

Our struggles with the top of 'Hurricane' and 'Little Monkey' do not need to be recounted except to say that our energy was sapped by them. As I reached the top of 'Little Monkey' Liam shouted, "Reckon we've cracked it now Len!" 'I'll wait until I have the Grand Cascade behind me first', I thought.

As we ascended I was aware of the time running out for my ferry rendezvous, and when we eventually met up with Phil at Camp2, I realised that I had no time to waste, so at Claudine's I decided to push on alone. Liam and I instinctively shook hands... "Cheers Lenny"... and we parted, our unique bond of a shared experience and mutual support suddenly broken. We had never caved together before, nor had we taken part in each others plans, preparations or expectations, but, for me, Fate had put two compatible companions together for a brief but special moment in time as the paths of our different lives had crossed. I pushed on alone with mixed feelings, trying to move as fast as possible.

At Camp1 John and Brian were in their borrowed sleeping bags, awake and prepared to escort me out. It was now around midnight, so I had a short rest and the three of us began the return to the surface. We made steady progress to the bottom of Aldo's, and at the top John caught me up by climbing the other rope rigged alongside. Here we parted company as he prepared to haul up the tackle. I continued out steadily, my anxiety not to delay Dudley and the others in the rush for the ferry keeping my tired limbs moving. Absolutely clapped out, I arrived back at the campsite to find that they had struck the tent and packed the car. I changed into dry clothes, shoved my gear in the boot, tumbled into the car and we drove off. What an end to a fantastic trip!

#### Detackling from the Bottom to Camp1.

(By Andy Ive)

The crazy thing is, we actually volunteered for the job! Oh well, we won't do it again! After our respective telephone laying, and photographic trips, we gathered our bits and pieces and what was left of our determination, and headed for the cave at about 4p.m. on Friday evening.

An uneventful two hour trip down to Camp1 was followed by a night's sleep. I foolishly slept in my wetsuit... more about that later. We set off for the bottom at about 9a.m. and reached the sump in about three hours. Here we turned back and set to work on the derigging and the problems commenced.

'Hurricane' and 'Little Monkey' took almost six hours in total to derig and haul up all the gear. The main difficulty was that the amount of room at the top of 'Hurricane' gave no security or grip to the derigger. 'Little Monkey', interesting at the best of times, taxed our brains a bit, but Bill Brooks climbed the traverse in epic style and cleared the pitch completely.

The rest of us sat and froze for some hours, using space blankets and/or the £30 polybags with a lamp inside to try and keep warm. Pete Hart even set fire to his, to show how warm it was! Eventually two people set off out with rucksacs full of gear to Camp2. The others detackled the intermediate pitches and cascades and joined them for a brew. The time was now 10p.m. on Saturday.

Warmed and reinvigorated by the brew, we continued towards Camp1 with some folk acting as sherpas, some as deriggers, and some as both. By the time that we neared Camp1, we met another party which had come to help us with the gear....a most welcome sight! We all arrived at Camp1 by 2a.m. where five of us stayed another night. I set off with the other party carrying gear to dump at Aldo's for the next detackling group. I surfaced at about 6a.m. and the others emerged at around midday. Most of my skin came off with the rash and sores brought on by an allergic reaction to neoprene, but otherwise we managed quite well. Six seems to be the minimum number of people for the particular function that we fulfilled. A most enjoyable trip was had by all.