



2013 - Z Mig Na Kuk

A new stage of exploration opened with 2013. The major connection between System Migovec

A mysterious companion

20-7-13

Tetley 5.30pm Smooth journey down with Sam. Good to be back for the 5th year that there's been a camp at X-ray - like the other X-ray it's hard to shut down! The camp looks as nice as ever... Off soon to push leads in Milky Way.

Sam Back down at X-ray. Lovely as ever, it's strange how more comfortable I fell down here than I did on my first visit last year. The whole procedure of getting/leaving here is much less daunting than before and indeed we are soon off caving having drank tea and eaten smash. I'm looking forward to sleeping all the comf, currently residing behind me, later tonight.

21-7-13

Sam 4.20am Eating and drinking back at camp at this ungodly hour. I have no idea which train, if any, we are currently riding...Arrived back at camp close to an hour ago after pushing the pitch and consequent rift at the end of Milky Way, which is BEETLE JUICE. My last pushing trip last year had been to Milk Way and myself and Clare had poked our heads over a promising looking pitch under a load of boulders, which has then been rigged and descended with a rift at the bottom which had been left last year. Tetley slightly rerigged the pitch (basically backing up and avoiding the water). At the bottom there was indeed a rift leading off. This seemed fairly promising and soon came another pitch above which Tetley bolted and rigged a y-hang at the bottom of which...Beetle Juice died :(There was a 'vertical fault crack' (thanks Tetley) on either side of the pitch bottom bringing our pushing trip to an end and probably making us both the first and last people to ever set foot there. Still, added metres shouldn't be sniffed at and according to Tetley Beetle Juice might necessitate some slight altering of the survey. Fatigue started to set in towards the end of the night wore on and my patience was definitely pushed whilst descending Apollo, truly the worst thing ever. Plan now is to sleep until who knows when and then go push elsewhere (Atlantis?) later on. We're not expecting to share camp with anyone else over the course of our stay which is probably a good thing considering out messed up timetable. Thanks Tetley for a great day (and night...).

Though your protestation of me doing the breaking may not be borne by my aching body.

[Ed - No idea]

Tetley 5.00am A great day's caving - my first without glasses! Longer than I bargained for... more after sleep. Listening to one of Clare's great playlists, full of tea, noodles and smash. Whiskey now and glorious sleep (55 metres surveyed today).

Beetle Juice—Atlantis

- Sam Page
- James 'Tetley' Hooper

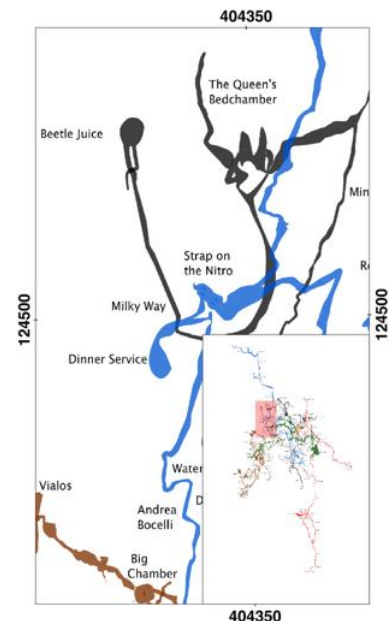


Figure 13: Beetle juice and the Milky Way area (black) lie close to the connection between Vrt-narija and Sistem Migovec — Slovenian National Grid EPSG 3794

Sam 2.55pm Just woke up after a great and long nights sleep. Time truly has no meaning down here...

Tetley 4.00pm It's amazing that we're now living in a 25+km long system - the result of 39 years of pushing by JSPDT and 19 years by IC³. The Apollo climb was an awesome pitch, I was truly impressed - it's also now a truly horrible pitch, it should be rerigged if it becomes a 'trade route'. Writing of connections, a 'super action' is going on now to connect Monatip to the system, hopefully this one will prove easier than the M2-Captain K effort that after years of toil, never (to date!) occurred!

Tetley 4.35pm Just listened to 'Come on Baby Light my Fire' - while burning toilet paper in the new 'toilet paper burner' - a great addition to our facilities! P.S. Sadly fairy lights not working :(but I like the coat hangers :-)!

Tetley 6.00pm Morning rituals, ablution etc. completed (including two episodes of Blackadder naturally). Getting changed now to head off to Atlantis.

Sam 6.02pm Oh man, getting changed will be cold!

22-7-13

Sam 8.40am Just back from our trip and I am ever so slightly broken... More Importantly, WE ARE NOT ALONE! Me and Tetley saw a fucking animal at Hawaii. It was some sort of mix between a rat and a squirrel, black with a long fluffy black tail. Something like this. [Crude drawing of squirrel rat goes here] After I sat down I turned my head and it was just there. My first reaction was to ask Tetley "What is THAT?"; his first reaction was to scream as it moved and ran away. I probably watched it for around ten seconds before it disappeared. Where did it come from to end up at -800m!?! Does this mean there is an entrance somewhere around there. How could it get to where we were; it looked like it was moving well yet was spooked by us. We too were spooked by it. Surely it and more of it's kind don't live down here with us? First action when back on the surface is to find out if such a creature exists. P.S. Creature Theories

- 1. Saber brought it down in a cage and released it
- 2. It came from outside
- 3. Tetley and Sam had a mad hallucinogenic trip
- 4. An alien invasion of Sys Mig
- 5. A creature to revolutionise all known biology - where does it get its light/food from???
- 6. Magic

According to Tetley Hawaii is nowhere near the surface. WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK DID WE SEE!!!

Tetley 9.50am Firstly before I forget. HAPPY BIRTHDAY PETE from Camp X-Ray !!!! Earlier today I said Mig gives up its secrets slowly but at around 3.40am I saw the creature at Hawaii previously described. I have

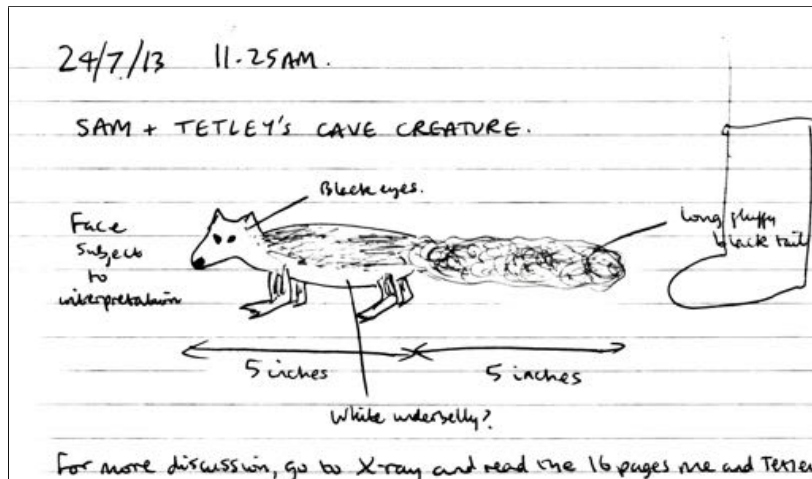


Figure 14: The creature spotted by Sam and Tetley, drawn in the 2013 scanned logbook — scanned, from Sam Page

NO RATIONAL EXPLANATION... IT must have come from outside...but how????? Hawaii is about 120m east and 750m below the entrance to M16. Now sleep, glorious sleep....

