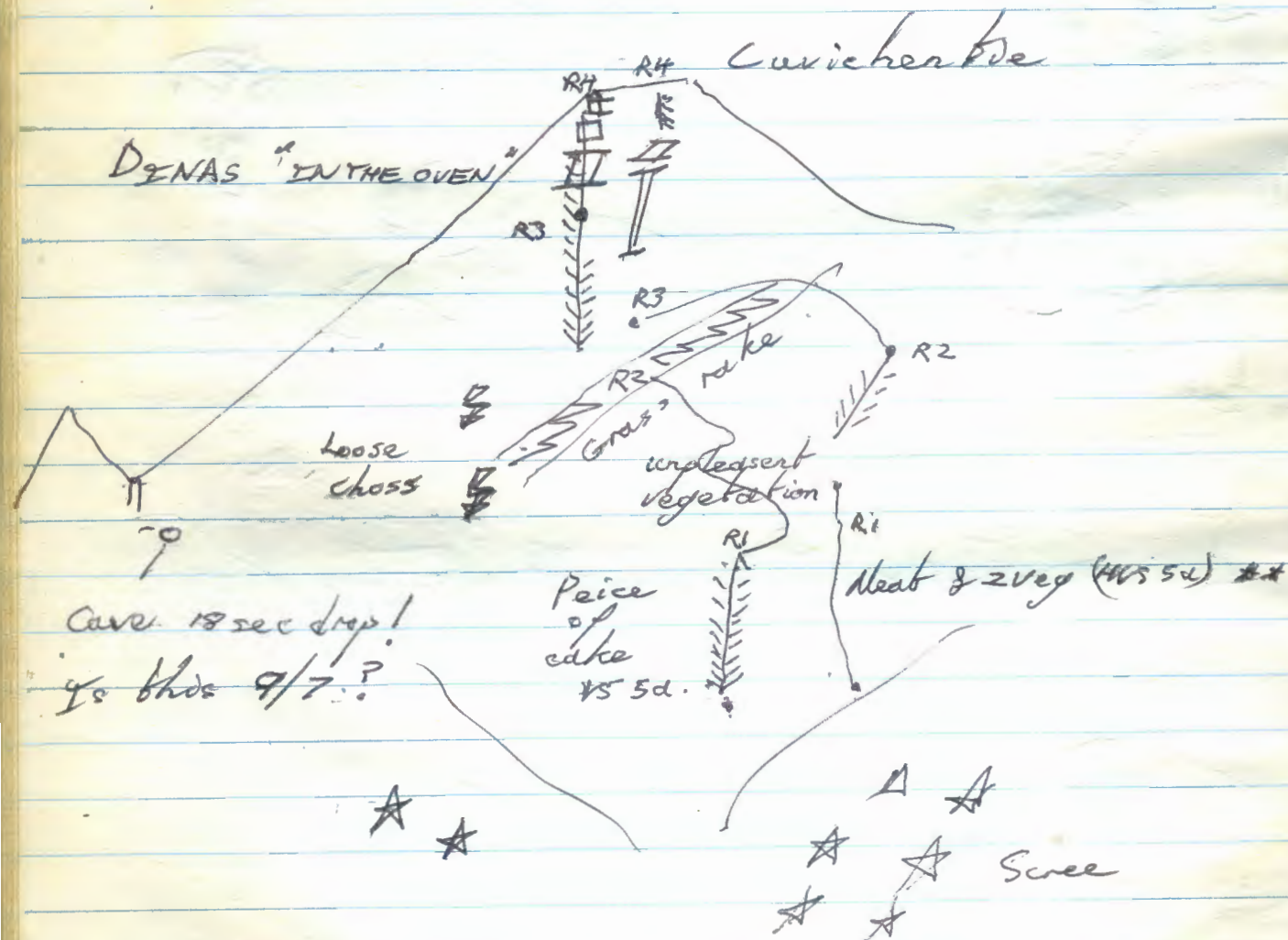


## A Poem from the Path.

A Slug, Once alive, now dead.  
 Crushed between careless hoof  
 and unyielding earth.  
 For what is a slug w a cow  
 More earth, different but too subtle.  
 What then to me,  
 A worm, a pest, a weed  
 Unpalatable and useless.  
 Sluggish and sad.

