

# Life Could Be a Dream - Series journal

“Life Could Be a Dream” is a series of hiking, backpacking, and scrambling trips. These trips aim to help beginners discover the glory of the backcountry, and give veterans more opportunities to do what they love most.

## Foreword

Climate change and environmental issues are the existential crises of our current civilization. As Canadians, we are some of the biggest producers of waste and greenhouse gasses. The issue lies in the fact that not enough people care to take any actions, and our society is unable to move in a sustainable direction as a result. Between the decisions made by politicians and corporations, we are in a downward spiral.

In my opinion, the easiest way for a society to become sustainable, is to have individuals experience the precious gem that is our collectively owned wilderness. When one learns to appreciate nature, they also develop a sense of urgency to protect and preserve its beauty. As members of the VOC, we are gifted with one of the most incredible natural landscapes on the planet, the Pacific Northwest. **By leading more people into the mountains, I hope that we can all be inspired to do more when it comes to saving our environment.**

I hope that these trip journals will allow you to experience a little piece of our adventures, and possibly consider joining us one day. For those who came with me, thanks for being a part of the experience.

Dreamers so far: 100

## Ep.1 - Elk-Thurston-Mercer Traverse

May 31st

Team - Joseph Chiao(Journal editor), Alia Friesen, Julian Larsen

Weather - Cloudy

Length - 20km

Elevation gain - 1316m

Time elapsed - 7:40

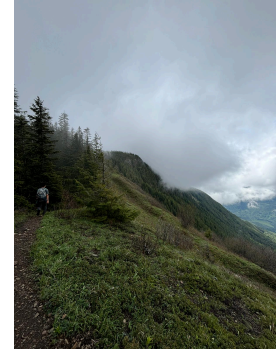
[Photo album](#)



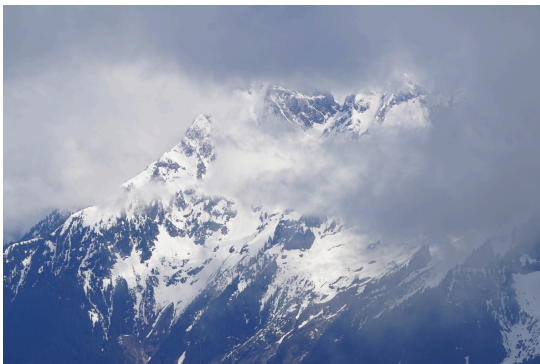
When talking about the hikes near Vancouver, we often instinctively look to the north. Forgotten by many of us is the part in between Chilliwack and Manning park, the Skagit range has a fantastic view of the Northern Cascade National Park and the Fraser Valley while only being under two hours away from the City.

The hike that I have planned for the inaugural episode was a point to point traverse, going eastward on the Elk Thurston trail. The path seems unconventional, the reason of which we will find out later on in the hike. The weather didn't look fantastic as we drove down the highway, with intermittent rain and generally very cloudy weather. The forecast said that it should clear up later on though, and so we hoped that it would be nice by the time we got up.

We started at around 10, leaving my car at the trailhead after shuttling Julian's ride to the end point. The initial ascent was a mellow forest hike, with a little look out of the Fraser Valley half way through. There was nothing to be seen though, as fog shrouded the valley beneath us. As we went up into the alpine, visibility did not improve. The summit of both Elk and Thurston were relatively unimpressive, with the occasional break in visibility that allowed us to peak at the Northern Cascade range.



The snow began to appear at around 1500m elevation. Fresh snow had accumulated from the previous night, but for the most part the condition was still relatively easy even without spikes. When we finally made it to Mount Mercer, the sky above had opened up, but the cloud still covered everything else around. We never got a completely clear view of the mountains around us, which is supposed to be absolutely spectacular. The cloud came and went over the peaks, but never showed us the whole of the mountains. After spending a little bit of time on the summit waiting for the cloud to clear up, we eventually gave up as a vicious looking dark cloud started approaching from the west.



The descent wasn't as straightforward as I had imagined. The trail essentially disappeared a couple kilometers after Mercer, though an abundance of trail markers still marked out a path. We were quite perplexed as to why the trail markers exist but not the trail itself. Julian thought that it might be a winter path, but I thought the markers would've been too low to the ground for them to be visible when the snow accumulated. Either way, we bushwhacked our way down more than a thousand meters of elevation, all the while our surroundings turned darker and darker. We eventually came out onto what seemed to be an ATV road, and soon after found the parked car.