Tetley 7.30pm

So our trip yesterday... a smooth journey down to Hawaii. Stuck in Paradise is much much better than when I first went down but still somewhat muddy and loose. Sam's first trip to this part of the cave. We had vitaminski tea and hot fish sandwiches. Went to push HASH, added 25m (Sam described this earlier). The leas isn't great but it is still draughting and going. We then went to see the nice stal at Atlantis, very pretty! Back to Hawaii for tea...Sam was ahead of me and as I neared Hawaii said, with I detected a slight anxious tone in his voice, "Tetley, tetley look at this". I was thinking maybe he was watching a spider or something...I approached and there to my surprise (to put it mildly) was a rat type creature. It moved! I screamed!. What! Why? How? We had some ginger cake (leaving some for the creature), also had some vitaminski tea. Dumbfounded we headed back to camp/ I had the previously mentions explosive shit on ledge after Kamikaze breakthrough point. Also of note, I bought, for £40 or so, a non-Petzl chest jammer a month ago. It's shit, the rope doesn't pull though and it's very hard to open. This is the first and last trip that I will use it. Hope journey out isn't too frustrating with this crap piece of equipment. Caveat Emptor indeed! Talking of Petzl, as a boy I read his tales of cave exploration, also the stories of Dent de Crolles, PSM, Gouffre Berger etc. Looking now at the survey of our 25km system (hopefully now 30km+ if Primadona/Monatip has now connected in) it really is amazing, truly amazing, that we've a tale and a cave of similar magnitude! I'm feeling sleepy again so I'll spare you my musing on love/relationships...

Tetley 11.58pm P.S. it's still just Sam and me here and we've still got 36 hours to our callout...I think more dossing/sleeping is on the cards!

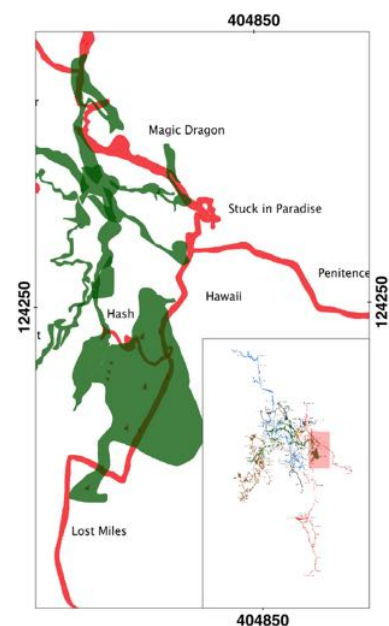


Figure 15: *Hawaii* lies at the junction between the two horizontal galleries *Penitence* and *Lost Miles* which head east and south respectively — Slovenian National Grid EPSG 3794



Figure 16: *Hawaii* is at least 1km away from the outer surface in the horizontal plane - our current hypothesis is that the small mammal is a dormouse who entered somewhere below the Sheperd's Hut and made its way along the horizontal passages leading to *Hawaii* eg. *Atlantis*— scanned, from Sam Page

23-7-13

Tetley 4.40am After 17 hours with only the sound of the stream and Sam's breathing I felt the need for some tea! Decided to listen to Rum Doodle...the episodes on the player are not in the right order - the correct order is 4,1,2,5,3. We're low on sugar and have no champagne - lassitude sickness perhaps.

Sam 5.20am Been at x-ray for an awfully -wrong word- brilliantly long time now. I don't expect I would have been able to sleep for 17 hours on the surface. 3 days of just Tetley and I (plus our mysterious creature still preoccupying our thoughts) - where have all the cavers gone? Presumably the connection with Monatip/B12/the Bivvy have proven too distracting. Plan is to head out at some point today, as long as we are out for sunset. Before that, food, more sleep, Rum Doodle, Blackadder....good times.

Sam 5.40am Tet's gone all philosophical...

Tetley 6.10am 6 billion people on the planet and no-one can have had a weekend like the one Sam and I had! Now eating cheesy, soupy, fishy, smash (classic! with - and highly recommended - fresh onion. More Rum Doodle, Black Adder, sleep now...

Tetley 10.30am After some more sleep (basically 24 hours in bed with food, tea, cigarette, shitting breaks) we've stirred again. Used an old peanut choco and an old Double Decker to make a tasty hot choc in the small pan. I've started to think of the surface, the sun, sitting round



Figure 17: Adult *Glis Glis* from Mt. Kocevski Rog, Slovenia — photo courtesy of A Kryštufek

the bivvy fire etc. We've decided against a 3rd days pushing and will certainly be out before sunset. I think the Imodium has worked (touch rock!). Yet again we've discussed the numerous scientific, philosophical and psychological questions posed by our sighting of the creature.

- What was it?
- How did it get there?
- Did we really see it? (Yes, we both agree)

More about the edible dormouse *Glis Glis*

General characters of the dormouse The edible dormouse *Glis Glis* is the largest of its genus and has the appearance of a squirrel. Both sexes are roughly the same size with a body of length averaging 15.3cm, and tail measuring 12.5cm (Kryštufek, 2001). Its pelage consist of a soft underfur, mixed with coarser, longer guard hairs along the back. The fur ranges from grey-brown to smoke-grey and is darkest along the spine. The underparts are white to pale buff, and the transition is clearly defined. The tail has the same colour as the back, albeit darker.

distribution *Glis Glis* is widespread in the deciduous western, central and southeastern Europe except near the Atlantic and North sea coasts. It is found from sea level to the upper margins of deciduous and mixed forests, at elevations of up to 2000m in the

Pyrenees (Spitzenberger et al., 2001). The edible dormouse, very widespread in Slovenia (Kryštufek, 1991) is a nocturnal arboreal rodent which uses tree hollows, as well as burrows to breed. Their occurrence in caves has been known about for centuries (von Valvasor et al., 1994), as Slovene hunters caught the fat dormice outside *polšine*, very small entrances (5 -10cm diameter) to larger cave systems, where the rodents are found to nest and hibernate (Scaravelli and Bassi, 1995).

occurrence in caves Dormice commonly occur in caves of the Slovene Dinaric karst, a mountainous area covered with a mixture of beech (*Fagus Sylvatica*) and fir (*Abieti-fagetum dinaricum*) forests (Polak, 1997).

