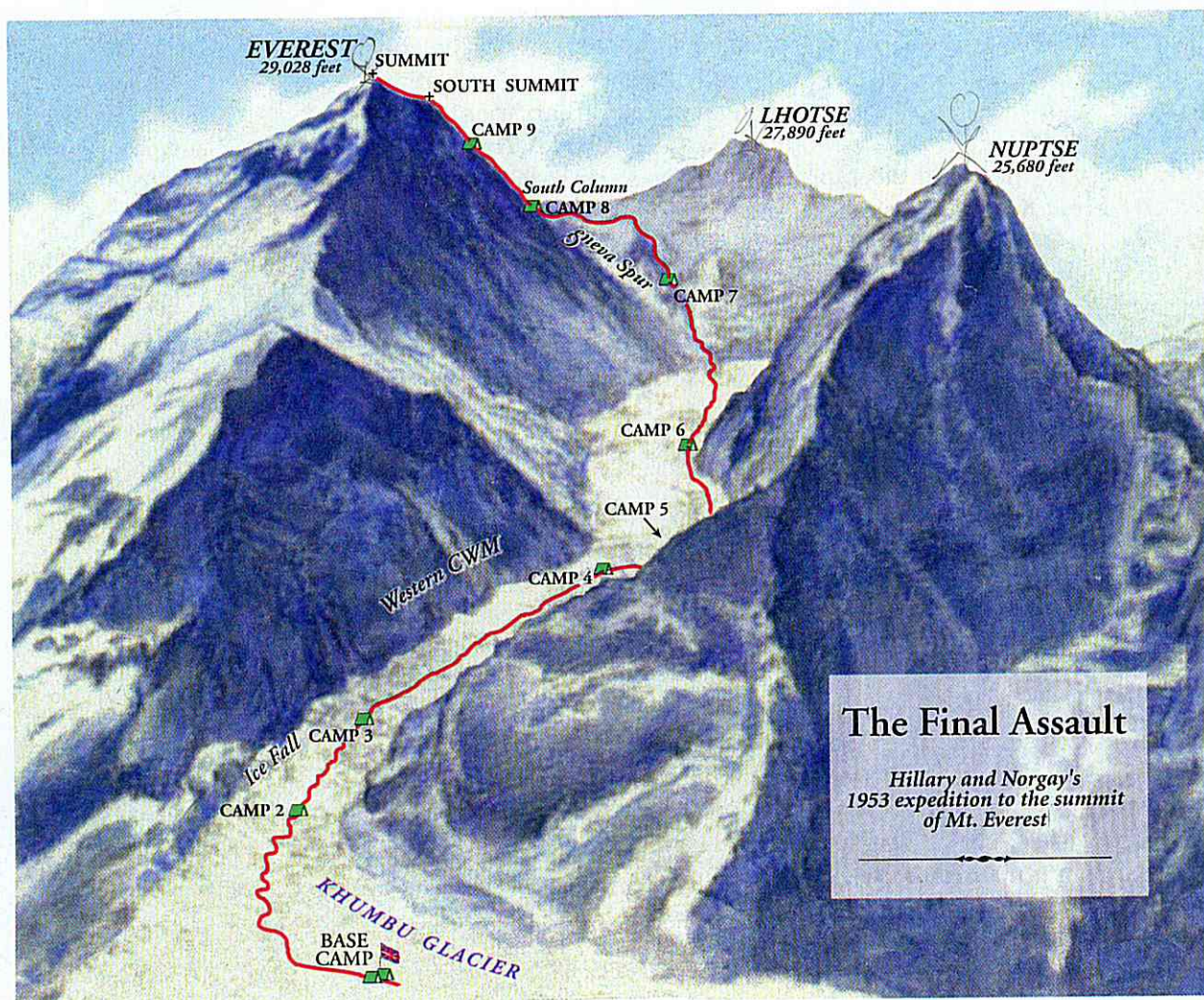


Above our camp was a great steep bulge of snow and, as my feet were still cold, I waved Tenzing on to take the lead. Surging on with impressive strength, he ploughed a knee-deep track upward and I was happy to follow behind. We reached the top of the bulge at 28,000 feet and, as my feet were now warmer, I took over the lead. Towering over our heads was the South Summit and running along from it to the right were the great menacing cornices overhanging the Kangshung Face. Ahead of me was a sharp narrow ridge, icy on the right and looking more manageable on the left. So it was to the left I went, at first making easy progress, but then experiencing one of the most unpleasant mountaineering conditions—breakable crust. The surface would hold my weight for a few seconds, shatter beneath me, then I lurched forward knee-deep in powder snow. For half an hour I persisted and was encouraged at how well I was moving in these difficult conditions. I crossed over a little bump and saw before me a small hollow on the ridge and in that hollow were the two oxygen bottles left by Evans and Bourdillon.<sup>3</sup> I wiped the snow off the dials and

### ▼ Critical Viewing

Why do you think Camps 8 and 9 are so close together compared with Camps 3 and 4? [Analyze]



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