

MAY 1ST

We got going around 1pm and started heading up Motorcycle hill. It took us about an hour to reach the top after weaving our way through the crevasses. No one has really been up yet so there is no specific trail to follow so Clark is creating the route. We then headed up Squirrel Hill (dont ask me why it got its name) which was covered in a nasty looking sheet of blue ice headed towards a large drop of about 2,000ft. Clark put in some running belays as protection on the route to hopefully avoid any of us slipping and whizzing off the mountain. It therefore meant we were a little slower getting to the top of squirrel hill. From the top, we then had to cross a heavily crevassed gently undulating slope that took us up to Windy Corner - it wasnt hard to figure out why it got that name as i almost got blown off my feet. It was then a further hour of climbing across sheer blue ice and crevasses until we reached the place where Clark wanted us to stash all our loads. We spent the next hour hanging around whilst Clark dug out a big hole and then with great relief we all dumped our gear into the hole and buried it until tomorrow when we would pick it up on our way up to Camp 4.

Suddenly the weather changed, windy corner became engulfed in clouds and as we headed back down to camp 3 we were soon in a full on white out whereby you couldnt even see the ropeteam behind. It was amazing that Clark managed to find the route given that everything looked the same to me, i offered my advice about directions which Clark cleverly ignored!! Poor Greg fell into two crevasses on the way down, i know how terrifying it is to have your feet hanging over air!! Finally we all crawled into camp at 9.30pm at night by which time nearly 6 inches of snow must have fallen on the ground. We had dinner and got into our sleeping bags asap.. thoroughly exhausted.