- Can the scientifically impossible actually occur? (I don't want to believe this)
- Our mutual reaction to the creature and it's implications.
- How will the other cavers react?

Tetley 11.35am The time has come to go... Final brew on the stove, will soon change into furry. Thanks for the great company Sam, an unforgettable camp at X-Ray, only 80m surveyed but good caving, good fun, good dossing and a probably once in a lifetime/unique encounter. Looking forward to a good sesh round the fire, bowels ok. Hope chest jammer not too irksome. Good caving and pushing to the teams that follow - and I hope you find reading the logbook a good read!

Sam Starting the inevitable crawl towards the surface...it'll be good to be back on the top after a long - but brilliant- time underground. Cheers Tetley for great caving/dossing. I apologise for my grouchy, grumpy side that seems to come out towards the end of every pushing trip...but camp soon puts things right. Towards the orb!

Tetley 12.55pm Out now for sun, sunset etc. Two beers await on the surface! Thanks again Sam.

Sam 1.00pm 'Til next time, X-ray!

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Jailbreak

- Rhys Tyers
- Dave Kirkpatrick
- Christ Keeley
- Dave Wilson
- Pete Hambley

Discovery of Jailbreak

A group of us were meandering across the western edge of the plateau. Dewi and Dave had been poking in all the B series of the holes. I had my fair share of being inserted into exactly Rhys shaped holes, a couple of which went further than my body length.

It was sunny, we were happy to be in the open air. As we neared the cliff in an inconspicuous valley I spot a couple of small holes right next to each other. Peering in they immediately join up, the pillar in the center forming a single bar, barring our entrance (ha). Beyond a dusty body sized tube invited us in. We each had a go with the hammer. Trying to chip at the solid rock bar. Chris Keeley steps up and from somewhere deep within unleashes the power of Thor. Thousands of hours of metal music and the power of long forgotten Norse mythology flowing through his long golden hair. He screams and attacks the rock, again and again and again. Within a few minutes its gone, all that's left are two sharpish protrusions and a lot of rock flour littering the grassy bank.

As the most sinous caver present (that had his caving kit) I am given the honour of inserting myself first. It's a helmet off affair. Slither, slither, cough, cough, fuck thats dusty. I pop out into a swiss cheese chamber. Lots of little holes leading off. Most die very quickly. Through one, 30cm in diameter, there is daylight and Dewi gets a photo of me in there. One is very interesting though. Drawing a small draft I follow it and it drops, 90 degrees downwards. Gosh, a pitch. Could it go?

We return later. Me, DKP and Chris Keeley. I place a bolt or two, so does DKP. DKP descends first. The pitch, beautifully white and clean, we call *Isengard*. I ask how it looks.

"Ummmmmm.....you should come down here"

Are there sweeter words to hear when caving? That unspoken divulgence that there is something indescribable or something better left to your own eyes to see. I bomb down the pitch and scramble up the bouldery passage at the bottom to join DKP. He is standing on the edge, where the passage intersects a large chamber. Nice! Chris Keeley joins us and we excitedly bumble down into the chamber.

There are a series of chambers in fact, joined by low sections. To the South they head upwards and veer towards to the cliff face. The floor get closer to the ceiling. There are a couple of 2m deep holes in the floor, nearly the size of the chamber, leaving just a ledge around the edge to climb around on. At the end the floor reaches near the ceiling and further passage is choked with choss. Through a crack in the wall you can perhaps see a smidgen of daylight.

We climbed down into a couple of the holes, most have nothing of interest in. One has a narrow bedding plain that you can crawl further into. We would spend a little while on a subsequent trip trying to dig this without much success.

Heading North from where we originally dropped in, a low pebbly crawl brings you into another large chamber. The floor is rocks and boulders



(a)



(b)



(c)

and they dip towards the center, maybe a dig? At the far end a drip has carved a narrow tube downwards next to the wall. We have a poke at it. And its got a few rocks blocking the way. On a subsequent trip we set up a rather elaborate (read basic) hauling system and move a huge rock out of there. Down 6m or so a floor is reached and an impossibly tight bedding plain heads off.

We name our find *The Barrows* due to it's dead nature. Who knows there might be more but it's so close to the cliff that any small ways on seem to have been shattered and filled with choss.

Figure 18: *a* After frantic bashing at the entrance squeeze Rhys attempts to break into the cave. *b* Rhys inserting himself through the entrance squeeze *c* At the bottom of Isengard pitch in the Barrows

