

## More Detackling

Lynn, Roy, Gavin.

As I was ready before the others were out of bed, I decided in a fit of keeness/madness to set off on a solo trip. Got down to the bottom of Armageddon and then pouised back up with 3 heavy tackle bags, detackling as I went (hero points). Continued up The Bells, doing two trips, before meeting the others. Detackled up Sing to the Devil and Pessimists (doing 2 or trips each, not with 2 tackle bags - more hero points). Hauled up The Fin Starts Here, Lynn then started out leaving us to finish clearing up, before following her. I had an absolute epic through the rifts, getting everything caught. Coming through the squeeze just before Graham's, the thing my Donkey's Dick was attached to broke, so I had to go back down through the squeeze to retrieve my tackle bag. Coming up the second time, in too much of a hurry, I slipped, banged my face against a rock and chipped a tooth. Light problems didn't help things. Roy had an epic in Paradise, having problems with his tackle bag. Half way up Seventh Heaven, I had a near total light failure. Almost as soon as I had fixed that, the thing my Donkey's Dick was attached to broke again, with the falling tackle bag narrowly missing Roy. He heroically pouised up with both bags, and we continued out, before walking back in the dark. My chest and sit harnesses have started to rub so I am now raw all over. How many things can go wrong in one trip?

Jean's Trip. Monday 8/8

So anyway, after going across the sea of limestone the other day in the raging heat with a bad knee &



coming back for a point well before the grassy-slope, I suppose it was inevitable that I'd give it + take my stuff down to base. But, just when I thought I was saved from 2/7 Simon, (dear Simon) gave me the encouragement needed to slog it up that damned hill this morning. I set off with a heavy heart, rucksack, boots, body and made it to the boulder valley before everyone else caught me up. Then Simon, (dear Simon) egged me on, sweating (I'm no lady - I don't just glow, I give it all I've got and have a good sweat) to the top. I put on my gear, pristine, not a scratch on the wellies, not a hint of mud on the clothes, no dimming<sup>of the</sup> jewel colours dazzling my eyes from cow's-tail and shock rope and orange-tape foot loops. You can bet your bottom dollar that when Simon (dear Simon) took a picture of me in my cave clobber, it was just as well it was colour, (the rest are O.K with B+W). After a breather mi amigos sailed down the 1st pitch, and Ewald kindly followed up to make sure I had my bobbin sorted out. I'm glad he did... Got down, panting heavily, nerves burnt out by the whole thing, knew I was too slow to cope with the rest + after all there's busy work to be done here, so came out after others arrived at bottom of 2nd pitch. [By the way, it was Kate (dear Kate) who encouraged me down the pitch in the 1st place.] I grovelled in the mud to dirty up my gear a little bit, it was still gleaming, and slowly propped up to meet Paul B who arrived with good music.

Now it might be that the trip up there will have been one of the most adventurous things that I'll ever do in my rather unglit life. 2/7's 1st pitch might be the top of the hill. Well I'm grateful, more than anyone could ~~to~~ ever know for the immense encouragement from everybody, but, of course especially Simon (dear Simon) and Kate (dear Kate) for making a little dream come true. Saw the 'eyehole', walked very carefully to a point near it. Why is it that every carry I've done has been rubbish bags?? I even got to bring crap down from 2/7/11