J.C (29.

29/7/88 Harry & Roy Route on Curichenbe.

Richard & Martin Lavery came out of 2/7 29/7/88 having gone down 48 hrs before & slept @ camp the once

- very slow trip to old camp (what a shithole - the worst 'imaginable' camping spot!)
- moved camp by running pits etc into fiddle bags & having 2-3 bags each.
- arrived at the incredible pitch into the big wet chamber need a decent name for whole shaft
- set up camp in delicious streamway on a sandbank on a ledge. The only problem with it is you have to wade knee deep to get to the camp & thigh deep to go for a dump.
- pleasant night then 

Martin L, H & Jefa → photos  
 Richard, Dan & Dave → survey

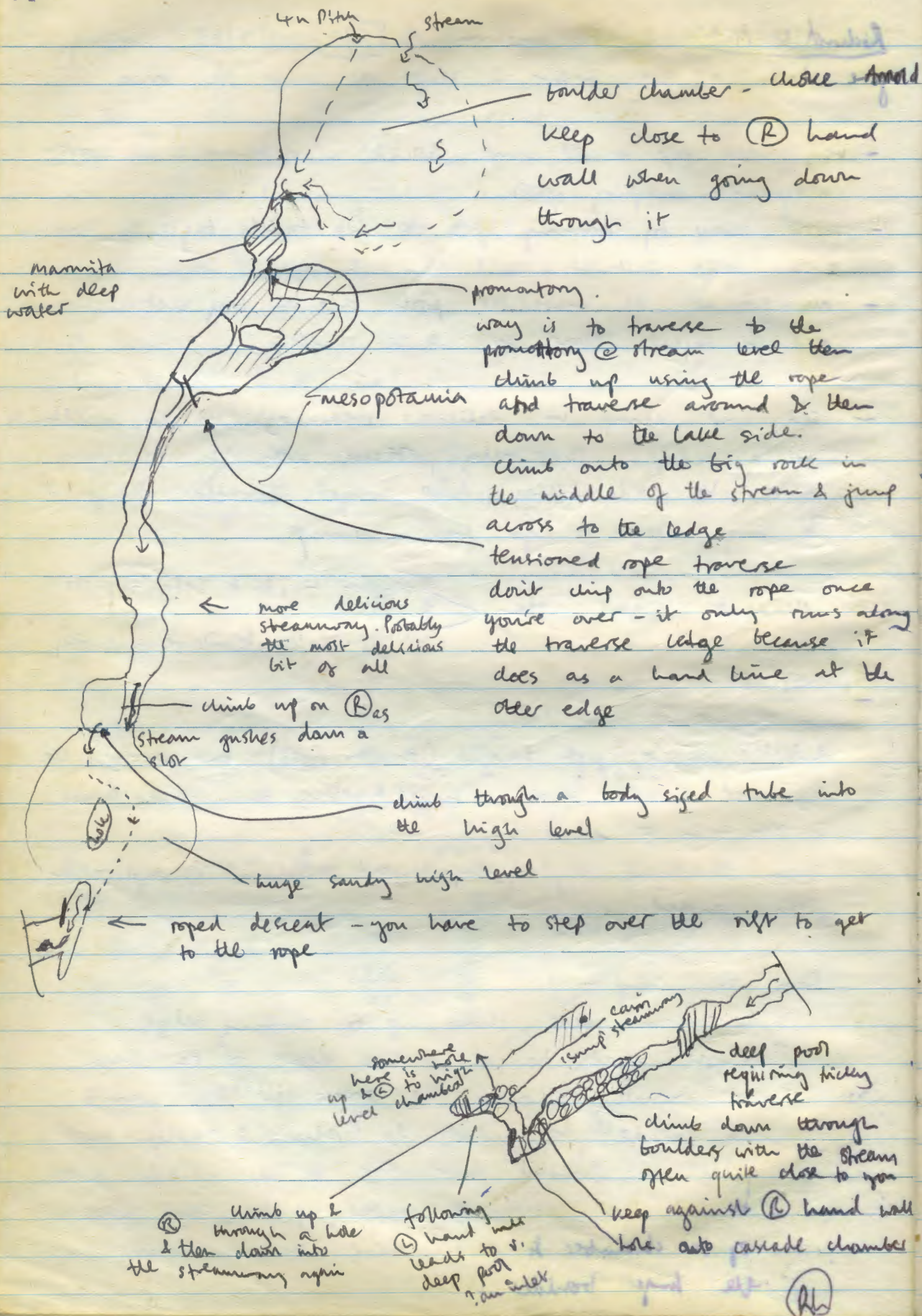
### SURVEY TEAM

didn't measure pitch height (sheath pitch) but surveyed the big wet chamber - much bigger & better than Eton Palais in Xitu - in 5 radial legs.

Then surveyed to slightly beyond the limit of exploration. Then pushed:

From the camp -

- downstream wade, climb up to shifting ledge
- across roped traverse & back down to the stream.
- we actually followed the stream all the way to the cascade & so didn't do Graham & Harris' first pitch. We climbed down next to the cascade, across the river that takes the water, up the other side of the chamber & down their second pitch into the huge boulder chamber.



Day 3

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Dave H., Martin H., Dan M., Lynn S.

Anthe & I discovered the joy of melted 'Obell's for a drink. Spanish cooking chocolate is actually edible when molten. Pity that was about all there was for breakfast - still we filled up with bread & cheese & a fudge bar.

Then off downstream taking pictures of anything that caught our eye. Attempted a combined photo surveying trip but it didn't really work so abandoned that & concentrated on the photos.

Marmoset traverse caused a few problems & Lynn almost fell off the beam. Traverse as one of the last remaining handholds fell off under her.