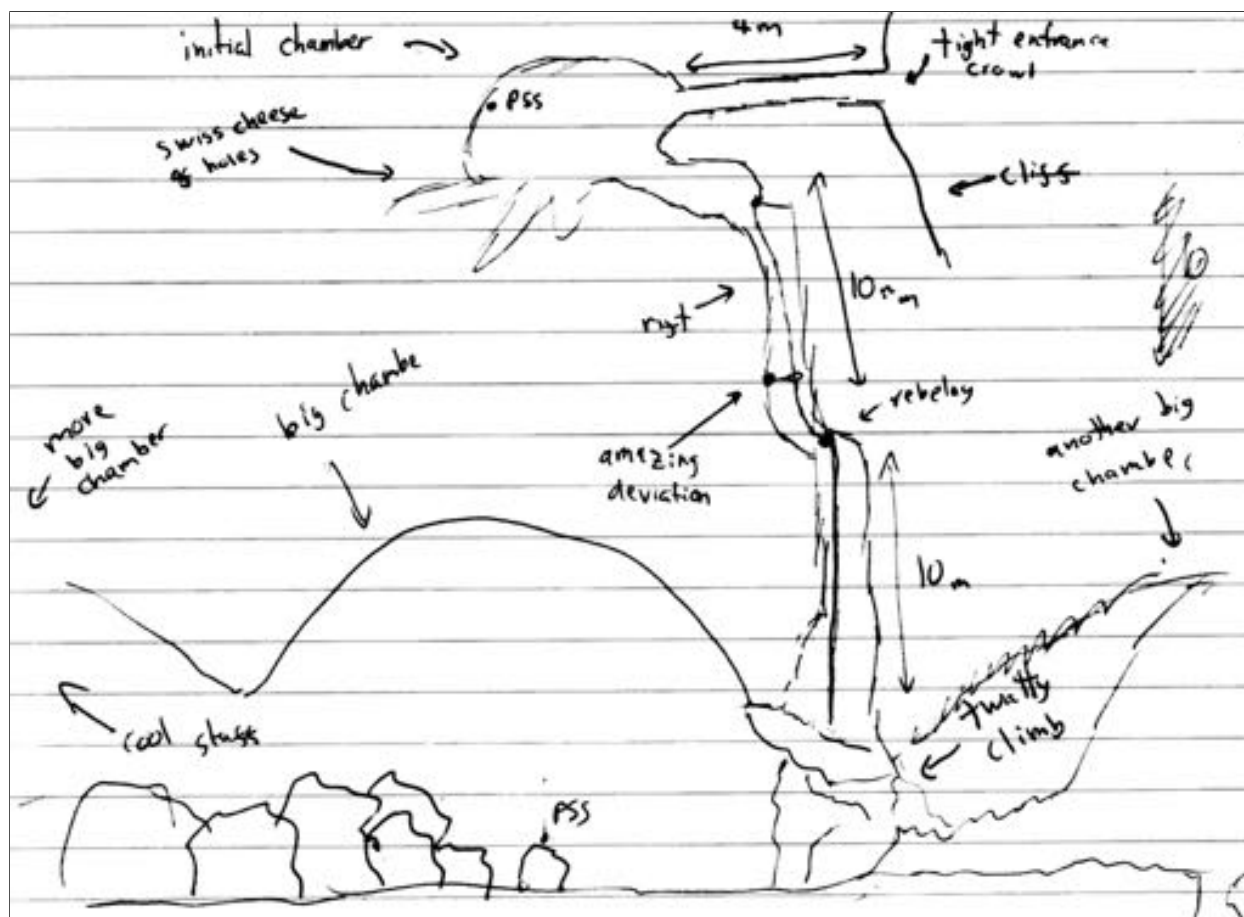


Figure 19: An extended elevation of Jailbreak cave, drawn in the 2013 scanned logbook — scanned, from Rhys Tyers

Rhys Tyers

Bivi

• Sam Page

A storm hits the mountain

After threatening to rain all morning, when the wind and rain finally came, it left destruction in its wake, ripping through the bivvy and knocking down tents. I risked a visit to the pit and having trouble enough lighting the paper when the great rain hit. I briefly tried crawling under the corrugated iron, but it was grim and wet so I desperately scrambled back to the *casino*, getting drenched in the process.

I subsequently danced in my pants to an album of Kate Nash, really outdoing my gayness. At times, it felt as if the tent would take off, but it didn't. At some point, an extra tent appeared in our porch. To happily spend an hour or two in your tent, I recommend trying to tune in to Radio Kiss Kiss, FM something. Eventually, the rain ceased and I quickly returned to the bivvy, where Kate, Dave and Saber were merrily making music. If the weather is ok, I thought I might go to Tolmin soon: it hit me strongly when Tetley told me I looked rough.

Sam Page

Bingo Granny Song

CHORUS:

Be do, be do, be do, be do,
 Be do, be do, be do, be do,
 Be do, be do, be do, be do,
 Bingo Granny Song!

Bingo Granny, she had a pet bunny
 Bingo Granny, she didn't have much money, but
 Bingo Granny, she didn't really care, she could
 Always go to Bingo !

(Chorus)

Bingo Granny, in the Bingo Hall,
 Dressed up smart, like she thinks its a Ball,
 Bingo Granny, got to get that big win,
 A packet of fags, and a bottle of gin!

(Chorus)

Bingo Granny took the bunny one day,
 To see if he had what it took to play, but
 Bingo Granny, she wasn't too wise, the
 Bunny ran off to become the big prize!

(Chorus)

Bingo Granny, she searched everywhere,
 She couldn't find him, not even a hair but
 When she went out he was there at the door,

in a top hat a cigar in his paw

(Chorus)

Now Harry the bunny he was such a star,
People came to see him from near and a-far
Bingo Granny she was no longer poor,
So she could go to Bingo much more.

(Chorus)



Figure 19: Storm clouds gather over the Triglav massif before rolling over to Migovec — Tanguy Racine

Leads in the Labyrinth

Despite much planning and scheming over the course of the year Oli and I had conspicuously managed to avoid caving with each other for most of the expo. With just a few days to go before derig we finally decided to put our plans into action. On a night train of course.

Oli and I were quick and slick down the entrance series. We caught up with Chris K and co just before camp. We overtook and geared up in the staging area in friendship gallery. With an inappropriate feeling of optimism we packed the drill, gearing up for a big pitch series. Oli had spun wild tales of bottomless pitches and caverns measureless to man. Based on my previous experience of Yorkshire and it's continuations, I was doubtful. I found it hard to believe that the tight, thrutchy rift would develop into anything other than tight thrutchy rift but perhaps it would break into the master system and the mystery of Mig would solved.

We snuck past the sleeping cavers in camp. Our gear clanked loudly and our swearing echoed loudly as we climbed over the awkward mud wall beyond camp. Following friendship gallery to the end, past the Big Rock turning, brings you to a boulder strewn chamber. Somewhere here is a dug route downwards. It's long and sinuous and impresses upon you the lack of fear the Jana and co (the diggers) had. A couple of small chambers, and a big drippy pitch bring you to an immature streamway. Do not follow the water, climb above the water chamber (Tetley and I had followed the water previously down far too much grim immature stream, still a lead though).

Then it's just a matter of following the thrutchy vadose passage. Occasionally Oli led me into a dry meander that would then rejoin the streamway again. I don't think anyone has followed the stream all the way down, so who know's if there's anything off there. At some point there's an interesting climb down into the stream again where you cross over the rift and double back. There's also a small section with a quite a few dry passages heading off the supposedly Saber and Oli thoroughly explored.

Once at the limit of exploration Oli coaxed me forwards, to the head of the 'bottomless' pitch. Gently I edged forwards until I could see down, all of perhaps 10 metres to the floor. Oli assures me that his previous claim was misremembering and not in fact a trick to lure me to his pet shit lead. Still, though not deep, the passage bellowed out into a middling sized chamber. With a big bag full of equipment we barely knew how to use there was nothing to stop us. Oli retrieved the drill, clipped in the drill bit, attached the battery and set to work tunneling a new home for our shiny raul bolts.