This was a great day on the mountain all things considered. Though we missed all the views along the hike, a foggy trip in the mountain is still magical in its own way. That being said, I'm definitely looking forward to my next visit here to see its supposedly incredible view in its full glory.

## [Ep.2 - Widgeon Peak Burke South Summit](#)

June 15th

Team - Joseph Chiao(Journal editor), Adam Voss, Lillian McCallum, Natalie Chong

Weather - Cloudy with light rain

Length - 24km

Elevation gain - 969m

Time elapsed - 9:00

[Photo album](#)



Burke mountain area is a somewhat unassuming provincial park to the north of Coquitlam. Having only been there twice before, I really haven't given it the attention it deserves given its proximity to where I live. There aren't any glaciers like the Garibaldi, or spectacular peaks like the Tantalus. But what it does have are forests and a series of lakes that gives the scenery a mythical feeling, especially on a foggy day such as the day of our trip.

Vancouver is known for two things, its rainy weather, and the outdoor scenery. For Adam and Natalie who moved here recently, they got a good taste of both. A river was forming on my street as I was leaving my house in the morning. Thinking to myself that I would probably have to break the disappointing news of canceling to my fellow hikers, I was so pleased to see the rain die down as I drove north. By the time we started hiking, it was barely raining.



It was still a very wet day. Even though we didn't encounter much rain during the hike, there was a significant amount of precipitation from the previous night. As we ascended through the fog, the trail began to narrow. Streams were forming on sections of our path, some stronger than the others, showing us the sheer volume of water that had come down the night before. I second guessed myself on several occasions, thinking that we were walking up a stream instead of a trail.

The thought that came to me as I approached the lakes, was that this is where I would like to live after I retired. As I mentioned in the first paragraph, this area that we were traveling through is scattered with lakes. But these aren't just any lakes, these are some of the prettiest lakes I've ever seen. They don't have the bright blue color of the glacier lakes, or the striking views at the alpine lakes, yet I find it more beautiful than either of those. To me it is the way they are put together, with their surrounding trees, bushes, and rocks that just holds a certain quality of peace and beauty that words cannot describe. It is a composition that was perfectly put together by nature. Perhaps it isn't the most lavishing, but it sure is one of its greatest pieces of work.



Not long after, we entered the snowline. The warm summer weather and heavy rain have hardened the snow, making most of it easy to walk on even without spikes. The more I walked the more I was convinced to come back here a couple more times this summer. I can tell that hiding beneath the white curtain isn't just a place that I want to see, but somewhere I want to spend a few nights at. As the visibility did not improve, I decided that we will return after the Burke south summit. We weren't that far from our original goal, but there simply isn't any point to stretch the day on for any longer for a view that we won't be able to see. Plus, it gives me extra incentive to come back here in the future. After a brief lunch break with some potato salad and beef jerky, we started heading back down the mountain.



It rained a little bit harder on our way down. We decided to change things up a little on the way down and took a slightly different path. Unaware of its conditions, we encountered a massive section of the trail that was completely flooded out. A pond had formed in the middle of the path, and there is no good way around it. My rubber boots that I won't shut up about came in really handy, keeping my feet bone dry the whole time. I am afraid that the same cannot be said about other people in the group (Looks like rubber boots might be the superior option after all).

Just before we got to the car, we stopped at a small lookout. Annoyingly the weather began to clear up just as we left, revealing much of the lower mainland and parts of Vancouver Island. That's ok, I'll be coming back for more, I'll get sick of this view.

