

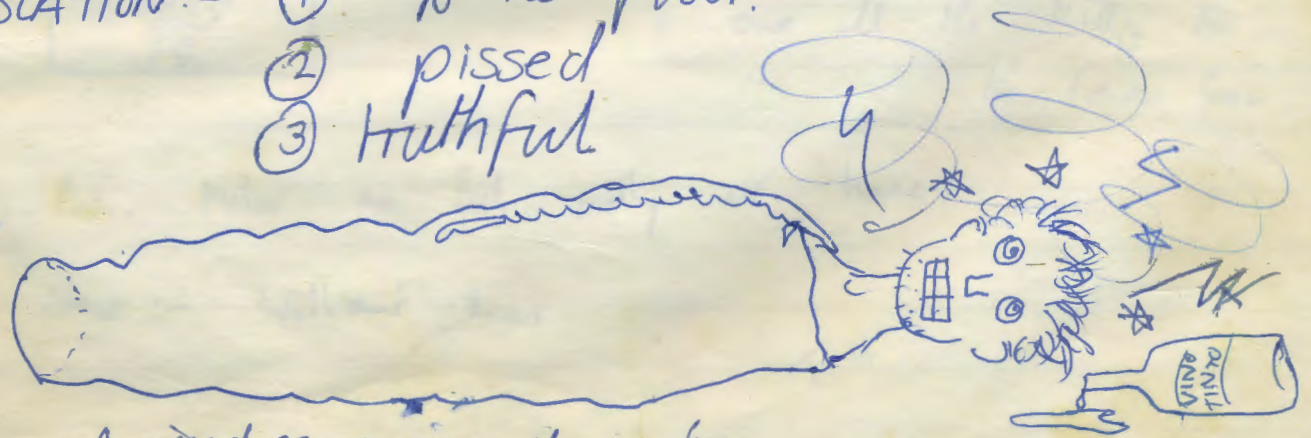
knew which way camp was and tried to point ^{out} the correct direction to the drunken Dan. Dan expedition leader extraordinaire knows everything and so ignored Muriel's pleas and they both plunged to their almost death as they fell into the quarry.

P.S. I was helping Sherry back to the tents when she stumbled and pushed me over and then fell on top of me. After picking myself up and then dragging Sherry to her feet ① we spent 5 minutes desperately trying to stay on our feet in the quagmire till Graham arrived with a light.

P.P.S. I was completely sober ② and the above is an entirely truthful ③ account.

PPPS He was entirely pissed and the above is an entirely truthful account

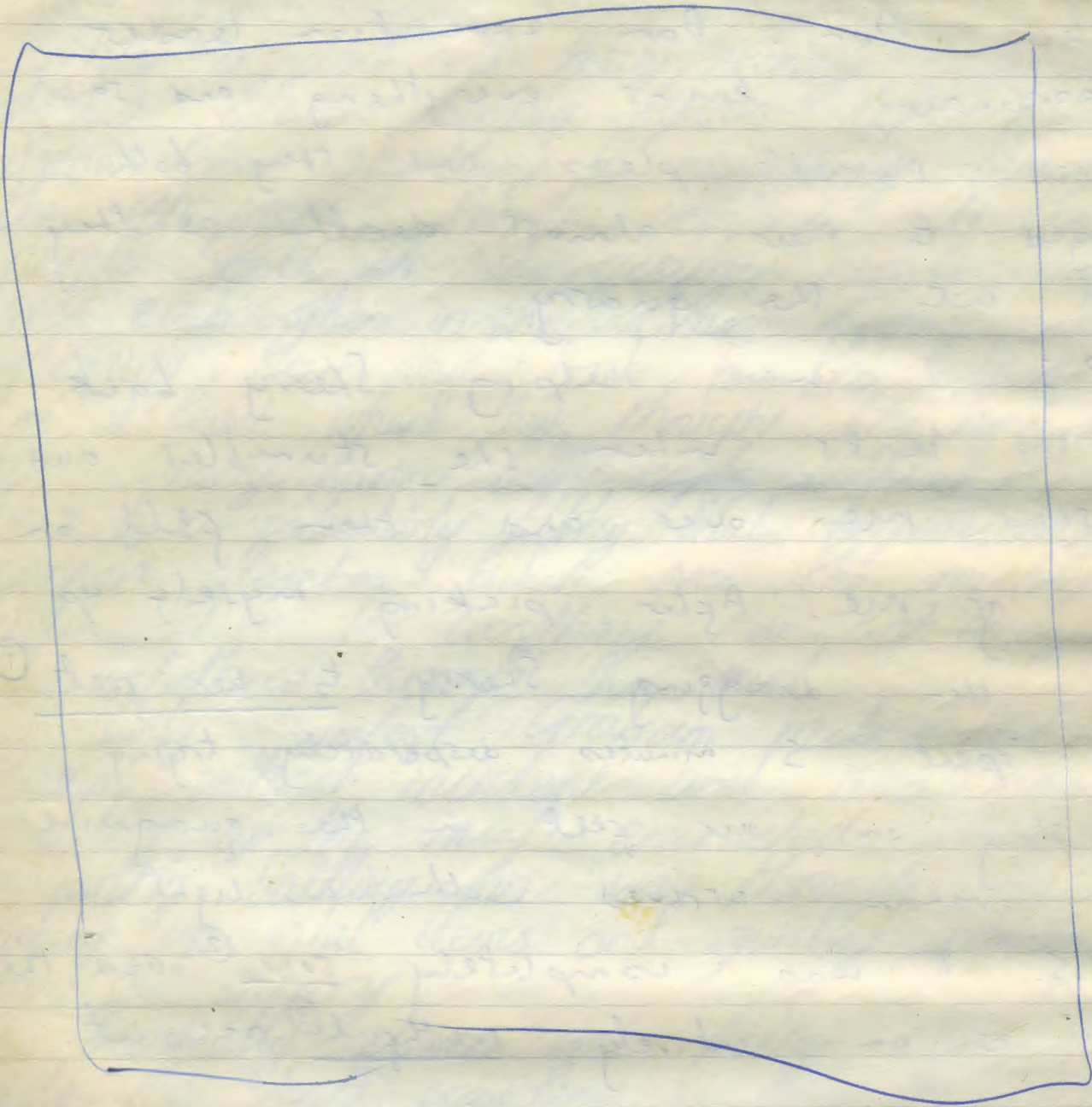
TRANSLATION:- ① to the floor.
② pissed
③ truthful



