

VOLDEMORT HOLE / NOTTS II

Aha, the Dark Lords hole!

Date : 7th August 2010

Present : Mike (whinger) White, Chris (laughing boy) Kelly, Rob (leave em to it) Santus, John (where did he get to) Gardner, Mike (sat nav) Skyrme. Guest appearances by Andy & Sandy Morton

Weather : It's Leck Fell...

After being asked to arrange a trip to Notts 2 for the Morton's, a permit was obtained which saw a team of seven meet up in Inglesport before heading onto Leck Fell for fun and games.

A plan was hatched for Mike W and I to escort the Morton's down the usual Committee Pot entrance whilst Rob, Chris and John were to descend via Voldemort, with an exchange of sorts occurring when we met at some point in the main stream.

Assisted by vague directions from Mr Ramsay and the "hawk like" eyes of John, the concealed entrance to Voldemort was soon located and the three were dispatched into the unknown.

A tramp back to Committee Pot showed that little action had taken place since I dumped the tackle bag some 15mins or so beforehand – the three of em preferring to lounge around in the sun and chew the fat rather than making a start LOL.

I left the others to guide Sandy through the maze of scaffolding and ladders and made my descent to rig the final pitch. After a few wobbly moments for Sandy at various points, they eventually joined me at the pitch head before being lined down to the floor of Inlet 13.

Once down, Mike W and I donned SRT kits and had a mooch up the 2 ropes that drop into Mincemeat Aven, the down passage one probably showing why the aven is so called – one slip and a hell of a lot of boulders will start a rapid descent to make mincemeat out of anyone unfortunate enough to be at the bottom of the pitch.

Dropping out of Inlet 13, we decided to follow the water to the downstream sump. However, water levels dictated that we never went further than the last drop to the sump.

Heading back upstream we soon met with Rob and Chris who were both full of enthusiasm about Voldemort. John, it would seem, decided enough was enough at some point approaching the final pitch and headed out.

At the nick point Rob had a scurry up into Estonia on our recommendation, whilst Chris continued to enthuse about Voldemort – this was getting weirder by the minute especially when he said there was no way he was going out that way hmmm.

A decision was made for Chris to take Andy and Sandy as far as Curry Junction to have a look at the pretties before escorting them out, whilst Rob would accompany Mike W and I on our exit via Voldemort.

Mike W was sent up Oliver Lloyd aven first, followed by Rob, with me electing to derig. After a good dowsing due to a missing deviation, we were soon at the top and into the long and seemingly never ending (much to Mike W's dismay) crawling back to the 3rd pitch. Part way along this, I

recalled John's earlier words of not fancying muddy crawling and getting wet and my retort about Voldemort likely being one of Mr Ramsay's usual squalid digs.

Rob said he was heading straight out if we were going to have a look at the pretties and with that, he was gone – fair enough I reckoned LOL. However, some minor route finding issues at the top of the 2nd pitch saw us both on the wrong side of the shaft poking around in a horrible muddy tube.

Eventually we decided that the way on had to be over the other side. So haphazardly, we swung/grappled/flapped our way to the opposite side of the pitch and up the slope to see the rope for the first pitch not 10m in front of our eyes.

With mutterings from Mike W about not being a**ed to see the pretties, I dumped my SRT kit and dropped down to have a look. Much oohing and ahing soon had the inquisitive White behind me to have a look for himself, eventually agreeing that it had been worth dropping his kit, yet again, to see such things.

Back at the 1st pitch, we donned kit again and with Mike ascending and me derigging made our way to the top of the pitch. More moaning followed as Mike realised that more crawling was required. At the top of the scaffolded climb, Mike's vociferous misery was curtailed in mid flow as he heard Rob (leave em to it) Santus enquiring where the hell we had been LOL.

Emerging from the entrance into sunshine, we looked like we were staggering from the battlefields of the Somme. All in all a great trip. The Morton's enjoyed what they saw and so did we LOL

Mike Skyrme