

Due to the pressure of public opinion Ubique has obtained the rights and copyright of "TROGLOMANIA" in it's uncensored form; But we are not going to print it. So there!

Ubique proudly presents-

TROGLOMANIA - A Caving fantasy

This story is more likely to do more harm than good to caving. The characters mentioned in this piece, bear no relation to anyone living, dead or dying. Anyone who thinks they recognise themselves in this piece, should keep their mouths shut.

Characters: Narrator.....The hero, a fantastic caver.
D.Scapular.....A Chinese coalminer.
P.Steelill.....A Tricycle repairman from Ealing.
C.Wonball.....Enough said.
J.Agricultural-
expert A pigbreeder from Aylesbury.
T.MacHoney..... A retired Scottish jet pilot.
R.H.Bedrooms..... A marriage fanatic.
J.J.Fatgut..... C.C.A. for Outer Hebrides
A.Flat..... A queer crumb from Camdon.

Story so far:

The green and red Bedford van left Tulse Hill at exactly 6.30, and did not stop once on the way. Not even $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the M4 (either end). The trip was uneventful for once, except for the fact that there was not enough room for everyone inside the van. However our hero gallantly sat on the roof for 150 miles to make room for everyone else. The campsite was eventually reached and by the time everyone was out of the van, our hero had erected all the tents and had got a billy on for coffee. Next morning, our hero was up at the crack of dawn and had cooked breakfast by 7.00. Everyone was ready to go by 8.00. The ^{cheap} Dan-yr-Ffynnon-Ghyll system was soon reached and our hero [^]everyone's kit to make sure they were ready to go.

After some hours, they were getting near the world depth and length records.

Now read on:

"I realised that the others could not keep up with the seeming pace, I had gone at, for the first 25 miles. Everyone was dragging their feet a bit, and I offered to carry anyone who was tired. They all declined - to their grave sorrow. Later, I decided to stop after the next pretty tight crawl. Rushing through, hardly doubled up, I waited for the others to join me. I counted them as they passed, 1,2,3,4,5,6,7, SEVEN! I started with eight.