

MAY 2ND

We woke up with Clark very kindly bringing us some much needed coffee at 9.30am. A couple of other groups were now at Camp 3, a group with the army and two brothers and a son who were camped right next to our loo!! They were so close that when u were on the loo they actually stared directly at you which being british made me extremely self concious!!!

We then buried our gear that we were not taking up the mountain (i am by now so sore in my shoulders that i left my cell phone, any extra clothes, my journal, my deodrant and as much stuff as possible now that i had wisened up as to what it felt like with it all in my pack) we broke camp and before starting to head back up Motorcycle hill in about 2 feet of new snow that had arrived in the storm during the night.

No one wanted to break trail and i noticed everyone hanging around camp kind of waiting for someone to do the hard work. The people who ended up doing the hardwork were us, so Clark headed up Motorcycle hill like a pied piper with all the groups at camp following us up the mountain! We had some rangers, the army guys and maybe the two older men and their son too. My pack was unbelievably heavy as whilst packing up my tent i realised there was all my summit clothes which i had forgotten to take in yesterdays carry. The snow had covered the sheer blue ice on squirrell hill so we didnt have to put in the running belays and subsequently it was slightly easier going in the new snow. We waited about 40 minutes on windy corner for Greg and Guy, and whilst we were freezing our asses off on windy corner, unbeknownst to us they were taking their break beneath windy corner in the sun and out of the wind!! We got to our stash -. Our sleds were no longer as we had buried them at camp 3 and i almost buckled under the weight of my pack as i started up the final 40 minutes to camp 4. I was absalutely miserable, muttering how criminal it was for a girl to be carrying this amount of weight - which it obviously fell on deaf ears as all the guys were equally layden down with all our gear.

The snail train crawled into Camp 4 at about 9pm at night, the sun was down and it was about minus 30.. I was feeling really ill with fatigue and the cold to the point i thought i was going to throw up. 6 hours uphill to 14,200 ft with about half my body weight on my back had taken its toll and i needed to lie down fast.

As soon as the first tent was pitched i jumped inside shivering uncontrollably. I tried to get warm but i think i was so fatigued my body was having problems with this. Clark managed to give me some hot soup and greg and i got into our sleeping bags. To make matters worse i actually managed to spill my pee bottle in my sleeping bag adding to my discomfort and dry crying i fell asleep - mountain life can be really tough!