefoot. It was really raining now. I put aside the thoughts of my knife, it wasn't important right now.

Before long, we'd reached the cars! Another group hug. What a bloody good trip. We were knackered. Now, the drive back to Hokitika Gorge is worthy of its own trog, but I should really wrap this up soon, so I'll be concise. It involved some confident driving by Friedeman, an oncoming van falling in a ditch, our fruitless attempts to tow the van out of the ditch, a very very very rainy drive, persuading Friedeman to drive us all the way back to our car because hitching from Hokitika in this weather was not an attractive idea, and the sheer joy that came with opening the bag of chocolate chip cookies we'd left in the car. Reflecting on the trip over a pint, we agreed that this mission had its woes, but was bloody brilliant. See ya soon, West Coast Best Coast!

PS - Martin and Friedeman, you guys are legends and we love you! We don't know what we'd have done without you. Thank you so so much.



I Want my Knife Back

Written by Luke Whitehead

April 14th 2021

Featuring: Luke Whitehead, Lewis MacDonald, Rowan Sinclair



- ✓ Tragedy beyond compare
- ✓ Dramatic and fearless rescue
- ✓ Heartwarming, emotional reunion

EVASIVE

Following our epic Ivory Lake trip last week, I was feeling the post-trip blues. Still crippled thanks to my sore feet, and too mentally drained to get any uni work done, my mind kept wandering to my lost knife. I found myself mourning its loss. Not just a practical tool, it had sentimental value. Given to me by an uncle when my family and I left the UK nearly 10 years ago, this knife had been with me through thick and thin. Every tramping trip I'd ever done, this knife had been there. The knife was my longest lasting bit of kit. It had seen pairs of boots, packs, sleeping bags and tents come and go. It was the rock around which my tramping career had developed. I have fond memories of using it to cut salami on the tops of mountains, in huts to tighten the screw on my stove, and in the kitchen at my flat to open a can of beans or two.

Its loss was devastating.

So I came up with a plan.

I knew where I had last used my knife. On the tops above Dickie Spur hut, enjoying our final lunch of the trip. So it had to be between there and the road. Could it have fallen out of my pack when I stopped somewhere? Surely there wouldn't be too many places it could be. Surely I could go and look for it. A day trip. A run, even? My mind jumped to TWALK, coming up next month - this was an easy excuse for a TWALK training run with Lewis and Rowan.

It was still raining on the West Coast. No surprises there. Heavy rain dominated the forecast, except for a brief window of sun on Wednesday. That could work.

Lewis and Rowan were keen. We left Christchurch at 5am for the West Coast Best Coast. The 4 hour drive flew by, probably because I slept nearly all of it. Big thanks to Lewis for driving.

We hit the track just after 9am and I immediately got a stitch. The flat ground only lasted a couple of k's anyway, and before long we reached Mikonui Flats hut. The scene was fresh in my memory. This was where I had realised the knife was missing, just a few days before. We did a quick check of the hut, in case I'd missed it, but alas, nothing. Onwards, then.

The next section involved more fast walking than running, which I was fine with. It was a stunning day, and the lush west coast forest was a serene setting for our adventure. We came across our next milestone, a flat bit by the river where I sat down last week. Could the knife be here? We searched and searched, but; nothing.

Onwards, again, with a sliver of nauseating panic creeping into my head. What if this whole thing was pointless? We could spend hours crawling through trees, moss and rocks and never get close to finding it. But I stopped myself - at least we're getting a solid day mission out of it. And I would never forgive myself if I gave up. I'd think about it for years. At least this way I can be sure I tried, and continue living my life happy that I did everything I could to find my precious knife.

Up the hill we went. There was at least 1000m vert to gain. The track was good, although the bush was wet from the recent rain. Another rest spot I recognised, another search in the undergrowth, nothing. Despair grew. Onwards and upwards.

We popped out of the trees. At least the view was nice. That's the great thing about tramping on the West Coast Best Coast, I guess. We passed the turnoff to Dickie Spur hut. We could go and bag

that later. Finally, the tussocky mound where we had lunch just last week came into sight. I picked up the pace in anticipation. As we came over the hill, I painted the scene from last Saturday in my mind's eye. That's where we sat, just there.

I stared at the ground. My heart rate was through the roof. Please please please please. The ground stared back. Nothing looked out of place.

Wait, hang on. A flash of red. My eyes widened. I couldn't believe it. There it was. Just sitting there. Overwhelmed with joy, and with tears welling in my eye, I picked up my knife from the mossy ground, where it had spent the last few days patiently waiting for me to return. Woohhoooooooo!!!! I was ecstatic. How gooddddd!!??!?!!!!!

I turned to the others, we shared a crisp high five, and we sat down to enjoy our own lunch. I put the knife away, then double checked, then triple checked just before we left. You can never be too careful.

Well, now we had 1000m of vert to descend. We hooned down, swinging by Dickie Spur Hut to check it out. Pretty standard 4 bunk hut. We couldn't find anyone else in the hut book stupid enough to do a day trip here from Christchurch. Onwards and downwards we went, and this time I could enjoy the run without scanning the ground constantly for the knife. I still couldn't believe it. I am so happy.

We reached the car just before 5pm. Hokitika was a fantastic place to enjoy some fish and chips and watch the sunset. The stoke was high. Lewis the legend drove the whole way home, and before we knew it we were back in Christchurch. What a bloody good day.

Some lessons:

Always check the ground to see if you've left anything behind before you start moving again.

The West Coast Best Coast is closer than you think, go there.

Big thanks to Lewis and Rowan for agreeing to this silly adventure, which later inspired our TWALK team name and costume: the Swiss Army.

Goon

Slappus Maximus



Ask Liv



- ✓ Throw goon
- ✓ Slap and tap
- ✓ Drink

CLUB MASCOT

Goon is an interesting creature that has formed a relationship of obligate mutualism with the CUTC trumper - i.e, both species are entirely dependent on each other for survival. The goon is immobile without assistance, comprising of a thin yet durable pet-rochemical skin around it's liquid innards. What it lacks in muscles and locomotion, it compensates for the life-force held within.

It is this life-force that forms the bond between the goon and trumper. As masochists of varying degrees, CUTC trampers regularly travel through rough and remote terrain with goon in tow, allowing it to spread throughout an incredibly wide range of habitats, from beaches to mountain peaks. This travel is both physically and mentally demanding and as such, the trumper relies on the goon to recover after (or during) the strenuous activity.

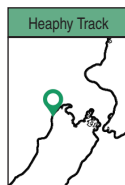
Several goon subspecies have been identified, including turbo goon, liquid warmth, & an armoured megafauna known as a "keg".

For the Sake of a Name

Written by Lewis Irwin

April 7th-9th & 27th-28th 2021

Featuring: Lewis Irwin, Lewis Hut



- ✓ Signs of madness
- ✓ Signs of rebellion
- ✓ Signs of a successful heist

EXTINCT IN WILD

It should be the dream of any right-thinking person (er, maybe just any person) to visit an awesome place that shares their name; and for me, that dream was answered by Lewis Hut, sited a third of the way up the Heaphy track, a Great Walk on the Best Coast. Per-fection! Not so perfect was the solemn announcement that the poor old thing was due to be torn down soon™ to be replaced by a shiny new shelter.

There was nothing for it, I'd have to get in quick before it went. Thursday was the nearest opening, so I packed my bags sharpish and took off for Karamea Wednesday afternoon, hoping to hike in early enough beat any possibly opportunistic thru-hikers. That day gave me my first tastes of rally-driving (if you can take Karamea bluff at more than 70km/h then you're Hayden Paddon), movie tourism (the Oparara arches are straight out of LOTR) and of course the piranha-esque Heaphy Sandfly, to which Lemon-Eucalyptus oil is only so much seasoning. After a hurried change into

into longsleeves I pitched camp at Kohaihai track start, shared a marvellous sunset view with the folks back in Christchurch (Kohaihai has a surprising signal strength) and turned in for an early night before the 24-k mission of tomorrow.

Thursday dawned bright and-eargh, damn sandflies! Now even more eager for the off, I scoffed breakfast, scarfed up against the sandflies and took off up the track, marvelling at the gorgeous headlands and hungry surf of the Heaphy beach; and also the way I ate up the highway-like miles of the track- at 5 hours for 24km, no wonder they call it a Walk over a Tramp! Early afternoon found the target surprisingly devoid of people, so I took the obligatory selfie with my namesake's hut sign, cracked the cocktail shaker and settled in for a good afternoon of watching the river gnawing at the hut's foundations. A few DOC rangers eventually joined me at the hut, and had a good yarn about the state of the hut and the Heaphy area's larrikin-filled history. It turned out they were actually there to measure a not so river-eaten spot for the replacement shelter, and spend a last quiet night at the hut before its closure on the 28th.

I walked zombie-headed out the Heaphy trail next morning with a strangely light pack, and not just because I'd left all my teabags at the hut by mistake. Last night's tales of adventurous treasure-seekers percolated through my mind and collided with the curious thought that my 25th birthday would render adulthood officially inescapable at month's end, and me without an act of rebellion to my name. Hang on- the 28th, month's end.... aha.



A caper formed. As I checked back in with the local DOC centre I casually floated my scheme to a staff member, who greeted it with a roar of laughter and a certain email address to try. The signs, it seemed, were looking good.....

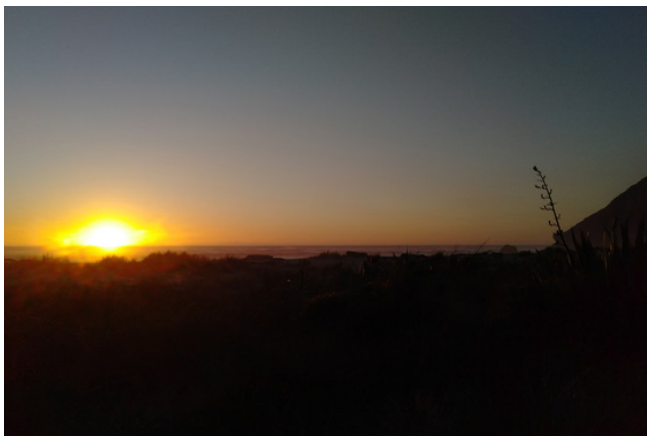
3 WEEKS LATER

Bzzbzz! My phone chirruped to wake me before dawn. D-Day Time to set the plot in motion. I quickly dressed and ate, triple-checked my pack had everything I'd need, and hit the road back to Karamea. Hooning up towards Lewis Pass with Ween blasting on the stereo and a fresh Culverden pie in hand, it seemed nothing would stay me fr-ScreeeeeBANG.

The Boyle River bridge could, it turned out. Blasted black ice! Muttering imprecations and terrible puns about karma/carma and how ironic it was get blocked by Lewis Pass, I changed my now-munted front wheel and wobbled slowly to Springs Junction, where a quick phonecall to the Step-dad (NOT my mother!) eased my automotive worries and set me back on my way. Now down 3 hours and up a future repair bill, I cruised carefully down to Westport, where I broke my cardinal rule of paying more than \$10 for a pie (good pie, though) and finally hit the trailhead at 2.10pm.

I'd have to seriously push it to reach the hut before dark and hopefully grab a bunk, so I threw on my boots, locked my poor crippled car and hared off down the track. Desperation gave me a boost like no other, and less than 4 hours had me pounding up the dusky river track to the hut, where I was greeted by a glimmer of





of light in the window and a blood-freezing screech from an affronted morepork.

Thankfully the hut was still only half full, even more thankfully the delightful family group who occupied it happily unfroze my blood with an awesome bolognese and a beautiful singalong. Midnight approached, and with it the official end of the Lewis Hut's faithful service. Sensing the occasion, a glorious full moon rose and a few kiwi wandered down to the riverbed to put on a farewell show for the occupants. Finally unregarded, I quietly reached into my pack and withdrew the cross-head screwdriver I'd secreted there....

I awoke early the next morning and left quickly before my plan was rumbled, receiving a goodbye kiss from the hut stove as I went. I soon gained Heaphy hut, where I grabbed a furtive bite and had a short, slightly shifty chat to the duty warden about the dreadful fate of the Lewis Hut before once again making my escape, conscious of my pack sitting guiltily on my shoulders. The miles flew by slowly, as headland passed headland and a gnawing in my ankle made me wonder if the track itself was trying to capture me for my past mischief. Eventually, painfully, thankfully, the final ridge and bridge hove into view, and I was out safely at Kohaihai. BzzBzz! chirruped my phone again as a DOC email-header flashed accusingly across it:

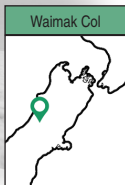
"Can I get back to you about the Lewis Hut sign?"

Mountain Climbing & Kayak Dragging

Written by Luke Whitehead

May 1st-2nd 2021

Featuring: Luke Whitehead, Ambrose Ledbrook, Jeff Wise, Stefan Przychodzko, Lachie Watson, Jozef Crosland, Pak Lun Cheung, Vincent Smith, Liv Martin, Hovey Dickson, and Shaun Souness.



- ✓ Gnarly, fit, impressive outdoor specimens
- ✓ Goat-like agility and scree scrambling skills
- ✓ Kayakers were also there

HYBRID SPECIES

9 hardy souls plus 2 lost kayakers set out from Klondyke corner with a solid weekend ahead of them at the headwaters of the Waimakariri. Despite the best efforts of the kayakers to slow them down, they still reached Waimak Falls Hut by dark, even managing to squeeze in some alpine bouldering on an irresistible chunk of rock. With the hut already full, it was a peaceful night under the stars, interrupted only by the incessant shriek of keas until 5am, when the early birds could take it no more and grumbled out of bed.

An eternity of faff later, they set off for Waimak-Col-but-not-really-the-col-because-that's-not-where-the-route-goes. Before long they reached the snow, donning crampons and figuring out how to use them again. Snow conditions were crap, there was no freeze and it was a dicey trudge over powder-on-scrree to the semi-frozen tarn that was still solid enough to hold their weight. The summit party split off and boosted up with light packs to the glistening snow

slopes of Mt Armstrong. With only one sketchy frozen scree bit, the ecstatic group topped out in no time and enjoyed stunning views of lots of pretty mountains.

