



# Chiling II 2024 North Face Expedition Report

**MEF Expedition Reference:** 24-10 Chiling 2

**Expedition dates:** September 11 - October 15, 2024

**Expedition leader:** Christopher Wright (UK/USA) / +1 (917) 913 1600 / [chris@nowclimbing.com](mailto:chris@nowclimbing.com)

**Other members:** Michael "Hutch" Hutchins (USA), Stian Bruvoll (Norway)

**Location:** Zaskar, Ladakh, India

**Basecamp:** 33.87747, 76.28453

**Advanced Basecamp:** 33.84298, 76.22775

**Chiling I:** 33.81117, 76.16143

**Chiling II:** 33.81712, 76.16304

## I. Summary

You win some, you lose some, and in this case the latter. Put another way, this was not the expedition one dreams of. That expedition climbing generally involves somewhat more expedition and less climbing is a given. When one is lucky, the climbing goes far towards eclipsing the hours spent sleeping in unremarkable rooms of varying cleanlinesses, riding buses along bumpy roads, dealing with negotiations, haggles and delays, appeasing officials, carrying heavy sacks, building camps, digging holes, coiling ropes, boiling water, navigating crevasses, traversing boulder fields, waiting for various things, and always walking, walking and more walking. When one is unlucky, the ratio skews further. In this instance it was quite unattractive, our having spent approximately two days climbing out of five weeks away. The reasons for this were many, and sadly one was tragic.

The short version is this: Stian got sick and dropped out of the expedition and was replaced by Michael. We acclimatized by climbing Chiling I. We then tried the North Face of Chiling II and retreated after finding the conditions horrendous. We then hoped to try another line on the East Face, but before doing so received news that American climber Michael Gardner - a close friend of Hutch's - had fallen to his death on Jannu East in Nepal, so we packed up and left early.

Though we didn't do much climbing and the trip had a terribly sad ending, the expedition was not without merit. India, Leh and Ladakh remain endearingly beautiful, both for their landscapes and all the lovely people we met along the way, and I am equally glad to have made acquaintances with each. The expedition also did not lack for adventure.

## II. Log

- **Sept 12-13** - Chris arrives Delhi and briefs with IMF
- **Sept 14** - CW & LO Fly Leh
- **Sept 15-16** - CW & LO Shopping and acclimatizing in Leh; Michael Departs the US
- **Sept 17** - MH Arrives Leh
- **Sept 18-19** - Drive Leh to Rangdum

- **Sept 20-23** - Establish BC, ABC and 5100m Col Camp
- **Sept 24** - Climb Chiling I
- **Sept 25 - October 2** - Rest and sickness
- **October 3** - Attempt Chiling II
- **October 4-11** - Dismantle expedition
- **October 12-14** - Return to Delhi and debrief with IMF
- **October 15** - Fly home



Hutch high on Chiling I with Kishtwar stretching out behind. (C. Wright)

### III. Spending

The following is an approximate record of the expedition's spending. The real figure is somewhat higher owing to costs incurred in the personnel changeover from Stian to Michael. This resulted in cancelled plane tickets, hotel reservations, etc, many of which were not refundable. There may also be some underreporting as an exact record of cash spending was not rigorously maintained.

<b>Expedition Costs</b>	
Flights (international & domestic)	£3376
Baggage Fees	£1580.00
Cargo Shipping (baggage Delhi-Leh and back)	£395.00



Hutch en route to the South Ridge of Chiling I. (C. Wright)

Ground transportation (to and from Delhi airport and in town)	£103
Lodging (inc. expedition members and liaison officer)	£565.00
Food (during travel and hill food)	£1042
Equipment (inc. ropes, fuel canisters, and first aid supplies)	£947
Weather Forecasting	£592.00
Expedition members' insurance	£705.00
Visas	£79
Permit	£790.00
Agency fees (inc. round-trip transportation Leh-roadhead, portage with porters and pack animals, cook and basecamp staff, basecamp food and equipment, and porter/staff insurance)	£5771.00
Gratuity for staff and porters	£280
Carbon offsets (see section 14 for details)	£227
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£16452.00</b>

