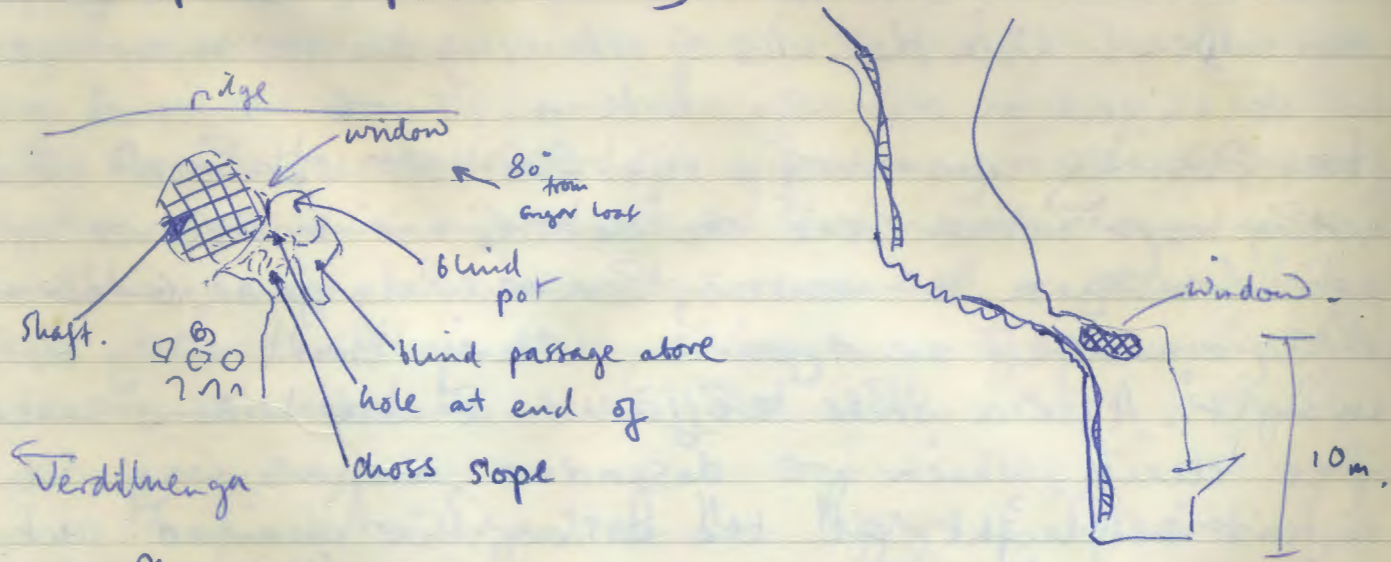


Mon 19<sup>th</sup>

Paul & Richard's story.

Spent the morning in camp @ Los Cerezos. Walked to Arco in the late afternoon & then up to area C to return to C4, discovered & marked on Saturday. Entrance pitch of 10m, pre-chimbed with aid of 5m ladder. Leads to a chossy slope, far side of which is a low crawl leading to a 10m pitch down to a blind pot. 3-5m down this pitch on it's (R) wall was a window leading through to a large shaft,  $\approx 7 \times 10m$  across and a 3sec above the drop - Our 5m remaining ladder was not quite up to it! We named the pitch Thunderstorm pot - due to prevailing weather and the pot came provisionally as Pozo del Rebeca.