The descent was quick, and they'd barely even regrouped before the kayakers were off once again to return to the Waimak. The fun group, however, knew that the West Coast was the Best Coast and dropped into the Rolleston River. There they encountered the world's longest sidle over the world's loosest scree slopes, a gnarly overgrown track and a fantastic river of boulders over which they hopped, skipped and jumped to reach the car at sunset.

And what happened to the kayakers? We picked them up several hours later, after we'd had a pint and chips in Arthur's Pass and most of the crew had driven home. The kayakers had not really done much kayaking, because as everyone knows the Waimak above Klondyke corner is braided and not very deep at all. Still, the rest of us had fun.



Julia Hut - Sorry, that's a Taipo!

Written by Lewis Irwin

May 1st-2nd 2021

Featuring: Euan Robinson, Lewis Irwin, Soren Subritzky, Tamsyn Salmon, Sarah Bell, Hayden Evans, Jason Ng, Julian Lampen



- ✓ Hidden Power of Second Breakfast
- ✓ Cruelly victimised boots
- ✓ Heated noodle debates

GOOD NOODLES

We got up early with a bowl of light and tasty to meet at 6.30am and set off to Arthur's pass; where we heard the Taipo was up due to snowmelt and the path halfway to Julia greatly slowed therefore. We also stopped to grab a pie from the Arthur's Pass store (pepper steak is super worth it...), a fateful decision here.

After eventually finding the carpark at 9.20am we set off on our way, meeting a rare ground-dwelling wood pigeon who flew off once he realised he'd been unmasked. For 3 hours we walked over hills, through swamp and river, along roads and past misleading squatter houses to eventually find Dillon's hut and homestead. Here we lunched, but for some reason I only felt thirsty; "Obviously not hard going today," I thought to myself....

We walked a further hour over the terraces to reach a steep pinch point over the blue and lively Taipo, and my first ever 3-wire bridge. we took maybe 15 minutes to cross, by which time I finally

felt hungry enough to eat an apple that I'd filched from the apparently abandoned Dillon's homestead. Lovely! here a nasty surprise awaited- a 30min scramble up and back down the (surely unnecessary!) 100m high flood route (or should that be flurry of roots?) to the river, where we threaded our way loosely around the track up the river bank, meeting a couple at 3pm just down from Mid-Taipo hut, who claimed they'd already walked 3hrs from Julia. Our legs were beginning to seem shorter than we'd planned for...

After a further hour of roots and river stones, one final untrustworthy stream crossing later had us at Mid-Taipo hut, and starting to lose daylight. With sundown officially at 6pmish (closer to us than Julia hut was) and us in a valley we figured we wouldn't reach the hut before dark, let alone the treacherously-sited hot pools, and settled into Mid-Taipo. A pleasant evening was had by all, with much discussion of dinner plans and comparison of the best kind of noodles (gluten-free seemed to get the most votes), and with a small fire in the hearth and two gorgeous shooting stars to marvel at, we settled in for a cosy night.

After a slow rise at 7am, we finally set off back to civilisation at 8.30, hoping to make dinner and a hot bath at a more timely hour than we might have yesterday. Finding the path leading homeward much better marked than that in (probably the safer way round!) we seemed to make better time than previously, and afforded a quick check to see if we could skip the brutal climb to the 3-wire. here, again fatefully, we couldn't. Steeling ourselves with a quick snack (here I had an apple and some Whittaker's) we plunged onward.





It seemed the 3-wire, likely influenced by the treacherous hungry Taipo, decided we were making too good progress, and conspired to grievously wound the beloved 30-year-old boots of Tamsyn; which only survived the experience thanks to copious amounts of strapping tape.

Here on out we were slower, although we had the literal benefits of hindsight (at one point i discovered with an audible groan a river path we had forsaken for a steep incline), and after numerous easier-today river crossings and re-layers of tape, we reached Dillon's hut for lunch. I seemed unaccountably ravenous today, and so polished off 4 rounds of cheese-salami crackers, along with yet more Whittaker's, and even cracked the Raro for some added pep. more worryingly, we reached the end of our tape, and started writing the last will of Tamsyn's boot.

2hrs of road walking later we reached the final riverbank, and Tamsyn's boot the literal end of its tether, necessitating a parting of the fellowship as we sent an advance crew out to the carpark to grab the 4wd and attempt a recovery mission for Tamsyn and her boot. The mission was a runaway (well, hop-along) success, and the team doctor even managed to find a likely cobbler to resuscitate the victimised footwear. We still had been only 10 minutes slower out than in.

From there it was an even less eventful drive back to Christchurch, with another strangely satisfying stop at the Arthur's Pass cafe and a homecoming before dusk this time.

The morals of the story are fourfold: the Taipo is not a river to cross lightly; sometimes the DOC estimate is well correct (we made Mid-Taipo in 7hr, DOC said 7-10hr to Julia); Arthur's Pass pie-crust is made of lembas-bread; and they really don't make boots like they used to- get yourself some Scarpas before they walk off into the sunset!



Bushcraft: get crafty in the bush

Written by Lexi Richards Photos by Tim May 8th-9th, 2021

Featuring: Lexi Richards, Tim Dunshea, Lewis Irwin, Soren Subritzky, Anna Cory-Wright, Zoe Brawn, and Leah Thompson-looij



- ✓ Fanny-tacs, falls, failing flashlights
- ✓ Theoretical river crossings
- ✓ #2 treadmill, poop perambulator, caca conveyor

WILDERPEOPLE

Bushcraft had us pumped to learn how to navigate and keen to sleep beneath some sketchy self-made teepees. So, explain to me why we abandoned our intentions of setting up a tent city, and chose the more favourable, but less crafty hut? I guess with the forecast of a downpour the next morning we pussied out of sleeping in tents ...guilty.

After stopping at Culverden bakery for our pies*, we waved good-bye to the sun as we entered the shadowy Lewis Pass. My 6-year-old and now holey boots filled with water the second we hit the track. It didn't take us long to boost up the track to Lake Daniell.

After learning some basic bearing and triangulation skills, we abandoned our gear in the warmth of the hut, still uninhabited by anyone else. We figured weather wasn't great, and it was already late, so suuurely not many of the people who actually booked beds would show up.

“Tim the Terri” and his fanny-tac (fancy name for a fanny pack) took us out into the wild to test our skills. Each of us took a turn to lead a leg along a certain bearing, miraculously failing to fall off our imaginary track. We pushed on despite the drizzling darkness. After only a couple of falls (Anna), one dead head torch (Leah, although almost a second one from Zoe) and several arguments about which direction to continue in (mostly provoked by me), we made it back to the hut.

Only to find that everyone had shown up for the night.

Well, there was no way we were setting up camp at that point, wet and exhausted** from our expedition. We settled on sleeping on the hut floor to prevent overcrowding the bedrooms.

A great evening of biscuit and chocolate sharing was had. When the other hut guests retreated to the bunkrooms we hid in the ‘lounge’ to play my favourite game, Mafia. After winning as the Mafia on the committee trip I was feeling particularly over-confident. Luckily in all three games I was a pleb (civilian), so I had no chance to prove my abilities.

In an unfortunate ending, Soren who was having his first turn as Mafia got voted out right away after the policeman by chance identified him in the first round. I can’t decide what the most frightening experience of the game was: the huts timer lights going out suddenly while our narrator told a scary story, or the horrifying moment when the narrator accidentally said ‘okay Policeman, point to the person you want to finger’ - resulting in the Policeman very quickly deselecting their choice.

To sum up day 2, instead of practising river crossings we practised identifying rivers too swollen to attempt crossing, and our two groups failed to get each others attention from obnoxiously blowing our whistles. While trying to jump into the car quickly because of the rain, I threw my dry socks from the open boot into the front seat where I would be sitting. Unfortunately, they bounced off the back of the chair and fell out the open door into a huge puddle.

Then to finish, we ate some lovely hot chips in Culverden, with the ‘house tomato sauce’ unexpectedly being brought out to us by the lovely till worker. 10/10 for customer service.



Overall, did I feel bad for sleeping in the hut after not booking? Yes. Did I feel bad for sleeping in the hut even though we had tents? Yes. Did I feel bad for staying up later (and making more noise) than everyone else in the hut? Yes. But, did I attempt to do a super good clean after they abandoned us the next morning? Yes. And did I pay for a spot in the hut for the following night? Yes. So... apologies for monopolising the hut, but I have tried to redeem myself.

P.s. The toilets at Manson-Nicholls Hut are the COOLEST toilets you'll ever use, not even just with respect to tramping toilets. For those of you who haven't experienced them: you get to wave goodbye to your poo while cranking a foot pedal which transports it away on a conveyer belt x.

* Lewis recommends their WTF pie as a ONCE in a lifetime meal.

** Potentially a slight exaggeration.

Wattie's BeanZ

Flatulus Gigantus



- ✓ Fill your stomach
- ✓ Fill your foreground
- ✓ Fill your heart

ENDEMIC

Although Wattie's BeanZ may at first appear to be a mollusc due to their tough outer shell, closer inspection reveals that they are in fact a colonial organism. Many uniform, kidney-shaped, interdependent individuals live together in a high calorie acidic suspension. Iron from the surrounding environment is aggregated to form the shell, which is then pigmented to attract pollinators.

The iron shell originally provided good defence from predators, however has become less effective upon the arrival of simple tool users such as corvids and monkeys, and the evolution of early hominids such as homo habilis, homo neanderthalis, and OUTC students.

In addition to providing sustenance, recent developments have seen Wattie's BeanZ become a ceremonial item amongst CUTC committee. Photographs taken with foreground BeanZ are said to increase tramping ability and group cohesion.





CUTC Trap Building Night

Written by Hamish Dodd and June Pfister

May 12th 2021

Featuring: Hordes of hammering hooligans



- ✓ Stoat squishing goodness
- ✓ Questionable power tool usage
- ✓ Hammer time

NATIVE DEFENDERS

The Trap Building Night was spearheaded by CUTC's Environment Officer, Nicole Cameron, who writes this about the event:

"There are many reasons that we enjoy tramping at CUTC. For one, when we explore New Zealand's wild places, we get to appreciate our incredible array of unique biodiversity and wildlife. As a club that is actively involved in the outdoors, we are always looking for ways to give back and help New Zealand's native species flourish.

This year we've partnered with the Arthur's Pass Wildlife Trust, who have given us 50 Kea-Proof DOC 150 Stoat Trap kit sets to assemble! We're super excited to do our bit to protect our wildlife by providing an opportunity to put these traps together."

We had so many eager volunteers making these stoat killing contraptions, it was such an awesome event, and such a good excuse

to blow off some uni steam by swinging a hammer about. The sense of comradery and cooperation by our construction crew, together with the covid-inspired popularity of sea shanties, led us to write this modern shanty for trapping nights to come.

Soon, May the Trapper Team Come

Composed by Hamish Dodd and June Pfister

Sing to the tune of Wellerman, Nathan Evans cover.

There once was a club that built fifty,
Traps and that club was CUTC,
The winds blew hard, the sun came out,
Build my tramping team, build (huh)

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go

It had not been yet half past four
When down came a hammer, fuck my thumb's sore
I grabbed my hand and loudly swore
But still the rats must go (huh)

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go

Da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Hammers swung under captains orders
Out came a cook who briefly caught her
All hands to the sides, for a pint of porter
As they led their show

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go

Then back to work, bribed with a feed
But the trappers mind was not on greed
We belonged to the native creed
We knew the rats must go (huh)

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go

Da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

For forty traps, and then ten more
The splinters jabbed and mesh it tore
But us trappers, we're so hardcore
We knew the rats must go (huh)

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go

As far as I've heard, the traps have gone
Up to the alps, and far beyond
The trappers make their regular call,
To clear out the rats and the stoats and more

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go

Soon may the trapper-team come,
To take our traps to hills far-flung
One day, when the building is done,
We're proud to see them go



No Doubt - An Epic Trip to Lake Man Biv and Doubtful Range!

Written by Nicole Cameron

May 23rd-24th 2021

Featuring: Nicole Cameron and Liv Martin



- ✓ Packrafting, minus the raft
- ✓ Hummus and salted nuts, apparently?
- ✓ Collision sleeping aids and involuntary sit downs

RELEASED FROM CAPTIVITY

Uni is hard, life is tough - it had been a very long week,
Mountains and adventure where what we wanted to seek.

I jumped at the idea of an epic weekend in the outdoors with Liv,
We settled on traversing the Doubtful Range with a night at Lake
Man Biv.

The sun was shining in the Lewis Pass, but our tramp started with
a big shiver,

As we crossed the Boyle, we almost ended up going for a swim in
the river.

Walking up the Doubtful valley, we followed some horse prints on
the ground,

Hurrying between patches of sun to warm up after nearly having
drowned.

We turned off at the Kedron River, and started our climb,
Far out! Being in the bush is such a good time.
After a few hours, we emerged out from the trees,
Mt Lakeman was golden in the sun – the view made me weak at the knees.

Lunched at the Biv – the newest sandwich combo is hummus and salted nuts.

Nice, cosy and recently renovated, Lake Man was one of the cutest huts.

We didn't have enough time to get to the Lake before we ran out of sunlight,

But we tried to get as far as we could before heading back to the Biv for the night.

By 8, we were both tucked up in bed.

The ceiling was so low, while we were chatting, I sneezed, and hit my head.

Woke in the morning, the stars winking at us in the sky,

We needed an early start, so quickly bid Lake Man Biv goodbye.

Tramped to the saddle as the sun coloured the sky in shades of pink, orange and blue.

Then up onto the range – “Man that's a big climb, but it's going to be worth it for the view”.

The day was magical, spent walking along the tops,

Crossing off each point on the map, kicking through snow and tussock, and not looking too closely off the side of the steep drops.





How lucky we are to be here – this view is pretty sweet!
Wow! The places you can get to with a pack and your two feet.
Summitted Mt Garfield and Mt Murray,
We could have spent forever up there, but the sight of the falling
sun made us scurry.

We saw lots of deer, and watched in awe as a falcon took to the
sky to glide,
Cloudless skies, fresh air, and mountains on every side.
Our route along the tops took us most of the day
We had a few falls, or “involuntary sit downs”, as Liv liked to say.

We hit the clearing and found a rough track leading us down
through the bush,
So many different environments – here we were at the final push.
After 9 hours, we made it to the Windy Point bridge,
What a day we just had, walking along Doubtful Range, crossing
each ridge.

