

1996

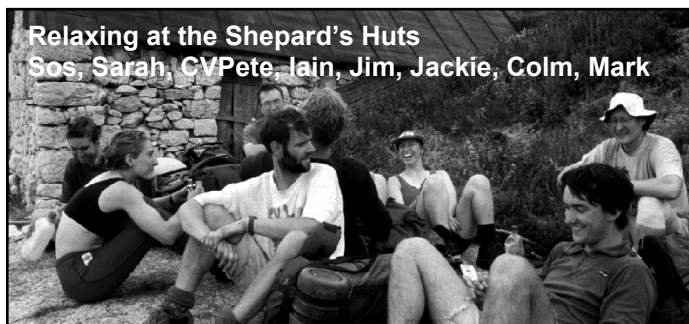
“The Black Label Year”

With significant discoveries made in 1995, leaving numerous, un-investigated shafts and passages, the prospects for the '96 expedition looked good from the outset. Surprisingly however, despite tales of 'voids with no walls' and 4.5 second drops, recruitment for the trip initially proved difficult. This was probably due, in part, to the horror stories of tight rifts and squeezes in the entrance series of Torn-T. However, our talks at the BCRA conference and articles in *Caves and Caving* were beginning to generate some interest amongst outside clubs. For example, after a drunken night at the Belfry, James Hooper (a.k.a. Tetley) fell for our bullshit (or at least he fell on the floor) and so defected from OUCC and the Picos to become an integral part of the expedition. Only five people spent the full six weeks on Migovec, while another 13 stayed for 1-4 weeks.

After the usual flurry of disorganisation in the week before the expedition (belying the fact that a lot of hard work was done, shopping at Makro, sorting out insurance, ferry tickets etc.), a mountain of equipment and food was eventually packed into barrels and seven cavers squeezed into a heavily overloaded transit van and headed off for the 24 hour non-stop drive to Slovenia. For the old hands, it was good to be back at Tolminske Ravne. By 1996, the inhabitants of this small hamlet were becoming accustomed to the sudden influx of English cavers during July and August and good relations have since blossomed.

This year we were unfortunately unable to persuade any of the farmers to use their tractor to carry our gear to the Shepard's Huts and so, after an attempt to hire mules and/or a pack of horses, we resigned ourselves to carrying all the equipment up on our backs - something we've done ever since and, though a pain and a slog, it at least gets you pretty fit pretty quickly. In 1996, water proved less difficult to obtain as the weather was unusually wet. Rain-water was collected on tarpaulins which fed into a large barrel. During dry spells an emergency supply was collected from an additional barrel under a melting snow plug. We also made some slight improvements to our 'pit' by adding a live bacteria treatment in order to break down the waste. An antiseptic hand wash cut down the amount of illness.

By 1996 we had an efficient system for water collection and food. Our method of battery charging was not worked out however and so we (and in particular Dave Wilson) put in a lot of time working out a system for charging a car battery with solar panels and then using this car battery to charge batteries for lights, the drill and also a laptop which we had decided to bring to input survey data at the bivvy. The computer more than proved its worth.



Relaxing at the Shepard's Huts
Sos, Sarah, CVPete, Iain, Jim, Jackie, Colm, Mark

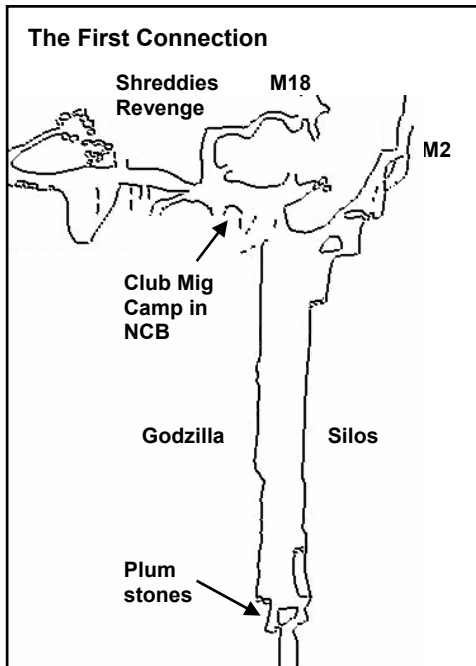
1996 was the first year in which we were successful in gaining funding and approval from the Royal Geographical Society. We put quite a bit of effort into the proposal and used Clive and Janet Cotter as our referees. This had the added advantage that Janet became more interested in the expedition and joined us in 96.

Due to a lack of enthusiasm for going in and out through Shreddies in Torn-T, and in a desire for greater efficiency, we came prepared for an underground camp in NCB. With a delivery of 42 free litres of Smirnoff Black Label Vodka (thanks to Alva's 'scrounging letter' (reprinted at the end of this journal)) and the discoveries that were to follow, 1996 was the year when we finally realised that Migovec was truly hollow...

Jim Evans and James Hooper

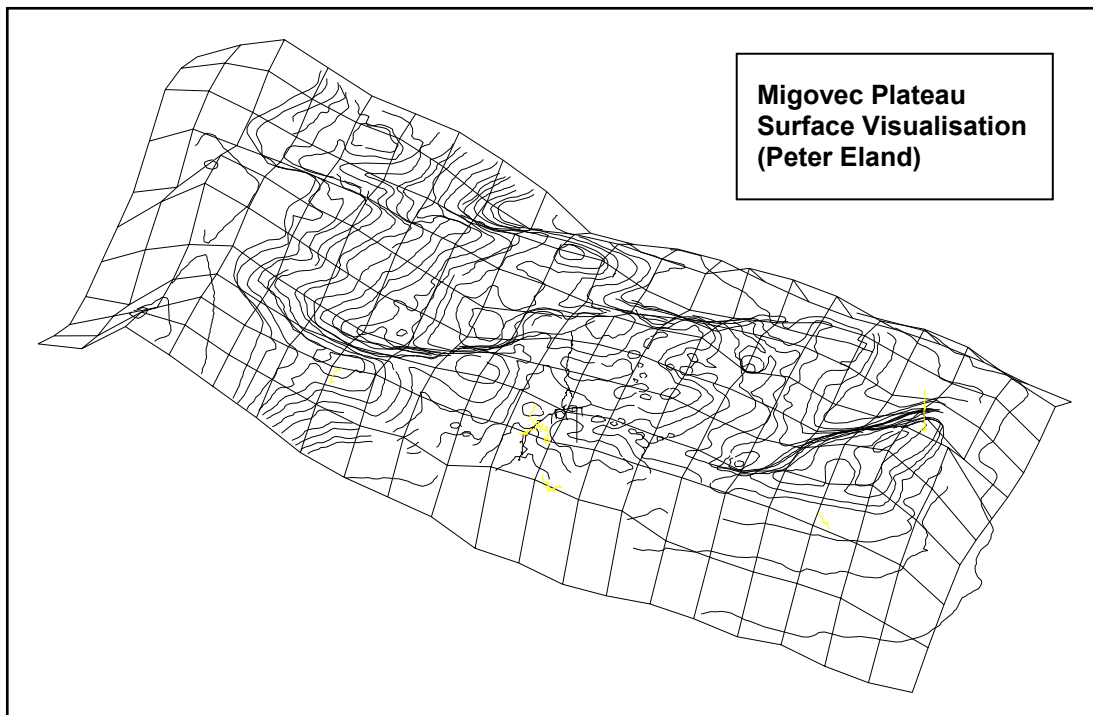
A Return to Godzilla, Plum Stones and the First Connection

It was three in the morning and I was dangling in blackness down Godzilla, the best lead from 1995. Far above, I heard the soothing sound of Andrej's recorder. Scuz was there too, ready, after a year, to finally reach the bottom of this huge pitch. I kept abseiling down, the bottom no-where in sight, the thin rope snaking out of the tacklebag. Then suddenly I hit the knot at the end. Jesus Christ.... In the warm sunshine of the surface, the idea of reaching the end of a 100m length of rope is something to hope for. Down here, alone at the cold, dark limit of exploration, I could only contemplate falling to my death. The bottom of the pitch was still out of view, the top a very long way above. I furiously hammered in a bolt to keep my thoughts from straying and shouted upwards, "Bring more rope!"



I always enjoy the sight of a small light slowly moving down a vast pitch, this time I was particularly glad to see a fellow human being. Tying on the rope that Andrej handed to me, I abseiled down to a shelf twenty or so metres below. "Rope free." When Andrej joined me on the ledge, I was both elated and relieved. He was visibly more sombre - he had been here before. Godzilla, it turned out, was the same pitch as Silos in M2. More incredibly he showed me two plum stone that he'd found on the ledge. As a young caver, twenty years earlier, on a formative caving trip down M2, Andrej had been on this very ledge and remembered eating a plum. Our deepest lead had been killed; the fact that we now had a system seemed a small consolation at the time. We shook hands, took a long look around and began the slow ascent to NCB wondering how much more there would be to find in our "system."

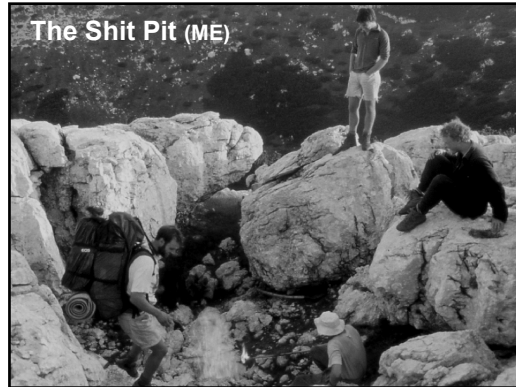
James Hooper



Trauma at the Pit

It was our first full day on top of Migovec. We'd been doing carries for quite a while, but we'd always stayed in the comfort of Tolmin. Pizza and beer have a lot to answer for. With the tents set up and the bivvy looking respectable, Jim was showing three expedition virgins (Tim, Sos and Colm) the plateau.