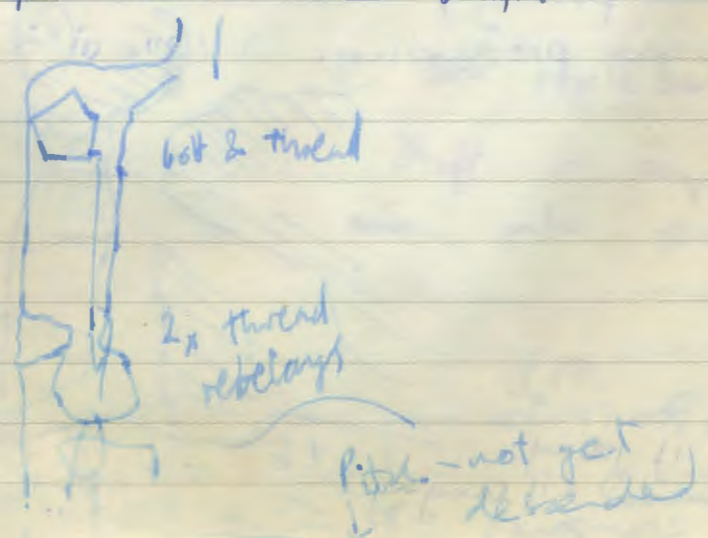
Plan.

2 x 5 m ladders & 2 long belays.  
 Cave depth = 25m + 3sec shaft.

Tues Paul, Richard & Jan

Through the window:  
crawl.

diagram courtesy of RG



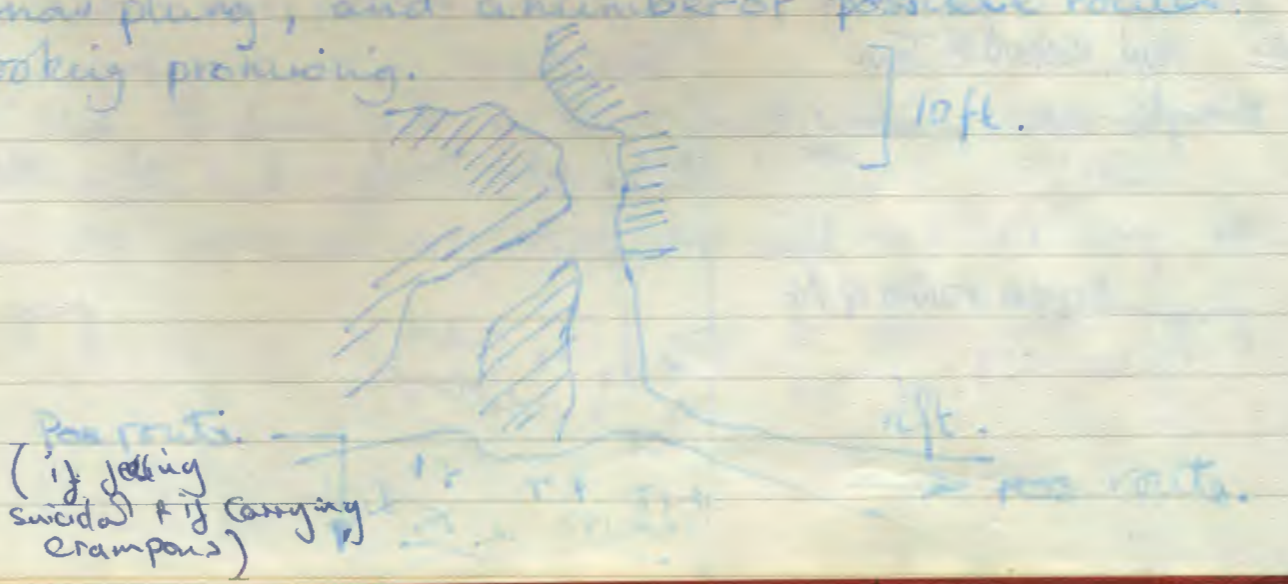


Tuesday 20th.

# The Penny and Holly expedition into the unknown!!!

After feeding Richard, Paul and Ian to venture into their "cave". With strict instructions to go high. We ventured up into the "mountains" of somewhere to look for a "mega" cave — the deepest in the world — ha, ha!! After climbing hours and hours we reached a good! area. No really interested in the idea of finding caves and feeling decidedly hungry we found a cave, "it looks a goodly," I said unknowingly. There were a few natural belays, here, we decided not to rig it owing to the fact that it was too high, and it was a bit narrow, we didn't want to damage ourselves! With the idea of returning tomorrow on our minds we continued on our way. Like in 10 yds we found another possible cave along a rift. Also there were good belays. Getting more <sup>(un)</sup> enthusiastic we decide not to descend and again return to-morrow, with eating gear. (and enthusiasm)

We continued our journey looking down every hole in sight. After a while we found a cave with a small free climb, which we descended a short way, only to find sunlight at the bottom. We climbed out, and went in a the bottom entrance. <sup>(S)</sup> There was a large snow plug, and a number of possible routes. One looking promising.