## [Ep.3 - Capilano Mountain](#)

August 27th

Team - Joseph Chiao, Duncan MacIntyre, Amelie Korzec(Journal editor), Michael Sugiamto, Diego Fernandez

Weather - Cloudy with light rain

Length - 27 km

Elevation gain - 1800m

Time elapsed - 11:00

[Photo album](#)



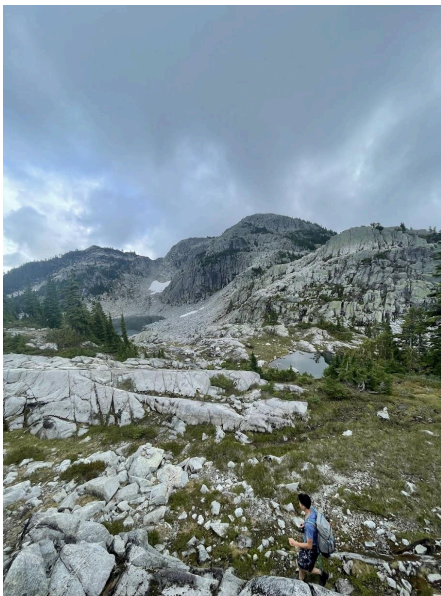
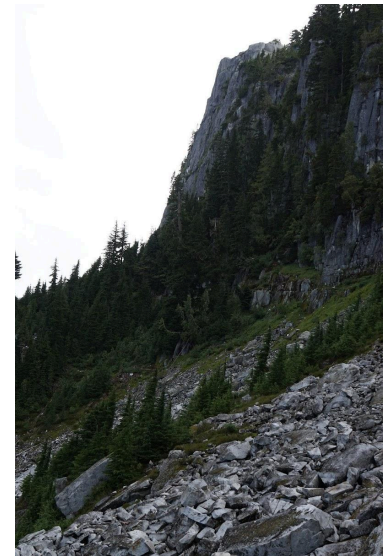
Our journey started on a rocky gravel path heading into the unknown. With only one other car at the trailhead, we wondered what we were getting into. To add, there was a sign indicating it was a "No Shooting Zone!" As we wondered what sort of shooting they were talking about, we began our steep ascent. I personally had no idea what 1500m of elevation gain entailed, and that soon would become very clear.



The initial path was 8 km of walking in the forest, on a road, with occasional crossings over small streams. To my surprise, despite the elevation gain looking minimal on AllTrails, it still felt quite steep. Having taken a break from hikes over the summer, I realized this would be a great start back into it.

Then, we got into the start of the worst. The steepness ramped up as we approached our first lake. However, the lake was a beautiful break from the depths of the forest. We also encountered blueberries, and we snacked on these as we continued our ascent.

As the steepness continued to increase, the blueberries did too, and we eventually made it to the alpine region. This was absolutely breathtaking. We followed a little path between some rocks with a stream passing, and the most beautiful greens. A beautiful opening with a small lake, and a view of the previous lake greeted us alongside a boulder field, and we had some bouldering action!



We continued into yet another gorgeous opening, where we could see the mountains and plenty of beautiful small bodies of water, making for a beautiful place to set up camp if someone wanted to in the future. We rested at the top as some ravens investigated the drone Joseph brought. Joseph and Duncan went swimming in one of the freezing bodies of water, while the rest of us started on our way down, collecting blueberries on the way.

## [Ep.4 - West Lion](#) [Intro to scrambling]

September 8th

Team - **Joseph Chiao**, **Sonali Das**(Journal editor), Daniel Dobjeviche, **Sujin Jung**, **Cameron Varcoe**, **Taha Syed**, **Rowan Clark**, **Andrew Carriere**, Ahilan Hatti, Hannah Fok, Shравan Kumar, **Robyn Mueller**, **Stella Mueller**, Juuso Laajalehto, Hppu Honkanen, **Tristram St John Cooper**, Luis Dias, Franky Zhou, Fikri Ajiwijaya, **Harrison Wong**, **Mitchell Seymour**, Nicholas Winston Ong

\*\*Summit group marked in **bold**

Weather - Sunny, Hazy

Length - 20 km

Elevation gain - 1400m

Time elapsed - 11:00

[Photo album](#)



As someone who has been to a rock climbing gym a whopping three times in my life, I decided to sign up for Joseph's "Intro to scrambling" trip to see what the outdoors could offer that an indoor climbing gym might not. New to UBC, it would be my first VOC trip, and as such, I was unsure what to expect. Typing this entry out at 12:06 am after an 11 hour hike and climb, with my legs a bit sore and my mind still abuzz, I can say with certainty that I did not expect that. Life might be a dream, but my reality today was better.