"That's M10 entrance where we get snow to melt for water, now come along and I'll show you where the shit pit is." We ambled past the tents, admiring the view of Migovec from the grassy ridge, before clambering down towards a small collection of boulders, with an old tent pole protruding from the top. "You put a flag up there to show that the pit is in use so no-one will walk in on you. The pit itself is just down here." We followed Jim down to the narrow slot, a horde of flies emerging as we approached. "It's not too bad now, but wait three or four weeks, there'll be flies everywhere".



We were just about to turn around and head back to camp when Jim continued: "and this is how you use the pit," whipped off his trousers and, without any warning, deposited a long, wet turd in the centre of the hole. Shocked and traumatised, mouths open with disbelief, we dashed for the safety of the bivvy, but it was too late. To this day that image still haunts the unfortunate trio.

Colm Carroll

Escape from Dodge City

This was to be my first underground camping trip and I was a little nervous. Especially as we'd be entering via the infamously tight 'Torn T-shirt' entrance series that I'd heard so much about since I joining IC³ the previous October. Luckily, I was with Iain and Jim, both hardened expedition veterans, so I felt in safe hands. We scraped ourselves and three tackle-bags down to NCB in about three hours, and I was left wondering what the fuss was all about (I was to find out later).

After a quick brew at Club Mig, the newly installed camp in NCB, we headed along to an unexplored lead from the previous year, a big carbide X marking the limit of exploration. A quick and elegant climb by Iain, and a messy belly shuffle by Jim and me, soon resulted in us entering virgin passage. We stormed along, constantly swapping leads, so we could all share in the excitement of being first. The tunnel we were in was a pleasant phreatic tube, slightly less than two metres in diameter. Stooping, we headed onward, our hearts racing. I spotted a slot running under the right hand wall, and dived in.

A scree slope took me into a 7m wide chamber with edges gradually sloping inward. I pushed on. Jim and Iain, however, were reluctant to continue exploring. In my enthusiasm, I had overlooked the many large boulders seemingly floating around the chamber's edges, only a thin band of soft mud holding them at bay. These boulders were loaded, ready to fire. Death hung above us and we quickly decided to flee before the going got tough. Naming the area Dodge City, we let wisdom overcome exuberance and slowly backed out of town. The lead remains unexplored to this day, waiting for those with nerves of steel, and a slight mental imbalance.



Colm Carroll

The descent of the Void

After zero hours sleep at the rocky and cold Club Mig, we needed a quick morale boost. The Void, a bottomless black pit discovered in '95 seemed a reasonably safe bet. Fortified by smash, cheese medallions, and copious quantities of tea with sugar and milk (or was it flour?), we climbed up into the tube heading off NCB. This passage ended at the promised shaft, a forbidding looking place, with the sound of the occasional drip giving it an eerie feeling. Jim quickly hammered in a safety bolt, and I, being the young blooded, fresh faced amateur, disappeared into no-mans land to place the second. Heart in mouth, I slowly inched outwards, feet first. 'Creak.' Shut up descender. The darkness lurking beyond the tight slot gave way to a shallow pitch. I rapidly drilled the hole, and hammered the spit home, but then ran out of courage. Scurrying for safety, I let the bold lain descend 10m down to a large ledge. From here another 30m drop headed off, and we were all soon standing at the foot of the impressive shaft. A narrow downwards sloping rift continued, but it looked tight. The lateness of the hour and the daunting task of dragging exhausted bodies upwards through the tight entrance squeezes precluded this bit of pushing. We therefore left it for a more masochistic team.....

Colm Carroll

If at first you don't succeed...



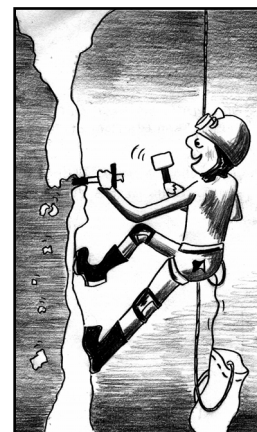
I woke up early in my small tent, rubbing my hands together, excited. In the biting cold air, that was more than made up for by the purple rise of the sun, I went to the toilet, fired up the temperamental Coleman petrol stove to make tea, and began stuffing large quantities of rope into a tacklebag. I triple checked to ensure that there were knots at both ends - the memory of being stopped by a knot 30m up from the bottom of Godzilla was still fresh in my mind. Now we had another lead that I was sure would break into a lower level of horizontal cave. I had bullshitted so much, I really did believe it. We WERE going down.

Eventually Scuz, Shed and I followed the carefully laid string to the entrance of Torn-T and began the three hours of cursing that accompanied a trip through Shreddies series. The tacklebags were rather endearingly labelled with female names and I continued several turbulent affairs with them: Kylie; Esmerelda; Rebecca (a favourite).

We were soon crawling down the tube that led to 'the Void' eager to see the latest discoveries. Arriving at the top of a pitch, we clipped onto the rope and abseiled down to the wet, dripping floor. We all took turns hammering the next tight pitch head until, with a rope in place, we dropped down a short distance to the base of a small chamber..... and no way on. No. This couldn't be. But there wasn't a possible continuation. Water trickled down a mouse sized hole in the floor. We sighed and started to ascend, derigging as we went.

I was the last up. Disappointed. More anxious than normal to find a way on. Nearing the top I thought I'd spotted one. The confined passage that we'd followed into the pitch (named Tradesman's Entrance) looked as though it might just continue on the other side of the shaft. "Hold on a minute," I shouted across to the others and tried to pendulum across. I finally grasped hold of a loose flake and heaved myself up into a draughting hole. Four metres in, there was a parallel pitch system. The mountain was truly hollow and ever since that moment I've half expected my bolts to go straight through the rock and break out into nothingness.

"Hello, hello, I've found something. Come across," I shouted, furiously hammering away. Disappointment quickly turned into a thirst for discovery as Scuz sang excerpts from her favourite operas and Shed slowly hammered in his first bolt.

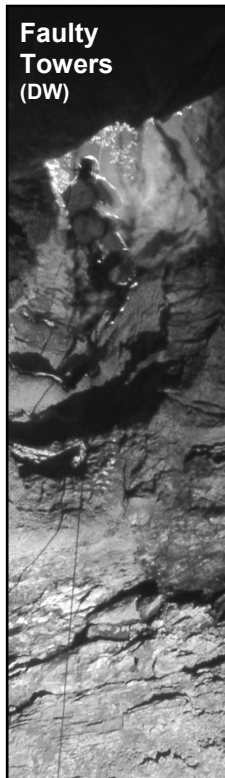


James Hooper

Going Down: The Discovery of Level 2

I'd been really looking forward to my first underground camp and now here I was, hammer in hand, enjoying my big moment. I placed my first bolt and continued rigging down three small pitches, named Faulty Towers, with helpful hints from Tetley and Scuz. The rope ran out at the top of another drop into blackness so we stood around and did the normal series of tests: shouting and then listening for the echo; throwing stones and counting the time they took to hit the floor; then standing in silence, holding our breath, listening for any sounds of a stream. The echo was heard, the rocks seemed to be falling for ever and we were sure we could hear the trickle of water...

We'd run out of rope though and, as it was late, we decided to head back to camp for a night at the draughty Club Mig. We were soon in our sleeping bags wondering what we would find the following day. The answer to that question was better than we imagined...

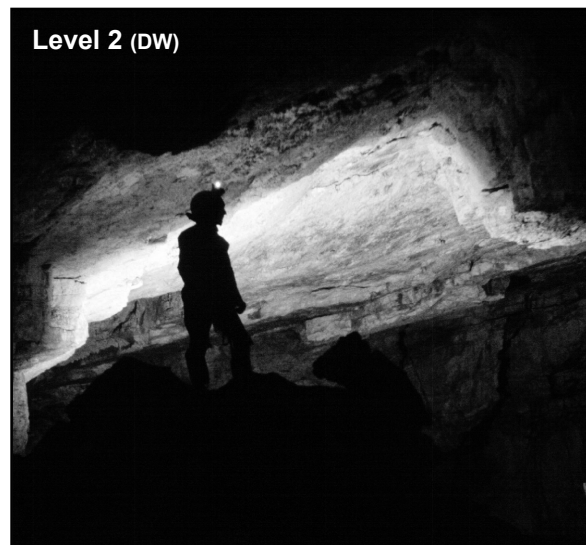
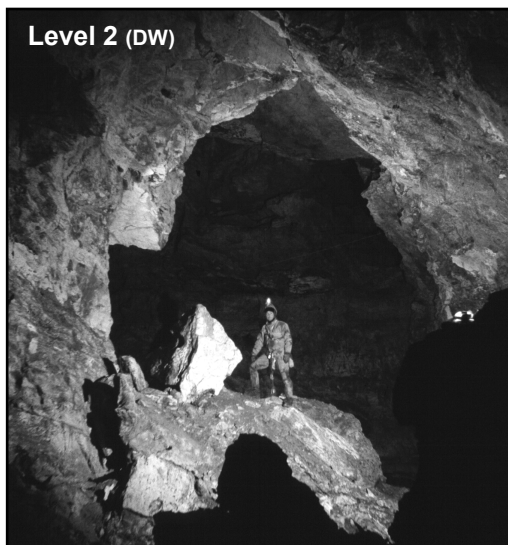


The following morning, after an hour or two of reregging, a rope led down into blackness. I was given the task of placing the last bolt in, a rebelay just a little down from the pitch head. Five metres below this, the rope popped through a hole in the roof of a MASSIVE chamber - this was the next level we'd been dreaming about. "Rope free," I shouted to Scuz and Tetley, and then stood there, struck dumb by the awesome size and scale of the place as my light scanned the vast blackness. Tetley was barely able to contain himself as he abseiled down to join me. "Level Two," he cried out at full voice.

