

There is no shelter from the relentless wind and no sign of Larsen or Sneed. It's getting hard to breathe. You soon begin to feel the dull aches, stiffness, and sick feeling you've read about—the dread symptoms of hypothermia; you are freezing to death. Maybe a search helicopter will arrive any moment. Maybe in a few hours. Maybe never.

You are very tired. You desperately need rest.

If you huddle in your parka and try to conserve your strength, turn to page 32.

*If you force yourself to keep walking,
turn to page 25.*