

with tapes, and smog it out with a 3x advantage pulley system and long crowbar. Much rejoicing followed, then Steve turned up and we all got miserable again. Not because Steve turned up you understand, but because the route beyond 2 day boulder proved pretty grim. There seem to be 2 possibilities. Steve dug at the mud floor, then Tim ~~hammered~~ chiseled the top right-hand ~~end~~ edge of the next wedged boulder with some success, and we all got happy again. Beyond, the wind howls, and ~~out~~ and a tight squeeze might eventually go over the top, where what look like loose boulders choke the way down. ~~Steve~~ Oh yes, and Chris ~~of~~ fell off a cliff. [See 14 July]

14<sup>th</sup> July 1991

S&R guarding the Aris white varvots people get carrying. My illness of this morning seems to have vanished, so I'm having totally amazing fun washing up & cooking.

Once B - easy on the group next time in the flapjack, OK? Makes life for us & poor menials very difficult.

Why does all Spanish white rice end up as a great mass of starch? I have had to discard one lot as utterly inedible & in about to start on a second. (Throtts!)

Steve



14<sup>th</sup> July 1991. Tim, Michele, Gavin S3/S

Much hammering and crumbarring destroyed the bottom section of 'the thing' and opened a squeeze to what looks like a rift chamber, squeeze, and further chamber beyond.

There is now little to stop us getting through - just some rock crack up-left of S3/S entrance goes nowhere. Gavin doubt fall off a cliff. I'll go tomorrow....

And we found a hole or two just below bird in the (or slightly East of) Extraneous valley

14 7 91 Sean, Tony. Skull.

Bullbitten never prosper... the cave didn't go today, although we had a fair thrash at it. The whole thing is a lot better bigger, although still not huge. We've left our gear at the entrance...

15<sup>th</sup> July 1991.

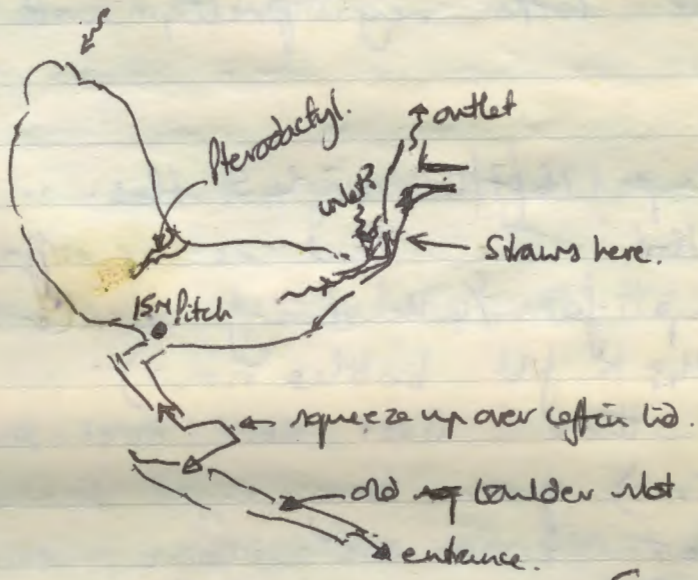
Steve, Gavin, Michelle Tim: S3/S.

Well, we gave up on the squeeze and removed the storage unit, though it needed some creative tacking to pulley it out. Much jubilation followed, but the rift dropped into ~~another~~ a small chamber with an impassable rift squeeze down. We worked at the obvious squeeze ahead, but in the end the way on turned out to be up over a ceilinged flave, head up into the rift, then a three pointed turn feet just through the lower rift.

A small alcove then leads up to a window overlooking a large chamber, with 15m pitch and deviation ~~via~~ from the pterodactyl. (which is obviously flying to its nest, a small ledge which can be reached by squeezing down below the alcove. Left in the chamber leads to an inlet requiring what looks like an easy climb. It should be looked at. Right is the outlet cutting a small rift, which then gets bigger and well decorated: yes, there



are shows in the pico! (There were, anyway). Above is ~~an~~ a high level passage (inlet?), then to the right a decorated ~~low~~ passage, but the small stream carries on - down. Harrored the squeezes a bit on the way out.



[see 16/7].

15-7-91 Skull Cave. Sean, Tony.

Same as yesterday, but it is getting bigger, slowly. The next trip should result in someone getting down, at least.

15/7/91 JGR

Went to recover my & Nichell's SRT kit for 2/7 that we might explore new ground in S3/5 tomorrow. Up to Pico Taltay in 15 minutes, wonderful views of mist in the gorge, then **!! HUGE SHOUT !!** to let camp know I was there. Apparently I was spotted. Ridge walk to the cave then a super walk down. Very worthwhile. Pick ~~at~~ clouds with mountain islands.

Do it for itself!

Ste



Tonight, after chewing of nails due to insubtle cloud line we saw one of the Picos' fabulous sunsets. Red mountains, distant island peaks in a sea of white cloud. Aaagh! It's so damn stunning here!

PH.

P.S. Flossie looks very pretty with her new French plants.

Ario Camp 16/7/91 13.45 hrs.