This was not the last of the falls. I was a lemming & fell down a 10' climb as Lynn was passing up an Ammo can. My first thought was that I'd fallen in almost identical manner to Ukey 2 years ago & thought of reaves etc. Fortunately (for me) I was unhurt altho' I think that was partly due to the soft landing that Lynn provided for me. She came off rather worse than I did with a bruised bum but nothing worse.

So we flaked on down to the 'sump' streamway. Lynn & I did a mini-push & went ~30m further than the cairn. The water continues. The passage does not sump, but becomes deep, cold, and extremely ominously silent. If I were really pushing I'd go over the draughting high levels.

We returned to camp & after a very short debate decided that if we were to survey & ~~take~~ <sup>take</sup> fresh photos we ought to sleep. Bedded down perfectly willing (and expecting) to be booted out by a fresh party but they never turned up, in spite of the fact that Lynn & I distinctly heard FC coming down the passage - what made you turn back Jonathan?

Apparently I spent the whole night miserably trying to prod Lynn over the ledge into the river. Admittedly at one point in the night we did roll over 3 times to get back to camp, which ~~was probably~~ is I probably wasn't too far short.

Also if you are cold when camping, follow Lynns example & wear 2 sets of dunnies plus talacaya in an eskimo bag in a fufallo over bag in a Gore-Tex Grry bag in a 4-season Hammock. You won't be cold.

## Dems

Day 4. Woke at 8 but didn't leave camp till eleven after general tidying up. Photoed big chamber and then began ascent. V. slow due to lack of food. Met coveys at F.F.F. & Graham & Sherry at Bottom of Amagiddon. Photoed riffs & went out slowly. Gave up photo of Flying Petrels as (forunately) we'd run out of bulbs and electronic didn't work out at 2am. Then went up in a skiff &

An 84-85 hr trip.