Slinging in the Rain

- Rhys Tyers
- Oliver Myerscough



Figure 20: Rhys Tyers stands at the summit of Vhr Na Skrbino — Rhys Tyers

Quite a while later, with no progress, and after several attempts at drilling in various spots Oli me what he thought the problem could be. Super hard rock? A blunt drill bit? Maybe he wasn't pushing the drill hard enough. I pondered. "You've got the drill in reverse" I offer. We swap places and with the drill rotating in the correct direction I try again. I successfully drill a hole and place a bolt but carelessly hammer it on so that the end deforms and I can't get the nut on. So much for that. Frustrated and itching to get down the pitch we scanned the surrounding rock. We located a nodule of rock sufficiently large to ab off (but not too large as to make you overconfident in its abilities as an anchor, that too would be a mistake) and a second, further back in the passage. We gave each a fetching green nylon choker, attached our ropes and I headed down.

Unfortunately our carefully chosen anchors placed me perfectly under the small stream that we'd been following all the way from Yorkshire. I scrambled desperately at the wall and clawed my way out of the water. I looked around. I wanted a nodule, flake, a stal, anything for a deviation. Smooth walls offered me nothing but glistening reflections. I was however gripping a small crack in the wall. I tied an overhand in both ends of a sling, rethreaded one (for a krab) and inserted the other end of the sling into the crack and pulled it, till the single overhand was wedged. I clipped the krab above me and carefully loaded my crack deviation. It held.

At the bottom it became apparent that we were just on a ledge. The ledge was flat and washed clean. A 5m by 5m by 15m deep hole was in front of us, large boulders perched precariously above it. Across the hole, at the same height as the ledge was a crawl going off. To the right was a crack, filled with boulders, descending into the shaft. Up from the crack a small hole led off. A crawl can be seen heading off but looks a little immature. We headed back and began thinking about how to get down the pitch. Oli decided it would be incredibly dangerous to attempt to descend the pitch without proper gardening first. I suspect he just wanted to push big boulders down the pitch. He pushed a couple, varying from the classic TV sized boulder to some approaching human size. They went down with a spectacular bang. He was right though, it didn't take much to push them down. He went for another one. I winced expecting the loud crash but nothing came. The two Oli sized boulder had become wedged on the edge of the lip and the far wall (there was a sort of corner with the crack). On the near side it was stuck on a tiny protrusion from the wall. I tried to hit it with a hammer but it was surprisingly solid. We looked at each other. There was no way we could descend with this death hanging above us.

Oli decided to solve this problem as he solves all his problems. He started throwing rocks at the rock. Gradually the rock inched



Figure 21: Rigging one of the new finds in Monatip— Iztok Mozir

further downwards. Each thrown rock budging it down another few millimetres. Eventually it fell. It was a close thing to as we were running out of rocks to 'garden' with.

We looked about for some good rock to bolt in but found none. Eventually we squeezed into the crack and found some suitable naturals to descend on. At the bottom we landed on what had been a clean flat floor, now littered with the remains of our gardening. The water trickled ahead into stooping passage and very quickly sumped. It was very pretty, all blue green against nice white rock but it wasn't what we were hoping for. We climbed back up.

Going up the crack there was a small passage. We crawled up this a way until it brought us out in a small chamber with some water trickling from 5 or so metres above us. It might be possible to free climb this but you'd probably want to bolt it. Back down again and we turned our eyes to the final lead, the crawl across the other side of the chamber.

We edged our way round placing bolts wherever the rock had the fewest fractures. We were hand bolting by this point having become frustrated with our ineptitude with the drill. 3 or 4 bolts brought us safely into the crawl. Down the sandy abandoned phreatic we came to a point where two boulders blocked the way. We tried moving them but they wouldn't budge. Beyond, the crawl continues likely bypassing the perched sump. A bit of capping or even feather and wedging would get you past.

Back at camp we collapsed. I awoke 12 hours later and tried to cajole Oli into going pushing or maybe even heading out but he was not a man who could be moved. Another 10 hours passed. We were alone, on the last pushing trip of the expo. We got up at 11pm or so, packed up as much as we could to get the f out of there. The next day everyone else would come down to haul the rest of the camp stuff out and the derigger would do the needful. The weather forecast predicted armageddon at 12am. As we packed we realised we could get everything into 5 bags, most of which would be relatively light. So we took 5 bags. Oli took the two heavy ones and I took the three light ones. Another 5 hours and we emerged into the morning light and drizzle. A few bleary faces greet us at the bivvi.

Rhys Tyers

Area S

- Gergely Ambrus

Exploration of Area S

7th August 2013: Yesterday we went to check the draughting holes in Vrtnarija valley that Dave was talking about. We followed the path that Janet and Antonio made. There are three interesting spots we found.

The first one is a vertical fault line, it opens up to a pitch that you wouldn't need a rope to go in. It is about 70cm wide and about 6m high, and then probably drops probably 20m. There is no draught that I could spot. This one is *S5*. Coordinates:

- N 46.25254 , E 13.77087, Altitude: 1627m

Continuing along the path, 150m before reaching the upper Razor-Kal path, on the right side, 6m from the path, a strongly draughting boulder choke is found. The draught is about the same as *S1*; it does need work but it is quite promising! The best looking lead in the area. This one is *S6*. Coordinates:

- N 46.25053, E 13.77094, Altitude: 1570m

Further along the path, just 50m from *S6*, cold air is draughting from between the boulders. This is not really an entrance but it may be dug into something. This one is *S7*. Coordinates:

- N 46.25037, E 13.77139, Altitude: 1560m

The area may be interesting for looking for further leads; there is definitely a good amount of air coming out.