Two deep, adjacent pitches led further down, soon to be named Arian 5 and Divine Brown, but more importantly, a passage was found. We climbed up a pile of boulders and stomped down it to see what we would find. We were soon gazing over another seemingly bottomless pit. I commented that it was "big and going down," so we named it Titanic. Heading the other way from where we came in, the passage also continued to another large pitch, named Challenger. It looked, indeed, as though IC³ were going down...

We got back to camp and packed our kit, eager to tell the others what we had found. I was very lucky that my first real exploration trip and my first camping trip were so good. We had found a significant amount which completely changed the direction of the exploration of the cave.

Tim Wright



(A typical) Late morning in the Bivvy ('96)

"Who's going caving?" says Jim.
 "Everyone," says everyone.
 "Where's Shed?" asks Sos.
 "Shed's dead baby," we all reply.
 "What about Colm?"

"The Cumff Master?
 – He's in his tent getting the chapters in."

"No point in getting ready then"

"It's always possible that Simon will turn up," someone mentions sardonically.

"I say chaps, anyone for a cup of tea and a rich tea biscuit?" asks Iain, into his fifth hour of rolling out chapattis.

"Ahhh yeahhh," replies Jim scratching his balls.

"Wow!" Tetley exclaims excitedly "have a look at the computer for the latest survey."

"Oh shit, the power's gone."

"Actually I could do with a shit," says Jim and lumbers off into the low hanging mist.

Dave jumps frantically into action to sort out the charging electronics while a mouse scurries across the bivvy avoiding Jackie and the huge pile of dirty plates.

"Get the little fucker," declares Shed stumbling into the shakehole (as always keen to perfect his Pythonesque walk) and grabbing the dog-eared copy of The Acid House to whack the rodent.

"Smoke it out," says Tetley taking a burning branch from the fire with one hand and a packet of liquorice Rizlas in the other.

Mark sensibly hangs the food up away from the vermin.

Alva sets to work designing a sophisticated mouse trap.

"It's just up there."

It was indeed until Iain got involved and a short while later "just up there" had become a hideously dodgy traverse with Iain clinging on with shaking limbs.

"Shit" he says in a Scottish sort of way.

"I could do with another shit" grins Jim – having been back from the shit pit for at least three minutes.

A cry rings out across the plateau – "Aiiiiiiiiiiii Ohhhhhhh."

"Aiiiiiiiiiiii Ohhhhhhh," we shout back to Scuz and CV Pete exiting out of M10 with snow and water.

"Watcha," says Scuz a moment later with an enormous backpack on her back (she is on expedition – not on holiday - after all).

"So, who's going caving?"

"Everyone" says everyone.

"Ahh yeah" says Iain observing the backpack filled with snow.

"Vita Vodski Slush Puppies."

"Ahhh yeahh" we all reply.



Tetley



Diary Extracts '96

"Slept by the Soča for our first night in Tolmin. Woken up by JCB moving gravel at about 7:30 am. Pizza for breakfast. Jizza went into bank carrying rocket tube for Andrej!"

"Jim bribed cheese farmer in Ravne with vodka to use barn to keep stuff." (The beginning of a fantastic relation with the Skala family over the following years).

"Ten hour trip into Shreddies and back with bags for camp. Shed escorted out feeling ill. Couldn't recall why I came back for another six weeks of this hell" - Scuz

"Weather abysmal. Forced to spent night at Shepherd's Huts. Colm in the one sleeping bag, Jim, Iain and Sos under polystyrene blocks."

Hot-bedding: Playing the Traversing Game

The Intro

Night and day take on abstract definitions underground, whereas above the surface they are black and white, or vice versa. To push our system far beyond the tortuous Torn-T entrance series, we were going to have to spend days under the mountain. Before this landmark trip I can remember putting off going underground as long as possible... those last moments in daylight always seem more precious than ever, and even at four o'clock in the afternoon it seemed too early to descend to that most exclusive of residences – Club Mig. We were the Dream Team, and in order to utilise the underground camp as efficiently as possible, we were staggering the starts between exploration teams. The Night Train would take the express route later that evening, and only return to the camp when they had discovered what cave exploration was all about.

Iain McKenna

The Night Train - The discovery of Mig Country

I'm not sure, but I seem to remember waking up that morning with a hangover. Colm was never any good at getting up in the morning full stop. We had decided to try "hot-bedding" - a tactic I had used in the Picos - so as the day team of Sos, Jim and Iain left for the cave at around 4pm, Colm and I lounged around drinking tea until the moon rose. They were the Dream Team and we were the Night Train.



Passing the others in bed at Club Mig (our camp in NCB passage), we continued down to Level 2 and on to Titanic, a wide, tempting shaft. Unlike the good ship, however, we didn't go down. Instead a strong draught blew over the pitch and a small ledge seemed to draw us across, to traverse. We took turns bolting until the solid rock gave way to loose calcite. It was my turn. Colm shivered in a survival bag while I 'faffed', uncertain of the rock, scared of the forty metre drop to my right. It wasn't that far to the other side. I could see a sizeable way on beyond the pitch. "Come on Tetley, get a grip." I made my mind up. Gingerly tip-toeing on precarious footholds, leaning into the rock, I slowly, slowly edged my way across. My hand hold snapped off. My heart missed a beat, ignoring the fact that I was attached to a rope. I desperately clung on with my other hand. One final reach..... and I was there. I tied the rope off, investigated to make sure the passage went round the next corner, noted a significant inlet of water and hollered to Colm to get out the tape measure.

We surveyed over the Titanic and continued into the unknown for a dozen or so legs to a boulder choke. But there was still a strong draught. And this time there was a way on. We scrambled up an easy climb. And stopped. Holy Shit. What could we say? We didn't know what to say. I hurled a rock into the black space ahead. The noise said it all. 1,2,3 seconds, rattle, rattle, 6,7,8, crash, bang, thud. Shit it was big. What could we do? We didn't know what to do...

It was 7am. Involuntarily we yawned. The gentle hand of sleep was closing in on us. We placed a few bolts, decided on the name Mig Country and left for the relative comforts of underground camp. We slowly made it back to Club Mig drowning in tiredness and euphoria. There we hit the stereo to coax the Beatles into action, made some tea and woke the Dream Team up with hot breakfast and vivid tales of our finds. Crawling into two 'hot' sleeping bags each, we wished the others luck and promptly fell asleep - never dreaming for a second that they could be as lucky as us. But then our night was the Dream Team's day.

James Hooper

The Dream Team - The Spirit of Elvis

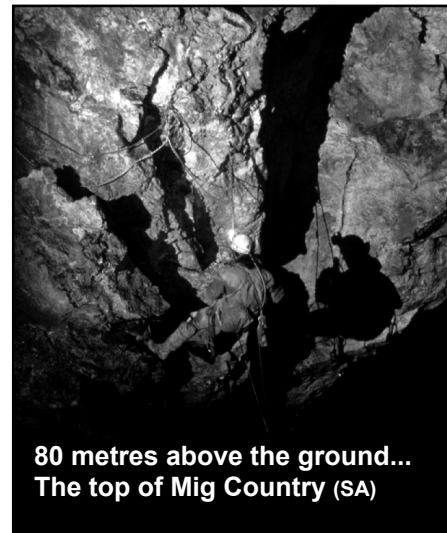
The night train finally arrived with a clatter of pans and mugs. We had heard its distant rumblings for some time and with it came the slow realisation of where we were and what we had to do next. I had long since decided to keep my head in the bag, and wait for the buffet car to arrive.

The hot-bedding technique we were using had some advantages and disadvantages. Before you were raised from your slumber proper, it was usual to receive a cup of steaming tea, and, if you were lucky, a share of a pan of smash with cheese medallions. Only when the returning party were stripped to their thermals would we finally tear ourselves from our muggy bags and start donning our stiff and unforgiving caving equipment.

Once ensconced in their bags, Colm and Tetley let us into a secret. They had discovered a pitch head and huge open shaft, which was clearly used in the ritual sacrifice of mere mortals to the cave gods. To discover this, they had completed an outrageous bolted traverse along a gradually diminishing ledge over a dark void before pulling over a lip and into a passage that led off to a climb. The pitch head was just there and it had been named Mig Country. We had to see this.

We were impressed, and it was exciting enough to have such a find on our hands... an undescended 70m shaft no less... but fate was to lead us away from temptation and the balcony of the Gods. To be honest, jealousy played its part as we were anxious to discover something as spectacular ourselves, and so we retraced our steps and traversed all the way to the other end of the Level 2 gallery.

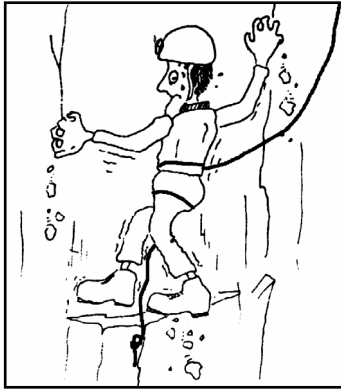
Here lay a monstrous traverse - Challenger. Without much talk we knew that it must be overcome. Time passed and Jim moved out on a slippery ledge, rope belayed to a flake. The rock was soft and yielding, more clay-like than we were used to, and to get his bolts in he had to dig deep. Sos and I chatted and kept warm under a space blanket, and joked to keep that anxiety at bay. Jim soon let us know that this was going to be no holiday.