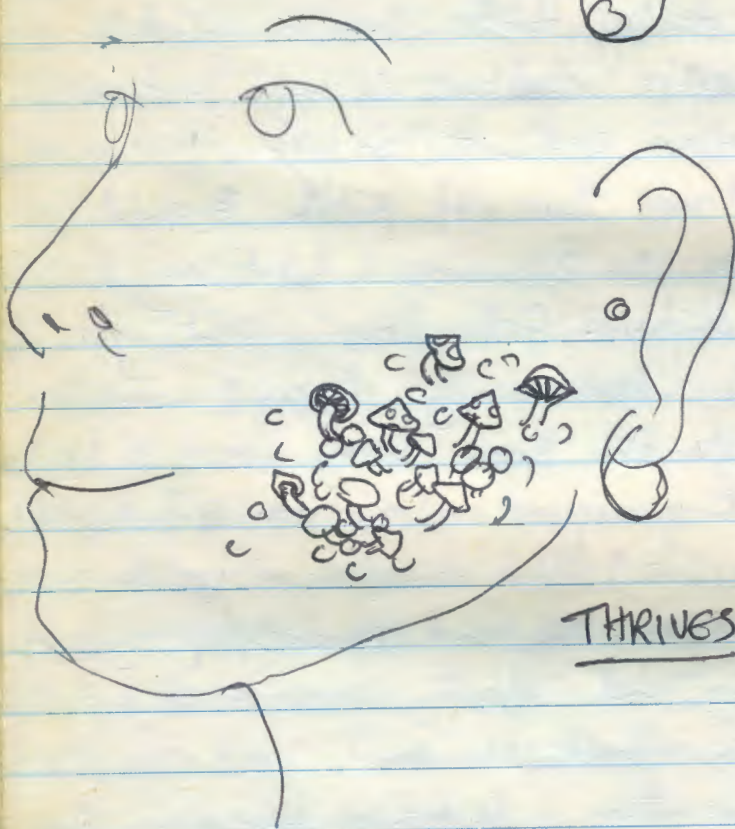
YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A

FACE



F

U N G U S



CULTIVATE A  
LIFE-FORM  
ON YOUR  
FACE!

THRIVES on Australian skin repair  
creme, Eurax  
(Do not apply Behavate as  
this may damage it)

REMEMBER FUNGUS for FUN  
HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT PICKING  
IT !!



8<sup>th</sup> Aug. ~~SNA~~ Return of the son of detackling II  
 Kate, JT, Simon, Paul, Ewald. ~ 17 hrs.

Detackled from top of Pessimists' to bottom  
 of Seventh Heaven. Started with 14 bags ended  
 with 21 !!? Paradise was a bastard and we  
 was slow.

What a pathetic attempt at a write-up. Where  
 is all ~~of~~ the Bullshit? (-overloy's rockback)

Trip into cave was none too eventful except  
 for a lonely sleep at the Bottom of Flying rebarrels  
 waiting for the team to assemble!!!!

Kate had one of OUC's famous exploding  
 rucklebags and JT's mouse finding was dubious,  
 but it does get boring going the same way more  
 than once.

Soon after arriving at the top of Pessimists, the  
 Snoon(?) efficient(?), Stick(?) detackling machine was  
 started up. It coughed and spluttered at first but  
 slowly it warmed up - and then it was totally knackered.  
 Unfortunately at this time the perdue hadn't been  
 reached!!! Repairs were made, and the machine  
 carried on.

Certain components of the machine weren't  
 working properly - Kate's Recognition circuits were  
 obviously wet <sup>with</sup> ~~because~~ comments like "Is there  
 a tackle bag for me" whilst looking at 16 bags  
 and one particular bag with 100m(?) of Black 15mm(+)  
 Marlow was particularly troublesome, and even  
 provoked an unsolicited comment from one  
 member of the group "Big !!!?"

Eventually the machine ran out of petrol, fudge,  
 Fish, Carabide at the bottom of 7<sup>th</sup> Heaven and beat  
 a quick(?) retreat to Aris. What a Brilliant trip!!!!



## The Adventure in the Land of Moxon.

Once upon a time there were a small tribe of mental retardants popularly known as the Oxtone Trolls. They were short of stature, fierce in appearance and low on intellect. They spent all their <sup>sp?</sup> days in the land of the Withes, in their own tongue, 217, words were too complicated.

Their leader was a certain Higl who it was said had once been a princess, and could have been the pick of the handsomest young princesses from the surrounding kingdoms. But she chose to horribly disfigure herself in all manner of filth to hide her fair appearance.

She was unhappy with the Trolls, their love of small, dark, damp and smelly places, their foul habits, such as urinating and defecating whenever it took their fancy into plastic bags and even gloves instead of using modern sanitary devices such as (agivri in Troll language) the toilet. She would look with envy across the thin stretch of grass which separated the Trolls and the Moxoids.