Who would want to dream when you can get out of bed at 6 am, hop in a car to the North Shore, and hike through forests and peaks, debate with strangers made friends about everything under the sun (while baking in the very grueling, very un-metaphorical, very real sun), and summit a class 4 climb for the first time? I, personally, wouldn't hit snooze twice.

For a play by play: we started hiking around 8:30 and spent the first four hours on a fairly easy forested trail that took us to several summits: St. Marks, Unnecessary 1, Unnecessary 2, and then the base of the West Lion. The group, at around 20 people, was rather large. Still, we quickly grew jovial and friendly, with the expectation and summit fever ramping up our urge to hike on and see if we could not see the very best thing this September day had to see. (Spoiler alert: we saw it.) Before the base, one group decided it was best to rest instead of continue and spent the day soaking up the hills and rays. The rest of us ate lunch at the base and watched as our fearless leader Joseph scrambled up the West Lion with just a pair of sneakers. Notably, he had



been carrying 5 L of water on his back the whole day and was routinely showing off his altruistic inclinations and extreme physical capabilities. In the end, three decided to sit the climb out, but for the rest of us, it was time to go.

The scramble began with a rope leading us down a tricky rock, after which we traversed across a bridge between us and the Lion. As our feet and hands gripped the Lion's edges, many of us, including myself, expressed apprehension and fear. We cracked jokes to hide the pumping adrenaline in our systems, as for many, it was our first of any such a climb; a true intro to scrambling. Sliding across a portion that was particularly exposed, I tried a myriad of tricks to calm my freaked out nerves — breathing, laughing, complaining, praying. Soon enough we all passed that section, and the rest of the scramble up was relatively ok although slow at times. Reaching the top, we bit into the fruits of our labor. A panorama view of the mountains, city, and sea greeted us, and we rejoiced in our accomplishment with a few photos and some congratulations. The descension, while nerve-wracking and slow, went by without a hitch and we soon rejoined those waiting at the bottom. No longer simple hikers, we were now scramblers. Scramblers who had scrambled the West Lion. Pretty cool if I do say so myself.



The way back was but an epic blur of dehydration and exhaustion. Though Joseph had carried up 5 L of water, we went through it all by 3 pm and most of us hiked the whole way back either slightly or desperately parched. We slogged through the steps, at some points ceasing to talk to conserve those precious H<sub>2</sub>O molecules. But upon reaching the lodge and feeling the taste of the water once more, it was hard not to feel a certain contentment that one can only find after spending a day in the mountains. Takeaway number one: drink more water. Takeaway number two: “When you’re in the mountains, life is always a dream.” — Joseph Chiao. Internalize that shit. Only then will you finally wake up and find that the world is waiting for you.



## Ep.5 - MacDonald Peak

October 5th ~ 6th

Team - Joseph Chiao, Cole Gauthier, Ellen Scott(Journal editor), Andrew Carriere, Maya Tomin, Felix Thimm, Beth Templeton, Frederik Holm, Lauren Holloway, Anaru Walker  
Weather - Partly cloudy during the day,  
rainy/windy at night

Length - 26 km

Elevation gain - 2000m

Time elapsed - 2 days

[Photo album](#)



It was just after eight in the morning on Saturday when I hopped into Andrew Carriere's car after a hectic morning. I had rushed to make banana bread for my car mates, and then realized it wouldn't have time to cool and abandoned it to my roommate. Despite this, the morning was going smoothly. We were only five minutes behind schedule, which, by VOC standards, was a half hour early. Also in our car was Cole Gauthier, who sat shotgun and somehow managed to supply Bob Dylan tracks throughout the whole car ride. Maya Tomin, Joseph Chiao (our trip leader), and I sat stuffed in the backseat.



*The crew gathered at the trailhead*

We arrived at the trailhead fifteen minutes ahead of schedule and waited for our second car to show up. Twenty minutes later, Lauren Holloway pulled up in the same car I had seen her back up into a concrete block two weekends ago at Rock Party and respond to the situation with "whoops". The rest of our crew, Anaru Walker, Felix Thimm, Frederick Skamris Holm, and Beth Templeton, pulled their backpacks from her trunk. We got off to a strong start, our whole group moving at a fast pace as we crossed a few bridges before starting the long switchbacks up the

mountain. After about an hour and a half on the trail, we paused for a quick snack break. Lauren spent the break trying to convince Felix that cheddar cheese came from orange cows.



