

15:22. ~~At~~ Enyanki, from ICOVA, informs us of
200 kilometre/hour winds and 1200 cc m^{-2} of
rain (whatever that means) This sounds fun!!

15:43 The rain starts

15:44. All the food is bagged and waterproofed.
The kitchen tent is made ready for collapse.
All movable objects are stowed. Batten down
the hatches me' hearties.

15:55. Calm. The rain stops.

16:04. We enter the orange tent. Who knows what the
world will look like when... if we emerge.
A strange silence descends, broken only by the start
of the rain and the flapping of a tent.
The wind at last melts. [Obviously from this
last sentence you can see the mental pressure we
are under.]

16:13. The rain beats down harder & harder.
Lightning flashes. We eat chocolate and write our
journals.

16:17. The first gusts start. We ~~take our~~ take
up positions.

16:20. ~~The~~ One of the hatches comes
unbattered. I venture out into the mists of
water. Rain is pummeling down
Thunder and gusts. Hell on earth

16:31. Thunder rumbles around us. We continue to hold up the tent and the drop of rain still pour down. An impressive lake has formed outside the door. A rousing chorus of Jerusalem 'caring version' brings hope & warmth to our hearts. The rain is still very heavy.

16:40. The rain continues. We crack open the wine. Things are getting desperate. The canvas in ~~front~~ of the outer tent is now acting as quite an effective water filter - it only lets through the finest droplets.

16:45. Rising Damp rises. A large pool has appeared beneath the groundsheet. We cheer ourselves up with a rousing song - 'The hard cover'.

17:06. A slight calm. We're joined by one of the ~~to~~ NPC. Outside it looks calm. Then the wind starts again. We grab our poles.

17:09. The pools below the groundsheet are disappearing. It's still raining. We talk of 2/7.

17:30 We eat the mouse. Tummy. Even tho' it hasn't set.

[At this point the atomic bomb dropped]

In memory of 24th July Sunday by Sherry...
All together now.....

Oooh I shovel shit
Shit shovel I
'cos I'm a shit-shovel speleo

Pick up a maggot
Look it in the eye
I'm a shit-shovel speleo

Chorus - ~~S~~ Squatting in the food tent
Chomping maggots round + round
Chucking out the rubbish
Digging Cawshit from the ground

I dig up crap
crap dig up I
'cos I'm a crap digging speleo

Maggots wriggle round
Die buggers DIE!
I'm a crap digging speleo



24

24/7/88.

SUNDAY -

And yea! After a night sheltering from the rain in the Y.V. EL SOL!!

We spend the morning clearing the camp.

Smell smell damp damp.

The van is converted into a drying rack

DAMI arrives - ...

Phit Rose arrives with wild improbable but

TRUE tales of 2/7. Over to Phit as
OH SO TRUE.

We are in the bar and I can no longer

control my pen.

Steve

Yes the cave is BIG. Stream is OFD in high water HELP. I'm going home so I won't go down wet pitches.

POSSIBLY THE DEEPEST CAVE IN THE WORLD.

(PS. I have begun a new bobbin cable in the few trips!!!).

Philip Rose
his mark

25/7/88.

Morning's ride
 To the clear skies of a
 Sharp light to a Pico's side
 Prospects d-new.
 To the Largas zoo!
 Legs to find, the heat to mind
 And all of Spain on a hill.

29/7/88

ARRIVAL OF TEAM YUPPIE :-

- HARRY MOSS
- WILFRED GREGSON
- GRAHAM NAYLOR
- SARA GREGSON

WE ARE THE SOFT MEN...
 THAT'S HOW THE WORLD ENDS - NOT
 WITH A BANG, BUT A WIMPY.

[CAME VIA FRANCE WHERE WE DID ABÏME DE BETCHANKA N THE
 IYRANERS. V. NERT.]

A Flashback Friday 22nd July

"El Turismo!" Dan, Sherry, Bill.