#### IV. The Long Version

The expedition was originally planned with my friend and fellow mountain guide Stian Bruvold, with whom I've done the bulk of my winter climbing the last handful of years. I thought surely the crux was behind us once we

had funding and permission from his partner and their two-year old to take time away, so it was considerably disconcerting when in mid-summer Stian began complaining of a mysterious illness thwarting his efforts to train. The string of despairing dispatches from Lofoten continued until finally as departure neared, Stian told me he might not be able to come unless his health improved quickly. In a fit of optimism we agreed to postpone our departure from August 27 until September 2 to see if an extra week of rest wouldn't bring some improvement. This was against the advice of Stian's doctor, and as our new date neared Stian consulted one of our mutual friends, mountain guide and doctor Alan Oram, for a second opinion. He did not receive the encouragement he was hoping for, and instead received frank instructions not to go to the Himalaya. I told him I understood and that there was nothing to be done, and began sulking.



Hutch lost in a sea of broken rock and glacier. (C. Wright)

With my plans in disarray, I grappled with the reality of the scenario. Wanting badly to go, I emailed and called everyone I could think of that might be able to pull such a thing off on short notice, but with no luck. In the end I decided that perhaps it was worth a last ditch effort, and I winced as I typed out an Instagram post and hit go.

To my surprise, I received a message from a friend of friends who seemed like he might actually work. The more of those friends I called the more convinced I was that I had gotten rather lucky. I heard over and over what a wonderful person Michael was, and how surprising it was that we hadn't actually met before. Michael had only to finish a guide's training program, pack his bags, and get on a plane so that we could begin our blind date.

We decided in the interest of not wasting time, I would fly to Delhi to meet with the IMF, and that Michael would come directly to Leh a few days later. I met there with Yangdu Goba of Rimo Expeditions, who I cannot recommend enough, and we were fortunate to be assigned the extremely kind and helpful Mr. Roshan Kothari as liaison officer. He and I flew to Leh on September 14, where we checked into the Snow Lion Ladakh hotel (£21 per night for room and breakfast), which I also recommend wholeheartedly. I filled the next few days with running (which I don't recommend in Delhi without a dog-proof suit and a large stick), exploring Leh, adjusting to the time difference, picking up last minute provisions, and riding motorbikes. (For anyone so inclined, the ride to the Khardung La at 5359m and down into the Nubra valley are delightful and hire bikes are available for less than £15/day.)

Michael arrived on September 17, and we quickly became acquainted over coffee, tandoori, and a wander about. We set off for Kargil the following day, winding our way through arid hills and stopping to visit the Lamayuru Monastery and a few other sites along the way. The road was good, the drive took about seven hours, and once arrived we stayed at the Hotel Zojila Residency, which was recommended by our agency. We found the hotel to be nice and friendly, though not cheap as it was about £38/night for a room and half board. We also had no security concerns whatsoever, despite Kargil's proximity to the Pakistani border.



Masherbrum, K2, Broad Peak and other high mountains of the Karakoram as seen from Chiling I. (C. Wright)

The following day we had planned to drive all the way to the roadhead, but thought better of it as the forecast showed heavy rain. Instead we stayed the night in Rangdum and were glad of it as the rain most certainly materialized. We had our first military checkpoints along the way at Sankoo, and arrived in Rangdum by late afternoon. The road we travelled was reported to be ratty by prior expeditions, but was undergoing a major paving project, one of the few credits most Indians we met gave Prime Minister Modi, considerably smoothing the way for us. We visited the monastery at Rangdum and spent a drippy night at the Nun Kun Ibex Guesthouse (£17/night for room and half board).

The next morning we drove a short distance up the road, gathered porters, and arrived at the head of the Lalung Valley, where a line of shining new transmission towers heralded the changes coming to the region. We descended to the valley floor on fresh access roads and began the walk. To our surprise, we walked for only an hour and twenty minutes before our cook, Karma, told us we had reached basecamp. We protested, knowing Chiling II still lay more than ten miles up the valley, but we soon gave in to Karma's insistence that this was the last place where flat ground and reliable water could be found, his having used the camp on prior expeditions. We did not know at the time that we were arriving very shortly after the departure of a Slovenian expedition who had also used that camp, and Karma proved right about it being the most suitable location.