Now feeling very good having done some thing constructive  
we went back for late dinner.

P.S. we got a lovely sun tan (burn)

Stand by for Part of this thrilling adventure with  
the intrepid explorers.

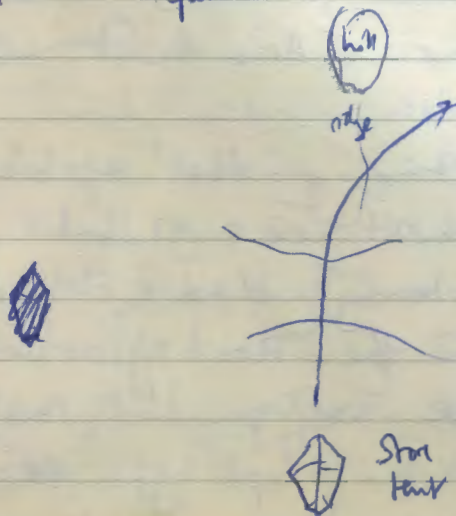
Kelly, 20/7/92.

and (incidentally) because we had no waxes + my boots had laces  
in, no trousers or padded suit, and only one helmet with  
a light. ~~am~~ (P.S.)

P.S. Overall the area looked very promising, - the collapsed  
system which we entered at a lower level may indicate  
something even better beneath - we had a general look  
around but tho' there were a large no. of promising sights.  
all those we looked at were filled with chos. Per

## Tom & Penny The Saga of the Riggings of Optimists

To get to Optimists - (hill) (hill)



Over ridge + bar (R).

Draft is easy to  
miss unless you're Penny.

P.T.O.

Start  
hill



Rig is by bolts - on rock on side of shaft towards Refugio (i.e. RHS as look uphill). 2 bolts = terry strand delay which sets as traverse line - snow trail to its before shifting on to main rope. c. 70' free hang & no cut points.  
 N.B. "This rig is the first two bolts I have ever put in. daagh!!"

Wednesday 21st

Graham & Jan went to rig Graham's shaft (C3) with 100m of lightweight rope. But the rope wasn't where it should have been when we arrived there (ie the tent by the big feature). So we cursed and ate some savoury rice & beef stroganof with Richard & Tom who arrived just after us. Then we took our carrying gear to shaft, lobbed some rocks down and went after Helen, Penny & Alvaro to get rope from them. But they didn't have it either. Bollocks! Continued wandering around in mist till we found Richard and Tom about to descend C4. They had no bright ideas, so went up to C3 to bang a bolt in and decide how to rig first pitch.

Looked in big hole with snowplug on way back but it didn't go anywhere. Wandered back to Refugio collecting herbal tea on way.

The Bedtime Story! (not very heroic or epic at all)

Penny, Helen, Alvaro (Ario last warden)

with a view to continuing the 'epic' (epic?) saga @ area [E] (which we almost managed to ~~start~~ engage upon yesterday) H, A & P took the tortuously long & hard route up to the two rifts we intended to explore. At entrance OAE we paused, rigged up & looked at each other. Helen kept for the SRT rope



Alvaro exclaimed "you go?", "Of course" said Helen in a butch voice, ~~the~~ <sup>2 octaves</sup> lower than normal) with a dismissive wave of the hand. 3 seconds (about) later she'd wisked up + down the shaft + proclaimed it 'no go' (her words). So on to the next. Alvaro + I studied the very exciting bedding planes at the top of the pitch while Helen left down the 15m, bounded back up (scorning the ladder) and exposed a lower entrance. - Again - "No Go";

The mist came down. - "We go to the top of the 'Hill' (Verdilluenga). (typical Spanish logic). Helen + I sat down. "we go up" - Alvaro (more persuasive) - "but you can't see anything!"  
"only 10 minutes".