Went to Cango. Inadvertently saw the abattoir on a short cut back to the van. Fortunately the doors were closed so we didn't see anything too awful - if you want to avoid it don't take shortcuts down small backroads near the river.

Then off to Cueva del Buzo that was closed - the sign says closed between 12 & 4, but Richard has since told me that it's always closed.

So off to Covadonga, papery and plastic. Tuteful chapel to the left, awful statues on the right. Sixteen confessional boxes, someone did alot of sinning. Santa Cueva wet & humid, with loads of candles, and a service with serious priest and core congregation, ogling tourists wander in and out enjoying the spectacle. Down to the gift shops, the brash shops, the poison shops for a quick beer, the cheapest pen is 120 ptas.

Back to Las Lagos knackered. That's turismo for you.

Dan
=

26th July A trip down to Coyas de Oms.

you can see how shocked Dave is he isn't even ^{even} ~~celebrating~~

Dave it was requested by me & loan for - to drive down to Coyas to pick up Nick & Robert from the San Valleys Club. Arrived Coyas & hit the Rio Grande for cakes & tortilla. I then went off to buy myself a botas as my gig bottles down the river. Back to the Rio Grande for more tortilla & then at 5pm Nick & co arrived less Kev O'Sullivan. No sign of Kev by 6pm & Nick said he hadn't seen him on the boat, so we left Co-Lagos.

The weather was wet & the road very slippery - causing ^{one} ~~the~~ wheels to spin occasionally when cornering producing a horrible juddering. On one corner we were going round very slowly like a car coming down the hill braked hard and skidded straight in to the car with a roaring bang. Tony tried to get out but couldn't. Fringing ^{for} my side we found a badly dented passenger door and damaged sill. Tony checked the suspension & steering which seemed OK.

Viewing the other of car, what a mess! a total write off, smashed windscreen both headlights crumpled wing & bonnet, front seats have twisted suspension ^{pushed} back steering higgled. Fortunately all the passengers unhurt. - Note

I asked the driver in Spanish if he spoke English not realising he was French. Tony found the insurance documents & we started filling out the forms. The other driver was very good about it admitting it was his fault on the documents. Eventually I drove

back up the hill very carefully. Phil checked with the bar who said that as no one was injured we didn't need to inform the police. Dave & I, we saw way shots & will not drive the yellow van up & down the hill ever again.

Don't try to open the passenger door, the hinges are well rotted back, and it may never close again! The broken sill needs knocking back from the wheel, J.T.

26-27. 7. 88 A night to remember

So it's my last night here again and Lays has come up with the goods draping us in impenetrable clag. At least I won't be sent to go home. I chop up the vegetables cook a nice stew then get completely ratted in the bar. "Help! Phil I've been bugged by a Frenchman in the van!" - is that really what Dave meant Oh no it was just some grotto had decided to puke his brand new car into the yellow van's passenger door.

This put a bit of a doper on the proceedings in the bar but we had to go home to find out if we needed to inform the Trafficos (I think fully apparently not necessary!). God I was knackered & to do only night and go good kip in the orange dent. Did the food's out of sight? Yes. Good - off to bed!

Snooze -- 43!! Muck Muck Muck Muck
oh my god it's a vase attack.

Ditta pokes her head out of doors and
 the Joking partition has crumbled under
 the Vacca onslaught. Much... Much Much
 Much "Piss off you bastards!" Thwack!!
 Ditta throws a shoe and the cow makes
 moves off at least he's gone.

Snore Snore Snore Much Much Much
 Oh my god the cows back again.
 I poke my head out and see outside
 the most bollocks naked "Piss off you
 great fat cow" thwack! Again the cow
 shambles away from her devastation.

This carries on through out the night.
 This cow has a muffled bell just to make
 matters more sporting they will be denver's
 muffled marching next.

Casualties of Vacca attack - one
 straw pole, 5 packets of pasta and
 all the fresh veg. I only hope she ate some
 of the beans and so will be farting for the
 next week.

I LOVE LAGOS - Goodbye!

The Severn Valley Two arrive

The rain in Spain...