As a sidenote, the Slovenian expedition left early because their camp was troubled by bears. Our staff warned us of the bears, which we thought was nonsense at the time, but after reading the Slovenians' report I realize we should perhaps have taken them a bit more seriously! I also found it curious that the IMF didn't mention that another expedition had been in the area, and as we had no idea they'd been there we were mightily confused by their footprints to and from the glacier.

At any rate, the day after setting basecamp we continued another five miles or so up valley with half a dozen porters in order to establish an advanced basecamp, knowing that the trip between the two would be something we'd rather avoid frequenting with heavy loads if possible. This turned out to be helpful as the travel was non-technical but on a tiring mix of dirt, loose rocks and dry glacier, which took roughly two to two and a half hours each way once properly cairned.

The following day we moved up to a camp at roughly 5100m on the col at the toe of the glacier to the east/northeast of the Chilings, which was accessed by more dry glacier and a long walk and scramble up a series of slabs which led to more dry glacier above. On September 23, we descended to the glacier proper and made our way through a maze of crevasses and to a camp in the basin below Chiling I. The next morning we woke early and climbed the Italian route on the South Ridge to the summit at a difficulty of about AD-, and reached the top sweaty in a light thermal and a shell, the air warm and calm. The views from up high were spectacular, with the expanse of Kishtwar and the Indian Himalaya to the south and east, the looming giant of Nanga Parbat to the west, and the great expanse of the Karakoram to the north, replete with Masherbrum, K2, and Broad Peak all in a row.

We spent the next few days reversing our course, leaving a tent and kit cached at the col before returning to basecamp. We returned to ABC shortly after and rested there through an unpleasant bout of gastrointestinal distress and the accompanying course of antibiotics. (We strongly suspect this owed to poorly treated water being used for tea by our cook's assistant at basecamp.) After a day spent horizontal nursing biscuits and bottles of sports drink, we made our way to the glacier below Chiling II on October 1. The trip was arduous as we were still weak from being ill, but we persisted as our weather window's closure was impending.



The travel between the col and the base of the wall had remained a question mark as the 2022 expedition found it impassable due to landslide. We found it unpleasant as it involved prolonged travel through endless, loose boulder-fields, but it was eminently doable, and running water and a suitable campsite were available near the toe of the moraine not far from the base of the wall.

Unfortunately I still felt quite weak, but reasoned we could afford to rest a day below the face to gain strength. It was painful to while away a perfect sunny day, but I was glad we did as I still was far

The line of the S. Ridge on Chiling I, first climbed in 1978 by the husband/wife duo of Gino and Silvia Buscaini. (C. Wright)

from fresh when we woke to a two o'clock alarm on October 3. We left camp around four and felt our way towards the face, my sack and legs heavy. Eventually things steepened and we wallowed up deep snow on the approach slopes before placing a screw for an anchor and flaking out the rope. In the still dark morning, I fought my way over the overhanging lip of the bergshrund and onto the apron above, feeling good as I slipped into the familiar rhythm of climbing easy ice.

We continued towards the twin runnels that comprised the entrance to the central face as the sun came up, though we were aware it would not be touching us at any point during the day. It had originally been the plan to take the right-hand runnel as it led more directly to the slopes we'd need to climb afterwards, but as we neared the two, the left seemed distinctly more promising and slightly less anemic. I targeted a fine-looking strip of ice in a corner below the righthand stripe, which led to an easy traverse back to the left. As I swung into the ice, I experienced the first of many disappointments to come. The ice, it quickly became apparent, was not ice at all. Rather, what should have been ice was instead a dry, rotten, brittle veneer of sublimated rubbish.

At the time this did not seem particularly portentous, though in retrospect it was the first domino to fall in the direction of our eventual retreat. I will forgive myself for not seeing it for what it was at the moment, however, as I was distracted by the problems at hand. As a persistent hose of spindrift filled my hood and glasses, I hunted for protection. This again should have caused greater alarm as none was to be found. Instead, what lay beneath the snow might as well have been called mud as stone.