Challenger was indeed a challenge to traverse. A few bolts down the line and we could see that the rock was so poor that it would be impossible to continue at this level, we would have to drop down and see if there was sound rock below.

I had taken over from Jim now, and descended five or so metres by belaying from another flake. We were still a long way from the overhanging section of the traverse and the plan was to bolt across the blank vertical wall using the limit of reach given by a long cow's tail. One bolt in and a shuffle to the left and yet again the rock was poor. A precarious balancing act had to be kept up to be able to hammer in the next spit. This was several notches beyond an uncomfortable stretch, and the rock was still useless. All the time I was thinking that this was like a tension traverse on an ice climb, but Wellington boots do not afford the same grip as crampons. Footholds on the wall were chipped with the bolting hammer, and furtive glances made towards the bolt and sling to my right.

Jim and Sos were getting cold and bored. I called to see if they wanted to take over. They could sense the slightly freaked tone of voice. I needed some water to drink. Jim needed some water for his carbide and so Sos went with him for a fill. Jim would take over when he got back. They were gone for fifteen minutes and missed my near demise and proudest moment all rolled into one.



Why I decided to carry on I will never know. The desire to get across this wall was so great – it was bursting out of my guts. Being alone in the darkness galvanised my thoughts. Unclipping the cow's tail to reach further was the option that was taken. My whole body was pressed to the rock as I pulled some slack through the descender. One or two moves and I had reached the limit of the slack. There were no more footholds and I felt like I was being swept away from safety like a man taken from a pier by a strong sea current. I reshuffled my feet and pulled yet more rope through my device. The next move was a heart stopper. The handhold on my right broke away, and with it was any chance of returning the way I had climbed.

The air was blue, and fortunately Jim and Sos could hear none of it. A battle of time had begun before grip strength diminished, and I had to hang by the remaining hold and use my teeth to pull through the seven or so metres of slack that was required if I was to climb across the overhang and reach safety. I was well aware that the bolt I would fall onto was poor, as was the flake above. The rope too was a static one and this was a factor 1 fall heading its way.

I just went for it. A few pieces of brittle rock snapped in my fingers but the boots gripped the jagged wall. I was so nearly there, leaning back doing the moves that are so easy on the climbing wall, when my left hand brought down a portable TV-sized boulder that knocked the welly from it's hold. I twisted and lunged and flew all at once and slapped for a mantelshelf ledge somewhere below my shoulder. We were across.

One bolt was in when the remainder of a bemused Dream Team arrived soon after. The gateway across Challenger was open, and to this day it remains a spectacular tension traverse, kept permanently rigged.

Iain M^cKenna

Caverns Measureless... The Discovery of Exhibition Road

Sos and I returned from Titanic to find that Iain was across the traverse, and finishing off a second bolt at the far end. After he'd placed the first bolt, Iain had decided, in a feat that brought bravery and insanity too close together, and in an absence of any rational thoughts of self-preservation, to just go for it, and climb the rest of the traverse. This was truly mad and the traverse gained the name 'Spirit of Elvis' as a result.



The Spirit of Elvis (ME)

Once I was across, Iain said, "I had a quick look, it looks like a blind alcove....ah well, you win some you lose some."

"We'll have a good look once Sos is across, you never know...." I replied.

We waited for Sos to negotiate the traverse and then headed down the slope of the alcove.

"Hold on, what's that small hole in the corner?"

"That's not a small hole, it's quite a large hole."

We climbed down the passageway; it just seemed to carry on.

"What's down that slope? It seems to be getting bigger and steeper."

Walking past a few deep shafts and around huge boulders, the cave did indeed seem to be getting bigger, then round the next corner...

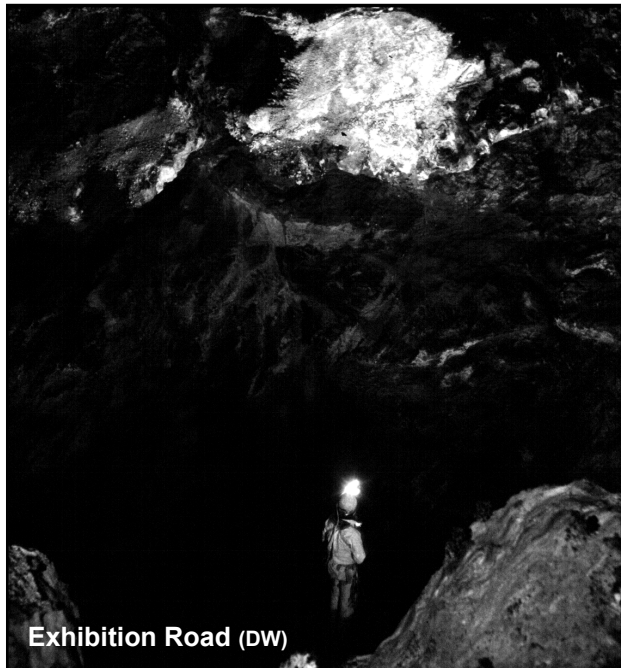
"Wow..... it's huge"

Jim Evans

Slaves to the System... Iain's narrative continues

We were speechless and overawed, and we had each realised a caver's fantasy. None of us could have dreamt about discovering such an impressive void in what had just become our hollow mountain. We had found 'Exhibition Road' and had gone deeper in the system than ever before. There was no shortage of shafts and small ways off to investigate along its length; enough to keep us busy for years to come.

Eventually it was our turn to head back to the camp and tell unbelieving ears about our exploits in the traversing game. We made the tea, smash and cheese medallions, stripped off and swapped places in the bags. We lay on the platform and watched as the Night Train moved off again with a clatter of equipment to chart the uncharted.



Iain McKenna

*"Alright my lads!!!
Number of leads
doubled since Slov '95
already. Alva's Swiss
cheese theory is incorrect
- Migovec is more like
small regions of cheese
in a hillside of holes!"*

Sarah Wingrove

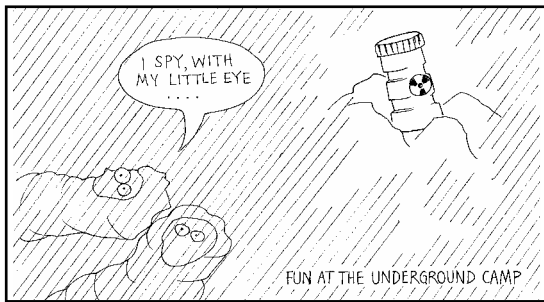
The Outro

The vastness of our discoveries was difficult to comprehend as we watched the sun set over the Tolminka valley. The 42 litres of Black Label Smirnoff that Alva scrounged certainly helped as we readjusted our body clocks and our hopes for the hollow mountain.

James Hooper



The Black Container



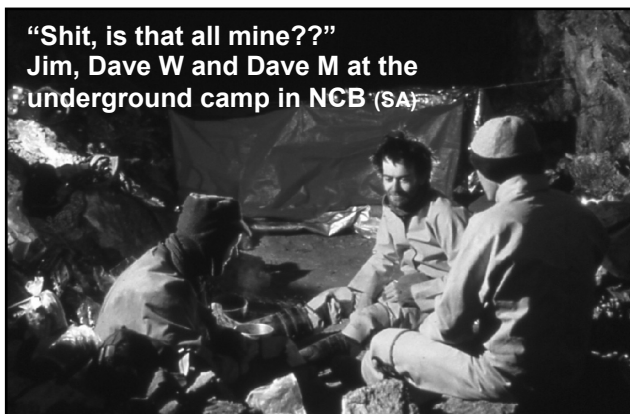
“What do you do with the shit?” is, for some strange reason, one of the first questions that’s asked when the subject of camping underground is raised. With a combination of our camps being long, and the Slovenian caves being relatively dry, there was never any question about solid waste remaining in the cave. It all has to be taken out with us, inside our bowels or otherwise.

While setting up the camp in NCB, Tetley and Iain were dismayed, but by no means surprised, to hear the familiar exclamation, “Iain, Tetley - I just simply must have a shit.” This is one of the two things that Jim takes great satisfaction in telling you, the other being that he has just had one. “Oh, come on, that’s disgusting.” We were down wind of Jim and though he was standing naked in a clear survival bag, the stench was horrendous. The hazard was sealed and left close to the camp to be deposited in the BDH container when it was brought in on the next trip.

Two trips and a high fibre diet later, I had no option but to use the BDH myself. The proximity of the toilet to camp means it is rather unpleasant for anyone to use, and even more unpleasant to those who have to witness someone else using it. And so I prepared the best I could by rolling down as much of my oversuit and undergarments as possible. Shuffling into position with three onlookers who were not really supplying helpful hints, I unscrewed the lid. It was hard to see properly, so I turned up the carbide flame on my helmet. The orange glow illuminated the laughing faces of the rest of the team. Perhaps they knew something I didn’t.

The container was virtually full, and so I was faced with the even more unpleasant task of compressing the contents. What I didn’t know was that some joker had put some nearly-spent carbide in the container. This had sat all night, gently fizzing in the warm moist atmosphere. As I pressed down on the shitty bags, the acetylene gas ignited. A huge mushroom shaped flame lit the whole chamber in a glorious orange sunburst. The accompanying bang wiped the smiles off the onlooker’s faces. Thrown on my back from the force of the blast, I found myself uncomfortably close to a large pitch; my clothes still round my ankles. We were only in the second week of the expedition so there was still time for my eyebrows to grow back...