Neither of us was keen for another chilly river swim,
And a walk back along the highway at night was looking very grim.
Thankfully, we were able to hitch a ride in someone's ute,
Got back to the car – such a good feeling to take off each boot!

This weekend's adventure was exactly what I was looking for.
I will not leave it so long to get out tramping again, I swore.



TWALK 2021

Written by Holly Thompson and Skye Peng May 22nd-23rd 2021

Featuring: A terrain train, road cones, Pacman, Nemo and Dory, the Swiss Army, ninja turtles, ABBA, and many more nutters



Photo by Jonathan Carr

- ✓ Hot, hallucinatory, hash-house chips
- ✓ More costumes, sugar, & walking than halloween
- ✓ Crazy, stupid, madness, insanity (their words)

LIKELY BIOHAZARDS

Holly's Experience

Little Bo Peep rustled up three sheep and signed them up to TWALK. Not having a clue what we were in for; it was lucky that we sat next to Gru's daughters on the bus enroute. They told us to expect a lot of type two fun and imparted some handy hints: don't spend too much time looking for each control, it will be beautiful at night when everyone's lights are on, go the opposite way around a leg to get clues off the faster teams and don't worry; no one ever finishes the whole course.

It was the most perfect weather you could wish for, and the first few clues were a breeze (we only had to follow the crowds). Despite only arriving at the Hash House a few hours before sunset the map for leg two lured up Mt Guy for the most stunning evening. Cursing a man named Zeek who apparently sat down for a rest by a dry creek, we made it to the top.

It was getting seriously cold so we bundled up and stuffed sugar in our faces. Going along the ridge of Mt Guy and down to the tarn was the most spectacular part of my weekend. The last glow of the day disappeared and just as we had been told, the lights of hundreds of head torches could be seen scattered all over the landscape.

It became apparent that most teams were going the other way round the course. We had a vantage point from up a spur to observe a mash of headlights flailing around in the Matagouri trying to find a control. This boosted our incredible smugness when we were able to locate it (thanks to Pussy Power for the hint!). This perhaps gave us a false sense of confidence as we headed down onto the flat and proceeded to spend the best part of the night scrambling around stunted rocky cliffs, wandering on and off the Te Araroa track and attempting to follow a creek. It was only after we gave up on what I think was the fourth control in a row that I remembered Edith mentioning that leg two was often designed to be done in the daylight and to consider skipping it if we were slow on leg one (wish I had remembered that hint a little earlier!).

With not much to show for our efforts we arrived at a crossroads that would take us back to the hash house. An unknown team gave us the encouragement we needed to turn away from the promised hot food and go in search of what I must admit did turn out to be one of the easier controls. Our sense of achievement restored, we marched back in the direction of base, reassuring ourselves that the ones we missed would have been easy to find



in the light. As we were utilizing the tracks of the area, we were able to walk with just the light of the moon and we all agreed that despite our aching legs and grumbling tummies, it was an ethereal way to experience Saturday night.

The hash house was warm and chaotic. They fed us oven chips which I swear I had smelt from a few kilometres away wafting over the lake but hadn't mentioned as I thought I must have been dreaming. I salute the teams who made it through the full 24 hours without sleeping, we had a generous five before getting up to nab the first few leisurely controls of leg three. It was another stunning day and the sun shone brightly on the biggest gathering of hobbling humans I have ever seen.

Thank you TWALK for a mad weekend that was mostly type one fun with a little type two sprinkled in.





Skye's Experience

"If someone is stupid enough to walk 24 hours straight in the middle of nowhere just to find some hidden white plates, I will want to be friends with them." - Jenni

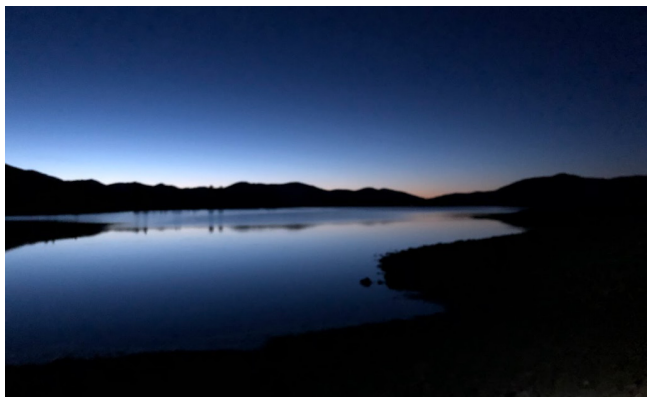
Sprained ankle and aching back? A couple of painkillers and you were a hundred miles an hour. Falling asleep at 2am? Keep the coffee coming. Freezing in a skirt at -2 degrees? Just a wee jog and you'd be fine. Matagouri kept scratching your bare legs? Chill, they were just saying hi. Crazy and stupid are the correct adjectives to describe this weekend. But dear lord, I loved every moment of this insanity.

Couldn't think of a better first all-nighter (for me) than being lost in the mountains. We started on a beautiful fine day with the sun shining everywhere upon us. The sun slowly set soon after we summited Mt Guy, and the moon gradually rose. The whole sky was engulfed by soft colours of purple and pink, it was the most dreamy shade I've ever seen. It got dark soon afterwards. On all the tramps I'd been on so far, there had always been a stopwatch in the back of my mind: Reach the hut/campsite before the dark. Knowing what I had signed up for, I had never been more at ease with time. The night had been eventful. Leg 2 dragged on from our anticipated 5 hours to 10. After a long descend down a steep mountain and some futile hours on finding controls, we endured the anxieties of losing team members and our map bag (later returned to us). However, the community vibes of the night was truly heartwarming. At the end of the day, we weren't just competitors to

each other, but also allies in the dark. Hungry, cold and exhausted, we finally reached the Hash House at 12:30am. I extended my hands out to form a bowl, and Harry loaded them with heavenly hot chips. Nothing else in the world tasted better.

After a brief rest, we ventured out in the dark once again. It was -4°C overnight. Walking on the crisp, sparkly frosted grass, I was warm and toasty. After the moon descended from the sky, it was so dark that even the outlines of the mountains faded. The light from head torches shone from all directions, I never felt alone.

This whole trip was absolute madness. Yet, I'm ready to repeat this insanity time and time again. Thanks for the best company, Twiggles.



A TWALK Retrospective

By Dick Williman

I have just come across the youtube clip of 50 years of Twalk. As part of the winning team of the first ever twalk (known as "the 24hour walk" in those days), and as one of the early organisers and "chefs" I thought I might pass on some further comments.

Pete Squires covered some essentials but here is a further view point.

The idea was initiated by an Australian postgraduate student who had come over to study at Canterbury (I think in engineering). He had been in similar events in Australia referred to as rogaining. I suspect his early planning had been done purely off the topo map. Certainly the planning showed little understanding of the country it was to go through. As Pete Squires indicated, he had made no effort to get permission from the land owners whose property we were to cross - A point that afterwards made some amusing comments in The Press. However it did set out some basics of the organisation. It was a teams event and teams must stay together, it was a time limit - 24hours- event, there was to be food available to competitors during the event, the location was to be unknown until the start of the event.

So for the first one we turned up at the student union building (at that time on the old campus now the arts centre), Each team were supplied with the appropriate "inch to the mile" topo map and a list of grid references of the location of each check-point and we climbed on the bus and headed out to the start. That year it was near Mt Oxford.

From our start point to the first check point/hash house involved either a lot of bush bashing through gorse or a lengthy detour along the roads. That year there were two hash houses, one just offering a sandwich and a coffee, the other, I am told, had barbecued steak and all sorts of goodies (I can't vouch for that as none of the competitors actually got to it.). We took the uncomfortable route through the gorse. and got into this first hash/stop just on dark, We were the first ones in. Most others took the road route and got in after dark. By the time they got in, any enthusiasm for going any further in the dark had deserted them and the limited attractions of that hash stop was as far as most got. Only two teams went any further- ourselves and a ? Thomson and friend. After a few hours struggling in the bush and the dark we decided to stop for the rest of the night. We continued next morning and must have

found a further check point. Our team, (my brother Brin, and sister Jeni and I) and the other team of ? Thomson were declared joint winners at a later club dinner as both our teams had got to an equal number of check-points around the course.

It was a great idea and started something that has now endured for many years, but the organisation of the first one was a disaster -(but perhaps he passed his PhD or Masters) I decided to organise the second one. My sister Jeni and her husband organised the hash house - which that year involved cooking over an open fire, true camp style. I set a course in the Mt Grey/Loburn area, partly farm land and partly forestry. I got permission from all the land owners. By and large I believe it was a success. (though my uni studies weren't) Peter Squires was one of the competitors I believe, with John Glasgow, and John Stanton and others. There were a couple of hiccups. I had used an acquaintance who was doing a Ph.D in Geography to help put out a few check-points. He managed to put one in the wrong place!. I also put out a couple of cans of beer on Mt Grey, which was one of the checkpoints. John Stanton and party were the first there, and enthusiastically opened the cans, only to find the contents were frozen solid.

The event helped gain enough enthusiasm that John Stanton organised the next one. It was in the Waipara area. The Boys Brigade had a camp there and their base made an excellent hash house. That year I was in charge of the hash house. I had diesel ovens, Zip water boilers and electric mixers at my disposal. John had been a leader in the Boy Brigade.

It is great to see the event still going and obviously the tramping club still one of the major social grouping of the university. I, like some others, decided canoeing down rivers was easier than tramping down them and moved on to help start the canoe club.

Best wishes to all club members,

Regards

Dick Williman

Holy Hallucinatory Hot Chips

Carbus Vastum



- ✓ Hot, filling, salty and crispy
- ✓ Hot damn, I'm starving
- ✓ Is there such thing as dehy chips?

LIFESAVERS

During TWALK 2021, concerns of a mass hysteria event were raised by the competitors. Despite being partway up a mountain in the rugged Southern Alps, many attendees began to smell hot chips. The symptoms spread up the flanks from Lake Clearwater to Mount Guy, and drove visions of steaming, salty goodness into the forefront of every hungry mind. The lingering hunger of racing against time was exacerbated by these delicious daydreams, and some TWALKers found it difficult to concentrate on the terrain in front of them - the golden tussocks forming valleys of vegetables and spurs of spuds.

Historians later discovered that the competitors had been smelling the very real, very tasty, hot chips at the hash house. The south-westerly winds were blowing the tantalising scent of fresh, crispy chips all the way up the mountains. Some competitors wished for the smell to pluck them up by their nostrils and float them back to the hash house, but such wishes were unfortunately not granted.

If you read this many kilometres and days from your next batch of hot chips, I sincerely apologise. Try to repress the hysteria.

Yet Another West Coast Mission

Written by Max Truell

June 8th-11th 2021

Featuring: Max, Stefan, Luke

Photos by Luke and Max



- ✓ The best afghan biccies to ever grace the earth
- ✓ A varied range of vocal cord abilities
- ✓ Homemade dehy wizardry

SLEEP DEPRIVED

Me:

- Started on luxury four hours sleep.
- Forgot a helmet.
- Provided: Carbohydrates, photos of Luke and religious porridge making.

Stefan:

Started on three hours of sleep.

- Also forgot a helmet.
- Provided: Honda Odyssey, a promise of a statistical doc hut report and the best damn afghan bickies I have ever eaten!

Luke:

- Started on zero hours sleep (assignment time).
- Forgot the PLB.
- Provided: plan, yum dinner, a personal photoshoot, and

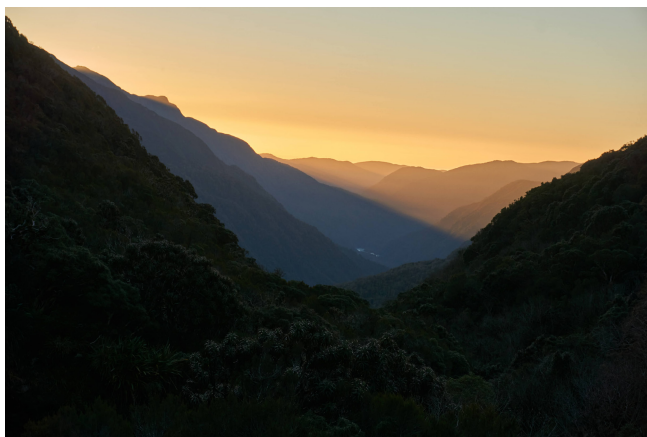
impressive vocal range, everything else required for the trip, a tripod... (I have no idea how he managed to fit that much in his pack)

An hour behind schedule, we had finally picked up all the forgotten things. I was very impressed with Stefan's early morning driving, all the way to the Hokitika Gorge car park.

Wow, Luke can really move, even on no sleep. His legs extend and then he is gone. I tried to keep up but failed. Up in the distance, I would hear a joyful "woohoo!" I attempted to give responses but quickly gave up as it became apparent from the subsequent squeaky voice cracking that my vocal cords were not up to scratch. We arrived at Frew Saddle Biv just before dark and squeezed into the biv for a yum dinner. Jane Morris was the last person to stay in the hut two weeks ago. Stefan gave us some of his divine bickies!

The morning came and it turned out that we had slept for 12 hours. I had accidentally set an alarm for pm not am and Luke woke us up when we were meant to be leaving the hut. Oops. I made porridge and we got going very speedily. Anyway, I will let Luke write the middle section of the day because it was very cool and he will do it far more justice....

Ok, no, it's the next semester's study break now and I have given up on Luke. In short, the Cramponning conditions were great. The ridge travel between Mount Tancred and Gerard peak was pretty nice. Beyond that the ridge would have been rock climbing, so we



popped down a couloir on the north side and then over a wee low point to weave our way down the snow into Sir Robert creek in the dark.

Finally, we arrived at Sir Robert Hut. It was a great hut however we were disappointed not to find the 1966 women's magazine which was described on remote huts as, "a real hoot." The hut book went back to 1983 and we were the first ones in the hut book in over a year which was pretty cool. Jane Morris had also been here ages ago and made a record 10 hours from Cedar Flat.

I made porridge in the morning. Two minutes out of the hut, Luke slipped on a very slippery rock and whacked his knee. The route out of Sir Robert was up this near-vertical gut and then down the slipperiest ridge I have ever set foot on. "Coooo-eeeeee," Stefan and I heard in the distance as we covered ourselves in more mud picking our way down the track. "Cooehghhg-" I attempt, but no, my vocal cords had not miraculously improved overnight.