Distracted as I was, I stemmed and hacked my way to emancipation from the icy crystals pouring down in a steady stream. I emerged from my dousing and headed leftward on easy terrain until I could find a belay. I was relieved at first to have a solid anchor and a decent stance, but my relief ebbed somewhat as the sugary snow beneath my feet gave way and I noticed the perched blocks looming overhead, apparently attached solely by virtue of being frozen in place. It had not yet occurred to me that I hadn't been able to place a single screw since leaving the glacial ice below.



Hutch on the last of the ice above the bergschrund, with our runnel above and to his left. (C. Wright)

Hutch reached the belay, and after the usual exchange of gear and pleasantries, I led out again. I once more headed leftward, hoping to reach the dribble of ice that would take us into the gullies above. Leaving the belay should have been easy, but it immediately became tedious thanks to the same rotten snow and rock. I moved tenuously into a corner and seeing the overhang above decided to hang my pack. I climbed into a matrix of frozen mud blocks overlain with dry snow blobs, where tenuous dry tooling (M6-7) led to easier slopes where I was able to craft a belay out of a tiny wire hammered into an icy crack, a pecker in the same, and two pegs - a small knifeblade and a baby angle - into seams behind some suspect blocks. This belay suffered from the same disappearing floor, but at least there were none of Damocles' swords hanging above. As with the previous two pitches, what lay ahead of us looked simple enough, and again turned out not to be.

Had there been ice, neve or something one could have swung into, the climbing would have been if not easy then at least reasonable. As it was not, I again made slow progress up a shallow corner, hanging my pack and bashing away rather than swinging into the snow covering the rock, and then struggling to climb and protect what lay beneath. Again, rock protection was scarce and ice protection nonexistent. I worked up a crack system which eventually (and mercifully) yielded a few good cams, and knowing I had to get left committed to a wild sequence of pick torques and stems as I transitioned into what should have been a solid flow to my left. Instead my picks cut through the crystalline snow and bounced pitifully off the rock beneath. Also, because fate had clearly decided to be unambiguous, Hutch informed me mid-desperate sequence that my tool's leashes were pinned under my last runner, necessitating that I unclip each tool from its umbilical before I could proceed.



Hutch in easy but sugary snow above the runnel. (C. Wright)

Needless to say this was most inconvenient, and only prolonged the agony as I transitioned my weight onto whatever curiosities were holding my picks beneath the foam I was desperately asking to support my weight. Somehow it did, and I was quickly back on my feet staring up at an emaciated flow of what presumably was once ice, but which was now an ugly and delaminated but relatively low angle (70-90°), blanket. I searched all over for gear, and failing to find any, placed a few screws in the snow, reasoning that it was at least nice to see the rope clipped to something. As I tiptoed my way up the periphery of the flow, I found a solid cam behind a flake and steeled myself for what lay ahead: twenty or so meters of unprotectable climbing as the flow steeped as it poured from the gully above. This will be scary but not difficult, I told myself, and necessary. My assessment proved to be mostly correct, except in keeping with the theme of the day it was less scary and easy, and more terrifying and not that hard. I pulled into the gully with a newfound appreciation of life, though with a now familiar disappointment in the paucity of ice or solid rock in which to find an anchor. I scraped about in the snow and eventually won another disintegrating platform and a blue-ribbon science project of a hammered wire, an odd sideways wire, and two peckers in a seam.

Emptied in almost all ways, I pulled up the rope and haul line and willed Hutch and my pack to join me. When they did, Hutch wasted no time in confirming that the pitch had been on the limit. I believe "almost not okay" was how he described it. If I had to grade the pitch I think M7 X or Scottish VIII, 7 would be my guess.

I relinquished the lead and Hutch set off up the unappetizing trench above. What should have been simple climbing again turned out to be insecure, giving nothing but dry snow atop frozen mud. Our goal, having climbed the left ramp, was now to traverse right. Hutch called down that this prospect seemed untenable as the



Basecamp with the Chilings and Milky Way behind. (C. Wright)

space between the runnel we were in and the one we wanted to be in was bridged by a slab overlaid with the same snow we'd been plagued with all day. I could feel our momentum waning as he processed this impediment and proposed to bring me up. I tried, in my least "you figure it out" tone, to tell him to figure it out. I climbed to his belay some 50m straight above me, my gut feeling rotten and reminding me of its presence. With the rope tight above me, I traversed and downclimbed into the right gully to have a look. I looked up to again find nothing good to climb - rock, ice, neve or otherwise - and only more of the same.