Iain M°Kenna



“The perfect antidote to a long caving trip beneath the Migovec plateau is a game of canasta in a three player tent. The normal 24 hour daily cycle has to be restored somehow, and lingering card games interspersed with fitful bouts of sleep in stuffy, safe surroundings seems to offer the perfect road to recovery.”

“In order to lose your daily cycle it is necessary to spent at least two days at the underground camp, affectionately known as Club Mig. There, twelve hour bedding sessions and three hours of eating and coping with bodily functions are followed by twelve or so hours of exploration and three hours of coping with bodily functions. Sixty hours later it is possible to re-emerge from the entrance of Torn-T to embark on another canasta session in the tent - a process similar to the decompression period experienced by deep sea divers.”

Iain M°Kenna

There must be some way out of here: Rock & Roll

The 1996 Expedition was three weeks old, and we were thrilled at the pace at which new discoveries were being made under the Migovec Plateau. As well as full time expedition members, there were welcome fresh arrivals to the camp, making the most of their holiday entitlement for the year. Rob had dropped in on his return from Turkey and was visibly disgusted with the state we were all in. Our new physical appearance had slowly crept upon all of us in the preceding weeks, and without any reference point to compare our filthy outward appearances with, we had just carried on living like pigs. He had with him a rucksack full of freshly laundered shirts and grollies, completely out of place in a hollow in the ground on the top of a mountain, and guarded them nervously in case any of us should want to investigate the ironed tucks and folds that enhanced their neat appearance. One or two days later, with still neat contents of rucksack carefully hidden in a secret location, Rob and I ventured underground.

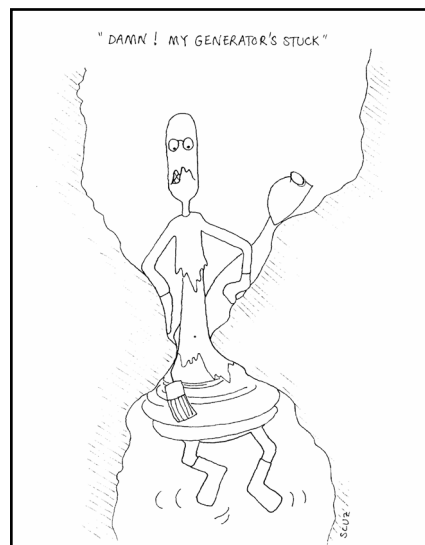
We ventured down to the Club Mig camp and, after devouring a pan of smash and cheese medallions, spent a familiar night in the draughty passage. The following morning, NCB was illuminated by Tetley and Andy 'Trousers' returning from the depths. To coax us out of the muggy warmth of our sleeping bags, they prepared a pan of tea (with cheese and smash floaters) to warm us from the inside, while enthusiastically chatting about the latest lead - a boulder choke at the foot of the 70m Mig Country Pitch.

Now, I hate boulder chokes. Previously I had been scared in Dodge City (off NCB), squeezing under muddy, caravan-sized lumps of limestone that had no visible means of support. I had no real desire for more. We were on our way to Level 2 and I was nervous. This soon manifested itself in a fairly typical (considering our diet), and inconvenient way. The race was on remove harness, chest harness, carbide generator, oversuit, undersuit, thermals and scants, whilst Rob ate as many chapattis with cheese and pickle as he could (let's just say that I needed the plastic bags that they were in). I need not mention the reason for him eating a Twix bar so soon after leaving camp, but the wrapper did come in handy.

Tetley and Trousers had done a good job of finding their way down through the choke and had marked the route with arrows. Just as well - the route went through some unlikely looking squeezes beneath precariously balanced blocks. You hardly dared breathe. One squeeze was obviously the bit that Tetley and Trousers had told us they had had to dig out. Dropping through this tube of loose rock onto a 3 metre climb gave a feeling of commitment. The choke was thirty metres deep vertically, and when it finally ended we were in a series of stepped pitches, the foot of each containing small pools of water.

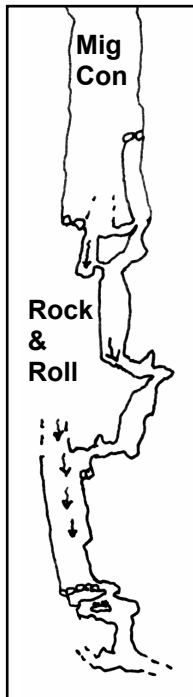
We rigged four of these before the torrent came. What had been rigged dry, was now under the full force of the water. We heard some rock movement above but thought little of it. We were cold, wet and worried that the situation would become worse. It soon did.

Back at the top of the ropes we'd just rigged, we could see a uniform ceiling of boulders, with rivulets streaming though the rocks everywhere like strings of pearls. Looking up was near impossible, and our carbide flames were continually dowsed. There was no danger of being flooded in but water was everywhere, the light was very dim and you couldn't escape the utter drenching we were receiving. After a good search, we realised we were having a great deal of difficulty locating the tube that Tetley and Trousers had dug.



"I'm sure it's up there, Nope, how about here - Nope."
This went on for what seemed like a long time. Finally we returned to where we had tried first.

With a slow dread it was time to accept our new predicament.
 "It's blocked - the tube is blocked. It was definitely up there..... "



Neither of us wanted to mention what was going on inside our heads. The tube was full of rock and we were cut off. There was little conversation because there was only one thing to do. Standing on Rob's shoulders, it was possible to jam up a little further to reach the main boulder that was blocking the exit tube. Trying to wedge and manhandle a portable TV sized rock overhead at the same time produced a result, albeit slightly out of control. The TV rock narrowly missed each of us but the accompanying smaller rocks didn't. The tube was clear - but only for a fraction of a second.

The second TV sized rock that took the place of its fallen comrade was more stubborn but eventually fell away between outstretched legs to the floor below. A lot of worried thrutching in the still unstable tube allowed us to escape to the chamber above. The way out yet again seemed unclear, there was just so much water falling through the boulders. Panic rose inside as thoughts leapt towards the belief that there had been another boulder movement, this time more serious. Relief flooded back when, as often happens when lost underground, all of a sudden a tiny piece of familiarity sparks the knock on effect that allows the recognition of the way on to fall into place. The further squeezes up through the boulders were made more difficult due to a combination of slippery mud and a fear of collapse, and it was literally a huge weight off our chests to escape to the vast open chamber at the foot of Mig Country.

Memories of the return to the camp are nonexistent - it was the kind of situation you find yourself in when your mind has been over-anxious; when relative safety is reached, you function in a kind of zombie-like autopilot mode. Tetley and Trousers mentioned the distant look in our eyes when we arrived back at NCB. We didn't stop for long, for the cold started to take its grip once more. There had been too much excitement for one trip, and although we'd probably used up all of our bad luck, I had a feeling we'd used up all of our good luck too.

Postscript:

In 1996, two more trips ventured through this boulder choke, christened Rock & Roll, each in much drier conditions. The water present on the incident above was the result of an afternoon's torrential downpour, during a lightning storm - the worst of the summer. It was also the first time anyone had got wet in this cave.

The next negotiation of the boulder choke was undertaken to retrieve the bolting kit that had been left in the evacuation. The tube was blocked again, but fortunately Colm and I were on the right side of it this time. I, however, managed to sustain a nasty finger crushing injury when moving the new collapse. Colm did the brave thing and retrieved the gear whilst I tried to cope with the pain. I was still groaning when he returned half an hour later.

I happened to be on the final venture to Rock & Roll too, partly to bury any fears that remained for me in this part of the cave. Jim, Mark and I quickly surveyed and de-rigged the new passage, and then went on to photograph a newly discovered hole in Exhibition Road named Bikini Carwash. The remaining tight pitches at the bottom of Rock and Roll shall have to wait until we run low on alternative options.

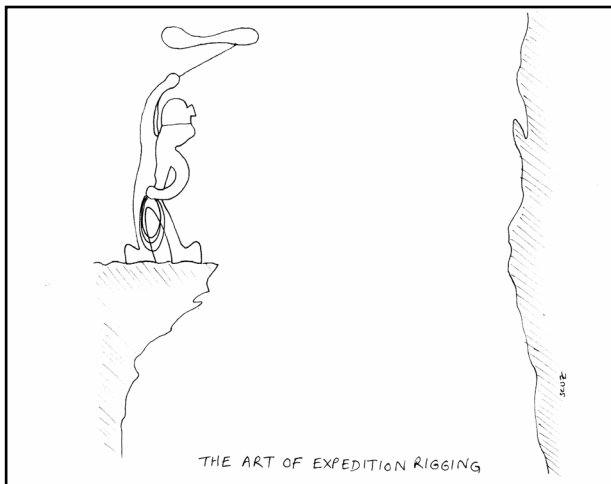
So why do they do it? Oliver Mann, from Imperial College, and leader of next year's expedition is convinced that it's worthwhile.

"It's a part of the world where no one has been before. And if no one's been there you don't know what you are likely to find," he says.