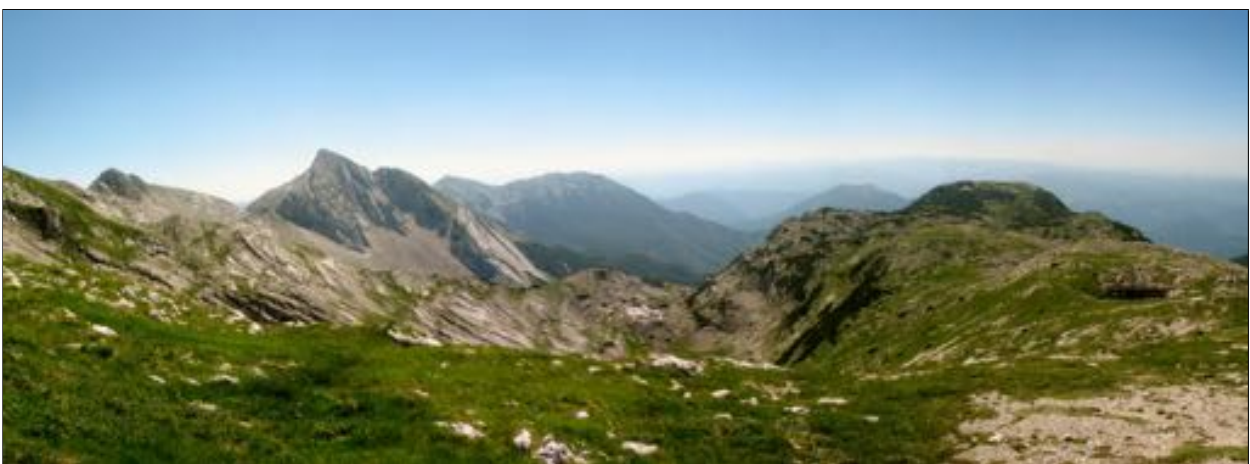
Gergely Ambrus

Figure 22: A panorama of the glacial cirque which makes up the head of Gardener's World valley, the whale bone and the main valley between Migovec and Vhr na Skrbino — Tim Child

*Discoveries big and small in the Hollow mountain**At the end Atlantis*

Pushed Brezno Slapov with Izi last night, it was a great trip. Dropped a couple of pitches to get to a canyon/rift with a stream, followed it and eventually got to a sump. But taking a left turn down and inlet leads to the base of another wet pitch and a continuation of passage, but it was wet and we didn't go on.

Clare Tan

Below Balamory

06/08/2013

Exciting night of pushing yesterday. Clapton pitch is a massive space. Effectively like two shafts right next to each other. We drop the shorter one. Couple of leads at the bottom. One has abedding plane squeeze that stopped Maffi, it follows water to a small pitch, might join up with something off the other half of Clapton. We mainly pushed the other lead, schematic on facing page. It's still open and going. Unfortunately when we started to survey we discovered a crack in the clino glass. Which is why the tentative passage name is now CRACK SHACK [ed. not on page reads "Renamed PICK YOUR POSITION]. There's also a lot of black sandy silt deposition in our passage, plus it's in keeping with the cocaine theme... Going back today to survey waiting for day trainers to arrive, listening to music, writing this to put off pissing....I really like caving and camping underground... P.S. none of the leads were killed during this push!!!!

Clare Tan

07/08/2013

Went back to Clapton yesterday to survey what we found the previous trip 200m added to this year's total. There are so many leads there we called it PICK YOUR POISON. Will be dreaming about it now for the next 11 months... I guess this is now my last few hours in camp. It's been a great expo of caving for me - many thanks to all my pushing/camping partners: Saber, Izi, Rhys and Maffi for the excellent trips and company. Thanks also to all who have camped at X-Ray for the laughs and great conversation. Almost can't believe another expo is drawing to a close...caving-wise I feel thoroughly sa-

Atlantis

- Clare Tan
- Iztok Mozir

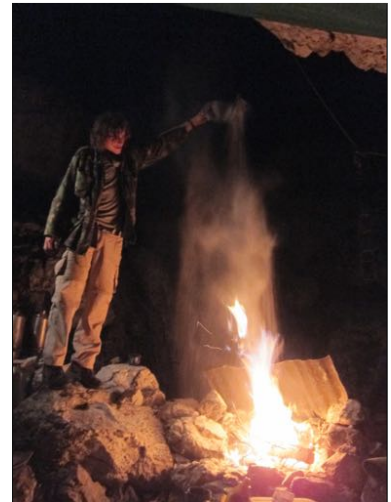


Figure 23: On the last night on top of the mountain, all perishable food is ritually burned as Oliver Myerscough demonstrates with flour— Kate Smith

tiated, but I've enjoyed myself so much that I don't want it to end. Ah well, there's always next year, and the year after, and the year after....I wonder if I'll still be here in 10 years? I should really go to sleep but my body doesn't want to cooperate....Maybe it's time to read Tet's 15 page epic (from earlier in the expo.

Clare Tan

Still no inspiration, I guess Clare Tan has drained out of me even this, nor only all energy, while trying to figure out how to squeeze through those passages we've found. Anyway it is the last day in X-Ray this year. Wish this refuge was open the whole year. Aja! I want to thank Dave Wilson for the hint on Balamory. He made possible the biggest discovery this year! And with this he also gave Erik and me the sensation of pioneers. Thanks Dave! (well this sensation we get every time we push something nice but this one could be compared with findings of Columbus, Marco Polo, Yuri Gagarin :)) Thank you Erik, thank you Clare Tan. Thank you everyone that made Mig adventures possible. Over an out.

Grega Maffi

The story of Hash

July 20th — ‘Yesterday’s trip to Minestrone was a lot of fun. Looked at the little leads going off and Kate’s climb. All became little squeezes with no draught. Except a climb (cairn at base of it) around PSS 21 and PSS 24, which leads to a downward sloping body sized tube which draughts. I went down it a good 5-10m but it seems to go on forever and felt too committing to do without help/rope. *HASH* is a new lead found by Tim on the way back. Around 30-40m down Lost Miles from Hawaii is a climb up on the left hand side. PSS for Hash is at start of climb. Left at draughting body sized crawl as we were short of time.’

Clare Tan

July 22nd — ‘Oh, also, we went and pushed *HASH*, adding around 25 metres to what Tim et al had surveyed previously. Hash is fucking twatty and does continue beyond what we surveyed. Problem, only Tetley could fit through the squeezed just beyond our last survey leg. It was so close, just my shoulders are slightly too

broad..with some tools we could’ve enlarged it but we would have had to gone back through to collect them. Beyond the squeeze, the passage continues upwards into a small chamber, 3m wide, 8m tall with a tight passage continuin off at the top. (all according to Tetley of course). Go push you narrow shouldered people.’

Sam Page

August 1st — ‘I am currently sat in a big silver bag in *Friendship Gallery* with Clare. Today we pushed and killed *Invictus*. It ends in a very tight rift with a puddle. The 20m of passage is named “*RCC Passage of the Year*”. We also pushed *Hash* to a tight chicane crawl thing that is is inadvisable for people bigger than Clare to go down. All in all got about 50m of passage. The silver bag, “Camp Gamma Ray” is very warm grim.’

