There was a young caver called James
Who found life was all fun + games
~~But~~ Now we've got the dirt
on how he got the shirt --
But then, ... we're not naming names!

— o O ○ o o —

There's also our Sharon + Gavin
They don't find much time to go cavin'(*)
The peaks echo round
With the rythmical sound
Of the fun + the games that they're havin'

"The only part of me that feels stiff is my left buttock" – Dave Lacey

HUH. I ~~thought~~ we were most quiet.

* sorry.

22

Then there's the caver called John
Half of our drinking times' gone
We've changed, in the van
While this dawdling young man
decides which sack to put on...

— o o O o o —

Then there's the charming Michelle
She goes down like a bat out of hell
But it's such a bitch —
- She curses each pitch -
When you've got to climb back out as well!

Wtodek's a speleo-pole
A nutter, if truth's to be tol'
He outpaces big rocks
And ~~Pa~~ tumbling blocks
As they rattle & roar down the hole.

— o o O o o —

To clear caves the crumbly Steve
has got a few tricks up his sleeve
The squeals, farts & howls
From his festering bowels
Cause cavers to rapidly leave...

Who's down F64 on his own? He
can only be our young friend Tony.
Why play with a hand
If you've got a good hand*
Teams are a load of baloney.

(* For bolting, of course).

— o O O o o —

Whenever there's a crap gap, Have fun

- Name for entrance to infh. at bottom of entrance pitch of C9 = "Crap Gap" (Double entendre - i.e. Harvey hates this bit of tortuous cave)

There was a young man called
Steve Phipps
He swears through the squeeze, he slips
slips
But the ladies of Canuck
Throw him into a panic panack
As he sticks by the ears, feet + hips.

There was an old coner called Pete,
Being from
~~Oxford~~ ~~Thought~~ Bradford, thought he could take the heat,
But on very first pitch
~~[redacted]~~ just made his feet itch
'Cause at Oxford its meters not feet.

John: "What rhymes with Frederick?"
Pete: "Big Dick!"
Frederick Alex replying: "That's hardly appropriate!"

(26)

~~There was~~

And then theres the cover called Dave,
Who thought himself rather brave,
But two days in the Pheak
Turned his bowels rather weak.
So he Shitted all over the cove

So we come to Mommy Smith
Who on his last night got rather pitted*
So he chosed an old cow
to Ercina somehow.
But he still had his sons to play with

---

* and sorry about the rather tenuous rhyme, but were all rather pitted ourselves

?

Alex, or should we say Frederich
On his Birthday had an epic
At the end of C9,
He thought he was fine,
Until he got left behind by Wisdom

17/8/94

1) Claggy (as usual).
2) Van a tip (as usual).
3) Vine Tinto carton not empty (not as usual).

2-30 : SGK, having had longer carry down than
[illegible] to working on #3 above

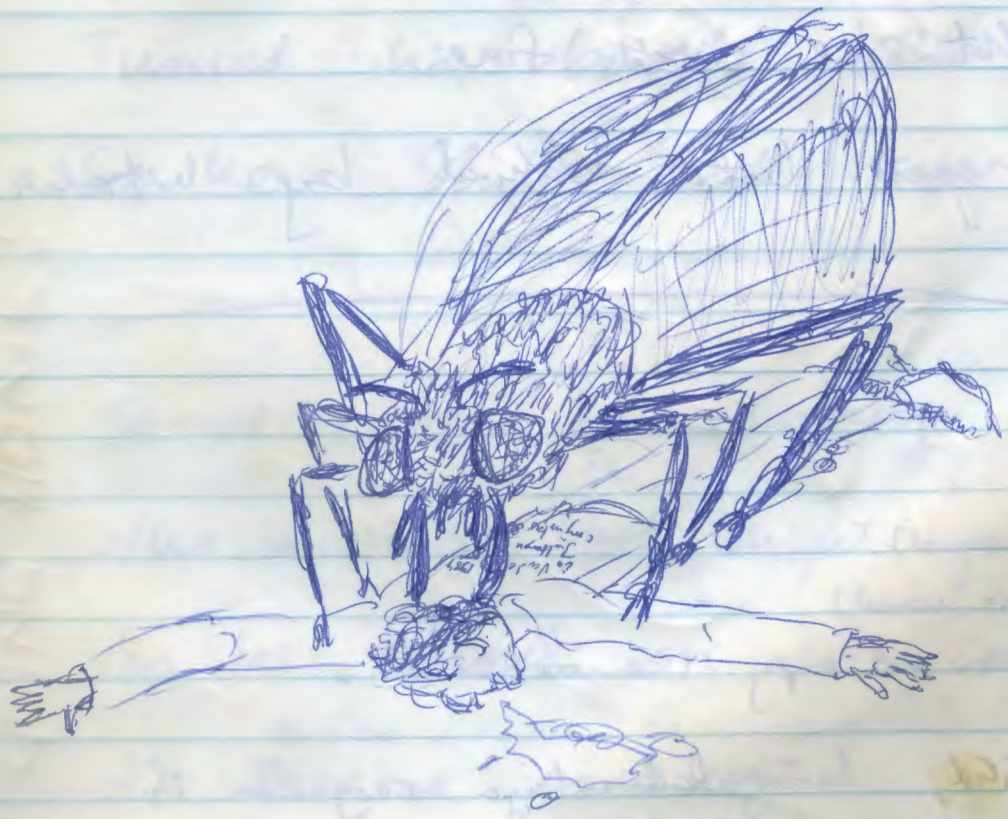
18/8/94

Some of those limericks rhyme. Some of them scan.
It's a pity none do both.

