

You decide not to risk the treacherous climb to the surface. Surely help is on the way. You huddle on the icy ledge, stamping your feet and clapping your hands, trying to keep warm. You feel your body temperature dropping. You've got to stay awake until a search party arrives.

The hours pass slowly. The sun dips below the horizon, but there is still light in the sky. Straining, you think you hear something. . . .*Pocka pocka pocka pocka pocka* . . . overhead. A chopper is Hovering over the crevasse! For a moment you're blinded by a searchlight. The chopper drops to just a few yards above you. The crew lowers a harness. Eagerly you grab it and buckle it around you.

"HOLD ON. WE'RE PULLING YOU UP." Beautiful words over the bullhorn. You're suddenly yanked into the air. Moments later a pair of hands pulls you through the hatch. The pilot pours you a cup of hot chocolate from his Thermos.

"Thanks for staying alive till we got here," he says with a grin.

You soon feel life seeping back into your body.

"Thanks for pulling me out!"

"This is the one place in the world everyone should stay away from," the pilot says.

"Nothing could get me back here," you say.

The End