- All the Spanish lie

Having gone all the way to the top we ~~event~~ came all the way down again

[After this fucking mega epic to the top of Verdilluenga a very pissed off Helen was speeded on by the thought of coffee and cigys at Arto. Apart from the fact that I hate heights and can stand exposed <sup>climbs</sup> heights I had climbed to the top amidst much "I am not going any fucking further", "Ten minutes at 50 mph!?", "Bloody fucking Dagos" and "I am hungry".

We then walked further to wards Arto until I found a cave !!!?! - shitty nasty hole. -  
Helen.

--- and when we'd got lower than it was possibly worth looking for caves Alvaro's eye caught site of a small gap in the grass - "Cave" he lined He's got to be joking" I muttered --- "Cave" he insisted and started kicking shit out the poor thing to + Bernold after an hour of constant application of various parts of the body the gap had



become a 'hole' of about 12" diameter

"You go" - the finger pointed at intrepid Helen  
"What Me?" Said intrepid Helen (not very intrepidly)

"No Go" Said Helen 15 minutes + a lot of dirt  
later.

"No, No, No" Said Alvaro + disappeared head first.

"Is very good - is very very good" - is just  
one more big rock" - Alvaro was pulled  
out by his feet. um "Helen go --"

Helen went - - - and kicked the rock  
irreparably into the passage, blocking it  
completely - is good, No! - - very good.  
[It wouldn't have been the deepest hole  
in the world anyway]

In side the hole, for that is all one could call it; it  
was dirty, muddy to a point. It was merely a through  
a through to end of throughes. It was a about 10ft long  
at most and a pretty name the scroff hole. Alvaro was  
not impressed by or lack of enthusiasm. Holly.

So once again we set off home for lunch

- "we look for Spring. no" said Alvaro

"is here, - or here" - here - was not  
a Spring - ~~it was~~ it was another cave

- this time rather more possibly epic with a large  
gaping entrance under ~~an~~ overhanging rock 10m  
above the S1E path

"is good, no"