The Moxoids were tall and fair, strong and handsome, their eyes always seemed to be focused on some distant unobtainable goal (or where they pissed). The Moxoids were happy, but proud. They treated leadership somewhat as a joke, so had chosen some clown the vanguard upon in their great <sup>dining</sup> ~~meeting~~ hall of Bernici where he would keep court justice. He was simple but would keep spirits up should they ~~they by getting drunk~~ and being lecherous.



The land of Ulora was fine and vast. A highway ran down the middle to a great river. This highway was thin but safe from the evils which lurked along the broad by-ways of 217, such as hairy ropes, frayed tapes and shilly rope protrudors (the worst of cave bushes). One could swiftly travel along this highway to the magic river beyond where, men and women would become upright, strong, and generally hard cores.

Nyla wanted to know the secrets of the magic river, and hoped to use this to turn the Trolls into a vigorous tribe, capable of rigging any Yorkshire pot. You even to have no shame in using the red balls of the cantankerous goat of SRT. So she chose two faithless followers, J.C., the short and filthy and Roy of the thuggish haircuts and insatiable appetite. J.C. had heard that the magic river was particularly cold, deep and unpleasant, whilst Roy believed that the Moximals feasted everyday on the richest fare, Springlow Spumcups, baby frocks, club biscuits and even cane coffee.

So heavily disguised as Moximals, they attempted to mingle with a group of Moximals. Of course the Moximals saw through these disguises, and by clever questioning found the purpose of the seemingly pointless trip. "We want to see the river!" shouted Nyla with glee. "We want to get wet" said J.C. "Have you any food?" asked Roy. "And to stand out the river's secret," added J.C. "Oh shit" thought Nyla.

The Moximal stare "The Bull" Foster and Dave "The Dumb" might have begun with H. Kew Kew was also secret Kew Kew. They used their exceptional



fitness to make it their diet. They walked  
at each other and Steve said "I know a  
good trick. Let's pretend their Movers, take them  
down to the river. Get them thoroughly soaking  
(the, the) then make them carry out very heavy  
bags of useless objects. That will certainly  
rob their bones off."

So off they set. The highway truly was long,  
but straight. "Ooh" said Hyla with glee. "Whom's  
the diet" said S.C. "This route is nice and  
horrible and slippery but I can't rub my face in  
it." "Haven't seen much food yet," groaned  
Roy.

They reached the river "Ooh, this is splashy" said  
Hyla with glee. "Not half deep enough," groaned  
S.C., and decided to have a double light fatigue  
just so he would be annoyed, for S.C. was only  
happy when he was very pained off. "Bloody hell  
I'm hungry," complained Roy.

Hyla gleefully scurried down the river soaking  
in the "magic", whilst S.C. and Roy tried to be  
invisible and undergo the Patrol Challenge II, putting  
the front on a raised lower level. When some  
hands are very cold.

Hyla's glee was, however short-lived, for  
no sooner had she reached Steve, when he  
handed over a tackle bag and winked. "Oh my  
God" she thought "What on earth do I do with  
this". "Take it out then," said Steve. Hyla, now  
glasses, struggled up the river. She met S.C. and  
Roy, who were equally annoyed with the large,  
seemingly useless plastic objects. They all turned  
and fought their way up the flow. Roy "pointed to it"  
that he had noticed "did" "looked like" "was" "was"



skate, just before the start of the highway.

Already tired by their exertions, the trolls had to rest on a rocky shore by the river. Nylan and Roy decided to try to pollute the magic river, using it as a toilet, releasing themselves, as in 2/2 wherever it took their fancy. Nylan had just shed her skin when a Bad Muxoid "Imperial" Harry appeared in the streamway and caught her red-handed. Disgusted by this obscene habit he picked up two tackle bags and returned from whence he came. "Could you put a brew on for us?" asked Roy hopefully.

Trolls are nothing if not copycats, so all 3 copied the Muxoid and dragged a bag each up the stream, wondering why the originally light lugging gear was getting heavier all the time.

At the paternal wind brewing stop, the Muxoids now joined by Ken "Rocky" Senior and Kath "Fire" Force. They took pity on the now bedraggled Trolls, who had lost all resemblance to even the most scabulous Muxoid, and offered them coffee and food. Nylan and J.C. were wary of this ploy, whilst Roy justally trusted in. Their suspicions <sup>were</sup> confirmed when Steve and Dave appeared with many more tackle bags.