At the bottom, we went to check out Poet Hut, where we found the much-anticipated women's magazine. Jane Morris had been there two nights before! Here is a very bad poem that was not put in the hut book.

*Luke is going a criminal pace.
Slow down Luke it's not a race
Yikes it's winter, there is no time
And so Luke's pace is not a crime*





Three lean mean altitude gaining machines hooned up the steep, but nice track to Toaroha Saddle Biv for lunch. Jane Morris had been the last person there. The tussock coming down the other side of the saddle was terrifying and obscured all view of the numerous holes in the ground and our feet. The track between Top Toaroha Hut and Mullin's Hut track was nasty and we were going less than 1 kph.

Finally, we arrived at Cedar Flats Hut, well after dark, to find... Jane Morris! She was very cool (look her up and you will think so too). We had not gotten close to making her time to the hut.

We unpacked and then raced over to the hot pools to cook dinner. The water was amazing and Stefan's afghan biscuits were heavenly. Luke is a leading world expert on home dehydrated tramping meals! The stars were great.

I made porridge in the morning, then three keen lean mean altitude gaining machines hooned up the Jumble Top track, beating remote hut times!

Luke's knee was giving him grief on the way down, so we tussock slid a good portion of the hill. I could finally keep up with him (for like half an hour, then he took an ibuprofen and disappeared into the west coast distance again, oh well). Gerhardt Spur Biv was very cool, would visit again. The spur itself was very long and very steep. Would avoid going downwards again if possible. "Yeehaaa!" I heard in the distance. "Yee-ghhhhg" I attempted. Maybe if I took ibuprofen it would allow me to utilise my vocal range better...

The spur did finally end and we came out onto the river flats and into a maze of electric fences, collapsing banks and boulders from Punakaiki?

Then we were out. We didn't even have to walk in the dark and we made it back to Hokitika in time to get a beer and then a pizza from the place that Stefan had been trying to visit since he could remember. "Woohoo!" (my voice finally didn't crack)

The odyssey's fuel gauge hit empty in Arthur's pass. Stefan was pretty sure it would be fine, so we cruised along on an uncertain fuel supply until Springfield. Luke fed us muffins and chocolate which were almost as good as the afghan bickies and then the trip was done. It had been the best transalpine trip I had been on and my legs were in the most pain since coming to uni!



Ibuprofen

Patella Elegans



- ✓ Pain is your body telling you NO
- ✓ Ibuprofen is you telling your body YES
- ✓ She'll be right

PAINKILLER

Ibuprofen seed pods grow on a thick, bushy shrub found in alpine tussockland. These shrubs have been bred extensively in nurseries and planted in firebreaks, helping to prevent forests from becoming inflamed.

The seed pods themselves have a shiny upper and dull white underside. The upper gains it's silvery appearance from trace aluminium in the soils, and reflects harsh summer sun to keep the seeds from drying out. Each pod contains 10-12 seeds arranged in two neat rows, which can be easily popped through the upper layer by pollinators like trampers.

Consumption of ibuprofen has a significant effect on the body of a tramper, dulling bumps, bruises, strains and pains such that they can continue rambling up and down mountains. Side effects can include stomach upset if not consumed alongside food, but this is rarely an issue for a typical, perpetually-eating tramper.

Easy East, Wounding West

Written by Lewis MacDonald June 23rd-24th 2021

Featuring: Lewis MacDonald, Ian MacDonald, James Power.



- ✓ “This was set to be a stunning tramp”
- ✓ Was not an entirely stunning tramp
- ✓ West Coast inverse size-to-strength bush

CRITICALLY ENDANGERED

After deciding the weather window would be too small to do anything useful at Avoca hut I asked James where we should go instead. He suggested either Barker or Waimakariri Falls hut. This seemed like a good idea to me, but I love being able to make a tramp into a loop instead of just a there and back so it was decided we would go out over Waimakariri Col and down the Rolleston river. The weather looked primo for two days with a nice amount of snow around, this was set to be a stunning tramp.

At 6:30 me and my dad Ian, who was keen-as for a mission, picked James up and headed for Arthurs Pass. Making our way up the Waimak to Carrington hut was expected to be a boring time, instead we were delighted with how nice the snowy mountains looked along with the frosty ground and clear blue Waimak. Lunch was had at Carrington hut on a deck with spectacular views of many 2000m peaks before we hastily took off again up the increasingly small Waimakariri. Getting to Carrington we had

blitzed the DOC time but this was proving to be far more difficult to maintain now as the river rocks we were walking over were covered in ice making every step require plenty of concentration. A few hours of slipping our way up the baby Waimak later and we reached the falls from which the hut gets its name.

I highly recommend a visit to these falls! They are immensely beautiful with crystal blue water falling 50 or 80 metres into deep blue pools all surrounded by an alpine environment. A truly astounding place to have eyes. The hut itself is a bit of eye candy as well, being a classic alpine red and perched on top of a waterfall it is quite the sight. A good sleep was had by all at the hut which was surprisingly warm before we had breakfast and headed off for the col at 8am.

We reached the snowline within minutes of leaving the hut which we were happy about as it helped keep us off the icy rocks. One more crossing of the now infant Waimak and out came the ice axe shortly followed by the crampons. We got to the col just before the cloud came in to block our view of the incredible environment we were encompassed by. We looked down the Rolleston river thinking we would probably be at the road just after lunch, ready to grab a beer off the publican at Otira. Oh were we wrong...

Descending down the snow was fast going and we had the odd chuckle when Ian fell into waist deep snowy holes. We decided on an early lunch just below the snowline before getting into more river travel. This turned out to be a problem, we weren't meant to do much river travel as the route to get down the Rolleston river



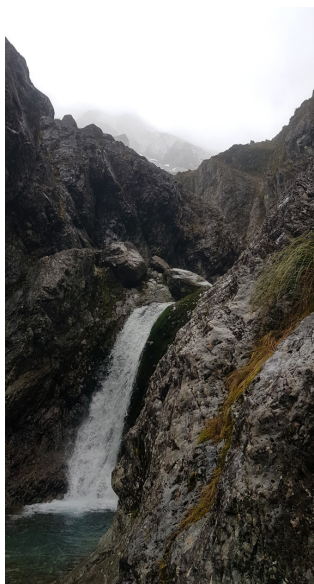


goes down the true left to avoid the many gorges and cataracts. I had not done much research on this portion of the tramp as the map I found from a previous party looked as if it just went down the river. After getting halfway down the first gorge we found a cataract where we would have no choice but to take a plunge to get down, seeing as the current weather conditions were snow flurries and we thought there was a good chance of getting stuck in the gorge if we found something worse further down we decided this couldn't be the right route so went back upstream for half an hour.

After getting to a point in the gorge that looked like we could scramble up to the true left I did so to check out if it was a viable option. Luckily I stumbled onto the intended route where two Keas were waiting for me. I signalled for the others to follow and we were back on track again after a small blunder but nothing serious. Then it happened again. But much worse this time. We were sidling along some scree when we found some cairns leading back to the river, so naturally we followed them. I really question what these cairns are for because they took us back into another impassable gorge. After getting halfway down this gorge we again found ourselves at another cataract which would require a swim. At this point we started to get worried as it was 2pm giving us only

3 hours more daylight, plus the weather was packing in making turning around and going back to the hut an option we didn't want to have to resort to. Especially as the weather wasn't going to clear for over 5 days, making any route out impassable and rescue pretty unfeasible.

We all had different ideas of what to do. Ian wanted to just take a swim and hope we could get down the river until the cut track starts less than 2 km away. James thought we should head back to the hut so we can go back down the Waimak once the weather cleared or radio for rescue. I thought we should try find an alternative route on either side of the gorge and try to spot a bivvy rock we could camp out in and set the PLB off from if we failed to get anywhere. It was decided that we should look for another route down as we only had to get 2km downstream to the cut track and therefore safety and that way we didn't risk getting stuck in a gorge that would likely flood within 10 hours. We went back upstream for the second time that day in search of an exit point. We contemplated going all the way back to the cairns that led us to the gorge but decided that they must be leading into the river for a reason so we took a small steep gut up onto the steep banks on the true right. From here we could see a bluff free way to





a spur which the track would start just beyond, also we spotted a cave which we could come back and shelter in if needed high on Mt Philistine. With our route picked we started sideling towards the track, crossing rock slabs and bashing through thick west coast scrub.

After getting to the spur which we couldn't see beyond before we realized we weren't going to be able to get to the start of the track as it was cut off by a huge bluff. We instead had to try and meet the track further along on the next spur over. We got a huge boost of confidence though because we could finally see an orange triangle in the distance. Unfortunately getting to it involved a grueling bush bash. Not scrub anymore, but instead the nastiest, thickest, wettest, most rotten west coast bush there is. The sort of stuff where a vine 2mm thick could catch and never let go of you or your ice axe, but the decent-sized tree you grabbed onto disintegrates as soon as you trust it with your life. This was all situated on a very near vertical slope so we were 100% reliant on the bush to not give way to our oblivion.

The best part of an hour later we finally reached the track as the happiest people alive and let out some relieved woohooos! Within half an hour it was getting dark but we didn't care anymore, we knew we were safe, we knew the pub was within walking distance and we knew the pub had beer. All in all, a great trip.

If you ever plan on going up or down the Rolleston river please stay on the true left when above the cut track, it will save you a lot of pain. Also don't just trust random maps you find online without doing further research.



St Arnaud to not quite Lewis Pass

Written by Owen Daniell

June 27th to July 2nd 2021

Featuring: Owen Daniell, Liv Martin, Luke Whitehead, Georgia Prince, Stefan Przychodsko



- ✓ Salami #1, salami #2, salami #3
- ✓ Semi-satanic Radix photoshoots
- ✓ Undependable fires, dependable liquid warmth

MIGRATORY

As we neared our starting point the music switched from the dulcet and relaxing country tones to rap songs about the most important aspects of life: drugs, women, and money. With Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion still ringing in our ears, we extricated ourselves from the car, faffed with gear one last time and set off towards speargrass hut. The short walk passed easily, despite a persistent drizzle and low gray cloud. Soon enough, Luke and I were chopping wood outside the hut and making a roaring fire. The evening was passed by eating some of [someones?]' excellent cooking and taking semi-satanic pictures with Radix meals in hopes of further sponsorship.

The next morning we woke up to snow flying sideways and wind battering the hut. We procrastinated on departure into the storm, but eventually set off into the cold and wet. The track to Sabine hut was thick with mud, sometimes sinking up to our knees. Once we arrived, a debate ensued about whether we should stay there or

push on to West Sabine hut. Luke and I had gotten there first to find a kayaker who had made a roaring fire. The hut was positively tropical. Assuming we would stay here that night we took off our boots, and began to dry our wet clothes. However, once Georgia arrived, she was intent on going on, refusing to take off her boots or gaiters. Everyone seemed intent on staying in the dry warmth until a rather loud and chatty party arrived and committed the sin of leaving the door open. At once an unspoken decision was made that we would go to West Sabine hut that evening, even if it meant a few hours of walking in the dark.

With the feeling of an impending epic weighing on us, we headed for West Sabine hut. We each got into our own rhythm, cruising along the riverside as darkness and snow fell. I finally arrived at the hut and got to work chopping some of the very wet wood. The others arrived one by one. The hut stayed rather cold as neither Stefan nor Liv, nor I had a lighter. We waited for Luke and Georgia to arrive to attempt to get things warm. The wood was very damp, and the fire was extremely high maintenance, requiring constant blowing. The hut never got that warm, and we soon gave up on a warm hut and retired to our sleeping bags.

The next morning we awoke to a winter wonderland. About 10 cm of light, fluffy snow had coated everything. However, this came with a very wintery chill. No amount of blowing could get the fire going, so we ate our morning radix quickly in the chilly hut. The cruisey day up to blue lake hut was beautiful but cold. I nursed fantasies about climbing the ice we saw near moss pass, and



reminisced about cross country skiing thru scenes like these back in America. As we ascended, the bush grew thinner, and the wind became more biting. When we finally arrived at blue lake hut, we were wading thru nearly half a meter of powder, blasted by wind and spindrift all the time. This sure didn't feel like tramping.

Once inside Blue lake hut, we set about building a fire. The wood here seemed even wetter than in West Sabine, and snow blowing into the woodshed sure didn't help. We each made attempts, with Luke, me, Stefan, and Liv all failing, until in a feat of blowing (and at the expense of half our toilet roll), Georgia got the fire going. The stove was still quite small for such a big hut, so we all huddled around the stove and indulged in some liquid warmth: Goon and Whiskey. We soon bedded down in front of the stove for another nights sleep.

The next day was to be when we went into the alpine. We planned to go up past lake constance, over Waiau pass, and camp near lake Thompson. I was already apprehensive about these plans given the significant amount of snow and our lack of avalanche gear. In the night, I had a bad dream about getting caught in an avalanche, and woke up. On my midnight trip to the longdrop, I saw the moon lighting up massive snow plumes coming off Mt Franklin. Big wind slabs will grow out of that. We awoke to grey skies, some more cold wind, and a wind affected snowpack. We soon found some very drifted snow, sinking up to our chests in some places. After a quick avalanche pit to test the stability of one of the drifts, the call was made to not attempt Waiau pass that



day. We built a snowman next to lake constance, and returned to Blue Lake hut for lunch. Until this point, we had all eaten rather sparingly, wanting to conserve food for the last few days. But now that we were thwarted, we were able to enjoy a feast.

That afternoon we returned to West Sabine hut. I managed to find a reasonably dry log full of sap which got the wood stove roaring. We finally were able to hang out in a warm hut. The next morning, we made a rather relaxed start to return to Sabine hut. The snowy hills with mist in the valleys was picturesque as we walked down towards lake Rotoroa. Finally, we arrived at the lakeshore and sabine hut. The sun was out, and the day was calm and warm. We luxuriated in the warmth, built some sand castles, and had some good yarns with a few of the resident eels. That evening, we finished the whiskey and the best of our food before taking a water taxi out the next day.