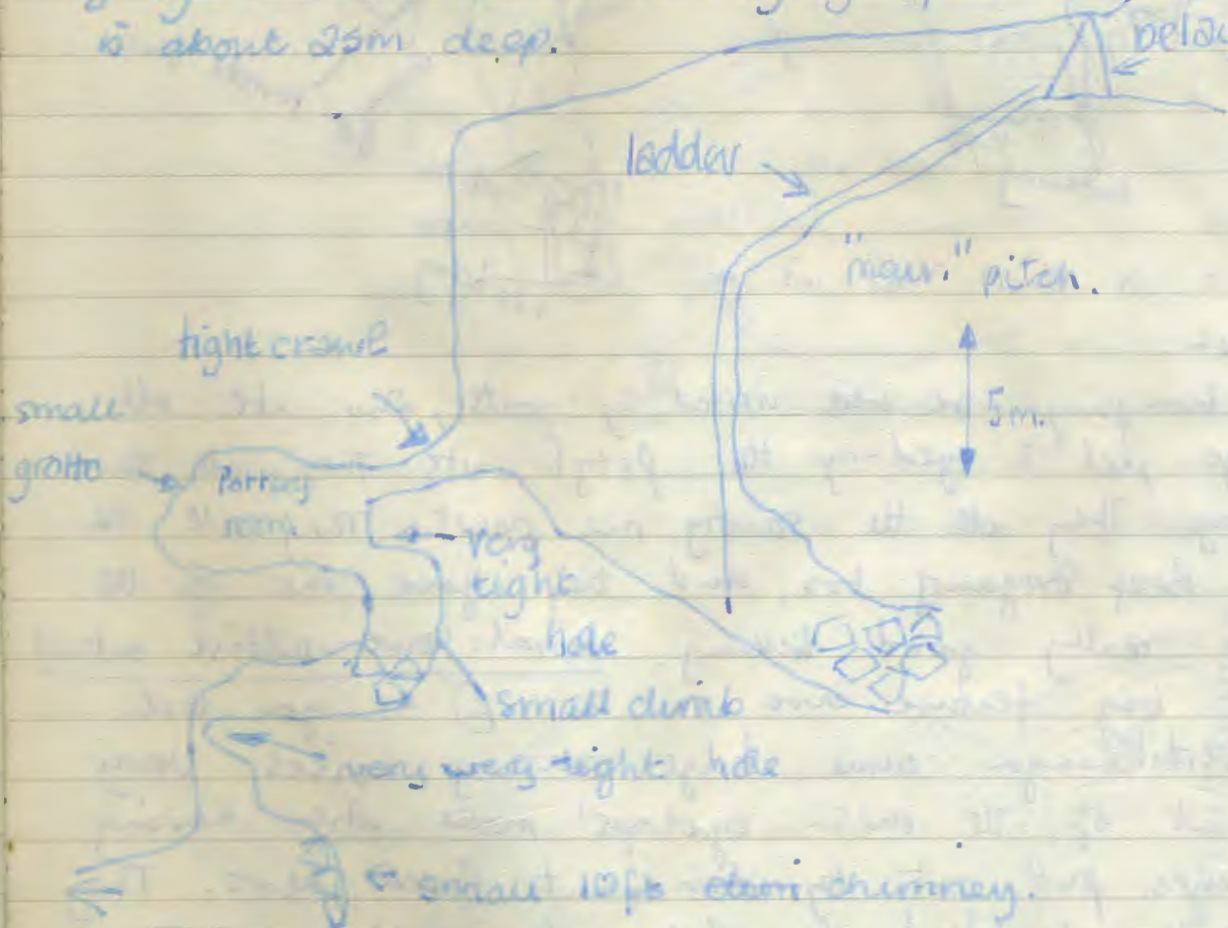
Oh Shit - -

- but it would be the deepest cave in  
the world I muttered - in vein - Helen  
was already down the bottom of a 12m pitch  
into a large chossy cave. This large roomy



Kenny.

He leads via short tight crawl into the a small grotto - the pottery room + the use. We continued down a small climb, and removing a few boulders were able to continued down through an extremely small hole down to a ten foot ~~chimney~~ chimney, Alvaro continued on slightly further with the now only operating light. He said that the passage choked again but he could feel a draft of air coming up wards. We assume that by removing a few more boulders it may go further. At the moment it is about 25m deep.



Possible continuation

This cave was the most promising of the day, and after descending so far as we dare (owing to having only one functioning light between the three of us). We returned to the surface and I derigged the watercourse pitch. We then return to area and arrived at about 7:30 pm after an amazing day.