*Lauren and Felix discussing American cheese*

After refuelling, we continued up the mountain and across slippery wooden bridges that I definitely didn't fall on. We made it up to Radium Lake at about one-thirty in the afternoon. We had been planning to camp here before Joseph decided the col looked cooler. Many members of our group wanted to take a refreshing dip in the lake. However, when we saw how shallow and murky it was, we decided lunch was a better option. Anaru pulled out a full jar of peanut butter and a full jar of jam that he had decided to haul up to make his sandwich as he "didn't want it to get soggy".



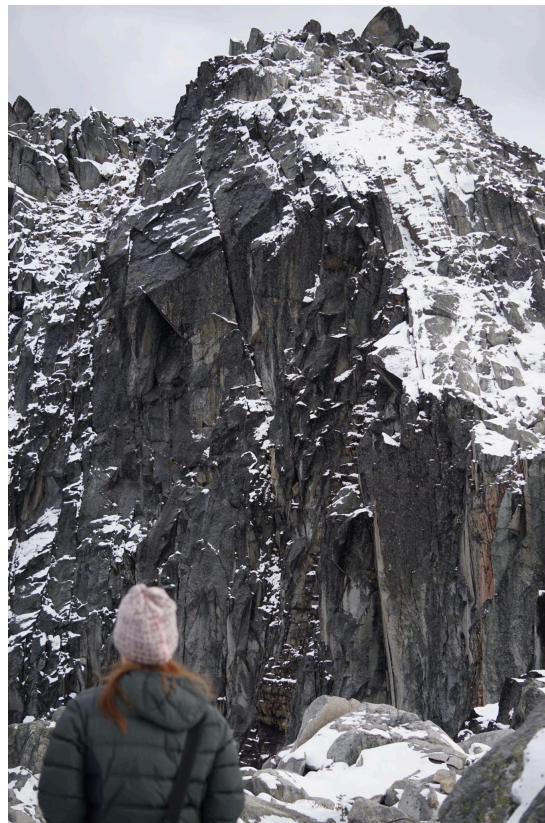
*Lunch at Radium Lake*

After lunch, we started up the last few hundred meters of elevation to the col between Mount Webb and MacDonald Peak. The last section was covered in snow, and very slippery without our spikes on. Thankfully everyone made it up to the campsite, where we quickly got to work. Joseph shovelled out tent spots for us as we started setting up camp. Those of us with spikes put those on and prepared for the climb to MacDonald Peak. Anaru and Beth hadn't brought any, but Beth decided to join us for the first section of the climb, and Anaru opted to climb Mount Webb, which had a lot less snow.



*Working our way across the ridge to MacDonald Peak*

We started up the mountain together, following rock cairns to stay along the route. We made it to the ridge, where an incredible view was waiting for us. In the distance, mountains spread out for miles, and Mount Baker looked majestic in the late afternoon sun. As we continued along the ridge, getting closer to the last push to the top, the peak loomed in front of us.



*Looking up at the peak*

I started to have doubts about doing this last scramble. I had only been scrambling once before, and the way to the top looked full of fun surprises, like deep snow and loose rocks. Nevertheless, I decided to test my boundaries and keep going until it looked too dangerous. Slowly, we began to make progress towards the top. Less than a hundred metres from the summit, things got interesting. The route we had decided to try involved a difficult move up a boulder with a fair bit of exposure. Knowing my own abilities, I decided to stay behind while some of the others went up. Luckily, Joseph found an easier route to the top, so I followed him to the summit. Or what we thought was the summit. The true summit was a little farther, but the route to get there looked seriously out of my league. The others joined us at the false summit a minute later. After a quick discussion, Lauren, Fredrick and I stayed behind at the false summit while Joseph, Maya, and Felix pushed for the true summit.



*Joseph, Felix, and Maya on the summit*

We got some amazing photos of the surrounding mountains before deciding to descend as it was getting dark. After sliding carefully down most of the snowy scramble, we arrived cold and wet at the ridge. Putting on our headlamps, we started the last descent to camp, where our dinner and warm sleeping bags were waiting for us.