28

18 Aug 1994

The bug's going round...
now it's got me.



Gerhard

El Van Rouge:
"SEATING CAPACITY 11 PASSENGERS"

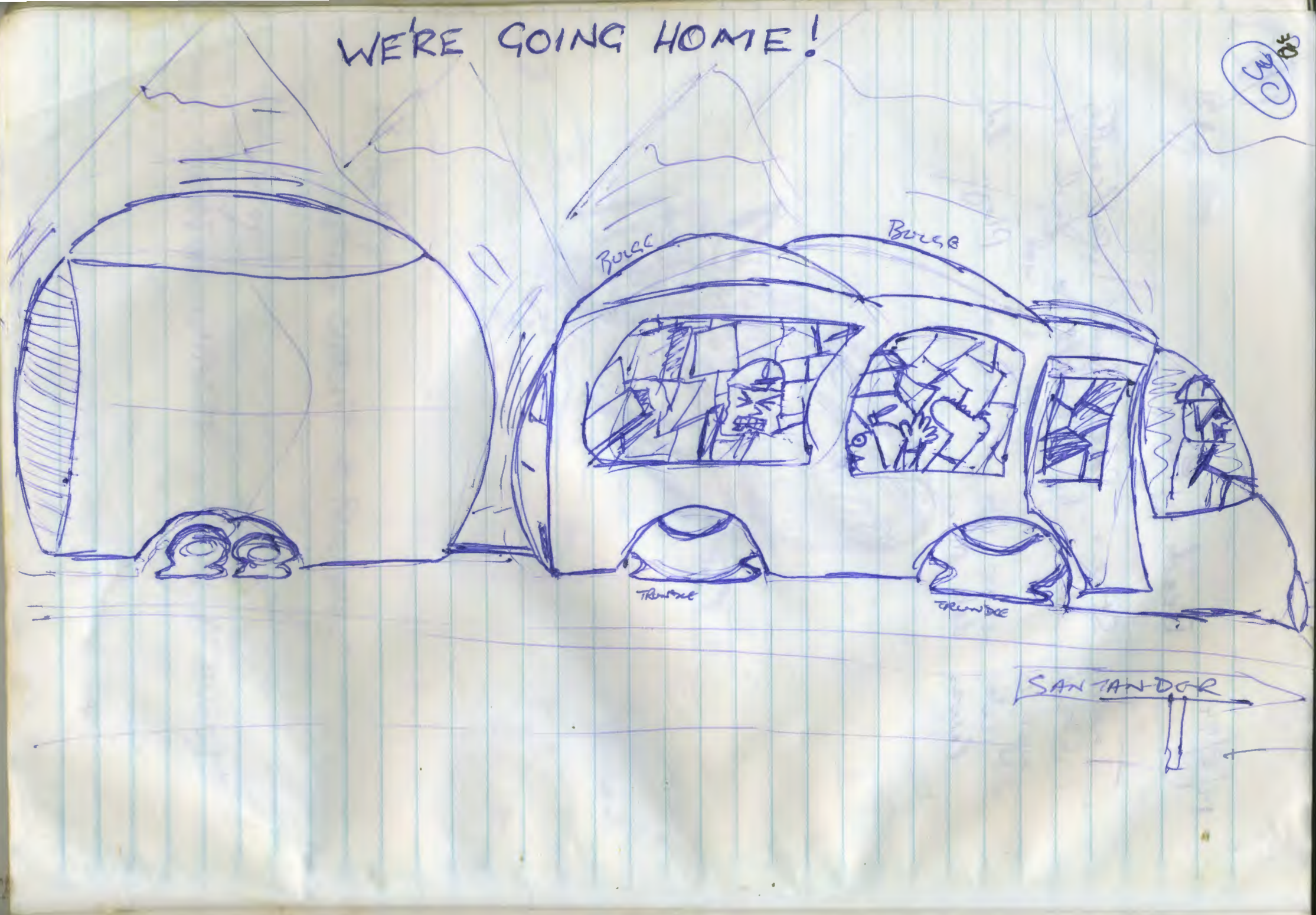
Mr Lacey.
"EATING CAPACITY 3 CAVERS (EQUIV.)"

19/8/94 Beach Party!

James & Steve + Pete build sandcastles, Steve loses his wallet & finds it again.

We swim into caves at Playa del Cuevas del Mar.

WE'RE GOING HOME!



and

21/8/94

You can tell we're bored – we've been playing French number-plate bingo ...
Emmental cheese yummy with French bread though!
Don't let Gavin go to a French barber – he'll end up getting a horse-cut (!). Also there exists a weird French mint-flavoured ice lolly labelled "Zit!".

Sharon xx

22/8/94

Grugh. 4.45 am, and then we still have to queue for ages...

Still, as Simon 'n' Garfunkel say, we're "Homeward Bound".