Kenny

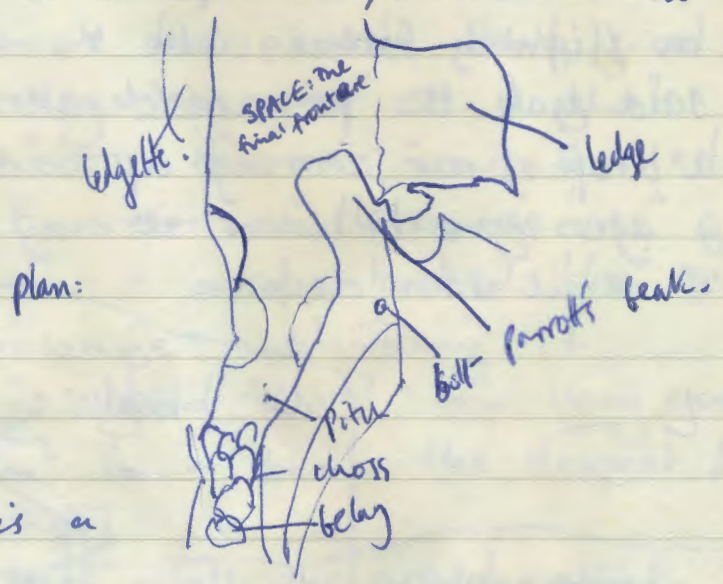
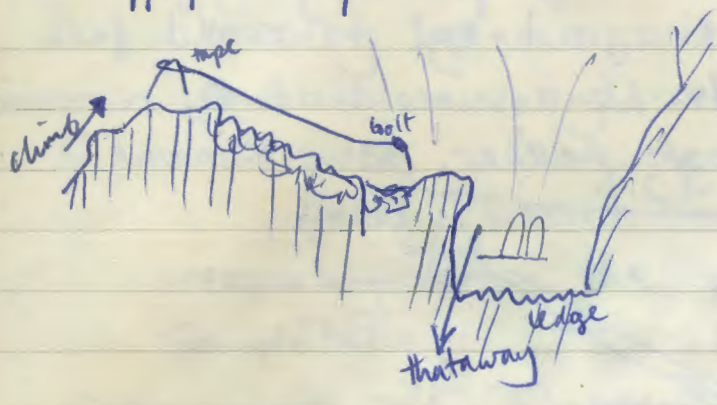


Tom Richard down the real cave. C4 Play School Mt.

Went down, replacing 9m Edlerid with Bluewater III. Tom put in a bolt @ head of 3rd pitch but we didn't use it!

The boulder in the roof seems to be attached on one side?

We didn't manage to rig pitch 5 however: we gardened the slope but found it impossible to put in but one bolt, & that in an inappropriate place:



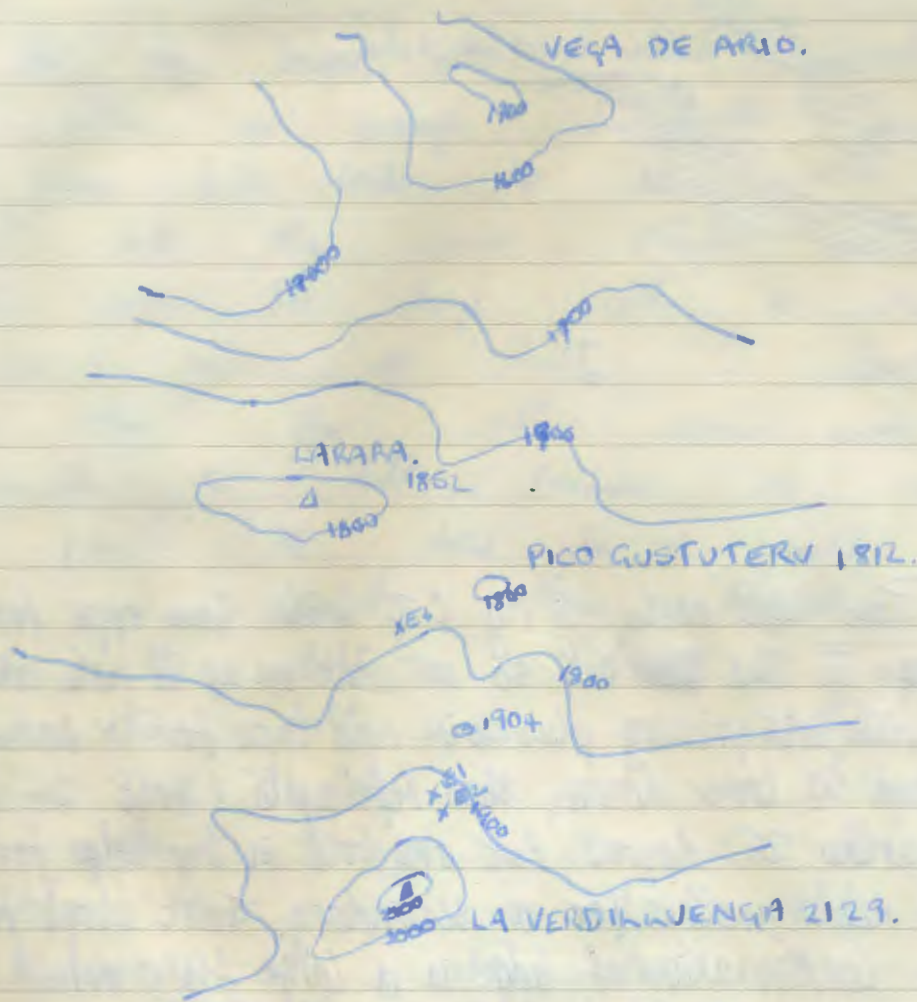
The good news is that this is a 50-60m pitch.