Baking flat. The tent is ~~un~~fferably hot after being closed up for  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr during water bottle changing trip (approx  $\frac{1}{2}$  hrs to fill bottles now).

Also those BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP (BBC censorship of expletives) green bug-eyed monster-striped flies WILL NOT LEAVE ME ALONE to get on with fixing the tent. They are a complete discomfort to the butt-end. The tent is full of them. I hope they all die - soon, if not before.

Ario Camp 16/7 15.30 hrs.

The 2nd bottle of agra is now full. I tried shutting the tent up good + tight to cook the green-eyed monster striped bugs/flies out. It nearly worked. After about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr (5 mins to Refugio, 25 carrying that damn water container back) quite a lot of the little beasties couldn't take it, they had gone. The sad thing is that it is very difficult to cool the tent (which upsets the green-eyed even more). God knows what you lot are eating down the cakes because the chocolate bics must have almost run out of the packs by now! Still there is a good breeze coming up of El Xito and an amusing flurry of slag just tipping up + over sod 4 + the Mirador. Not many walkers just yet, the next hour will tell if there will be the



usual  
/nightly invasion.

Observation

The green bug-eyed ms seem to favour the colour brown, I've watched them around David's green tent, and they do go for the tiny brown patches on it, so it's no wonder the Big Brown Eric is getting a pasting with the little rotters.

Further Observation

The green-eyed bug ms seem to give in + go home about 16.30/17.00 hrs.

Oh Joy. I am once again alone with the ants.

16/7/91

SOMNAMBULIST SERIES

DANE L

So much for the easy bypass to paradise. Tony's 'localised squeezes' have degenerated into a continuous 5" rift which is slightly bigger at the top. An hour's hammering found me still not ready to force the first bit, but a dropped hammer meant a premature extension to 2/7. This enabled me to see round the right hand bend, to reveal... a left hand bend 3' further on. Another hour or so's hammering and I was ready for the next bit, but riiiiiiiiip. A fucking great hole appeared in my oversuit with one to match in my furry. So I came out, leaving my gloves at the beginning of SS in the process

Davey

P.S. The draught is negligible and there is no echo.  
A thoroughly unpromising place.

so, clearly, it's going to go!  
It should also be surveyed



Gavin said "Goatchurch is a lot like 2/7", but then he didn't see the ~~pi~~ POINTLESS PIRANA (Pirhana).

Spanish spelling  
(honest 'Giv', would I sell you a dodgy one?)

16 July 1991.

Michelle, Steve, Gavin, Tim. S3/5.

Returned in fore to S3/5 to explore and survey pterodactyl and beyond. The coffin lid ~~series~~ series presented few problems for the party, and we were soon into new passage beyond the pitch. left, (what I had ~~per~~ yesterday thought might be the outlet) proved to be a narrow inlet (should be looked at), but the stream flowed right, under a well decorated high rift which tumbles into the next ~~pitch~~ pitch - a big shaft with an inlet on the opposite wall (high up). Gavin rigged a 'y-hang' and rebelay and descended the 15m pitch while Tim spotted animals on the far wall - this time a vicious (how the fuck do you yell it?) pirhana burning amongst fowlstone. ~~Tim~~ Tim prattled down the rift meanwhile, through a couple of sharp squery bits, then ~~to~~ where the trickle flows down at about 45°. Then we all abetted down to join Gavin who had spotted on skins 'stanking' passage leading off the pitch, but had wanted ~~regain~~ ~~only~~ for the ~~to~~ us to join the big push. in ~~crocodile~~ crocodile formation, and dead ~~chugged~~ chugged with ourselves, we ~~made~~ ~~at~~ the entire 4 metres into a mud filled ~~the~~ mini-charter, humped into each other, looked around for the skins lead-on, and spotted the passage ... which led directly back the way we had come. "Pointless Pirhana" is a nice pitch, but ~~gloom~~ gloom descended. Back at the pitchhead, Gavin ~~stuffed~~ ~~as~~ shuffled on down the streamway which, contrary to expectations, did not join ~~there~~ at the bottom of the pitch. Much harrowing ensued - a ~~ft~~ high percentage of it entirely gratuitous (but fun) - and Gavin made progress down to



squeeze over a small drop which Tim then popped through - a good sporting move on the way out. Gavin then pushed through several tight bits, harrier flanking, taking this excellent sporting ~~to~~ water rift to ~~to~~

"Pathetic shovels" to a Yorkshire-line horizontal crawl with stal armoganes making the way more interesting. Then Michelle took over and, though the claws they were merely "hoops", managed to smash her way through a stal squeeze. Steve and Michelle then started surveying back, whilst Gavin and Tim pushed on down the squeeze and on to a point where the rift widened. Gavin's lights both seemed to be well freed by this point so after rearranging the boulder choke ahead a little, and getting "cold feet", he let Tim ~~self~~ shuffle the boulders. Cold feet turned out whimsically to be that - a nasty puzzle which you have to back into, lie in, and crawl back through to a slight widening. 1 metre beyond; a resounding echo. The shears drops into another pitch, with a large chamber up to the left (reached by a gravel that will need a starer line). The pitch isn't apparently completely vertical, but has about 8 sec rattle. Then we headed back out of (the boulder squeeze needs great care, but it's not sure what we can do to stabilize it), ~~an~~ and merged all the way to the pond. (with a little help from "Lance and Gutzford: Care takers to the gentry").