Peering at the headwall high above, I studied the veins of what we'd once believed were ice cascading down the upper headwall with a deep sense of doubt, knowing against all hope that they were likely no better than what we had already encountered. Maybe they were ice and maybe they were climbable, but we had no evidence to support this theory and plenty to discredit it. Though the terrain immediately ahead was not steep, it would be uneasy wallowing to reach more steepness above. We agreed that if what was up there was anything like what was below us, we didn't want anything to do with it. Furthermore, with no ice to build threads, the farther we went the more difficult retreat would be with our meagre rock rack. The math seemed to add up very clearly to going down, so we did.



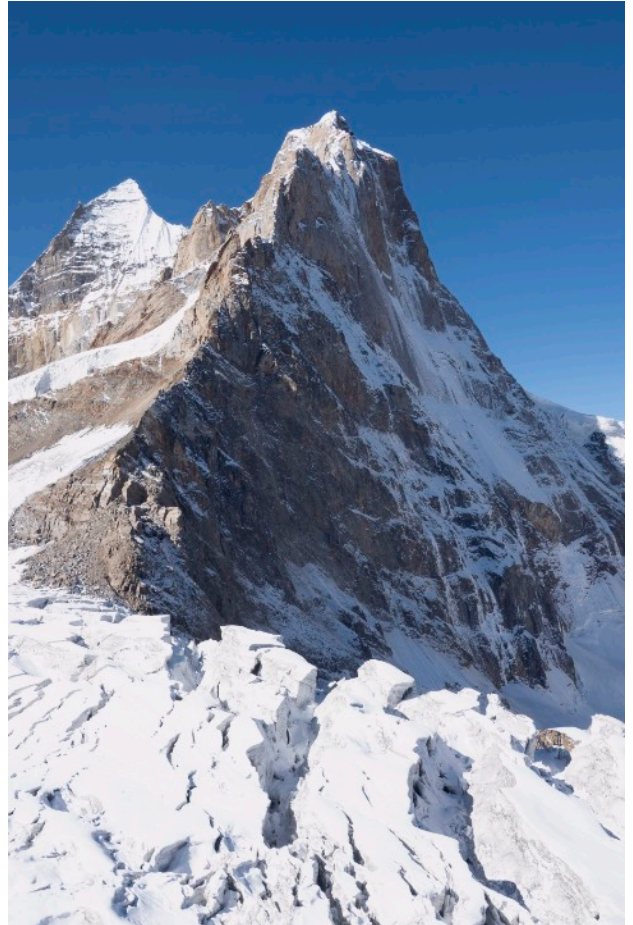
Basecamp views. (C. Wright)

The next morning we drug ourselves back to the col and cached our tent, food and kit, having recuperated from our disappointment and decided to try a line on the east face. We returned to ABC that day and basecamp the next to wait for weather and rest. On October 7, whilst texting our doctor and friend about our ongoing stomach issues, I received the news of Michael Gardner's tragic death on Jannu East. My partner Michael Hutchins and his dear friend Michael Gardner have generally been referred to as Hutch and Gardner thanks to their inseparability since meeting at university years ago. Needless to say, this heartbreaking piece of news dealt a heavy blow.

Over the next few days we decided to abandon the expedition. We fetched our kit down from the col, dismantled our camps, and returned to Kargil on October 12. The next day we drove to Leh, flew to Delhi the next, and were on a plane home on October 15. It may not have been the expedition either of us dreamt of, but Hutch and I agree that based on this one, our second date ought to be lovely.