A pissed cover on a sleeping bag - Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is ~~not~~ purely intentional.

22

A Short Interlude:



23/7/87

MIKE, HARRY, TOM, BILL ARRIVE!

GRAND expectations of caving deep --
 no go - climb high - whats left to do?
 Wonder about feeling like you want something to do -
 beers + brandy + beards - I hate the beards - There is
 a reason to do Naraujo - we want to do something
 We spent 2 day to get here - with minor interruptions
 it was un-impressive. There we 2 weeks in sick to
do something. There are reasons 2 go beyond the
 redactions. Fuck there's nothing like excitement.

Harry "Honking on Wobblies" Moss

I expect to go easy and what do I get?



Another day older +
deeper in ~~debt~~ debt

Dan don't you ask me to
walk too far

I owe all the kitty to
The love bar...

Aah. Make me feel really at home,

Next :- Williams' knees.

T.H.

MOAN, MOAN MOAN ...

Enclosure

Yes ... its the moment you've all (not) been waiting for... my food moans have finally made it into print.

① I am still alarmed at the rate we're getting thro' sponsorship cave food. I don't think this is very fair on those folk coming out for the end of expedition.

To alleviate the problem, I've taken a little under half the remaining cave food at base (so there is still loads at base & at Aro) and put it in two bags, the first to be opened on/after 1st August, the second to be opened on/after ninth August.

② Kellogg's Cornflakes & Rice Krispies. As far as I'm concerned, anyone can eat these anywhere provided they've checked with the first. These are bus bread, pasta, mamflakes etc so he may eat rather alot of them.

cos they taste bloody

Why anyone isn't head over heels with the taste of Mamflakes I don't know.....

③ Thank for your co-operation in matters above!!

~~Where~~ Where hides the sun?
Dew drop on maple leaf
Reminds tree
Of thy mothers grief

A. Allen @ 2/7

A note on explanation for those who can be bothered. This kikau (6, 4, 6), written in the mist, concerns the metamorphosis from damp to dry, and is

blatant plagiarism of Blake's 'The caterpillar on the cabbage leaf', reminds all of the mother's grief. which balks of the transition between caterpillar and butterfly, via the short lived stage of pupation (mist → sun). (25)

25th July: Manolo is pissed as a fart and bought us all drinks in the bar.

A Night at the Opera:

~~we~~

One may not realize this but O.U.C.C. is a pretty keen club and the idea of spending even one evening not at Ario or Top camp appeals most members. And so, it ~~was~~ came to pass in the year 1989 that almost all of the expedition members were at Lagos, ^{but} ~~and~~ this unusual event was only a prelude to an incredible series of events, only some of which can now be told.