*Late dinner back at camp*

The next morning we awoke to the sound of rain. We had planned to summit Mount Webb for sunrise, but it was looking like the weather wasn't on our side. Luckily, things cleared up around six-thirty, so Joseph grabbed the bag he had packed the night before and we started up the mountain in the dark. Somehow, despite the rain an hour earlier, the sunrise was looking promising. On the way up Joseph dropped his headlamp and it stopped working, but luckily the sky was already lightening up fast. We hurried to the top and got there in time to see the entirety of the spectacular sunrise. The mountains around us were pink instead of white, and the sky was streaked with orange.



*Mount Baker at sunrise*

After taking plenty of photos and being joined by the rest of the group, Joseph pulled out the instant coffee and I pulled out my Jetboil. We made a cup of coffee and passed it around the group. After an hour on the summit, we were all pretty cold and ready to head back.



*The early sunrise crew*

After getting back to camp, we started packing up. Things were moving slowly at camp as many people weren't anxious to leave our beautiful spot behind and get back to everyday life. At about nine-thirty, we started the long descent back to the cars. We stopped at the lake again for a break, then continued on the trail. We made such good time coming down that the

group decided to swim in Chilliwack Lake. We dropped our packs and hopped in the chilly water. A couple sitting nearby dared us to swim across the lake, but luckily no one in our group was that crazy. After our swim, we dried off in the sun before putting on our packs for the last time and hiking up to the parking lot. After many goodbyes, we got into our cars and drove off.



*Cooling off at the lake*

As someone who didn't grow up in this area, or somewhere with any mountains to speak of, I am constantly impressed not only by the beauty of the mountains but also by the courage of the people who explore them. I have met some of the most incredible and inspiring people through the VOC. I am always grateful to have the opportunity to learn from them and laugh with them in the place we all share a common love for: the great outdoors. When you're with the right people and in the right places, life really can feel like a dream.



## Ep.6 - Sockeye Horn

August 2nd ~ 4th

Team - Ryan McDonald (Trip leader), Duncan McIntyre, Emmanuel Cazottes, Cecily Downs and Mark Choi

Weather - Sunny with some clouds

Length - 32 km - Need info from Ryan

Elevation gain - 2500 m

Time elapsed - 3 days

Originally planned as a work hike trip to the Harrison Hut, the sixth episode of "Life Could Be a Dream" required a last-minute relocation. Due to high temperatures in Pemberton, the access road to the hut was closed because of elevated landslide risk.

Ryan and Duncan crafted an alternative plan: hike to the Beaujolais Lakes, establish base camp there, and ascend Sockeye Horn. From the original Harrison trip group, five of us were ready for this three-day backpacking adventure over the August long weekend.

### **Day 1: Vancouver to Beaujolais lake**

We departed Vancouver at 6 a.m. and drove to Pemberton. It was an exceptionally early start for me, and I slept through most of the drive. We stopped in Pemberton for gas and breakfast at the bustling Mount Currie Coffee Company, then headed to the Hurley FSR, which we navigated for just over an hour. When the trees alongside the FSR became too dense for Ryan's Delica, we parked, applied sunscreen under the lovely sunny sky, and began walking to the trailhead. At only 10 a.m., we were off to a strong start.



*Hiking through the meadows*

We hiked along a steep, flagged trail and made excellent progress. Midway to the alpine terrain, we encountered swarms of black flies and horse flies. The flies showed their affection enthusiastically, circling us and landing persistently. We reached the alpine around 12:30 p.m.

and paused for lunch. Ryan, Duncan, and I—who had been hiking in shorts—wisely decided to switch to pants to reduce our skin exposure to the flies.

Re-energized and protected by pants and bug nets, we traversed the meadows toward one of the Beaujolais Lakes. We bushwhacked through dense willow bushes, but overall the section proved manageable. We stopped at a lake at the base of Beaujolais for water and a snack break. To ensure the group maintained proper energy levels, Duncan began distributing the excellent cheese he'd brought.

We donned our helmets and began scrambling, seeking the most practical route to reach the ridge toward Beaujolais. Once on the ridge, we decided to attempt Beaujolais Peak and dropped our packs to begin the traverse. However, after assessing our fatigue levels—it was already 5 p.m. and some of us had been awake since 4 a.m.—we returned to our packs. We retrieved them and hiked down to the lake at the base of Sockeye Horn.