Extract from the Daily Telegraph supplement
 21st January 1997

“Go West Young Man”: The Second Connection

Rrring.....Rrring. “Hello”
 “Hi, Mark it's Jim.”
 “Jim! Excellent where are you?”
 “I'm in Tolmin, when are you coming out? We're finding shit-loads of cave!”
 “I'm flying to Ljubljana tomorrow, so I'll see you in a couple of days. What's going on, did you bottom Godzilla?”
 “Yeah, but it turned out to be Tolminski Silos in M2 as we had suspected!”
 “Bollocks! Ah well, at least we've got a cave system now.”
 “Yeah, but that's not all. The Void really went! We've found hundreds of metres of galleries and half a dozen pitches already. You won't believe it till you see it!”



I was kicking myself for missing the first two weeks of the expedition, but it had been unavoidable. A few days later when Jackie, CVPete, Millie and I arrived in Tolmin we wasted no time in getting up to the Bivvy. So much had been done already and the survey was already entered into the computer. Shed had scrounged a Hewlett Packard laptop which we were using on the mountain to immediately type in survey data and get an up-to-date image of the cave. “Holy Shit!”, I said as I saw the survey rotating majestically on the screen for the first time.

The new extensions dwarfed what we had discovered the previous year. Jim's idea of bringing out a laptop had paid dividends: survey data could be entered and checked the same day; any errors could be corrected on the next trip; we could get an accurate depth and length reading instantly; and, more importantly, we could see where the cave was going!

“What's that bit of cave there?” I asked pointing at an unconnected shaft series.

“Ah, that's the entrance series to M16,” said Tetley rubbing his hands together and grinning ear to ear. This was Tetley's first year on Migovec, but due to his previous experience in the Picos with OUCC he had taken on the role of keeping the survey notes in order. Unfortunately he was leaving the next morning to start a teaching job back in London.

“So the end of Level 2 is pretty close to M16,” I said.

“Yep, only 50m between them at most!” replied Tetley.

“That's why we started rigging and surveying it a couple of days ago. If we could make the connection.....” Jim didn't have to complete his sentence, we all new the implications of connecting the caves.

“That means we would never have to go through Torn T entrance rift again!” said Sos in a hopeful tone. This was the first expedition for Sos and in the last two weeks he'd become all too familiar with the razor sharp entrance series.

“Plans to meet underground usually fall through for a variety of reasons. Planning to meet through a passage that hadn't yet been discovered seemed a trifle optimistic!!”

There was a camping trip planned for that night. Iain, Scuzza and Colm (more commonly referred to as ‘the comfort master’) would be leaving in a few hours. We made a tentative plan: they would go to the end of Level 2 which was closest to M16 while we would try to look for likely connecting passages. In the event that we found something we could try to signal the other group. At the time, it all seemed pretty unlikely to say the least....

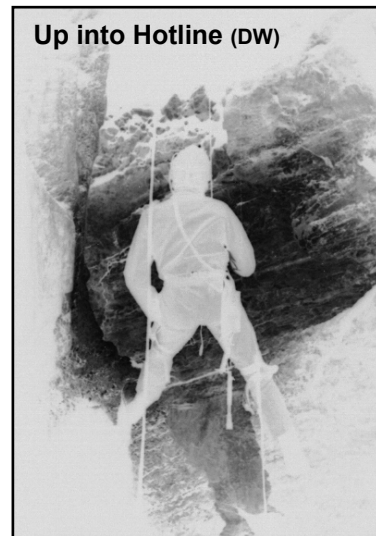
The next morning Sos, CVPete and I got ready for our trip. Sos was ready well before us - we hadn't been caving for a while so there was the inevitable faffing around. We packed a few ropes, bolting kit and a survey kit along with a few Rocky bars to keep us going. I was quite looking forward to this trip as I hadn't been into M16 for two years and remembered it as a good SRT cave (much more pleasant than the Torn T entrance).

We were making good progress and were already at the bottom of Brezno Strahov, this is the one pitch in M16 which I don't feel comfortable on. Brezno Strahov means Ghost Shaft. Andrej Fratnik told us that it was so named because one of the Slovenian cavers was almost killed by a massive boulder which dislodged itself from the wall and fell down the pitch (missing him by inches). Immediately after BS is a short pitch into a boulder chamber. As I descended this pitch I could see the other two already sitting on a large cairn with a small piece of paper on it. That marked the last survey station.

As I was hanging there, I noticed that I had gone from being hot and sweaty to freezing cold in a matter of minutes. There was a howling draft of freezing cold air which I hadn't noticed before! The pitch was only 10m so I descended, but at the bottom the draft was gone. "Hey lads! You'd better get back over here, there must be a passage up there somewhere!" I shouted, pointing back up the pitch.

We free-climbed up about half way and shone our lights up to the roof. The draft was unmistakable although we couldn't see the continuing passage.

"There must be something big up there to cause that much draft!" said CV starting to shiver. I took the bolting kit and climbed as high as I could. I was perched on a minute ledge about 8m off the ground. The bolt took a long time to place! Once the hanger was screwed in and I had clipped into it, I could lean back and get a good look.

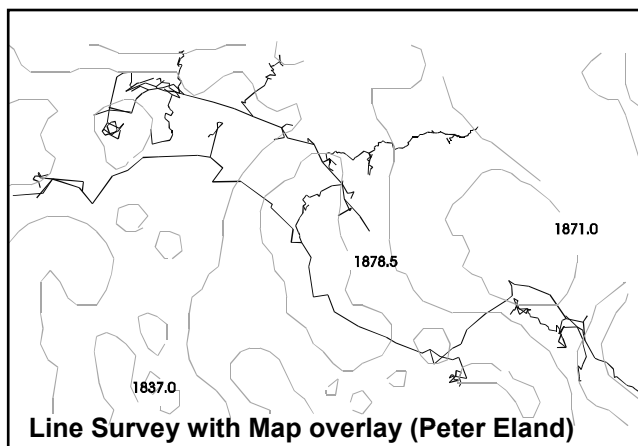


"There's definitely a passage up here, it's got boulders covered in black dust just like NCB!" My voice was quivering as I spoke, partly from excitement and partly from the cold. Half an hour later we hadn't got any further. Both CV and I had tried to free-climb the rest but had got nowhere (this was our first trip of the expedition and we hadn't got back into free-climbing mode yet). So then it was Sos' turn, he danced up the climb as if he had wings on his boots!

"It's even colder up here, we should call it Hotline," he shouted down.

"What does it look like?" we asked apprehensively.

"It looks exactly like NCB passage, same size, same shape and it's covered in black dust. This has to be the connection!"

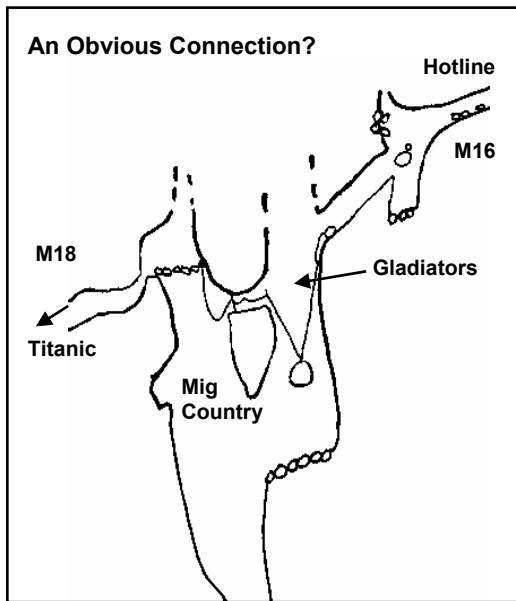


Sos rigged up a hurried belay and soon we were all standing in the passage. It was so cold that there were clouds of condensation like a thick mist billowing along the passage. We took out the survey kit and checked the direction of the passage.

"Bingo, It's East/West. We should go down to the West... towards Torn-T," said CV getting quite excited....

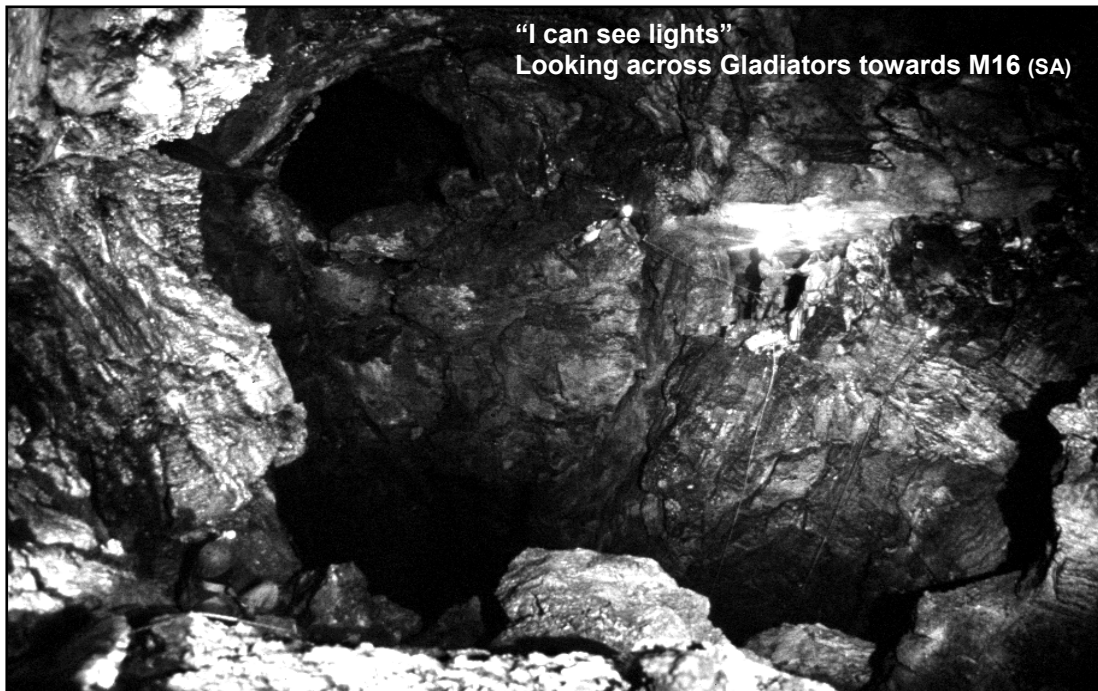
Mark Evans

A one way trip to the East End: The Connection story continues



It was a sunny day for a change on the Migovec Plateau and our enthusiasm to 'breeze' through the entrance series of Torn T-Shirt, analogous to wooden contortionists without painkillers, evoked mental trauma. After a full afternoon of eating, drinking tea and patching up the salvageable kit from the previous fight through Shreddies, Iain, Colm and I eventually grovelled through the small Torn-T entrance. Then the normal battle to get down to Club Mig camp ensued: squeeze, squeeze, grunt, wriggle, squeeze for about three tedious hours. The dubious plan was that we would reach the closest point with the M16 system at the same time as the M16 party did the same from the other side. We hoped, we prayed that this time it would be a one way trip; a connection with the spacious M16 entrance pitches would provide us with a much easier exit.