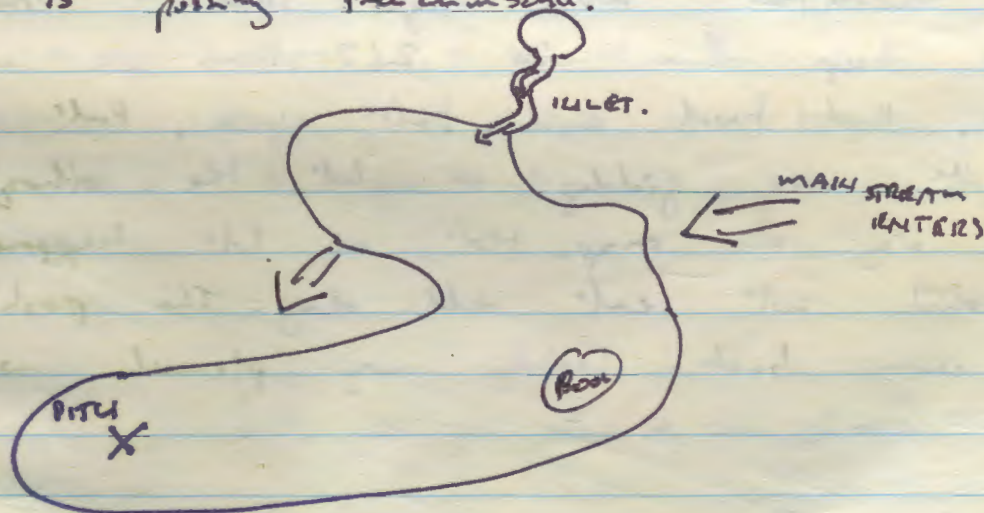
messy 'cos its rixed down for 23 hours & everything is wet.

### Misery Guts Viewpoint.

Follow up party. William, Katz, J.C., Graham, Sherry.

Weather brilliant as we went down early (12). The first party (Bill, Katz & I) met the photo-team at the take floor. They looked mean, lean and hungry, their sunken eyes scanning our press bags and pockets for readily obtainable food. We decided not to hang around, but before we could get away Dan conferred also with i) the route, ii) the limit of survey and iii) a mid-air out-survey leg.

Sat off confident of these directions and in good spirits for we had been fairly efficient so far. Took Bill on a tourist trip around the big ledge and had a look up Rug's inlet. Then we went beyond his footmarks, through a twisty sandy rift for about 10m to a small chamber with a 10m pitch dropping also. This is possibly free climbable.



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~~The future~~ ~~problem~~

The first sign of my future misery showed when I booted my finger down the last big pile. Splashed along the streamway to camp log 8 and had our tea and cake (Yum!). Had some time to kill so decided to go out on the survey so far. Walked for miles and miles via several "kension" traverses looking for a loop of rope round a big S. Finally found a loop around some a cairn on an island near the survey streamway. Got cold, wet and very pissed off surveying about to a dozen legs then went back to silence from Gahndot and Sherry.

They had no watch so thought it was a whole lot later than 11.30. Glared at us for ages, until tea and soup was offered then got quite chatty. Wants to bed, tired but very pleased that we'd done some difficult bits. Little did we know, we had started at the limit of pushing, not surveying, which was several hundred yards upstream.

The Next day.

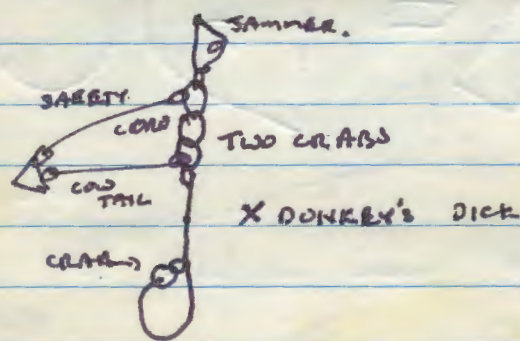
Felt dreadful all night. Tossed + turned and got no sleep due to 217 from a new medical disorder. Had food and felt worse, Put on gear and felt very giddy so let the others persuade me to stay at camp. Had a bit happened, slept, read, did not eat all day. The push survey team came back looking very pleased with their selves. (see camp log book for the reason why W.)

Day III

Still felt like shit. Pretended to be fine and was

hook a flammable bag at spare cable. Surveyed the wrong leg at the big ledge. William's cable was playing up so I offered the BOH a fitting for him to get rid of his spare cable. Opened BOH, not too funny since, thought "Oh Fuck", BOOM! The classic mistake had once again occurred so not only did I leave with a clucky warning but also with first degree burns.