p.s. While changing we were visited by goats, who ate all the orange peel & eyed-up the petzl suits. They ate the used tentage. They ate the savory rice packet. They ate the cardboard Beef Stroganof box, and they gave one of the ladders a really good licking. Moral: leave rubbish outside

p.p.s. From the big feature cave on the @ as you look up to Verdilluenga came huge roaring noises very reminiscent of the ones cyclops' make when having their eyes put out by itinerant Greek leos. They got louder, & filled the whole valley. We ran on past. Moral: Let sleeping dragons lie.



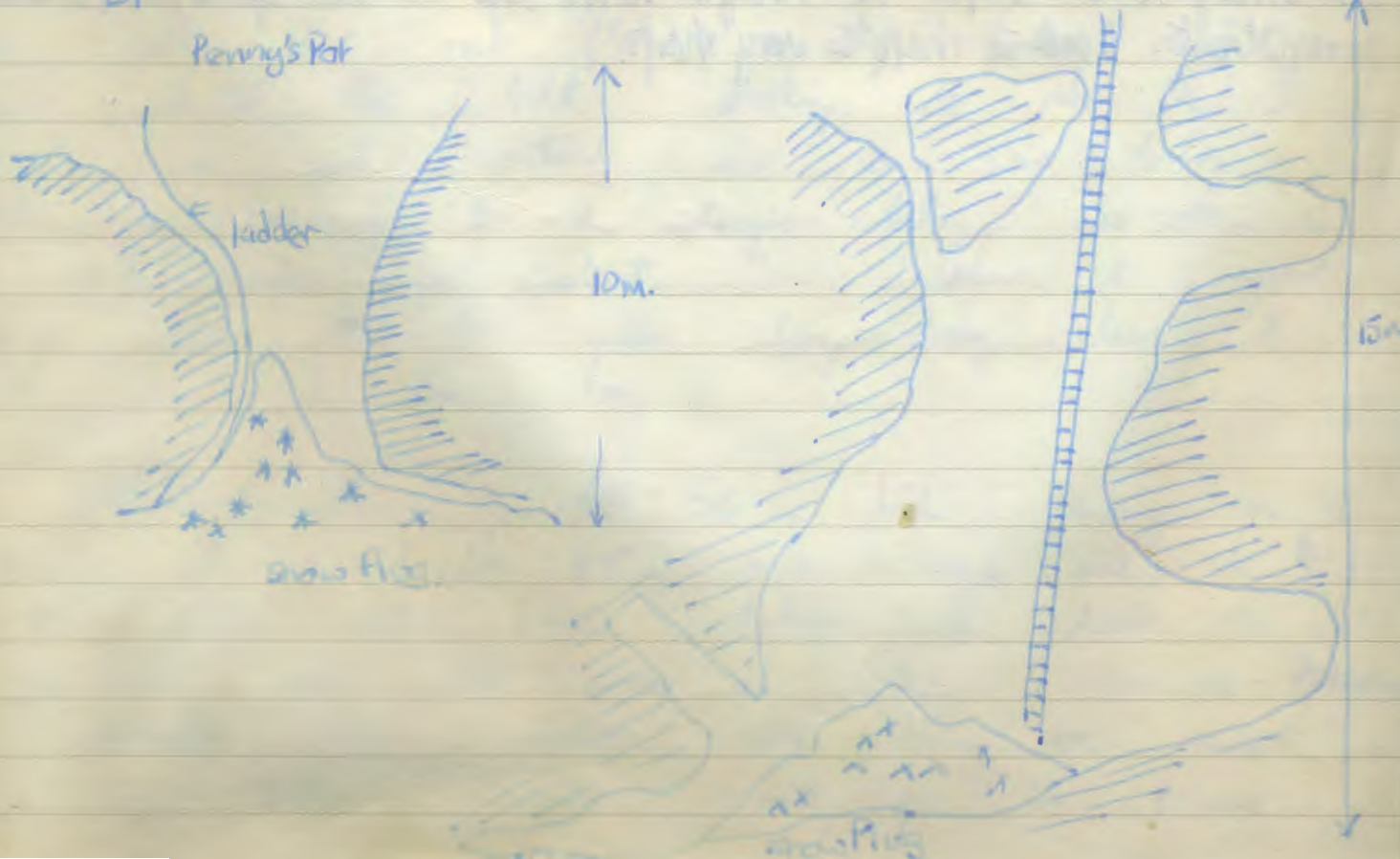
continued — "The penny, Helly, alvaro mega epic."