Rhys Tyers



(a)



(b)



(c)

Figure 24: *a* The cascading steam from Brezno Slapov ends at an ominous sump (-802m) *b* Clare Tan navigates through the stream and canyon passage below Brezno Slapov. *c* Water from the stream passage accumulates in deep pools — Iztok Mozir



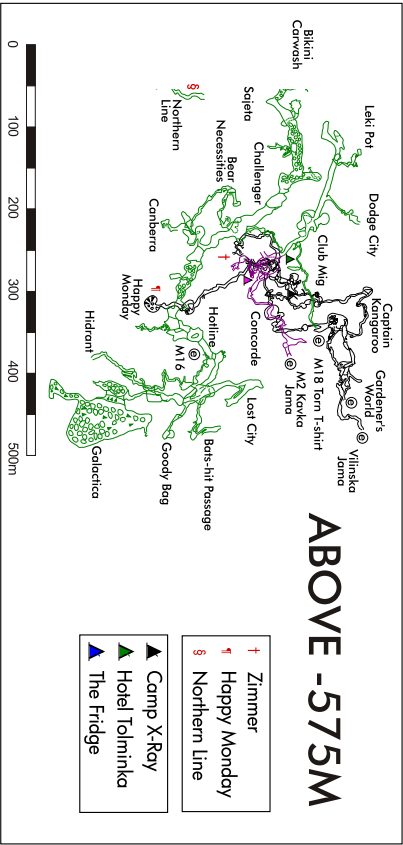
Figure 24: — Tim Child

Number crunching

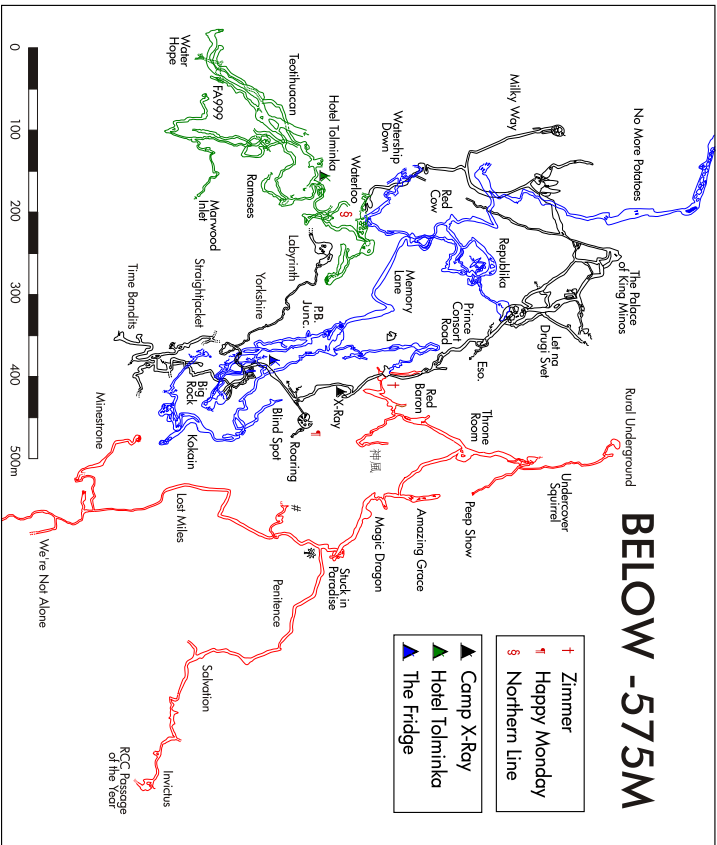
Sector	Passage name	Survey length (m)	Stations	Average leg (m)
Apollo	Apollo Traverse	21.63	5	5.41
	Beetlejuice	55.46	9	6.93
Balamory	Bingo Granny	21.06	5	5.27
	Clapton	51.04	11	5.10
	Kokain Lab	69.8	12	6.35
	Kokain Rute	113.09	21	5.65
	Pick Your Poison	191.66	28	7.10
Kamikaze	Rural Underground	101.29	23	4.60
Lower Pleasures	Curiouser and Curiouser	69.42	15	4.96
	Curiouser and Curiouser 2	35.45	14	2.73
	Slinging in the Rain	86.01	17	5.38
	Labyrinth	95.94	31	3.20
Stuck in Paradise	Hash	39.64	14	3.05
	Hash2	26.07	8	3.72
	Hash3	21.4	9	2.68
	Lethe	138.97	30	4.79
	RCC passage of the year	26.5	7	4.42
	We're not Alone	39.96	7	6.66
Xanadu	500m	15.59	7	2.60
	Cuckoo's Nest	220.73	41	5.52
	Dwarf Pine	33.2	6	6.64
	Hydrophobia	63.42	11	6.34
	Rejuvenation Rift	103.39	29	3.69
	Straightjacket	24.31	11	2.43
	Time Bandits	126.56	22	6.03
	Xanadon't	34.28	12	3.12
Total		1825.87		

