

## NOTTS II

2 be or Notts 2 be? That was the question.

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13th September 2008

People present - Mike Skyrme, Mike White, Alex Ritchie, Claudia Bordogna.

Weather – Damp and miserable but better on exit.

A grey start to the day saw the group meet up in the usual place for a bite to eat before heading back along the A65 to Cowan Bridge and up onto a decidedly bleak Leck Fell. No hassle parking as we were the only vehicles all day it would seem.



With wisps of cloud swirling across the heather and a fine drizzle to boot, we quickly changed and set off on the long hard slog to the entrance of this marvellous cave.

Picking our way down this large scale version of “Kerplunk”, we soon arrived at the rift. The ladder and lifeline was quickly rigged and the team dispatched down safely. Once down, I led the way on under Mince meat Aven and down through Inlet 13 to the junction with the main stream. Heading upstream through the meandering passage was interspersed with a few oooh’s and ahhh’s

from our Notts 2 novice, as various formations were pointed out.

After a brief pause for the obligatory photograph at the “Black and Whites”, we were soon at Curry Junction. Bearing right and following the main stream, Claudia (for reasons unbeknown to the rest of us) decided to completely immerse herself in the cold water, much to our amusement LOL. Whether she was testing her new wetsuit or quickly wanted baptised in case anything nasty happened, we’ll never know.

Inlet 5 soon appeared and we left the main stream to continue our quest to the extension. I do like Inlet 5 especially as you emerge through the crawl at the end into the chamber. Clambering up the slope to Alex’s impromptu safety whitherings, we were careful to ensure no slippages occurred due to the ugly and extremely sharp looking flake of rock jutting out at the bottom (slightly higher than you can tip toe and just waiting to perform a bollockectomy to the unwary). Once at the top unscathed we took a little breather as camera and flashes were sorted.

Wallowing through the liquid mud, Claudia’s verbal tirade on the disgusting nature of this particular passage faded as I began to think of the dilemma that the original explorers must have been faced with, in order to make further progress. It must have been heart wrenching having to smash a passage through the delicate straws, but the spoils they found beyond must have gone some way towards lifting their spirits.



Beyond Inlet 5, the way on to the extension is a clamber over muddy rocks before slithering into a muddy tube. Hands and knees crawling with brief (and I mean brief) periods where you can stoop followed by a short flat out (but not tight) shuffle brings you to a junction with a major passage – The extension.

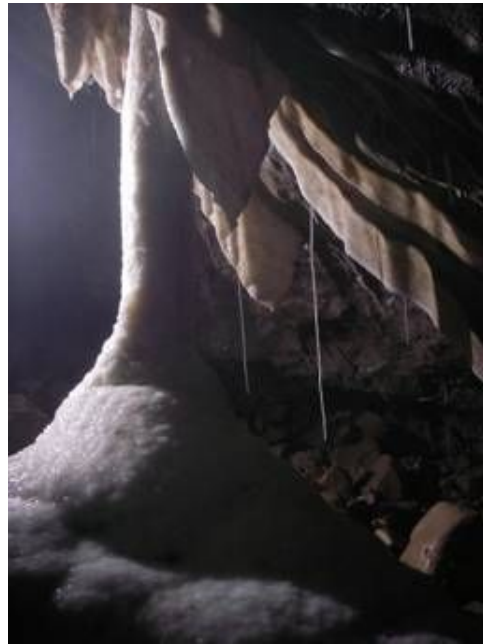
At this point Alex was cut loose and dispatched up the many side passages to look for evidence of

further progress since our last visit earlier in the year. Mike W and Claudia remained to assist photography by holding flashes and posing with the beautiful formations.

As is usual with photography trips, it wasn't long before some began to feel the cold and with Alex returning without news of further breakthroughs, we began to make our way back.

The return to the surface was uneventful (unless you class Alex free climbing the rift, only to request the lifeline (which incidentally had been derigged LOL) for the last 3 feet as being noteworthy)) we emerged into a different day altogether. Blue sky and sun abounded making changing a little more pleasurable before heading off the fell to partake in the usual post cave p\*\*s take over refreshments at the Whoop Hall.

All in all a muddy good day!



*Mike Skyrme*

*A [Black Rose Caving Club](#) trip report.*