Travers-Sabine Travellers

Written by Liadan, Photos by Lewis July 5th-9th 2021

Featuring: Liadan Dickie, Lewis Irwin (Lewis #1), Lewis MacDonald (Lewis #2), Blake Porton-Whitworth, Soren Subritzky



- ✓ Navigation errors before the tramp even begins
- ✓ Navigation difficulty during the tramp
- ✓ No issue navigating towards, and grabbing, eels

INTRODUCED EEL PREDATOR

We set off from the carpark at the crisp hour of 6am. Fuelled by Culverden pies, we made swift progress northwards. As we turned off from the main highway, Lewis #1 asked “Is this really the way to St Arnaud?”

“Yep!” replied Blake and Lewis #2 in unison. I wasn’t too sure, but Blake and Lewis #2 seemed so confident, I figured I’d trust them. Google Maps is for the weak, right? Quarter of an hour later, we arrived at the edge of Lake Rotoroa, not Lake Rotoiti.

Despite the detour, we eventually make it to the trailhead. A few hours of easy uphill lead us to Speargrass Hut, where we enjoyed a leisurely lunch on the sunny deck. After lunch, Lewis #2 and I blasted on ahead to Sabine Hut ‘to get the fire started’ (really we just wanted to get there before dark). As darkness fell, Lewis #1 and Soren arrived at the hut. We all settled in, had dinner, struggled to keep the fire alive with the sodden wood, and eventually

noticed that Blake had still not arrived. A mission back up the track found him stumbling around in the dark, struggling to find track markers, and moving at an average speed of 800m per hour.

Day 2, we had a leisurely start to a pretty chill day of meandering upriver to West Sabine Hut. Uninspired by the singularly ineffective fire of the previous night, we opted to conserve the meagre firewood and not light the fire that night.

After a chilly night, we rose early the next morning for our hardest day of the trip: over the Travers Saddle. A light dusting of fresh snow, atop minimal amounts of older snow made for easy walking, and somewhat disappointingly, the crampons, ice axes, and helmets that we lugged around for 5 days were never needed. A cool moment (in the opinion of Lewis #1, the highlight of the whole trip) was finding a caterpillar crawling along atop the snow. Just chilling, as you do in sub-zero temperatures. We arrived at Upper Travers Hut in time for a late lunch. There would have been time to push on to John Tait Hut that afternoon, but Upper Travers Hut was neatly perched at bushline, with a great view down the valley. The scenic location and charm lured us in and convinced us to spend the night there.

Day 4 was a long downhill slog to Lakehead Hut. Interesting diversions along the way included the spectacular Travers Falls, and a quick jaunt up the start of the Cupola Valley, which yielded stunning views of the surrounding peaks, and daydreaming about the rock climbing potential on some cliffs in the valley. Upon arrival at Lakehead Hut, Lewis #1, Lewis #2, Soren and I headed straight for the jetty, where we each went for brief, refreshing swims. Our yells of "FUUUCK!" and "HOY-VEY!", as we lowered ourselves into the water must have drawn the attention of Blake, as he too wandered down to the lake-edge (to laugh at us, rather than partake in the swimming himself). Lewis (no, not that Lewis, the other Lewis) caught a 10-metre-long eel when he went for a swim, but its slippery body wrestled free from his grasp and it got away. Read the hut book at Lakehead for proof on this one.

Our final day, Lewis #1, Blake and Soren headed out along the east side of the lake, while Lewis #2 and I headed along the west side, to arrive back at our car. Here, we dropped our packs and set off on a trail run of the Mt Robert circuit. Because, you know, why wouldn't you go for a trail run with 600m of elevation gain upon completion of a 5-day tramp? I thought the tramp hadn't really worn me out. That run told me it had. Pain was felt. Then we got in the car, drove around to the other side of the lake, picked up the others, and drove back to Christchurch, bobbing our heads to a soundtrack of Pink Floyd and The Beatles.

Overall, a very satisfying trip, with plenty of beech forest meandering, a little bit of alpine, and lots of options to explore the surrounding areas.



Ice Axe and Crampons

Iratus Deformis



- ✓ More snags than the Avoca BBQ
- ✓ Pointier than a navigator giving directions
- ✓ Absent when needed, present when not

ANNOYING BUT USEFUL

Ice Axes and Crampons are sturdy, woody plants that grow in the densest West Coast Jungle. Due to their strength, sharpness and surprising ergonomics, they are frequently harvested and used to stabilise trampers and mountaineers in alpine conditions.

Due to their considerable size and pointy bits, ice axes and crampons are often affixed to the outside of a trampers pack. This is how they go about dispersing their seeds through the bush. Like hookweed grabbing at a woefully un-gaitered ankle, ice axes and crampons will grab and snag at any branch, vine, or frond they can get their teeth on. With considerable success, ice axes and crampons will wrench themselves free from an unaware trumper, and restart their lifecycle in a new patch of bush.

Occasionally, an axe and crampons will make it to the bushline and cannot snag any longer. However, their mystical snow repelling abilities often ensure they are not required anyway.

R&R&R: “Rest,” “Recreation,” and Refreshers.

July 24th-25th 2021

Written by Lewis MacDonald
Photos by Luke, Skye, Georgia

Featuring: Throngs of
thirsty trampers



- ✓ Guess what, more goon!
- ✓ Survival essentials (guitar, toothspork, beer, hangover)
- ✓ Raftless packrafting / impromptu sitdown combo

MIGRATORY

There is no other welcome back to uni quite as good as the goon slapping extravaganza that is refreshers. The 2021 version of events was no exception to this with two different groups heading into the Otehake hot springs for a night of steaming sulphur goodness.

After hearing about last year's refreshers 20 hour day hard trip I was a tad nervous about what to expect having put my name down for Luke's route plan. Nevertheless I signed up. Talking to Luke about it didn't help me feel much better about it, learning plan A involved summiting Mt Pfeifer and then rewarding ourselves with an almost 2 km bush bash down to the Otehake river (a river renowned for its thick bush). Despite this I was still keen as crossing Mt Pfeifer would mean making a loop out of the trip and also getting to bag Pfeifer biv.

With the plan set, the 9 who had signed up plus Max who needed a ride to Temple Basin started trickling into the foundry car park. 6 am was the agreed time but by 20 past only 6 people were present not including our leader Luke. After some detective work we found out 3 people were no longer coming and Luke was still in bed [Editor's note: I woke up with insane vertigo and nausea and vommed a minute after my 4.30am alarm went off - no goon required. Thought that a sheer mountainside might not have been the best palace for me on that day, guttingly. Doc confirmed I had an inflamed vagus nerve, would not recommend]. After a quick pit stop to grab a well slept Luke we were on the road with only 7 people now. The Sheffield pie shop sold some fresh pies to some not so fresh trampers, we drove some more and then got our packs on.

The walk up the mountain was interesting, but what I found more interesting was what my fellow trampers had decided to carry up the mountain with their own strength and limited pack space. Soren carried a pole, no hurt knees, that's his goal; Quinn was ambling along, with a guitar in the hope to sing a song; Luke with all the talk was carrying a toothbrush attached to a spork; I crossed the creek here and there, carrying a large bottle of beer; Ben was climbing up and over carrying last night's hangover; Liv decided she was carrying too much weight, so opened a wound to let some blood escape. (She's ok).





We had lunch at the biv, having only had about 5 steps in the snow each, making us very happy to have brought our crampons. To get down to the hot pools Luke's plan B was decided upon. This was supposed to include a small sidle, followed by a short scrub bash then a fast scree descent to Pfeifer creek where we would meet the normal track in by Lake K. What it actually included was a small sidle, followed by a short scrub bash, then a slow but thrilling experience in the newly named 'Pfeifer gun barrels'! While technically a scree these gun barrels took a lot of caution and one at a time tactics to negotiate due to the very real possibility of being ended by a 20 kg projectile.

Once on the actual track we sped along using torchlight to find our way to our prize. Once at the hot pools we were treated to a hot dinner straight away thanks to head chef Hovey and his servants then jumped into the steaming human goon slapping soup. Quinn made use of his guitar, being well applauded and Harry played bangers all night on the speaker (legit all night, he spent 12 in the pools. People were waking up and he was still in there!).

The next day Hovey made some mysterious white substance for breakfast and everyone headed off back to the cars. It had started raining in the early hours of the morning which concerned the present committee about the Otira river crossing which had trapped Oscar before. I was sent ahead to scout it out and was relieved to see it wasn't a raging torrent, although I knew it would still present a major challenge.

It was still raining and with the forecast expected to get worse we knew it was either cross soon or spend another night. Organising people into groups of at least 4, crossing attempts started to be made. I was very relieved when the first group made it across safely but the danger wasn't over, self-proclaimed clumsy person Liv with a group of freshers had made it to the swiftest part of the river when they lost their footing and started being swept downstream. Luckily a short swim took them to the other side safely but unfortunately water bottles were lost to the river forever. Learning from this, subsequent groups were made to be larger and the river was conquered by all 60ish of us.

On the way home we greedily consumed fish and chips from both Otira and Darfield. A very successful weekend and a great start to a new semester.



Snowcraft Stockade

August 7th-8th 2021

Written by Lewis Irwin

Photos by Georgia Prince

Featuring: Abunant antarctic adventurers



- ✓ Completely innocent, harmless cloud front
- ✓ Ice road trucking
- ✓ Cabin fever and snow idols

DATA DEFICIENT

Foreword by Rachel Smith

Things I learned from snowcraft:

- Instructing enthusiastic and engaged students is the best thing ever
- Herding a group of 30 trampers/university students is much like herding cats, only more talkative
- Being snowed in at a lodge in the mountains is a good chance to relax, but sitting through all of the movie Braveheart can make one afternoon feel like a lifetime
- Car chains are good. Bring them.

Snowcraft was a real roller-coaster this year, with perhaps the largest lesson learned being when not to apply our craft in the snow! It began with a bluebird (as in the penguin) Saturday morning which promised perfect conditions on the slopes of our target classroom at Broken River ski field. After wending our way there via the usual pie stops at Darfield and Sheffield (the sighted among us also called in for snow-chains at Gnomes) we finally hit our base at Craigieburn Outdoor Ed Centre and suited up for a killer afternoon of zigzagging uphill, goose-stepping downhill and sliding all over the place putting our best ice-axe backwards (it's called a self-arrest, because no-one enjoys copping a falling mountaineer to the face).

The definite high point came when we summited Nervous Knob (yes it's called that, no it's not that big or scary) and Hamilton Peak for some gorgeous views of the Arthur's Pass region, along with a cloud front that definitely wasn't planning anything evil. After a final hilarious bumslide and some biddable crampon use we retired to the lodge for awesome chat and even better nachos.

Sunday dawned full of promise, although sadly the promise was of a near white-out and both roads closed behind us, with close to a foot of powder dropping almost to Springfield level. The only lessons we could learn from this weather were of the harsh lose-ten-fingers variety, so we elected to stick to the lodge and practice our table-traverses. Ivan, however, decided to pull a "Captain Scott" through Porter's Pass and was never seen again that day; while Tim and yours truly were selected to pull an "Ice Road Truckers"



to Arthur's Pass General Store and clean them out of anything edible before our under-provisioned crew at the lodge grew too "Ravenous". With that mission a success we settled in to make the most of the winter wonderland; with some adventurous souls snow-walking to the highway and back while others tried to calm the weather gods with some very... potent-looking... snow idols. With spirits soaring high on the back of Blake's stirring movie collection and a spaghetti dinner that would make Wattie's throw in the can, we eagerly awaited Monday and our hopeful freedom.

Monday came with perfect skies and snow-clad vistas straight out of Aspen, perfect for a desperate rush back to civilisation before the lodge owners could start charging us rent. With only 4 sets of chains between 7-odd cars it took us a couple of hours to Rally-of-Finland downhill to the highway, but found the road freshly swept and open to escape. One last snow-angel and photo-op later, we snuck over Porter's behind the NZTA road wardens and straight through to the nearest pie shop for a mean feed and a real coffee.

Special thanks to our instructors Volker, Rachel, Robert, Ivan, Georgia and Tim (who also kept us supplied) along with lodge-master Blake, chief organiser Soren and lastly Euan, our much appreciated man in Christchurch who had the fun job of running after us and NZTA. Props also to everyone to attended, we hope you all had a blast, and thanks for not dying or eating each other!



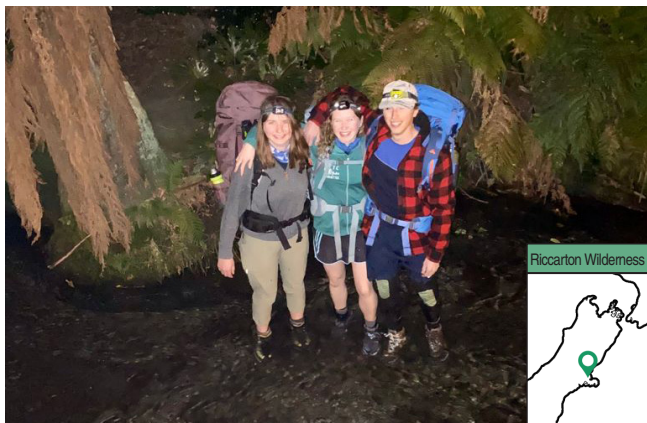


Lockdown Tales

Written by Liv Martin

September 4th-5th 2021

Featuring: Liv, Sam and Nicole



- ✓ Covid bubble compliant
- ✓ Record-setting traversal of untouched wilderness
- ✓ New species mimicing human speech at 5am

EXTINCT IN WILD

The holidays were approaching and I was dreaming up the best possible ways to spend the least possible time in Christchurch. Oh the adventures I could go on and the uni work that I could ignore! I was going to be in desperate need of mountain therapy after this term. But it turned out the delta variant of COVID-19 had very different plans for us. My holiday plans were shattered as we were stuck in a level 4 lockdown. After spending two and half weeks stuck inside our flat, we decided it was time to take matters into our hands. It was time to partially satisfy our need for adventure.

The grassy flats surrounded by the sparse native bush provided us the perfect campsite. After being deprived of adventure for so long I was finally feeling a sense of normality as we excitedly set up our tents. As dusk began to fall, it was time to go in search of dinner, a brisk pace was set as we headed down the quiet paths of the Riccarton Conservation area. Our packs were thrown onto our backs and our feet were slid into our tramping boots. We stumbled

across a river bank providing the perfect dinner spot. After fuelling our bodies with the most luxurious tramping food it was time to move on.