MIGOVEC SYSTEM

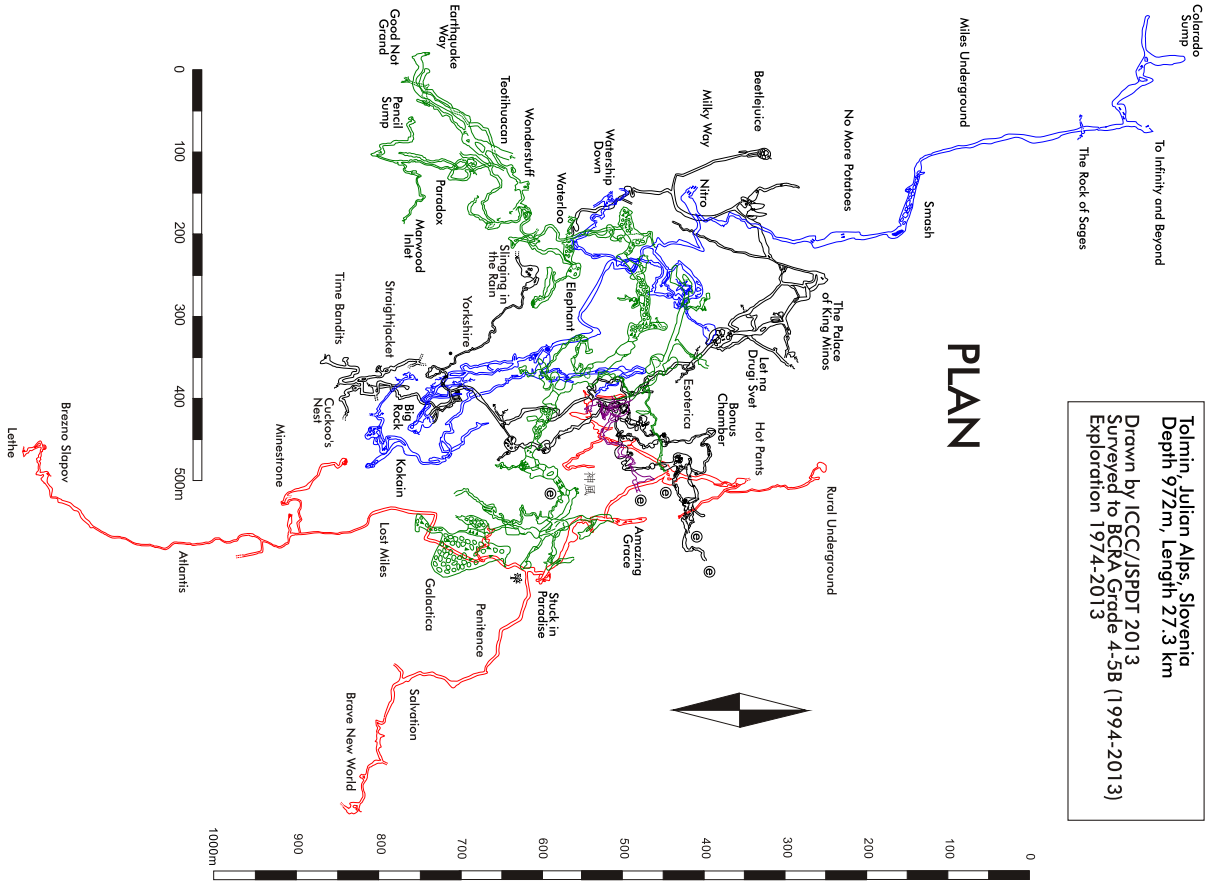
ABOVE -575M



BELOW -575M



PLAN



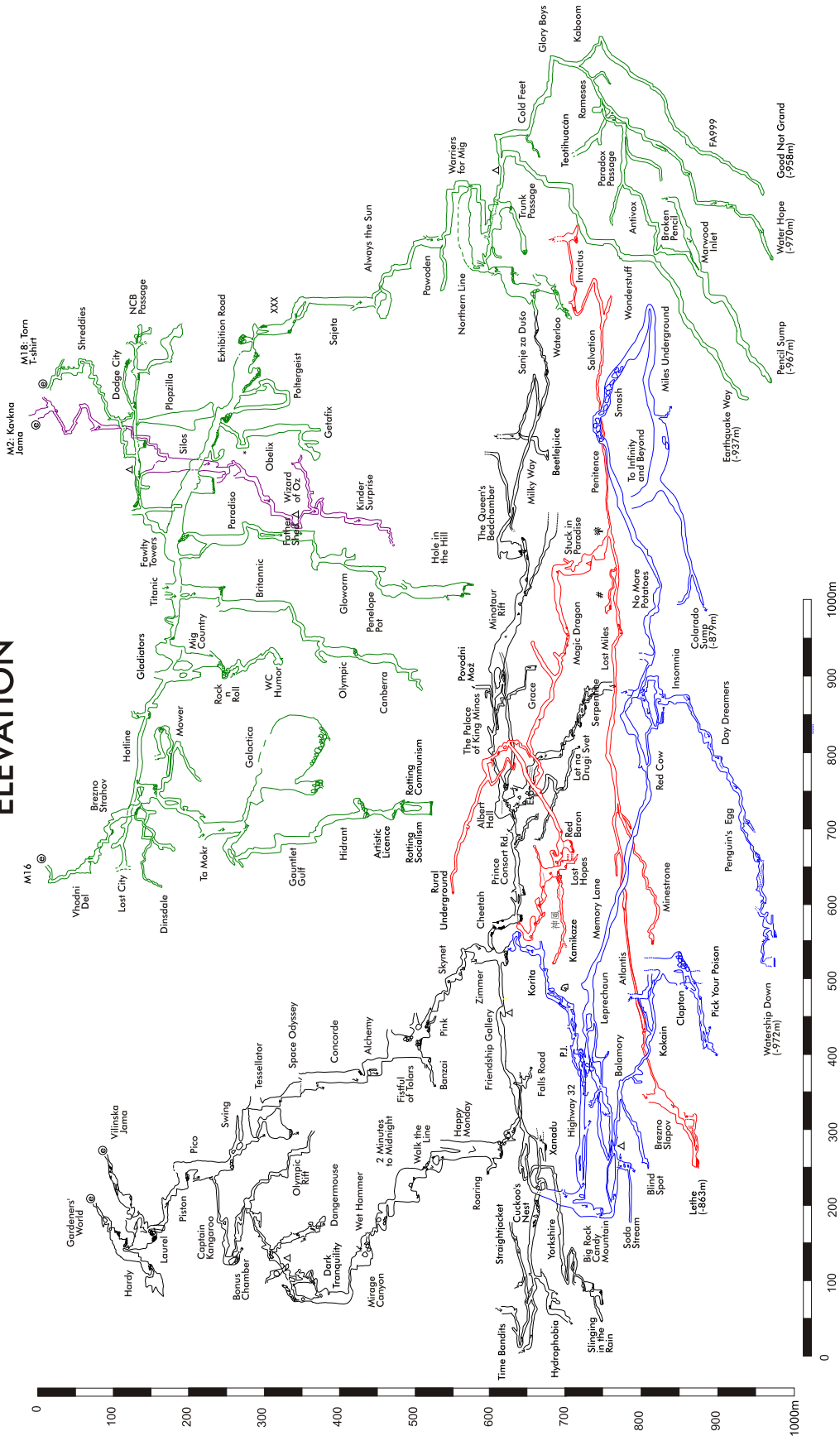
Tolmin-Julian Alps, Slovenia
Depth 972m, Length 27.3 km
Drawn by ICCG/ISPD 2013
Surveyed to BCRA Grade 4-5B (1994-2013)
Exploration 1974-2013

MIGOVEC SYSTEM

Tolmin, Julian Alps, Slovenia
Depth 972m, Length 27.3 km
Drawn by ICCI/SPDT 2013
Surveyed to BCRA Grade 4-5B (1994-2013)
Exploration 1974-2013

M16:	M18 Torn T-shirt:	Gardeners' World:	Vilinska Jama:
Altitude 1857m	Altitude 1840m	Altitude 1779m	Altitude 1779m
Location 540505 / 512381	Location 540503 / 512394	Location 540510 / 512398	Location 540512 / 512408

EXTENDED ELEVATION



In many ways the 2013 expedition was a good expedition

