

Climbing - May 2005, Ibergeregg, Switzerland.

Sunday 15th.

I linked up with Jorge, Guilia and Ruben who was from Italy and visiting Guilia. We had all met the night before at Schlieren and then at a restaurant in downtown Zurich. Over too much good wine and more than enough great food we had formulated a climbing plan and aimed ourselves at Ibergeregg. This place I had determined two days earlier to be not underneath deep snow despite being at 1400 metres above sea level.

We stopped for supplies at Altmatt on the way to crossing the Sattel pass towards Schwyz. From Schwyz we drove around the Grosser Mythen and then up to Ibergeregg. Parked, hiked and found the right place very quickly. Although we crossed many patches of snow on the way we saw that the climbing area was dry.

At sector C Guilia did a short 3a with a single bolt for protection on the way up a low angle slab, too easy. Me and Ruben top-roped it. From the top of that I watched Jorge climb a 5a⁺ and observed as he set up a good anchor (I think Guilia top-roped it but I can't remember). Guilia led a 5c just to the left of Jorge's climb which I led at the same time. I brought Ruben up to me while Jorge led the 5c, Jorge and Guilia then went off exploring while Ruben and I worked out how to get down again.

After a light lunch Guilia suggested I lead another nearby 5c (*Noturno*, sector B). The other guys were joking about something in Italian and Guilia told me that they were planning to eat the rest of the food while we were busy. So I clipped the prosciutto to the back of my harness for insurance, something which Guilia thought was debilitatingly hilarious. I led the 5c and found it tricky at first but actually not too bad. Guilia lowered me off and I left the draws because they were a long way off to the right. Jorge had a go at leading it and had no trouble. While he climbed there was a little bit of rain but it stopped fairly soon. I wanted him to collect the draws but Jorge wasn't comfortable with that so we left them there for Guilia. Guilia did the lead herself, and she collected the gear on descent. Finally Ruben sailed up there on top-rope. Really nice climb.

We moved off looking for something on the highest rock, but it was really crowded and we were faced with having to wait in line. Looking back down I saw a pillar of stone and noticed that it had rappel anchors on top. It had to have climbs on it somewhere and sure enough I eventually found that right down the back there were bolts (this would turn out to be sector F). First Jorge had a go at something that looked to be about 6a but would in the end feel like 9c, he got in two clips and left the draw on a third but could get no further. I tried to extend this but only succeeded, by pulling on the draws, to clip the third one. So we ditched it and Guilia lowered me off, abandoning that draw where it was. Guilia then led the 5c just to the right, collecting that lost draw and going all the way to the very top of the pillar where the last runout was very very long but not difficult. We lowered her off with just enough rope for the job, the climb must have been in the order of 28 metres or so. We hatched some crazy plan of getting me, Jorge and Ruben up on the top so Guilia could take photographs as a sort of memorial to heightened

foolishness. Jorge went first while Guilia belayed and I followed just behind while Ruben belayed me. Quickly we discovered that Guilia had been back-cleaning a lot of the route and Jorge had started without draws, leaving him nothing to clip his rope to. So we messed around a bit while I went up and down transferring draws from the others to him. Eventually we got going again and I quickly learned that Guilia's lead was very good. It was increasingly scary and despite the ease of the final runout I was pretty nervous about making a mistake. Jorge and I sat up on top and belayed for Ruben to follow while Guilia scrambled back up the hill to take our picture with her nearly out of batteries camera. We got Ruben up there and stood around looking like explorer-idiots on the very top of a pillar, trying not to knock each other off the small space. It was cold and rain was threatening again so we lowered Ruben off and then Jorge and I abseiled down.

End of story.

