



Eventually all four made it to the top of the ice climb safely, and on through the nightmare icefall to set up an advanced base camp. A vast glacial amphitheater cradled them right at the foot of their Dream Line. Although foreshortened from the bottom, its geometric walls of rock, and the ribbon of snow clasped tightly between them, looked like nothing they had ever seen.

But a snowstorm was howling in and their window for the line had closed. With dwindling food supplies, they decided to wait out the weather.

For days they were confined to camp, glumly watching the falling snow and looking out at 01:00 every night, asking themselves if it was go time yet. Every night, with zero visibility, the answer was no. Until at last the weather cleared. It was four days after making it through the icefall, and they had almost no food left—perhaps an energy bar each and sprinkling of instant coffee—and were running out of fuel to melt water. But if they did not attempt the Dream Line now then they never would. Go time.

“Go, Peter!” Elliot yelled at him in encouragement, but Peter screamed back: “Shut the hell up!”