Shuttle series OK until my footholds spontaneously exploded, part way up "The Balls". Fell on the rock, so it was jammed on the rope. After several attempts with numerous knots in the broken footholds I managed myself. No spare tape so borrowed Bill's donkey's dick which was too short so got the right length using both my cowtail ends.



Only by 9.00 (257 hours) to thunder which sounded like the entrance collapsing. I held this trip, though everyone else had a great time.

9:00 pm. Wednesday.

The sun is slowly sinking from blue limpid skies, blinking lazily at the Massimo Centrale. The Gods of the Picos caves are finally assuaged by the start of the great 2/7 detackle.

Now, Gentle Reader drift back with me to the hot sunny morn of Yesterday, and the horror that ensued.

A little inspiration to your imagination is here given for your ease.

Nick

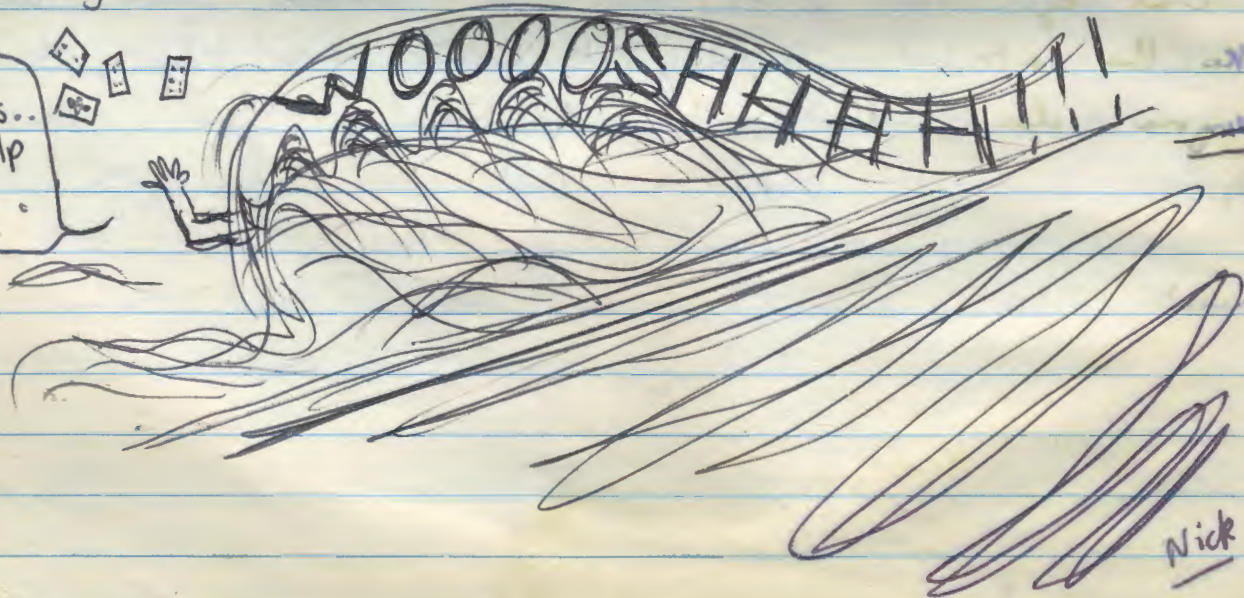
KA-BOOM

Joan "Lynn", could I have a look at your bum yet?

Arthur

Later that day:

Three  
no trumps..  
... gulp  
glug...