Most people on refreshers will know that when it comes to river crossings I need all the practice I can get. The raging river weaving its way through the bush, provided us with the perfect opportunity to practice our river crossing skills. After some hesitation it was time to get our feet wet. Linking up in the correct fashion, we waded through the high, fast-moving river in front of us. Taking it slowly to maintain stability, Sam, Nicole and I had safely crossed the ankle deep Avon. Off we headed with squelching boots and grins on our faces as it was time to spend the night in our tents.

I thought that I would treat myself with a pillow, something I never have while tramping. Ironically, I've never woken up with a more stiff neck. Around 5am, Sam and Nicole had a rude awakening... because our front lawn was not the remote location that we were kidding ourselves into believing. Instead of being woken to sounds of nature they were woken from their slumber as a man ran down our street yelling at the top of his lungs "I hate you!". Breaking our illusion of peace and adventure, reminding us we were still stuck in suburbia.



Bushball

September 18th-19th 2021

Written by Jack Gerring

Photos by Blake and Tamsyn

Featuring: Multitudes of mysterious, masquerading mobsters



- ✓ Keg of unknown function
- ✓ Questionable weather, unquestionable style
- ✓ Dumptruck butts out on dumptruck's butt

UNIDENTIFIABLE

8:30 am on Saturday morning and we were armed with a keg that nobody really knew how to use and the promise of questionable weather. We were hyped nonetheless and determined to make it a good trip. Approaching Arthur's Pass, we had a few rain and snow showers, but at the visitor centre we were assured we weren't likely to have trouble with the rivers, it would just be a bit wet.

The plan was to walk the three hours into Dillon's Homestead, where we would have the choice between two 10-bunk huts. The walk in was relatively easy along a 4WD track, passing a surprising number of abandoned vehicles and machinery which set an eerie mood in the classic West Coast rain and low cloud.

We reached the Homestead where we found two older men who had been working in the area - I think panning for gold or something like that, how ever it works. We continued on to Dillon's Hut a couple of hundred metres away, and were the only ones there.

We arrived with plenty of daylight left but wasted no time getting dressed into our outfits and breaking out the drinks. The theme was masquerade, and everyone was looking sharp. Getting the keg running, however, was not such a smooth transition. I'm not proud to admit that it took four of us about an hour to fit a new attachment, take everything apart, and do a lot of tinkering to get it running without leaking. In any case, we were ready to go by 5pm, still plenty of time for drinking.

The next few hours entailed countless games of King's Cup, dancing and chatting, and a few sing-alongs with the guitar. Later in the evening, we took turns attempting keg stands. Some people gave pretty impressive efforts, although some people, such as myself, came closer to drowning than actually downing any keg. I'll have to admit the rest of my memory from the night is a tad patchy, but it was a good time. The following morning we walked back out the same way, dusty but pretty cheery, with a quick stop to take a nude on an abandoned dump truck, before our clothes went back on and we returned to civilisation.



CUTC/OUTC Meetup

8th-10th October 2021

Writing and photos by Lewis MacDonald and Lexi Richards

Featuring: Friendly rivals



- ✓ Life changing mysteries solved
- ✓ Caught in tractor beam of the pub
- ✓ Get wheely drunk & make wheely good nachos

SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP

Baikie Hut Trip - *written by Lexi Richards*

Featuring Amirah and Anya (OUTC), Chris and Lexi (CUTC)

One weekend early October, CUTC teamed up with OUTC to meet at the stunning Lake Poaka and do some day tripping. We explored the Aoraki/Ohau areas in style with hard mountaineering trips (that never happened (not my story to tell)), to an easy hut bag (my story to tell).

We arrived late on the Friday after a shit-hot feed of subway in Geraldine to break up the journey. This meant we didn't really get the chance to meet our compatriots from outc until the next morning when we set out on our walk.

Our walk was not demanding so we ended up having a lot of time to chat and get to know each other.

The CUTC members were continuously shocked by the escapades of Dunedin breathers, and alarmingly despite all of Dunedin's partying and general craziness – the OUTC members kept bringing up how the CUSSC combined trip was the wildest thing they've ever gone to.

Over lunch I roasted Amirah for enjoying OSM's – because I think they taste weird and also hate how they are rectangles not squares (it has been brought to my attention that when put together they make a square, but this still doesn't bode well with me).

After lunch, our chats began to get a bit weird. Maybe because Chris hit his head so many times on the roof of the hut, or because I brought out some weird smelling chocolates – which we of course consumed. The songs from Victorious: 'Best friend's brother', 'Freak the freak out', and 'Take a hint' were on continual loops in all of our minds – leading to us chanting "B.F.B". The OSM discussion escalated rapidly to an argument, Fish and Game magazines became comic relief, and strangely we named ourselves the Mystery Gang.

Some of the mysteries we solved:

- What is this black stuff on the plants? Scorch marks ü
- What does this machine do? Harvest corn ü
- Why are there big square patches of crunchy soil stuff which has no grass growing? Hay bales must have sat there for some time squashing the grass & leeching nutrients into the



soil. The removal of the bales saw worms flock to the square area, and the crunchy soil stuff was worm poo ü

- How do worms poo? Disputed: I (Lexi) said they continuously poo out the soil they eat, so worms effectively move through the soil without a tunnel. Anya says they eat their way into a tunnel and return to the surface to poo. Turns out they actually excrete a mucus that forms the wall reinforcement :/

We were pretty chummy once we got back to the campsite, we were the first back and so got to relax in the sun while waiting for the others.

Once everyone was back, we all enjoyed dinners made from us by trip leaders – nachos seemed to be a popular and delicious feast. Frisbee was played with Lewis M's 'dinner plate'. And Harry requested that Luke and I whip cream for his groups banoffee pie. Needless to say that the frisbee was so exciting we turned all of the cream to butter – sorry not sorry. Also, I very nearly hit Lewis I in the head with the frisbee – for that I am sorry.

Party, party, party – unashamed to say that I went to bed pretty early lol, so was quite surprised to see everyone waking up with eyebrow slits – be proud guys xx.

Cooked brekkie Sunday morning and hugs all round before departing in our separate directions back to heinous deadlines and late nights. A must-do trip again!





Mt Wakefield Trip - *written by Lewis MacDonald*
Featuring Lewis, Olly, Sean, Stefan, Luke, and Liv

This story follows the more successful failed attempt to get a combined CUTC and OUTC crew up Mt Wakefield.

Sometimes in tramping it's the trips that don't turn out anything like intended that are the truly best trips. Planning is essential and good but a touch of spontaneity can go a long way in making an interesting day. In the early hours of a particular Saturday morning this spontaneity came from Stefans workhorse of an Odysee getting a puncture 10 minutes out of the lake Poaka campsite. I hope another Trog is written from an occupant of that car because the decision making after getting the flat is both baffling to me and yet so beautifully logical. But I will get on with the bit of the story I can tell.

Arriving at the base of the Mt Wakefield ridge, the five of us had just finished contemplating the news of Stefans flat tyre. We had decided that despite the absent car having both of today's trip leaders and knowledgeable avalanche people we should press on up the hill rather than wait a minimum of 40 minutes for the others. We had been told the scrub at the bottom of the ridge would be slow and painful with lots of matagouri. This couldn't have been more wrong. We flew up to 1500 meters following a well trod trapping track. Yes DOC is apparently catching stoats up that high.



A stunning day was getting into full swing when we met the snow level, so Gerry from OUTC decided the best way to enjoy it was to whip his pants off and walk in his jocks. We came to point 1566 and decided it was time to make a decision about where we could assess the snow to make our next decision. Point 1827 looked nice but would take us through some chancy avalanche terrain so instead we perched up at around 1700m and had lunch at 10.00am.

While sitting down having lunch I took in the marvelous views Mt Cook national park offered. This included five goon slapping trampers at whitehorse carpark, two Falcons, a massive icefall on mt sefton and Olly using his ice axe to eat and spread various jar contents. While having lunch we also had a direct line of sight to the pub at mt cook. Because of this our plans changed. Instead of going back down the ridge to the car we would shoot down a huge scree slope and head straight to the pub.

I was a bit worried about being bluffed out as we couldn't see the entire scree slope but before I could voice my concern Sean was glisading down a winedy couloir. Me and the Otago boys shouted down to him but didn't hear back. We took that as a good sign so started heading down after him. We all tried glisading like Sean but couldn't get going in the slushy snow. That is until I stopped trying, started walking, tripped and started sliding. Instead of immediately self arresting I let it happen. There was nothing in front of me for 200 meters. Towards the end I dug my ice axe in and came to a stop.

Bong bong bong. What's that noise I thought. I looked back and saw a water bottle cartwheeling down the snow at a huge pace. It got to the end of the snow, narrowly missing me, hit a rock and jumped over 10 meters into the air. Sean recognized it as his and wondered how it had only just now caught up to him after he must have dropped it near the top of the couloir.

We let the Otago guys catch up and headed to the bottom of the scree and thought we should probably try and work out some logistics with the group in Stefans car. I tried ringing Luke but he had poor reception so we didn't get much out of him. Next Sean rang Liv. She had great reception. We asked here about where Stefan was and if we could do some car shuffling with him. In response Liv told us she was on a bridge, drunk, had a tyre, was drunk, 'ouch' repeatedly, and that she had now fallen off said bridge.

Not knowing what the hell to make of this except for that the other group had obviously gotten on the goons early, we decided instead of heading to the pub we would try meet up with the other group on the hooker track. When we got to Hooker lake we found the other group sitting by the lake. Liv was on the ground, we were told she was very drunk after starting to slap the goon at 6.30 am and very tired after pushing Stefans flat tyre all the way from the carpark to Hooker lake. I was passed the goon to have a slap, only to have it snatched off me by a now very alert Liv who demanded that it had to be her who finished the goon. Without slapping it she twisted the tap and sank the rest of the three litre goon. Apparently the second three litre of the day.





After this our groups stayed joined as originally intended and did some cool mountaineering activities such as skimming stones, trying to paddle a flat tyre with a snow shovel and nude ice climbing on an iceberg. Heading back down the hooker valley track it was now up to me and Sean to wheel and carry the tyre as Liv had hurt herself and was going very slowly as it was. Pushing a tyre gets you plenty of weird looks and concerning questions from DoC staff.

Back at Whitehorse carpark we celebrated the achievement of getting a tyre to Hooker lake. Something no one else will probably ever do. We did a quick car shuffle and got back to Lake Poaka. Despite Liv and Georgia saying the hard group would likely be doing a 12+ hour day we were the second group back, beating both medium groups.

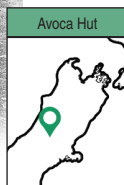
That night was a good party. Lots of goon and beer. Good tunes. Liv somehow made a pretty damn good nachos to feed the entire hard group while still drunk as hell. After dark Rana got out her clipper. She must have given out about 20 eyebrow slits that night and somehow I ended up with a hitler-stash. All in all a good night and great CUTC-OUTC meet up to remember.



BBQ: Bring Barbeque to Questionable location

Written by Lewis MacDonald October 23rd-24th 2021

Featuring: Dusty yet dependable punters



- ✓ Bathing, gourmet beef and venison steaks
- ✓ Fat fried spuds, toasted marshmallows, snags
- ✓ Avoca hut capacity amended to 17

LEGENDS

“Yes, I also promise to have a pizza oven put in at Avoca”. These were the words I uttered back in study break last year in the hope of being elected as the 2021 Avoca hut officer. A year later and a lockdown spent building the “pizza oven” barbecue, I was ready to uphold my promise.

The day of the expedition started about as well as it could have given the circumstances. The club president Hovey had his 21st the previous night which resulted in a large proportion of my punters being sleep deprived and hungover. This didn't bode well for a 6 am meet up time. Most of the hard trip had slept in so Liv went around door knocking to get them going while I tried to wake up the medium group and send them off. The easy group lost and gained people in a matter of minutes that morning and both 4wds drivers showed up late.

The plan for this trip was to 4wd the BBQ up to Galilee creek if possible where we would hopefully meet the groups coming over Jordan saddle and Bealey Spur. From here we would march the BBQ the remaining 6 km to the hut. The reason I intended everyone leaving at 6 am was because the medium group could be quite slow, the hard group would have lots of elevation to climb while dusty and the 4wds had to do an unexpected 8 km more river bashing than expected due to Glenthorne station being closed for lambing. As it turned out, the medium group were 30 minutes late leaving, the hard group 1 hour late leaving and the 4wds were over 2 hours late! I was not hopeful for the glorious backcountry meetup that I had intended and began thinking that darkness may cause the BBQ to lay stranded somewhere up the avoca, awaiting another trip to rescue it.

At 10.30am the 4wds were at the Harper river bridge and ready to start bashing up the river. This is where we encountered our first problem of the day. To access the river without going through the station we had to take a narrow track which led through some willows and over an old fence. The Pajero went first, got through but then came to an abrupt stop. Turns out the wire of the old fence had become wrapped around the Pajeros drive shaft. 50 metres in and we were already having problems, not a great sign. 20 minutes of Brodie and Angus under the truck with some small wire cutters and a lot of standing around by the rest of us later we were back underway towards the Avoca. Going up the river stones was incredibly bumpy and my head hit the roof more times than I bothered to count but we got to the Avoca Harper confluence without any more troubles.





Crossing the Avoca to get to the track on the opposite side was our first big challenge. Except it wasn't. The Navara and Pajero smashed through the spring snowmelt flows with ease. From here progress to Basins hut was quick, getting there in time for lunch. Leaving Basins hut on the other hand was quite problematic. Crossing Basins creeks, the Navara went first. Foot to the floor in low range but alas, stuck we were. Pinned in by three big rocks and a steep bank on the opposite side.

Getting out of this situation took about 45 minutes of moving rocks and the Pajero jerking the Navara with a snatch strap, all while Saun was asleep in the back after finishing his bottle of whiskey and being awake for 48+ hours. Fortunately the Navara suffered only a bit of a bent rim and we were fine to continue, although we had to find a new route as the existing track was beyond our capabilities.

This involved the bumpiest part of the trip as we crawled down Basins creek to find a better crossing spot. Once across Basins creek and the Avoca for the 3rd time that day we got to Amphitheatre creek where I tried to scope out a doable route through the washouts. Meanwhile Brodie entered the Avoca and drove straight up it in the Pajero to avoid the problem entirely. The Navara followed suit and before long we were at Galilee creek. I almost couldn't believe we had made it this far. What's more is it was only 3.30 pm!