At 6pm the 20 members climbed aboard the yellow van and drove slowly towards Grijon. On arrival all the members changed into evening dress. The men ^{were} resplendent in their spotlessly clean and superbly ironed D.J's. The ladies looked stunningly beautiful in their Bruce Oldfield designed dresses. The one blemish to their immaculate

awful.
No they don't...

turn out
~~not~~ was old lag Martin May who

(26) ~~only had to ~~go~~ had ~~some~~
dressed us as pirates complete with~~

was dressed as Long John Silver complete with parrot. The American Express cards were flourished and the party filed into the best seats in the house and sat down to listen to a performance of La Boheme. As the opera was approaching the climax of the 2nd act ^{most} of the audience disappeared into a vast abyss where once the rear stalls had been. The performance continued undisturbed but the attention of the ~~ranked~~ ^{ranked} masses of O.U.C.C. could not resist the possibility of rescue. By throwing the theatre manager over the edge the pitch was revealed to have a seven second drop and ~~soon~~ Martin M. dashed out to fetch Boris. The rapid departure of MM left the parrot with no place to perch and it alighted on Monsieur Laverty's beard and promptly started nest building. On Martin's return Boris was belayed to a seat with ~~was~~ a tapeⁿ back up round an ~~was~~ ^{was} wicket, and thrown down the pitch in the sende old lag Dan "No good, phase. We're cavers" Mall claimed first descent and ~~claps~~ changed quickly into his dry cleaned or SRT gear. A few minutes after going over

The edge, a torrent of abuse emerged from the pit as Dan tried to release his bow-tie which was jammed in the rock. After jettisoning the bow-tie Dan continued down and reached the bottom after free hanging descent of 170m. The floor ^{of the} shaft consisted of small angular rocks sloping down to a too tight rift. After relaying this information ~~to those above~~ via his personal walkie-talkie to those above, ~~and~~ Dan attached his ~~pr~~ motorized ascenders and reached the top 2 minutes later. Dan quickly disrobed his SRT gear and returned to his seat to enjoy the rest of the performance. While Dan had been down the shaft the other members were unpacking the surveying droid which was ~~then~~ thrown down the shaft. After impact the recall button on the control box was pressed and the droid returned safely 5 minutes later.

Once the performance was over all the expeditioners rushed down to the river to submerge ^{and tulipan} into each other's hair and to indulge in weird party games with an emphasis on ~~the~~ sadomasochism.

The mad
Caver

(28)

The Tale of Manolo - The Poor Peasant Boy.