"Shit! Let's get out of here," whispered J.C. to the others, and shot off up the first patch. However he was too late for a 2nd bag had been clipped to his duck's dock. He proceeded as fast as he but seemed to be making no progress. Slowly (ever so slowly) he realised that there was no secret to the Muxa river, he was more knackered than he had ever been before.

After hours of pointless motion, he crawled out of the cave to the last dying rays of sunlight, vomiting near again to the last of Muxa.



98 Wednesday 10th August. (99)

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! After splendido, almost beyond words evening con mi comrades beneath the star-lit sky counting satellites, enjoying the gentle scent of the pasture, guess what? Yeah! I'm carrying rubbish down Oh joy Oh bliss the fulfillment of a life's ambition.

There is  $\approx 20$ kg of carbide in the driers drum 10m South of the chromit tent position, covered by loose boulders (it is disguised as rubbish, in a bin liner.)

7<sup>th</sup> August. . . Another Cabeza Muxa Trip Wilham, Angus, Paul Eastwood. 14 hrs

Following the Danny had decided that we were to be the first detumbling trip, going down the case at 10am. Still felt tired after the last 2/7 trip, from which I had emerged 27 hours previously & maybe this was the reason I forgot to bring my ferry. Nothing for it to go back to collect it, together with some carbide & an extra head torch for what was now to be a solo descent. Finally got underground at 12:10 pm, <sup>Great fun, through</sup> going gingerly. Surprised to catch up Angus at the bottom of the shaft & he showed me through the boulder chokes. Went on ahead, leaving Angus to make geological notes & reached the swamp shortly before 4:30, that in the meantime passing Paul who, also having emerged from 2/7 27 hours before, was carrying four tackle bags up the streamway. Paul instructed me to start digging, but before I could do so, Angus caught me up & told me to take two of the tackle bags off Paul. Reached the second boulder choke before I caught Paul up, <sup>since</sup> he'd been sitting still for an hour or so, as hard as even he felt unable to manhandle diving bottles through boulder chokes on his own.

After this, my problems began. Tension increases with two tackle bags, even light ones, are not easy, particularly when your short low's tail is obstructing your croll & you are failing to make use of the pulley wheel in your periscope bag. Wasted loads of time & energy in this manner, so Paul, meanwhile found an extra tackle bag, necessitating <sup>him</sup> going up every pitch twice.

After an age, we reached the first boulder choke & the bags were passed through, so as to be possible in all weather conditions. Reached the foot of



the shaft at ca 11:30pm, where we stopped for a Thichien-caked brew with  
 Springlow meats, nuts, fudge, club biscuits etc. (\*\* - a <sup>↑</sup>restaurant worth a detour)  
 Paul set off our + tackle bag. I'd not taken one, as I'd been utterly knocked,  
 but feeling much revived by the gourmet cuisine stomped up the pitch,  
 almost keeping up with Paul to the top of the 247m. All this effort was in vain,  
 however, as we had to wait an hour for Angus to emerge, before going back for  
 more food & some well-earned kip. To bed at 5am, waking up Paul & Kate in the process.

William

P.S. I enjoyed the trip really. Great love report from the mountain.

THE END

Sherry "I feel like an old man" Mary

BUT THERE'S MORE.

P.T.O.



## The LAST TRIP.

Dan, Gav, Roy, J.C.

It is really pleasant to far a debriefing trip to go well, so this trip leaves me with fond memories of 217. We had a staggered start, which means we weren't pissed but went down in the hour intervals. So when I reached the bottom of 7<sup>th</sup> Menem, Dan had carried most of the bags to the pitch bottom. Hauling up the pitch was no problem, except for one bag which landed no-where near me, and being hit in the eye.

Designed hand-line, and 7<sup>th</sup> Menem, taking last 2 bags up. By then most bags were up the next pitch so I prussicked a further 2 up and loaded the ropes.

Last pitch was most impressive, having hauled all the <sup>last</sup> ropes together and clipping bags on every 15m or so. Down at 11.00, with bag 15.30 2 12 out official and such fun.

Love J.C (aka The Scribble).