We reached Mig Country at the allocated time. "Well, here we are. Where are the others?" we joked. More importantly, "where do we go now?" we pondered. From where we stood the enormity of the airy Mig Country was directly before us. Below was a black space, the main pitch, rigged to 70 odd metres depth and perhaps 40 metres in diameter. Aloft of this pitch was a vast black aven. Along the wall to the right was a narrow ledge which petered out, requiring nerves of steel and some bolting agility to reach the wall opposite. With our lights it was too far to see clearly if there was any potential for a connection with M16 on the other side. On the left wall, Tetley and Andy Atkinson had rigged a new, short traverse with terrific exposure leading directly onto a lesser pitch dropping onto a slanting ledge below. While Iain and I tried to think of a plan, Colm took off left. He'd only been gone for a couple of minutes when we came up with a brainwave – let's shout! "Ehh Ohh!"



It was a remarkable bit of ingenuity for just a few seconds later we had a connection, a faint vocal connection, but nevertheless the link had been established. It bred hope, there was joy. Iain and I were plainly elated. We poured out a chorus of shouts until our counterparts got fed up with responding, or went hoarse. However, we still didn't know where they were. It was Colm who shortly exclaimed "I can see lights!" Iain and I got up like a shot and almost had to fight each other to get onto that traverse. We fired down the pitch, ran around the corner on the hanging ledge and were standing at Colm's side in a matter of seconds, overlooking another deep pitch. "So where are they Colm?" He pointed straight ahead to a black patch across on the far wall.

Looking closely you could see a pin-prick of light a long way down a passage. "Ehh Ohh!" The M16 group was now totally vocally ignoring us. We sat around getting cold while two or three more lights appeared, got very slowly larger and brighter and came gently bobbing towards us. It was a weird spectacle. At that time I could have believed in aliens as there were no voices and no bodies. The bodies didn't reveal themselves until they, too, were standing directly over the pitch.

Eventually we shouted out a conversation, something along the lines of:

"Hello, you took your time!"

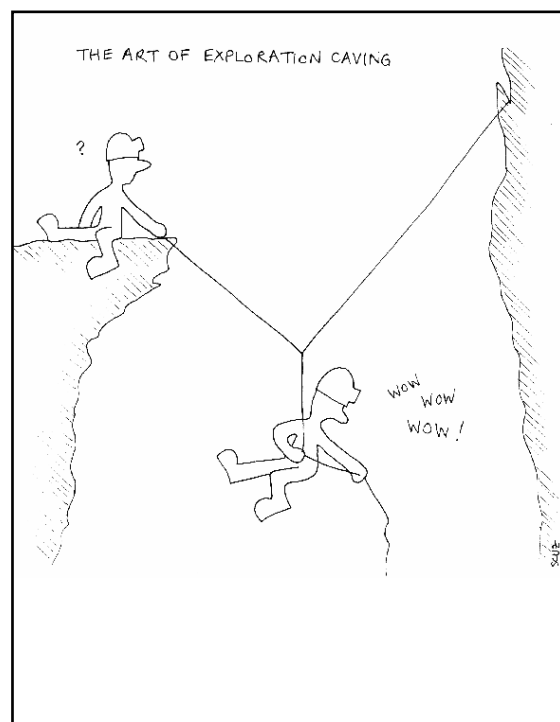
"Is there an easy way across here?"

"No!"

"We'll meet here again tomorrow. Let's say 3 o'clock"

It wasn't going to be an easy bit of rigging to cross the pit that separated us, so, for the time being, we went our separate ways, our team to camp at Club Mig. Unfortunately Iain bashed a finger whilst retrieving a bolting kit at the bottom of Mig Country and headed out of Torn T-Shirt the following morning. It wasn't until the following evening that Colm and I eventually shook hands with The Aliens and some very happy campers made a break for the surface through the guts of M16.

Sarah Wingrove



"The dramatic link from Mig Country to M16 made the System 547m deep, and was a just reward for all the work people had put into the venture over the past three years. The expedition had been a success because of the three most important ingredients for cave exploration: persistence, optimism and luck."

Iain McKenna

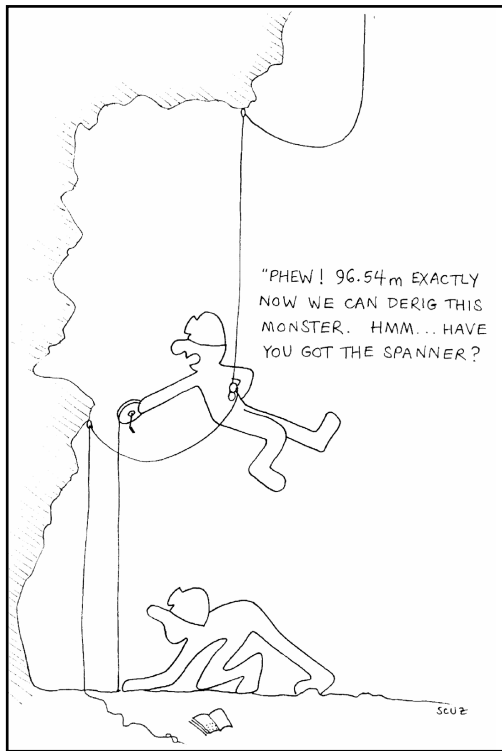
**On top of Kuk '96 (sw)
Shed, Sos, Colm, Scuz, Jim, Tetley, Iain**



Surveying Silos and the Discovery of Plop Pitch

CV and I liked to make our caving trips though Shreddies worthwhile. It was time to survey and derig the last of the leads in NCB Passage then to pack up the remains of Club Mig camp, derig Faulty Towers and finally Shreddies itself. The end of this year's expedition was looming and all the rope had to be taken out of the cave. Knowing that it was a mean trip but someone had to do it, and do it soon, CV and I gallantly volunteered for the challenge.

Armed with enough chocolate to fuel us until Christmas we sped down into Torn-T. By now we were all too familiar with every squeeze, wriggle and climb in Shreddies and knew instinctively where SRT kit, oversuits or helmets would inevitably get hung up. We took a break at Club Mig, the camp now derelict, finalised the day's plan, reminisced a bit about all the great camps we'd had there and basically delayed our unavoidable descent of Godzilla. This monster pitch had been rigged since the first caving trip on Migovec this summer but, discovering it to be one and the same pitch as Silos in M2 we had lost interest. It was going to be a pain to survey with a 30 metre tape as the first and second bolts were more than 60 metres apart but somehow we muddled through, came up with some feasible numbers and both stood at the bottom admiring the greatness of it all. CV totted up the survey lengths.



"96.54 metres. Phew! Now we can derig this monster. Hmm... Have you got the spanner?" He confessed that he'd taken it off his harness at Club Mig hoping that I'd pick it up. I had a flashback to the time when he and I had gone backpacking in the wilderness with rucksacks full of dehydrated food, our fresh sandwiches had been stolen by sheep and he'd forgotten to pack a lighter to fire up the Trangia. It was one of those days. It takes a while to prussik ninety odd metres... By the time CV had collected the spanner, slid it down to the first rebelay, I'd taken it down to the last rebelay and derigged back up to NCB Passage, time was already pressing on.

Over the past two summers CV and I had done some of our most memorable caving in Torn T-Shirt and now, as the time to be leaving drew near once again, it was saddening to be parting with this old friend. One last wander up and down NCB Passage where we'd explored so many times before was a trip down memory lane. But wait.... "CV! Has anyone looked through here?"

Tucked away in a corner beyond the first traverse there was an insignificant little tube, maybe 2 metres long, with a black hole at the end. It was draughting furiously. I awkwardly manoeuvred myself into the tube, took a rock and dropped it into the break. There was silence for an age then a single distant thud came echoing back through the opening.

"Whoohh! Yes!" we exclaimed. "Let's try that again. Ready? Timing? On the count of three..." Every time a free fall, an average of several drops was 3.56 seconds. Using the constant acceleration formula we established that the pitch beyond was quite a whopper!

However, before we could attempt any exploration it was paramount that we lower the Godzilla rope and the remaining bags of camping gear down into Level 2 where it would be picked up by another party and taken out via M16, then derig Faulty Towers back up to NCB. Fortunately this went smoothly with CV derigging the lot and in a couple of hours we were back at Club Mig having a snack.