## V. Conclusions

1. **Outfitter** - Rimo Expeditions did an excellent job and I would highly recommend them. They are not cheap, but for expeditions out of Leh they are very well organized and accommodating. Everyone we dealt with was extremely helpful, especially Alka Deb in Delhi and Stanzin “Sunny” Sonam in Leh. Our only complaint would be that our cook staff spoke absolutely no English and got us sick.
2. **Freight** - We found shipping our bags via cargo from Delhi to Leh to be vastly cheaper than taking them as baggage on domestic flights. The cost for cargo shipping was roughly £0.79 or ₹85/kg, which when combined with the agency’s handling fees of £115 brings the cost for shipping about 150kg of kit to something like £237 each way. In our experience, this is less than half what it would cost with our airline (IndiGo). It should also be noted that liquids and batteries cannot be shipped, so don’t make the same mistake I did of leaving your whisky in your luggage. Also be sure to have your agent pick up and drop off the bags for you on the Delhi end, as a trip to the freight terminal is not an experience you’ll be sad to miss.
3. **Visas** - We had no problem with simple online-sourced tourist e-visas, though you will want to print a copy before arrival.
4. **Food and Accommodations** - We thought the Snow Lion Ladakh in Leh was excellent. Their water is safe to drink and they were warm and friendly. Aside from breakfast, we ate mostly out in town where there are many options and never got sick. Anu, the proprietress, will point you in the right direction. The local dried apricots from the bazaar are also delicious. I can also recommend both the Zojilla Residency in Kargil and the Nun Kun Ibex in Rangdum.
5. **Communications** - The lack of proper emergency response plans and restrictive rules regarding satellite communications remain an annoyance for expeditions in India. That satellite phones remain forbidden is an ongoing inconvenience. inReach devices, however, seem to exist currently in a grey area. We learned that they are unequivocally not allowed on planes heading to or from Leh (we had one confiscated on the way back, even though the agents only understood it to be a GPS, which are apparently also contraband), though whether or not they are technically allowed to be used is unclear as our agent was aware and approved of our having them. Other expeditions we encountered made a habit of leaving one with their liaison officer in basecamp and taking one with them into the field. This seems the best arrangement available as it would allow for expedient communication as far as basecamp in the event of an emergency. It would be ideal for the LO to then be able to utilize a sat phone to contact outside help, but this is not possible. As we did not do this, if we had an incident in the field, our only way of alerting our LO and basecamp staff would be to walk back to camp, a situation that seemed particularly unfortunate in light of the tragedy in Nepal. We attempted to use two-watt VHF radios, but had little success over any distance greater than about five miles.



Chiling I & II. (C. Wright)

6. **Carbon Footprint** - After much research, we decided to offset the expedition's carbon consumption by donating to a project approved by the internationally-recognized watchdog group Gold Standard. As we felt our donation would make the most impact in the developing world, we chose a large scale solar energy project in India by Clean Solar Power (Bhadla) Pvt. Ltd to build a 300 MW Solar PV Plant at Bhadla, Rajasthan. At only £9.46 per tonne, we were able to purchase 24 tonnes of carbon credits - double our expedition's emissions - for only £227. We recognize of course that does not negate the impact of our travel, but seems a reasonable and cost-effective way to mitigate it. More information on the project can be located at <https://registry.goldstandard.org/projects/details/2571>.
7. **Environmental Impact & Waste Management** - The expedition strove at all times to adhere to the best principals of environmental stewardship. With the exception of basecamp, all camps were on glacial ice and left no impact. Basecamp was in an established camp, but still our tents were pitched on sand and dirt and no flora was trampled. No firewood was collected (not that any was available), and the expedition used only fuel stoves that came in and out with them, as did all fuel containers. No wildlife were impacted, no other people were impacted, and nothing was left behind or removed.



Descending to camp below Chiling I with the Lalung peaks in the background.. (M. Hutchins).

The expedition also did its absolute best to dispose of waste properly at all times. All rubbish from higher camps was collected and carried down to basecamp. Human refuse was disposed of in crevasses when possible and toilet paper burned or collected when that was not possible. At basecamp a pit toilet was dug into suitable soil away from water sources and at a depth that would actually promote decomposition. Combustable waste was burned in a pre-existing stone fire ring, and non-combustibles were brought back to the roadhead. A thorough sweep of the basecamp area was conducted to collect micro-rubbish, and the expedition feels all of its camps were left as clean as possible. It should also be noted that while the burning of rubbish at basecamp seems distasteful, the camp was already well-established and used often by local herders, with the fire pit and its impacts already realized.