We scoped out Galilee creek to see if we could indeed progress further with the 4wds but the track was non-existent and would almost certainly result in a very stuck vehicle if we tried to get any further due to some serious washouts. Learning this I decided it was time to get the BBQ off of the back of the Navara and get it strapped to the lovely manuka poles Angus had brought. No more than 20 minutes later the medium group started appearing from up Galilee creek. They had made great time getting over the saddle and were excited to see the 4wds waiting for them.

After an hour more of waiting for the hard group at Galilee creek we decided to start the final march to Avoca hut without them so that we made it there before dark. We guessed the BBQ weighed about 65 kg and so should be fine to lift between four people if we regularly rotated the people carrying it. This indeed worked like a charm except for that the front people seemed to be carrying about 3 times the weight that the back people were. Maybe because of the 5 kg sausages and 1 kg of chicken I had in there.

We made slow but steady progress all the way to track start. Crossing the Avoca with the BBQ (which had to be done four times) was actually very easy as you were supported by the other people carrying it and also much heavier than usual. At the start of the cut track we stopped for a bit to rest and to gather any ideas about how to manage the steep and narrow problem in front of us. No one really had an idea so we just picked the BBQ back up and started pushing our way up the track, lifting the BBQ over windfall, over creeks with slippery unstable rocks and up steep chutes.





Many times the track was too narrow for four people to carry it at once so two people had to often carry it on the gnarliest bits. It really made me appreciate the work that was put into getting the >100kg bathtub to Avoca!

Just on sunset the track started flattening off and the hut came into view. Our tired arms and legs were filled with a new type of energy and a final big push got the BBQ right to the hut door. It was done. The BBQ is at Avoca. My promise had been kept. I had truly left my mark as the Avoca officer. Now it was time to celebrate. And what better way to celebrate than jumping straight into the Avoca bath with the hard group who had just arrived at the hut as we put the BBQ down.

It turned into a great night of bathing, gourmet steaks of the beef and venison variety, duck fat fried spuds, toasted marshmallows and so many sausages. The BBQ performed super well, cooking the steaks with great flavor and it fits perfectly into the landscape by looking like a big greywacke rock.

We had 26 people at Avoca that night with a new record of 17 in the hut. This was very warm and super cosy but I think next year we could definitely fit one more on the floor and I'm also going to try convince the next Avoca officer to put some hammocks in the hut so that we can make 20+ people happen.

The trip out was pretty chill. We made a huge cairn atop a boulder. We halved the time we took yesterday and found the correct track down the Harper which our spines would have really appreciated

if we took the day prior as well. Somehow not having the BBQ in the Navaras tray made the ride even bumpier which was strange. Later that night I heard that the medium group came over Sphinx saddle successfully and then a day later the hard group did the same after deciding Gizeh col would be too sketchy with super slushy snow.

This may have been a bit of a boring trog sorry. Nothing went wrong? I don't really understand how, but with some pretty nutty logistics, last minute changes, questionable river access and very dusty punters the BBQ got there without any major problems or anyone getting lost. If you're looking for a trog with that sort of content I would recommend the bathtub trog in trog 2014.

Now that you've read this and know the story about how the BBQ made it to Avoca, it is now your responsibility to use this knowledge. So go forth and cook. Make a pizza. Sear a steak. Fry a sausage. It is your BBQ CUTC. Get gourmet with it.



Little Children in Avalanches

Written by Blake Porton
Whitworth and Rory Patching

November 14th-21st 2021



Rees Dart Track



- ✓ Dramatically deteriorating weather
- ✓ Rockless rock climbing and quintuple mattresses
- ✓ Donald where's your trousers

QUICKSAND SEPCIALISTS

School Teacher: Blake Porton-Whitworth

Parental- guardians: Kezia Fowler-Blyth,
Barnaby Fowler-Blyth

Unwitting Children: Rory Patching, Chris Dirks, Caitlin Mitchell, Patrick Whiting (Paddy), Virginia Baird (Gin, Victoria, Veruca, Vanessa).

Prologue: I had initially planned the Rees Dart trip to be a relaxing walk through some beautiful trans-alpine landscape that would introduce Freshers and less experienced club members with the joys of multi day tramping. While things didn't go to plan due to various things such as the weather, flat tires and Doc being unable to put in an important bridge over an uncrossable river, I just wanted to say thanks to all those that attended and made it an enjoyable walk up the Dart Valley. - Blake

Drive Down to Queenstown & staying night at YHA

After complaining about Blake's adamantness to meet and leave for Queenstown at 7:00 in the morning we departed, stopping for pies in Fairlie and generally taking our time reaching our destination. It was looking to be a fairly relaxing and stress free drive for Blake leading the trip until Kezia's car started violently shaking and several minutes later the left rear tire exploded. After spending several minutes on the side of the road trying to contact the other car we managed to find a spare tire and jack. Barnaby and Blake then proceeded to change the tire while Paddy proceeded to "help us" by using his expansive knowledge to claim he could single-handedly fix the tire while doing fuck all to actually help us. After eventually making it to Queenstown we stayed the night at the YHA while replacing our route when we found out a crucial river we were meant to cross would be potentially uncrossable due to heavy rain and doc not being able to helicopter in the bridge the prior week.

Day One

After adjusting our Plans for the Rees Dart trip now just being the Dart Trip we awoke and left early to sort out another tire and drove to Chinamans Bluff. The walk started out relatively easy with Blake and Barnaby remarking to each other about how nice and easy the walk alongside the river had been up until that point. About 15kms into the walk Rory, Gin and Patrick, while waiting for Caitlin and Blake found a mini digger and proceeded to hop in and take turns pretending to drive it. It was from that point onwards for the



rest of the day that the difficulty went from being a nice lovely walk to “intense bush bashing and rock climbing” according to Blake (not true) with a very high vertical drop (true) into the lake below us. Rory, Gin and Paddy enjoyed a break by chucking rocks into the lake below. While the hut was only 3kms away it still took us nearly two hours to reach Daleys Flat Hut as we bushbashed and managed to get our way through windfall, rain, swollen streams, swarms of sandflies and patches of quicksand. Wet and exhausted we played cards while drinking Blake’s bourbon next to a roaring fire while the weather proceeded to dramatically deteriorate.

Day Two

Around 12:45 at night we were rudely awoken to the hut shaking due to a large avalanche nearby which lasted for five minutes. Caitlin slept through the entire avalanche and only woke up when she heard Blake swear “Fuck I guess we are not going to Dart Hut today”. We mostly spent the day playing card games, building towers and teaching Paddy how to chop wood while listening to the sounds of the occasional avalanche. Gin, being very bored after making a card castle, decided to round Paddy, Rory and Caitlin up and went for an adventure to Dredge flat to play with the baby goslings. Blake, Chris, Kezia and Barnaby enjoyed an interesting book about the history of the dart track which included an account of a doc ranger nearly getting shot by ammo cooking off when he intentionally burnt Dredge Flat hut to the ground.





Day Three

After waking up and seeing the clear sky and no sign of avalanches we embarked on the next part of our adventure with high hopes. After a while of walking we came across one of the patches of significant windfall that one of the doc officers in Queenstown had warned us about. The smart ones in the Group just went around the fallen trees but Blake had managed to convince Caitlin that she could pull off some serious climbing while trying to push through the fallen trees. Caitlin in order to get her climbing fix then proceeded for the rest of the day to bush bash and Climb over and through any patches of windfall that were on the track.

After reaching Cattle Flats we spent several minutes taking pictures of the amazing views while Gin proceeded to take a very cursed panoramic photo of Blake. Patrick found a private doc hut after following a nearby track, we then attempted to break in so we could leave a trog book. After spending another several minutes trying to find the key we decided on leaving the book in the wood pile under the hut and praying a ranger would find it. After walking an hour it dawned on us that Cattle Flats wasn't in fact flat. Instead it was a series of dips and hills that became increasingly gruelling as we trudged our way across them.

For lunch we stopped at a rock biv meeting some deer along the way. After a couple more hours of walking over the Dart Saddle surrounded by snow capped mountains and roaring waterfalls, we made it to Dart Hut where we met a very friendly doc ranger who hadn't seen any people for the last eleven days. He was nice

enough to set up the flushing toilets for us and we enjoyed talking with him for a couple of hours; he convinced Rory, Caitlin and Gin to walk up the Cascade valley to the glacier! He also told us a helicopter was coming in the next day to put the bridge in. Before we had gone to bed, Blake, realising that his group were the only ones staying in a hut built for 30 people, decided that he would grab as many mats to make a very comfortable bed to sleep on.

Day Four

For Rory, Caitlin and Gin to complete the 5 hour round trip to the glacier and then do the 6 hour walk back to Daleys Flat Hut they had to leave fairly early. Hence why they were the only ones who could be bothered to go up to it. Caitlin was kind enough to deny everyone their quiet sleep in though, setting an alarm that woke everyone at 4.30 in the morning.

We began walking half awake up the valley slowly being lit by the rising sun. We met many Kea and a deer which spooked Rory in the dark. As we made our way up the valley trees gave way to tussock which gave way to scree slides. Eventually we made it to the face overlooking Dart Glacier at 8 in the morning. Gin and Rory then proceeded to walk past the giant red danger sign down the unstable scree to the foot of the glacier. After convincing Gin that walking through a river filled with slippery rocks and chunks of ice was a bad idea, Rory and Gin made it to the foot of the glacier and were surrounded by giant ice boulders. Seeing all the fun they were having Caitlin made her own way down to the ice. We all had a good gander around the ice, being sure not to slip over. Caitlin decided to venture into an ice cave and emerged with a large chunk of ice and proceeded to dramatically throw it on the ground





When we got back to our packs we found a Kea tearing its way through Rory's scroggin. The Kea proceeded to sit there and mock us as it knew it had won all the delicious food. As we made our way back Caitlin and Gin decided to take a swim in one of the pools on the valley floor. Rory then got everyone lost, resulting in a series of bush bashing up a very steep hill full of speargrass to find the track. We then heard the helicopter arrive at the hut in front of us.

While Gin, Rory and Caitlin had their wee adventure, everyone else enjoyed a lovely sleep in. Apart from Blake and Paddy waking up to a dog alarm at 4 in the morning (Caitlin). After brekkie we waited in anticipation for the helicopter to arrive and the others to get back. After watching the helicopter lift the snowbridge to its intended destination, we found out the others were still alive. After posing for a cheeky group picture everyone proceeded to leave for Daleys Flat Hut.

We walked across Cattle Flat in the blistering sun stopping for lunch and a large quantity of water. Rory began to feel pain in his feet, little did he know at the time but the swelling in his water logged socks was causing the skin to be rubbed off his toes. After arriving at the hut, Chris decided pouring boiling milo in his plastic bottle was a good idea.



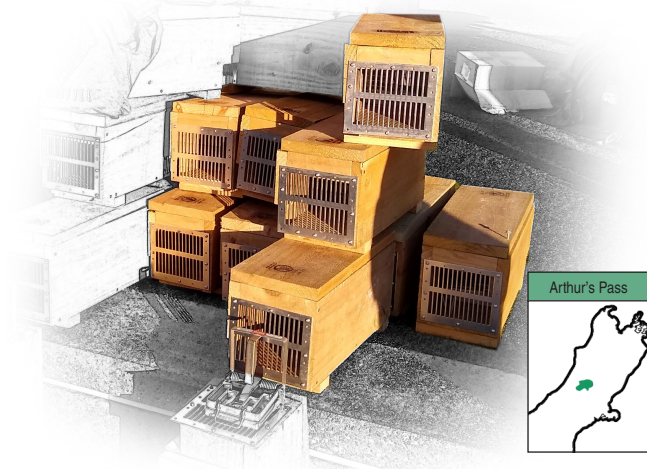
Day Five

Blake deliberately woke everyone with the group's favourite/most played song Donald Where's Your Trousers. We left Daley's Flat Hut after our third and final stay and began making our way back to civilization. We bushbashed our way through windfall and swam through Quicksand. In other words Blake Nearly lost his beloved walking stick because he decided to poke the quicksand pond and everyone was starting to get sick of climbing under and over trees. After navigating the quicksand lake and up onto the steep cliffside, Barnaby proceeded to scare the shit out of Blake while traversing a narrow steep part of the track with an 80m drop below it when he hit the top of an overhang with his ice axe and nearly fell off the track.

We had a visit from the DOC chopper and various officers who were ferrying gravel from a nearby river and lowering it over the track. After a couple more hours of walking and some minor incidents such as sand flies and rain we made it to the cars with our sanity (mostly?) Intact. Our destination was Queenstown and just as Blake was beginning to relax the Bumper fell off of Barnaby's car. After relaxing showers at the YHA and a change into clean clothes Blake and Kezia picked up an order of Ferg Burgers while watching several episodes of Blackadder.

Stoat Trap

Stoatus Stompus



- ✓ Come on in stoats, nothing to worry about!
- ✓ Go on, head over to that yummy egg!
- ✓ LMAO get obliterated, loser.

VALUED INTRODUCED

The stoat trap is a fierce predator that feasts upon pestilent stoats throughout NZ. One of very few beneficial introduced species, the stoat trap is distributed throughout national parks and wilderness reserves from Cape Reinga to Stewart Island. Because attempts to establish breeding populations in the wild are yet to be successful, many traps are produced in captivity, such as those from the CUTC trap building night. Groups of dedicated volunteers care for deployed traps, and save native wildlife in doing so.

An ambush predator, the stoat trap employs similar tactics to those of an angler fish. Instead of a glowing lure, the stoat trap instead employs a hen's egg to attract the sausage-shaped shits. The mouth of the trap is akin to that of a baleen whale, allowing the scent of the egg out and the stoat in, while sifting out larger animals like kiwi and kea. Inside, a stoat will find a pair of powerful sprung jaws. Next, it will find out how it feels to have it's spine crushed to a fine paste. Good riddance.

