

You run from the angel bird—up a hill that gets steeper and steeper. In the light gravity of the underworld you can run faster than a deer, even up this mountain. Twenty, thirty, forty feet at a bound! You feel even lighter than you did before. You try to leap only a few feet in the air, but you find yourself floating. There is no way you can get down. You are entombed between the ground above and the ground below.

You close your eyes. Then, instead of feeling warm, you feel cold; instead of feeling light, you feel heavy. Instead of floating, you're lying on a hard, cold surface. Opening your eyes, you see ice walls rising above you.

*Now you understand.* When you fell into the crevasse, you landed on this ledge, about thirty feet below the surface. You must have hit your head on the ice. What a strange dream you've had! It seemed so real—as if the angel bird put the dream in your head! But there are other things to think of right now.

"HELP!" you shout

No one answers. Larsen and Sneed have probably given you up for lost