We established base camp near the lake, where we traded the black flies for mosquitoes whose love language consisted of relentless biting attempts. We had an early dinner and went to sleep after a very long day.

## **Day 2 : Sockeye horn**

After breakfast, we began scrambling toward Sockeye Horn around 9:30 a.m. The ascent went smoothly, even for a scrambling beginner like me, likely helped by our much lighter packs. We reached the ridge, where we enjoyed stunning views of the valley below and a more than welcome respite from the mosquitoes.



*The view from the ridge*

We scrambled along the ridge to complete the ascent to Sockeye Horn. At the summit, we took time to soak in the amazing views. Ryan and Duncan realized that the Phelix Hut was probably 10 kilometers from the summit—if only we could fly, we could have helped with the construction work happening that weekend. After a snack break where Duncan again fueled us with cheese,

we descended to base camp for a relaxing afternoon of swimming in the lake, chatting, reading, and napping.



*The summiting crew on Scokeye Horn : Cecily, Emmanuel, Duncan, Ryan and Mark*

### **Day 3 : Sockeye Horn to Vancouver**

We packed up and left base camp around 10 a.m., heading back to the trailhead. We circumnavigated the Beaujolais ridge to return to the lake and refill our water bottles. Duncan maintained group morale with our daily cheese ration.



*Overview on the base camp lake*

We successfully avoided the willow bushes on our return to the trail and even encountered a marmot. The descent went smoothly, and fortunately, the swarms of black flies were absent from our farewell.

We reached Ryan's car around 3 p.m. and drove back to Vancouver. While we originally planned to stop for dinner in Squamish, we decided to continue driving to avoid Sea-to-Sky Highway traffic—a wise decision, as we returned to Vancouver in broad daylight.

It was a beautiful trip with a fantastic crew, and for the duration of this August long weekend, life felt almost like a dream.

## [Ep.7 - Crown Mountain](#) [Intro to scrambling]

September 6th

Team - Too many to count...

Weather - Sunny, Hazy

Length -

Elevation gain -

Time elapsed - 13hrs

Hoping to go on more outdoor adventures in my last year, I decided to join the VOC and take my chances on Joseph's Beginner Friendly: Intro to Scrambling Trip.

The first part of the trip involved climbing up the BCMC trail, which essentially is what I would describe as a walk in the park... if the park was the equivalent of hiking up wreck beach stairs about 10 times. We enjoyed hiking through the vast forest, which included western red cedar and hemlock trees to name a few, along with 2 deers butting antlers.



Photo cred. Cece Goren

After a quick 15min break for lunch on the patio of the grouse lodge, a small group of us went rogue without a leader and continued our quest towards Crown Mountain. Together we walked, until meeting up with Joseph, who after what seemed like an endless walk up and down some challenging Rocky terrain, we finally reached scrambling territory.



Photo cred. Joseph Chiao

Then it was time to make our descent. Having gone through my entire 2L water bottle on the way down, I survived off foraged blueberries and pure adrenaline to make it back to the grouse mountain peak.

After an 11hr day the 7 of us we're ready to take the gondola down the mountain and finish our day with an ice cold beer at the Queen's Cross Pub. Little did we know, that lightning would strike and would be forced to spend the next hour stuck on top of Grouse Mountain. But alas, we lived to tell the story.



Photo cred. Sunny Das

This trip was definitely a humbling experience to say the least, but it was completely worth it in the end. I got to meet some really cool people all while taking in some spectacular BC views.



Photo cred. Faisal Maqbool

[Photo album](#)

## [Ep.8 - Brohm Ridge](#)

April 5th

Team - Joseph Chiao, Sunny Das, Alexanne Lavoie, Kevin Chen, Hannah Baron, Jessie Chen, Allegra OrtizAnnibale, Faisal Maqbool, Shравan Kumar, Stefanija Rekasius, Ava, Mozi, Rui

Weather - Sunny (Super hot)

Length - 18.9 km

Elevation gain - 1147m

Time elapsed - 8hrs

[Photo album](#)

## Destinations coming up...

- Sky Pilot
- Robie Reid
- Rainbow Mountain
- Rampart Ponds
- Golden Ears
- Mount Windsor
- Mount Lindeman
- Baby Munday
- Semaphore Lakes
- Mount Currie
- West Lion re-run
- Mount Burwell
- Silver Peak