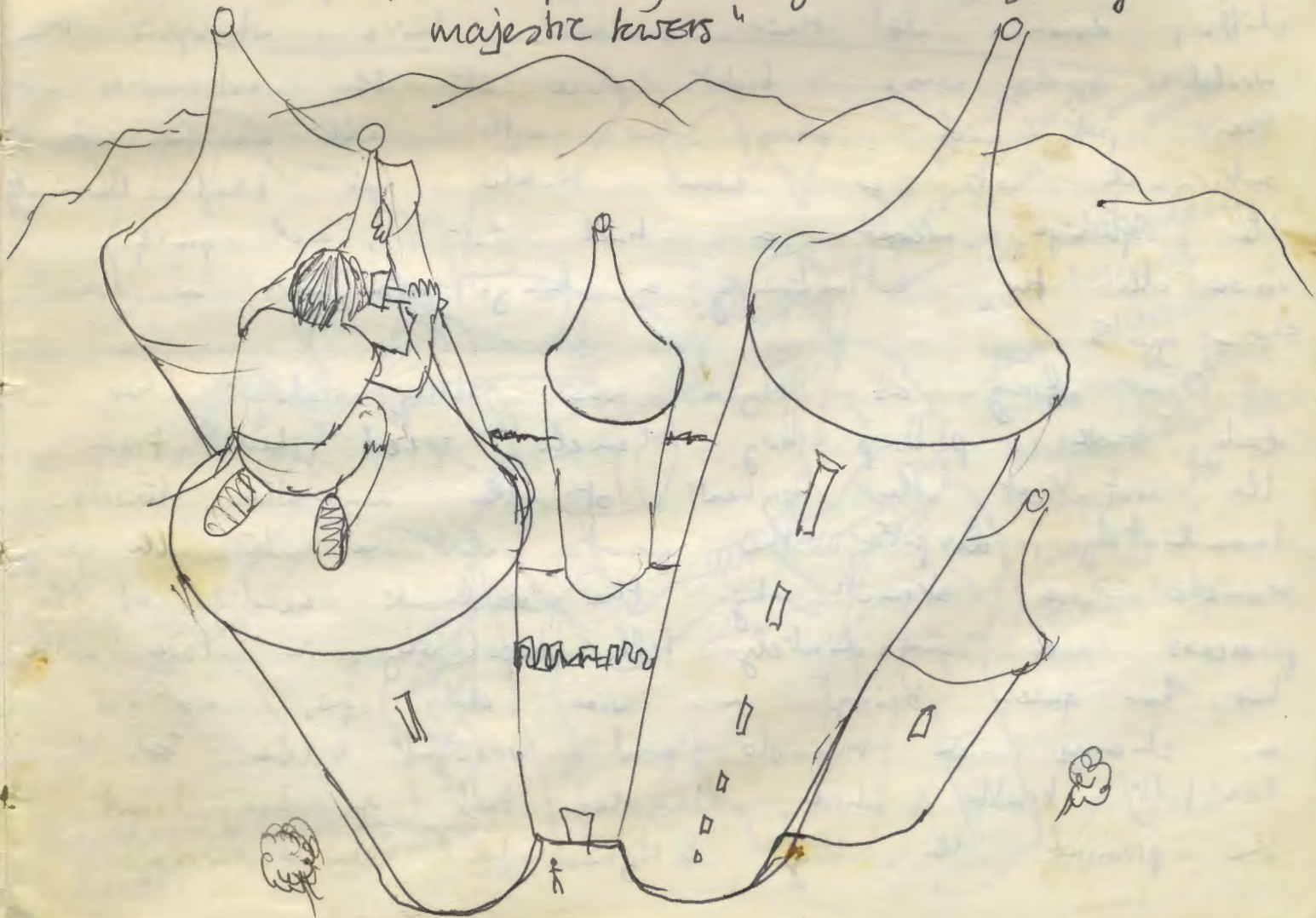
Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived in the kingdom of Pastaricos, a humble peasant boy, whose name was Manolo. He lived with his mother and his father and his goat, Jose, in a humble peasant cottage near the coast of the kingdom, a small humble peasant village called Wibadisella. One day tragedy struck when Manolo's poor humble peasant father was taken away for non-payment of taxes by the king's men (really it was for being caught committing unnatural acts with Jose) so poor, short, humble peasant boy Manolo had to support his poor humble peasant (from now on p.h.p.) mother by going away to the king's city of Vlasio up in the high mountains. There he would bring in the bacon mending the roof of the king's palace, for p.h.p. Manolo was skilled with his hands.

The boy Manolo was sharp and quick witted and soon won the trust of the king Solius and his good wife Ariadne, such that they allowed him to sleep within the palace's walls. But the palace was a sad place for the king's only daughter, Nyla had been taken hostage by a ragged band of ill repute who lived down the mountain side. This ragged band of ill repute spent all their time in dark, dank, wet places, where they would creep around on all fours and sleep with buffaloes. They had hard heads with a single eye in the centre, and emitted fire and noxious fumes, so could be smelt for miles around. Their skin was hairless

"Mando the Jolly
Pleasant Boy with
Jose the bugged
Goat"



"Mando repairing the roof on the highest of the
majestic towers"



(20)

and of a texture akin to plastic, and they had thick rubbery lower limbs, which ~~is~~ featured their one distinguishing characteristic a red Dunlop emblem. These strange creatures described as Spelios would haunt the king and queen by sending Nyln to within sight of the high, majestic towers of Vlaris to fetch water from the mighty spring which flowed from a copper pipe. So she would not escape she ~~so~~ she was bound hand and foot with a strange secretion proposed by the Spelios called Bluewater. When they felt they had not water to satisfy their drooping, slobbering throats, or just to amuse themselves they would drag her back, down the bouldery mountain slope, down through all manner of unpleasant waste products left by the herds of domestic animals which floundered around the palace city, down steep slopes and precipitous cliffs, down into their cavernous lairs, whereupon they would find some tight place at the extremities of their pits and abuse her with all manner of satirical wit or even tickle her feet. Basically the Spelios were a bad lot, and quite unsuitable for entertaining a king's daughter or even she-goats.

One day as Nyln was setting about her daily task, p.h.p boy Manolo spied her from the roof of the highest of the majestic towers. Immediately, despite the great distance to the spring, Manolo was struck by the radiant beauty of the princess and immediately fell hopelessly in love with her. The queen, being a wise old cow, noticed a change in Manolo and wrought the first heartfelt truth which Manolo tells in his heart. She promised the boy to Nyln hand in marriage