

Trip Report 12/17/16

Photo Credits: Devin R.

Writing Credits: Anel A. (& chocolate chip cookies)

We met at the Triple T at approximately 8 am MST. Gangstas from 3 ghettos congregated all thuggish ruggish. From Escabrosa: Tom, Matt, and Dave H. From CAG: Devin R., James S., and Anel A. Member of 3 ghettos: Jeff S. Sacrifice to the gods: Jessica P.

We hit the road at a leisurely pace and were in cave and signed in by 10:15 am. At the first pit of doom, some Gs took the high road (Dave, Jessica, Devin?) while others took the low road (definitely me). Destination: that second old gate from the 70s. There was a unique formation found at this point, which I believe is technically called a "handline."

We daintily sauntered over to the first rigged section known as "The Gorge.". James, Jessica, Devin and myself all hooked in with ascenders while the Escabrosa billy goats, um I mean Gs, tiptoed across. Our efforts were rewarded by more cave.



I'm sure there was nothing remarkable at this point. I recall it being quite plain, actually. There was probably crawling, or something. That was also unremarkable.



Our next point of interest involved gearing up for The Slanty Slant Drop that led to an area called "The Basement." The incredibly slated slope was no deterrent for any of the Gs on the trip. Somewhere down there was the Roman Scrub-A-Dub Tub. I heard it was around when the Romans were a thing. Or something. I cannot recall if down yonder was the Pagoda but it was dope! There were these things all over and they were technically called "shields" and they were just as unremarkable as the rest of the cave. All the stalagmites impeded my view of the sweet, sweet, limestone ceiling above. Rude.



The climb up from the Basement was mostly uneventful. James had some gear issues on the way up which influenced one of his decisions later on.

All the Gs made it out successfully and apparently the gods were not located in the Basement, because Jessica made it out, too. We continued on to the rest of the cave to try to locate these gods.

Our next intrepid challenge was the pit. A short 30-40ft drop. James decided to sit this drop out as he was not confident he would have enough ruggish thuggish left to keep being a G on the ascent. Jeff, being a really cool G, chose to stay behind with James as the rest of us went on down. The 3 Escabrosa billy, um Gs, downclimbed the alternate route and met Devin, Jessica, and I at the bottom of the pit.



Dave led the way for the next 2 hours of even more unremarkable cave.

The next point of interest was a location dubbed "The Window" but it really did not look like a window. It looked more like an obtuse triangle. My exact words upon seeing what needed to be done were, "Holy sheep balls!" I do not recall the distance of the drop, but it was definitely more than a couple of feet. In order to see more of this cave of no real note, we had to go over the edge. All we needed to do was hold on for dear life to a stalagmite and lower ourselves over the edge until our feet hit a small ledge below. Then we ever so gently tiptoed to another small ledge and kept tiptoeing. We all got *real* friendly with the cave. Next, we just down climbed a small slippery slope like ballerinas and did a pirouette at the bottom.

Dave thought were up to the challenge of something called "The Razor" and yes, it was marvelous! Yet again there is a ledge we lowered ourselves over, this one was sharp, like a razor (get it? that's why they call it "The Razor." Ha!) and we put nearly all of our weight on our armpits as our legs dangled in the air. Our feet were supposed to do some kind of Gumbi thing and hit a ledge to the far right. We all survived "The Razor" and I believe we were promised t-shirts at the end of the ride.

We continued on to a few more indistinct areas and eventually made our way back to the pit. James and Jeff were waiting for us with smiling faces.

The next memorable point in this cave is a small drop called Geronimo. It was rigged for James to descend but the rest of us had to ride the Pony. There were a few unusual moves we had to do in order to descend this little drop sans rope. First, we stuck a finger in a hole (just one!), balanced on a thin edge, and then stepped down about 4 or 5 feet onto the thin edge of another hole. Yes, that one finger was all we had to hold on to. Second, we stepped down a couple of feet to small platform ledge. Third, we sat down on the edge of this platform as far down as we could, and then placed the ball of our right foot onto a small 1-inch lip. No, this would not work with our left feet. Our left feet were reserved for the leap of faith to the other small ledge about 10 ft long and 2 or 3 feet across. Yes, this was actually very safe. Jeff and Dave kept a watchful eye on us young Gs. Kept us out of trouble. (Thanks, guys!) Fourth there was a delectable short chimney section followed by a delightful slide.

We exited the cave at around 8pm or so, having backed up our cave cred and confirmed our status as solid Gs.

Jessica was not sacrificed to the gods on this trip. They must be somewhere in the other 2/3rds of this drab and dreary cave. Maybe next time....