~~That~~ Great day, and a still going lead.

Here for the others....

It was my very first real pushing trip, while yesterday's all dressed up & venture to wriggle. I impersonated most large tackle bags in a few tight places, just to check to see if they could get down when the cave keeps going. Transparent (well almost) while draws making Tim itch for make tape...

well perhaps Gavin's a squashey! ← ←

This means hammering the squeeze out from around me! It seemed a better idea than El Jefe's foot or - breasts are squashey things aren't they - ~~softer~~ softer than the open ~~space~~ space above.



Pterodactyl Crest Chans. - On the way out.

El Jefe : "Steve - you stay here while we survey &

S. [Thinks <sup>you take notes</sup>, "how & can I take notes if I can't even see the passage"] - "err - ok"

Gavin. Michelle. Presik, Private; Prude <sup>BEAON! Hits S.</sup>  
Tin Prudok - on shoulder with rock.

Gavin. "Can I borrow your ~~eyes~~ 2am, tin, my <sup>teeth</sup> gone out"

M. "Sis' nini"

Tin "Err, well, I left it at the bottom of the patch. PILLBOXES"

S. Scabble Scabble scabble.

G. One light goes up.  
'Ready to survey?'

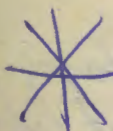
S. "OK". OK SKIT"

[ Picks up integral, flicks end of pencil. Pencil disintegrates next parallel & lands at bottom of rift ]  
... etc. ...

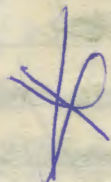
Andle around half hour is to top of over

Over - they were doing it with the goats when I came up - all shagged - Horsey.

u/c CAMPERS ↓ ↓ ↓



Are there any knives forks at the camp?





Further further observation

Lifting the front lower sides of the tent cooks it + discourages the green bug-eyed ms. Hitting them with a Sigg bottle tends to lead to their taking on terminal velocity (i.e. DEAD slow). A second hit renders the beast inoperable (i.e. DEAD)

More observation

Luna snores, but not as badly as Q.

= Tony has gone up to Skull Cave to do some hammering - not to try to pass the squeeze, and has taken his pit and karrimat (and stove, and food) with the intention \* of making a bivv. Hope this offends no one. Call out tomorrow, about 10.00 hrs. \* mainly he wants to see the sunset from the top without having to worry about getting = back down!

You could always get someone to mast... ate it for you and spit the juices out.

17/7/91

There are 2 vats of stew. They look quite like something from the pit vats of hell. THEY TASTE NICE (Autosuggestion) If they are nice, Sean made them. If they are like Luna's dinner, Joan made them. At any rate Joan has gone for dinner @ base

Night Night!  
Joan.

10:30 pm 17/7/91

← SGR "Andy - do you want some wine?"

⇒ AQB "No thanks"

Cries of 'WOT?' 'GASP' 'WOT' etc.

5 sec. pause

AQB "Well, if it's <sup>going out of character</sup> ~~offends your principles~~, I'll have some..."



Tim "Gawins a good man to have behind you" Guilford

Tim "It was like bugging a hedgehog" Guilford.

17 July 1991. Tim, Mann, Dave G. 53/5

Apert from forgetting the Measuring tape, a very painful dip.  
 Taped off some of the protrusions, and found a less destructive  
 route down into Pothetic shores without visiting peritellar  
 pithana series and damaging the prettus (also a bit  
 quivered). ~~etc~~. Gargened in cold feet sandy, and made it  
 much easier and much drier, before descending onto a  
 large ledge and rigging the new pitch from one of Tim's  
 dodgy bolts. 15m down to a showery ledge, then  
 a further 20m down two pitches onto a gravelly floor with  
 a crawl leading to another of stream rift which is rather  
 tight. Before the rift, a squeeze up to the left leads  
 into a large aren chamber with rock floor which  
 leads ~~to~~ through a parallel system (with eye hole to  
 the main pitches) to a draughting inlet. Inlet is narrow  
 and fun, and ends in at the bottom of the pot with a  
 large high passage heading up. This is probably a good  
 lead. Back at the squeeze up there is an obvious way  
 into the "Radula rift" high up, which is not so narrow,  
 but very sharp. This continues through a vicious  
 squeeze ("Shagging the hedgehog") ~~into~~ then up to the  
 left. A harrower and a little determination would be  
 worth it to follow the draught. ~~But~~ just before shagging  
 the hedgehog you can drop down into the stream again,  
 where the route requires more harrowing and more  
 determination. Bottom pitches could work on a 20m rope,  
 will need a rebelay at the second ledge, and may need a  
 new bolt at the first ledge (unless you find yet another of  
 Tim's dodgy bolts). Back at Oterodactyl we finished