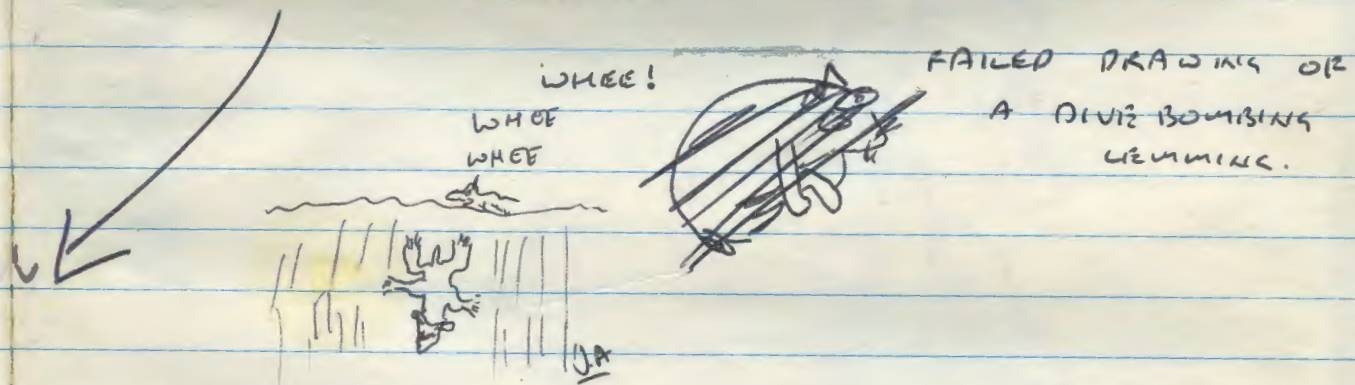
#Lynn 'I tell you Joan, next time you come up, you've got to stop for a cup or sod?' 80

## Lemming Report.

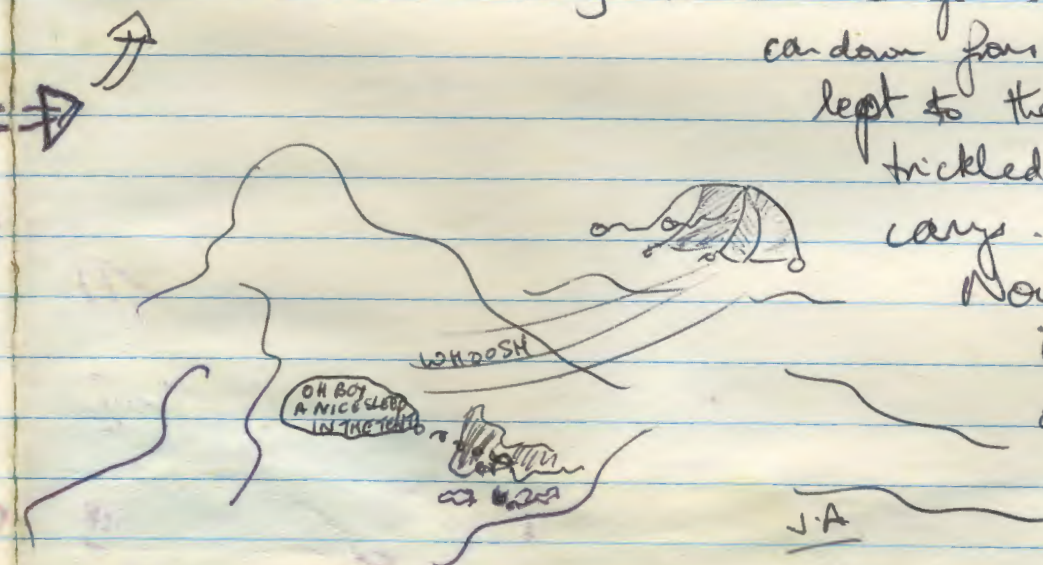
More encouraging signs from potential Lemmings, but nothing yet to compare with the current material. On the same trip abbing down the first hang at "Kneeling Gates" on a  $\frac{3}{4}$  sawn thru' rope, then producing the "Broken Shells" by rubbing all the way round a 9 mil. rope shell.

To Lynn Smith keeping off a short drop over water whilst still attached to the traverse line has shown little imagination.

However Dan's attempt indicates some future potential. Not only keeping a goodly 10 ft but also taking out a 2nd member of the party is a new twist to the art. I have it on good authority that the marks are well worth a look.



And later that day: The weather got worse. The lightning came down from the Massivo Central, kept to the lot above us and trickled its way into camp.



Now, Gentle Reader, it is known amongst old lags that scourges of the pice include vache-attacks (P)