Taking the ropes derigged from Faulty Towers we returned to our new found pitch and hurriedly rigged a couple of naturals on the near and far sides of the tube. We had kept the survey kit and bolting hammer with us so while CV solo surveyed to the tube from the nearest permanent survey station in NCB, I knocked away a few rotten protuberances then struggled on a descender to turn around in the constriction and pass through the hole. Relieved, some labour later, I plopped out over a sheer wall in what I thought at the time to be a vast rift. I took a look around, descended a bit, concluded that bolting this pitch was the only safe option to get down it and then pondered my tactics a while on how to best get back through the hole. Another 15 minutes of thrashing about and I was sweating madly back in NCB. It was sometime in the early hours now and the pair of us were weary. Taking a tacklebag each, we headed out. We both struggled desperately with the bags in Orsazmatron and by the time we'd wrestled our way up through Optimisqueeze we were utterly wrecked. Knowing that it was the bags or us we dropped the bags, strove our way slowly back to the surface and crashed out, exhausted, under an umbrella of pre-dawn stars.

The secrets of the cave system that Plop Pitch unlocks are still, to this day, unknown.

Sarah Wingrove

Conquering caves with computers

High technology is coming to the aid of cavers who need to make accurate surveys of complex 3-D cave systems miles away from civilisation.

Accurate surveys are needed not only for scientific interest but also in order to locate points at which caves could intersect — something that is very difficult to spot using cross-sectional paper maps.

A British team encountered the problem on an expedition to explore the complex cave systems of the Julian Alps in the corner of Slovenia, Italy and Austria.

They solved it by taking along a notebook computer, a solar cell to power it and a satellite positioning handset, explains Mark Evans, one of the organisers of the expeditions by Imperial College Caving Club in London and a postgraduate student in mechanical engineering at the college.

Although it is relatively close to major cities such as Trieste, the area being explored is accessible only on foot, so the expedition party had to carry every bit of equipment.

The computer, a Hewlett-Packard OmniGo 600CT, and

Notebook can provide key surveys for expeditions

The model can be viewed from any angle, rotated and likely intersections zoomed in on. It is like holding a transparent plastic model in your hand.

One of the big time-wasters for cavers in the area is sorting out the entrances to the cave system from misleading blind caves.

"There are holes everywhere, at least every 10 metres," says Evans. "We needed a way of narrowing down the search."

This was done by sending out a reconnaissance expedition earlier last year while the snow was still on the ground.

Updrafts in a cave tend to blow away any snow covering the entrance, so that these so-called "blowing holes" can be easily spotted.

The party noted their position with a Trimble hand-held satellite navigation terminal so the summer expedition could find them easily, although they were covered with undergrowth.

A French member of the party, mathematician Josselin Visconti, studied the accuracy of the terminal and found it to be much better than the quoted plus-or-minus 20m.

the geographical positioning navigator system were no problem as they weighed only a few pounds.

The difficulty was supplying power for the notebook, which, in common with all such computers, can work only for a few hours without recharging.

The solution was to take a solar panel measuring half a metre square, which produced enough current to recharge the batteries between uses.

The survey parties returned each evening to their base camp 1,800 metres high in the Slovenian part of the mountains, with their data on lengths, inclines and directions of the various caverns and corridors.

These were entered into 3-D mapping software called SurvEx, developed by cavers at the University of Cambridge, to create a computer model of the cave system in three dimensions.



Mark Evans with notebook on the Slovenia exhibition

"We did a few tests and found it was better than plus or minus 10m," says Evans. "A paper is being published in France on that research."

Evans hopes that the survey will unveil the depths of the Migovic cave system, but the ultimate motivation is the thrill of getting there first.

"When you have discovered something that is new and nobody has been there before you get quite attached to it," he says. "We hope to get to the best bits first."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote that Xanadu had caverns measureless to man. Using today's technology, they could be measured with ease.

CHRIS PARTRIDGE

Article in the Times (January 22nd 1997)

Further Diary Extracts '96

"Andrej gave us the key to his caving hut - this turned out to be his own heated warehouse at the old army barracks - spacious, clean and with hot showers!" (The end of bivvying by the Soča).

"On returning to the bivvy, there are rumours that Mig Country and Galactica are probably the same thing." (Without the survey who could know?)

"What happened to those happy summer days when everyone was fighting to go caving to cool off?"

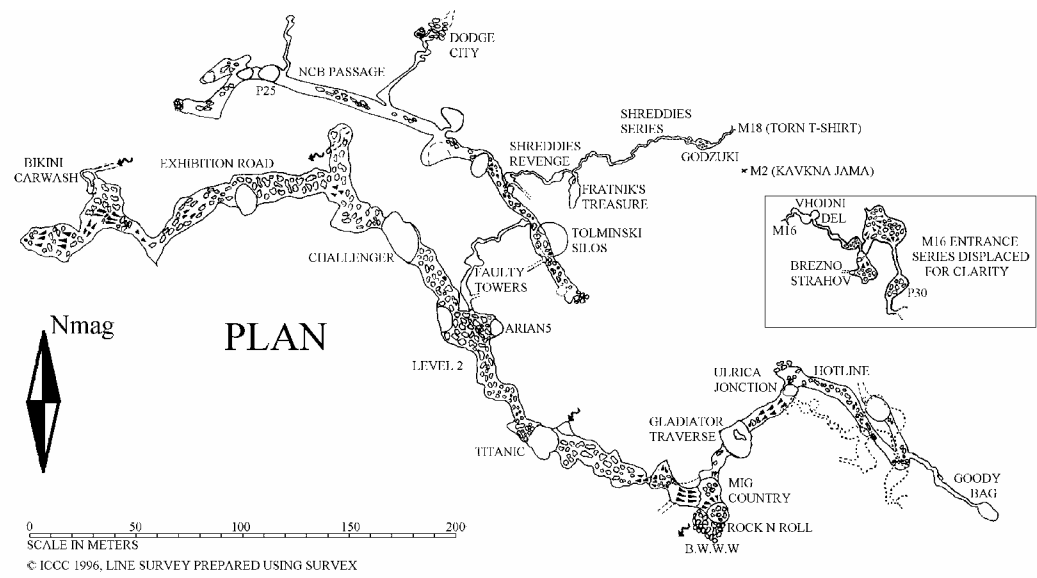
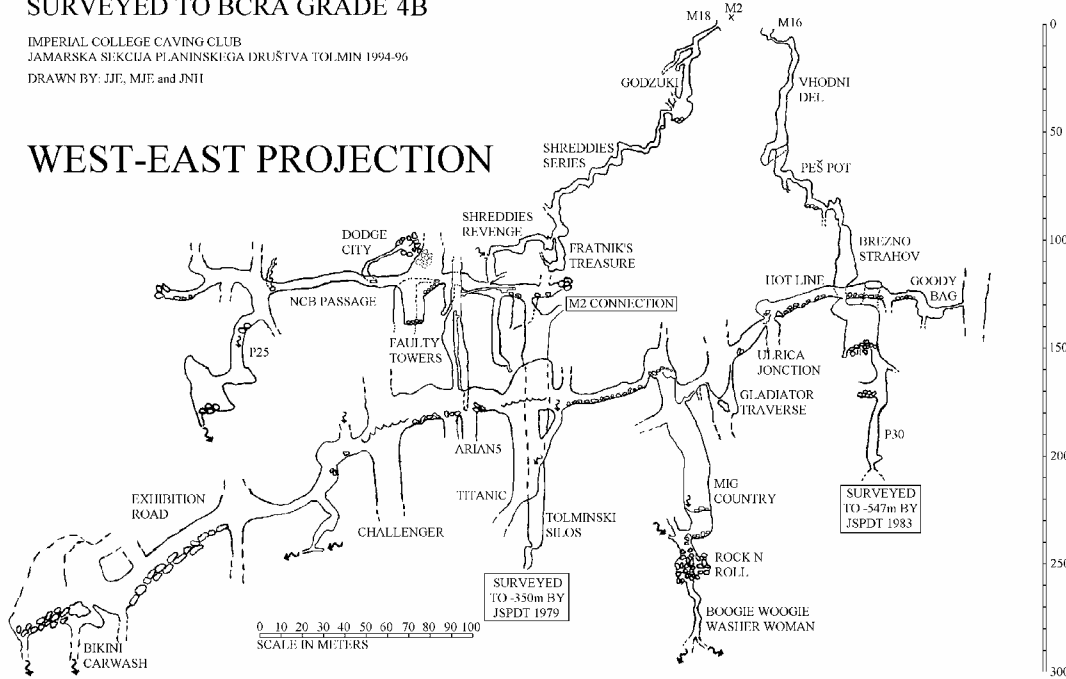
System Migovec Survey 1996

**SISTEM MIGOVEC
OBČINA TOLMIN, JULIJSKIH ALP, SLOVENIJA**

ALTITUDE 1850m, SURVEYED DEPTH 281m (1996)
SURVEYED TO BCRA GRADE 4B

IMPERIAL COLLEGE CAVING CLUB
JAMARNSKA SEKCIJA PLANINSKEGA DRUŠTVA TOLMIN 1994-96
DRAWN BY: JJE, MJE and JNII

WEST-EAST PROJECTION



Sarah's Torn-T rigging guide

- 1st Pitch (20m rope) →
- 2nd Pitch "Godzuki" (25m rope) →
- 3rd Pitch (25m rope) →
- 2 Ladder Climbs in Shreddies

- Turtle's Head (30m rope) →
- Nutcracker-NCB (35m rope) →