E2. Helly's Hole.

E1

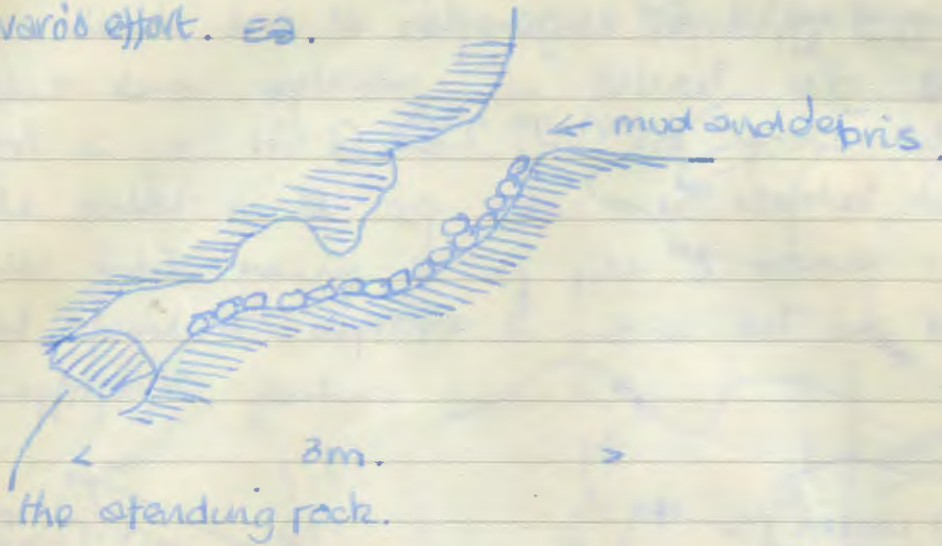
Penny's Pot





(20)

Alvario's effort. E3.



Thursday 22nd

Graham & Jan left early to rig C3 with 9mm rope from C4. This time the rope was in the ~~middle~~ tent so we went on up to hole with rope. Rigged ~~from~~ first pitch with bolt primary plus wire and tape for X backup. Rebelayed to two bolts about 50' lower down, then rebelayed to 1 bolt 25' lower, then land on ledge further 25' down. Put one bolt in by ledge for fourth pitch but still needs another for a secondary. Just about room for 2 people on ledge. Continuation of ledge is a large flake which splits right in two. Still ~~about~~ at least 60' to bottom of shaft. ~~All~~ All these rebelays are necessary as the shaft is not straight down and the 9mm rope is not abrasion resistant. Rock in shaft is very sharp.