8. **Weather** - The weather was generally stable throughout the trip, but seemed to have two distinct phases which lead me to believe that September and early October are the best period for climbing in the area. When I arrived in Leh on September 14, the weather was absolutely perfect, with temperatures warm and skies clear. With the exception of the rain of Sept 19, this continued for the following two weeks allowing one to run to 4000m in shorts, to sweat mightily on the glaciers, and to climb to 6400m in a layer and a shell. On October 6 it began snowing with greater frequency and accumulation, and the wind picked up and became quite cold. This felt very much like the end of the good weather and beginning of the transition to unstable autumn/winter weather, which is consistent with reports from other expeditions to the region.



Our excellent porters from Rangdum returning to the roadhead on the way out. (C. Wright)

9. **Final Thoughts** - It is my opinion that the North Face of Chiling II is a siren. That is to say, it looks beautiful and alluring, but is in fact dangerous and - while I won't say "evil" - I will use the word "seductive" with all of its negative connotations instead. This is perhaps overly dramatic and I would like nothing more than to be wrong on this matter, but I have great difficulty envisioning the circumstances that would contribute to the face ever being in proper shape for climbing.

I say this for a variety of reasons. First of all, for the entirety of our expedition, the face did not receive a moment of sunshine. This, combined with the region's cold and dry weather, seems to promote not the melt/freeze cycle needed to produce ice, but rather that of faceting and sublimation. If there were any ice underlying the snow or remnant on the face at all, I might believe the wall was at times in good shape for climbing. As we found neither, it's my opinion the conditions we encountered are typical, a fact consistent with reports from Alex Mathie and Matthew Harle's experience on the wall in 2018. This is also consistent with other reports from the region, most notably the 2023 expedition to nearby Kishtwar which yielded a new route on the White Sapphire. Hayden Wyatt, a member of that expedition, described conditions

identical to those which we encountered, in which one did not engage in mixed climbing so much as snow removal then dry tooling.

Furthermore, the rock we encountered throughout the trip was of considerably poor quality. It does certainly appear that there is some very good rock nearby in neighboring Kishtwar and closer in and around the Shaffat Valley, but that band of granite appears to be rather narrow. Instead, we found the rock surrounding Chiling I and II to be metamorphosed and generally poor quality for climbing. The rock we encountered on the wall was somehow both compact enough to yield little protection and yet loose enough for unsavory climbing. I admit the rock higher on the mountain looks to be better, but we did not reach it.

In any case, it was Mathie and Harle's conclusion after visiting in June that autumn's stable weather would be preferable for an ascent. If our trip is any indication - and I allow it may not be - I think that by September there is no ice left on the face. Thus, I think one may have the best chances in spring as winter's ice may be fresher, but we will not be going back to find out.



The team nearing Col Camp after the attempt on Chiling II. (C. Wright).

## Additional Maps & Images

Figure 1: The north face of Chiling II. (Jack Tackle, 2015)



Figure 2: The north face with proposed route and likely bivouac spots marked in orange. The line through the upper headwall is hidden, but climbs to the left of a buttness that bisects the upper wall vertically. (Jack Tackle, 2015)



Figure 3: Chiling II w/ 2024 attempt marked. (Chris Wright, 2024)



Figure 4: Blurred zoom of upper headwall from below, showing potential bivies and left trending ice ramp. The bisecting vertical buttress is above the lower terminus of the green dotted line. (Alex Mathie, 2018)



Figure 5: A zoomed image of the headwall from the glacier below. Perhaps those lines are ice, and perhaps they aren't. (C. Wright, 2024)



Figure 6: The upper corners from low on the face, taken immediately before retreating. (C. Wright, 2024)



Figure 7: The underlying strata of the lower N. Face: mud and facets, with no ice. (C Wright, 2024)



Figure 8: Map of the Kashmir region showing Chiling II's approximate location.



Figure 9: Inset map showing paths, objectives and camps. All tracks are those actually used by the 2024 expedition.