Huxley Forks Half-dressed Halfbacks

December 11th-12th 2021

Written by Harry Dempsey and Max Truell

Featuring: Harry, Max, Luke, Zoe, Liv, Jeff, Amelia



- ✓ Luke brought pies then bought them along
- ✓ Crunchy pea soup paired with gourmet cheese
- ✓ Goon Rugby inaugural playoffs

CROSSED STREAMS

The plan was to leave no later than 7am, pretty straightforward right? Well maybe not as Max and Zoe had other plans when they woke up and started packing at 7.30am. All was well though, we had plenty of time to spare. While they went off to Countdown to get food, we went and got petrol. As we are pulling up to a Bp Luke says "Did you know Bp stands for Better Pies?", Liv in the back: "Oh wow really?", Luke: "Yep". Silence... Luke looks over to me and gives me a cheeky grin then proceeds to exit the car and get a pie. The rest of the drive consisted of Luke constantly correcting Liv about the correct usage of the words brought and bought.

When we arrived at the beginning of the track, we realised that it was a four-wheel drive track for quite a way until it reached the mountains. So, we decided that we might as well drive as far as we can before we have to walk. Jeff in his Rav and me in my Out-back we set off. I barely had enough clearance on my car, and

it was quite muddy as it had been raining on and off, but after a ton of fun, a good amount of bumps a sick photo shoot and a few sketchy moments we stopped and walked the rest as we did not want to get stuck.

So, It was Luke's Birthday and we had brought goons, beer, cherry wine, gin, tonic and ice (Max and Jeff ran up a hill and found a glacier sorta thing). But there were two hunters there at the hut already so we crammed into the wardens hut just next to it and proceeded to feast of gourmet cheese and wine and other delicacies, except for Jeff and Amelia though, they had brought dehydrated peas and Jeff did a horrible job rehydrating them which resulted in a 'delicious' crunchy pea soup. As you can probably guess, it was a downward spiral from there, the goon was referred to as a G-oon which prompted Luke to do some improv karaoke, turning the famous Beatles song 'Hey Jude' into 'Hey G-oon'. After discussing and pondering to no avail why girls always seem to go to the bathroom together, us guys decided to try it for ourselves and went for a group pee where we may or may not have crossed streams.

From there we thought it was a fantastic idea to try and scare the girls in the hut, we snuck around the hut scratching the walls and looking in through the windows. The girls were not bothered by this at all and apparently had very wholesome chats whilst we were doing this. Max turns it up a level and starts Mongolian throat singing through the vents, quickly followed by him ripping the goon out of my hands and yeeting it at the side of the hut as hard as he can. This got the girls attention and they rushed out swarming us





and stealing the goon in the process, which then led to us inventing a great new game. Goon Rugby! After playing for a while the girls complained that the teams were unfair as it was 4v3, in that exact moment a very drunk Jeff sneezes and fully falls to the ground, causing them to rethink their statement of whether these were unfair teams. Alas, things quietened down, Max started a bonfire which only a few of us actually made it to, I promised I would be there in 5 minutes but I was found fast asleep in the hut soon after, which was a shame as I missed out on some killer roasted marshmallows. Max was the last to bed and annoyed some people when he came in drumming his belly raving on about how full he was.

The next morning consisted of hours of wholesome chats, Luke throwing greasy bacon at people, everyone trying to determine whether pink and white marshmallows taste the same or not, and spending ages composing an epic nude photo. After a bit of walking, driving and sleeping later, we found ourselves in Geraldine where we gathered for fish and chips and discussed for much longer than necessary about how overengineered and poorly designed the public toilets are there. finally, we made it back to Christchurch thoroughly knackered. It truly was a trip to remember.

Goon Rugby:

Step 1 – Sort yourself into two teams. Girls vs boys is fun.

Step 2 – Challenge your opponents. Start by throwing the goon, full force at all four walls of the doc hut or tent with your opponents

in it. Climb up and sing your battle challenge through the air vent until the other team emerges.

Step 3 – Start playing goon rugby. This is simple, pretty much just rugby. There is no try line, the aim is simply to gain possession of the goon and distribute it amongst your team. Unlike slippery goon, another delightful party game, drinking the goon is not a punishment. If you drop the goon, there will be a turnover and you will lose the opportunity to drink its sweet nectar. Take as much as you can before somebody dive tackles you to take it for themselves!

Step 4 – Cooperation and strategy is the key to the game. Passing is always a good thing. Try to make sure all members of your team get even amounts of time with the goon.

Step 5 – Have a plastic bottle on hand so you can transfer the goon into it when somebody's finger goes through the bag.

Step 6 – The game ends when the goon is gone, or nobody can catch it anymore...

Good luck! Have fun!



Midsummer Madness

Written by Lewis Irwin

December 22nd-24th 2021

Featuring: Lewis Irwin, Lewis MacDonald, Lewis Pass, Louis of SA



- ✓ Beautiful sunset
- ✓ Decent sunrise
- ✓ Marginal poetry

CREPUSCULAR

After hearing everyone else gush about the delights of the Mt Fyffe sunrise, I finally resolved to go there one day when the daylight hours were comfortable; and then rather more quickly amended that plan as a thought struck: “Is there a corresponding sunset peak on the West Coast? And if there is, why not bag them both at the Solstice for the memes?” A quick trawl of NZTopo turned up Buckland Peaks hut, right near Westport- incidentally one of my favourite regions every way. Perfect! The only problem turned out to be recruitment- who knew everyone went away at the Christmas hols? Thankfully Lewis MacDonald (M for confusion’s sake) was keen, doubly so as he designated himself driver for the jaunt.

We set off for Kaikoura at a maybe-lateish 4.30pm, which by my reckoning would have us at the base of Mt Fyffe with two hours to climb until sunset. Making it to the carpark 15mins behind schedule (thanks Google!), we started up the 4wd track to the hut,

pausing now for a breathtaking view of the crumbly Kaikouras, and again to get our breaths back. 20 minutes from the hut the sun finally got bored of the chase and set with a ruby flash that totally outshone the following sunrise.

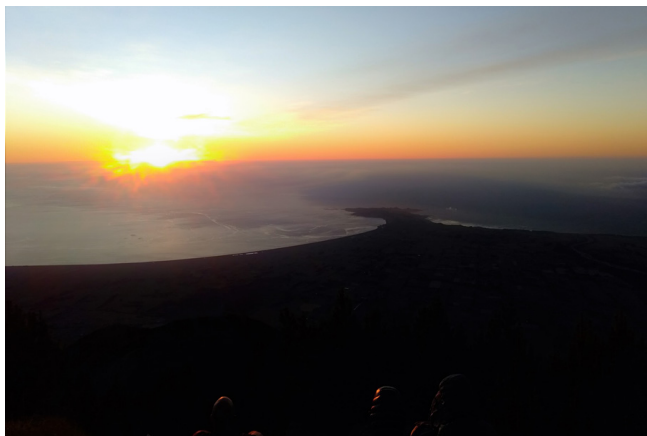
As dusk sauntered vaguely downward we came upon the hut, chocker with kindred astronomers enjoying the gorgeous constellations and completely failing to find a very shy comet. After a good long stargaze we finally dragged ourselves in to snatch a few hours' rest before the Big Day.

We had a short sleep until 4am, then dashed up to the summit for a classic mile-high Mt Fyffe sunrise- worth it! We finally left our new friends (who had nicknamed us Lewis2, funnily enough one of them was a namesake too- a good omen!) and dashed an hour to the car, snatched a coffee at Kaikoura and hit the Inland road for Lewis Pass (there's that name again!) and Westport! Another choice cafe lunch there, then off to the Bucklands carpark.

Surprisingly, we were the only car there. "Ditch that tent, Lewis!"

An hour's boring walk by a swamp had us at the track start (and M sadly with wet shoes), then from there 3.5 advanced-ish hours up the 1100m climb (like a rootier, lusher Mt Peel) to the Buckland Peaks ridge.





“Very nice view, wish i could drink in some water with it!”

Then an annoying 100m down to the fireless 6-bunk hut. Believe it or not, the hut book goes a quiet 7 years back to 2014!

We chowed down on a fittingly gourmet dinner of venison pasta and mulled wine, then trekked back up to the ridge to catch our goal of sunset and have a peek (heh) at the Buckland tops.

“If I was a dark lord I’d totally set my dread castle up there, let’s have a look tomorrow, eh?”

Sunset comes, and it’s a whopper, so good I could only describe it in very bad verse:

a slight ridge of cloud at sea, the Kelvin range at land

the sun dips and sets the clouds ablaze,

transmutes from fire to deepest red

a giant ball of molten lead

the sea swallows it without a care.

WOW!

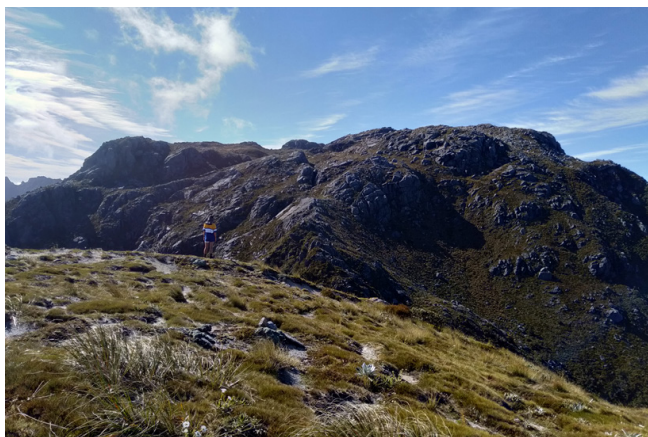
Our mission thus accomplished, we slept in until 9amish, when funnily enough the sun just crested the ridge of the hut’s valley. After breakfasting on last night’s dinner and loading up all the water we could carry, we hit the ridge again to dump our packs and go explore the Peaks.

Damn, they're cool! It really is like a fortress, er, a Castle Hill mixed with a Scottish moor; with a few small tarns, a heckuva variety of daisies and no sign of any pesky mammals anywhere! The surrounding mounts are crazily jagged, the place seems subject only to the whims of the Alpine Fault or Noah's flood; and on a good day you could see from Heaphy to Mt Cook himself (as it was we only saw as far as Mt Murchison, but still!)

Seriously, go there! Take a tent, take a helmet, take a million photos! Don't just take it for granite! The only place we didn't go was Thompson Tarn, A) because I was starting to dry out B) because it only looked an okay reward for the effort of getting there and C) it was at the foot of the most overdramatic rockfall I've ever seen- this place really does do it all!

Finally we headed down to the car, finishing all our water on the way (Midsummer, y'all!) and hit town for a hopeful late lunch. Major props here to the Middle Break Cafe, for still serving us two weary customers at 3.30pm on christmas eve (they were just about to close the barista and food warmers, but made a very kind exception!) Thus filled with the holiday spirit and some damn good value tucker, we cranked the Pogues' and John Lennon's Christmas classics and hit the Buller gorge for home and a very well deserved steak dinner.

"Oh damn, I forgot to pack in Troggs for the huts! Oh well, I'll just have to come back again....."



Avoca Rockstars

Written by Liadan Dickie

January 6th-9th 2022

Featuring: Liadan, Lewis, Elisa



- ✓ Goodest sorts doing the hardest work
- ✓ Rocks (walking, lifting, wrestling, jumping, theft)
- ✓ A gratifying absence of splashback

ROCKSTARS

Rocks. I have never had a trip so focussed on rocks. And I'm a rock climber. And this wasn't a climbing trip.

So first, we walk on rocks. First small, gravelly rocks in the Waimakariri riverbed. Then big, bouldery rocks up Jordan Stream. Then back to gravelly rocks up the Avoca River.

Although there are lots of rocks here, this is not unusual for a tramp. I'm used to walking on rocks. What I'm not used to is pulling 100kg rocks out of a metre deep hole in the ground.

We were heading into Avoca Hut for a few days of hut maintenance. By 'hut maintenance' I mostly mean digging a new long drop. By 'digging a new long drop' I mostly mean wrestling with extremely heavy rocks in extremely awkward positions in an extremely deep hole. Waratahs were bent, pickaxes dulled, hands blistered, and ropes snapped in the great battle of the rocks.

The largest rocks were extracted from the bottom of the hole through a painstaking process of lifting it centimetres (sometimes millimetres) at a time, shoving sticks and smaller stones under it as we went.

Eventually we got there though, and we had a hole. It wasn't the prettiest hole in the world, but hey. It was about to get a lot shittier. We plonked the shed on top and christened the new hole with a satisfyingly splash-back-free shit.

Although rock-wrestling in a hole was the most memorable part of the trip, we had other side diversions. These included:

- Painting the roof.
- The best swimming hole I've ever encountered (which could be jumped into off a big rock. More rocks!)
- An afternoon wander up to Avoca Col with a hammer, two saws, a pocket of nails, a few track markers, and nothing else (also a rather rocky route).
- The bath (Avoca Hut is great).
- The barbeque (Avoca Hut is the best).
- Tasteful nudes featuring the bath, the barbeque, and the wheelbarrow.
- After two days at the hut, with the toilet finished and no excuse to stay longer, we walked back out via Jordan Saddle and Bealey Spur. Once again, rocks featured.

We arrived back at the car to find the car broken into and a handful of items stolen. Although a bummer, this did not dull the fact that it was a great trip. I bet they smashed the window using a rock.



Gaiter Vision

Written by Ben Mcdrury

January 15th 2022

Featuring: Wildthings Buddies



- ✓ Down to earth perspective
- ✓ United against bloody stones in ya bloody shoes
- ✓ Villain to hero origin story

MUTUALISTIC

We're moving up the mountain.

I feel useless.

Adding yet another layer for sweat to cling to in the morning hours.

It's early and yet the sun is already blazing.

My time will come however, we both know this.

The minor discomfort I provide now,

Will soon be nothing but a fading memory.

Up we climb, and still, I cling tightly to this shoe.

My fingers wrap around the laces, loose and calm.

Soon however, I'm grabbed roughly by the neck.

Pulled high against skin, and stretched tight against the shoe.

I tense In anticipation.

All of a sudden we're flying, I'm high in the air and then I'm buried.
My world goes dark.
A million tiny pebbles, poking and prodding against me.
Each one trying their hand at getting in.
Each one defeated.

As we come up for air, I see the view below. A wide stretch of
scree, all the way down to the valley.
This is my kinda terrain.
As we slide further more, I crack a smile, knowing that my job is
being done. Not one intruder has made it under foot.

Still we run, and I feel my strength fading. Not much more can I
hold. Being battered by rocks, being scraped by stones.

At last, after what seems an eternity, we slow. My movements
become more controlled.
We are no longer living on adrenaline.

I sigh in relief and sag in my seat. Cool liquid washes over me,
ridding the morning sweat and the recent dust.

My job is done for another day



