



“We’ve got to get back up to the base camp,” you say.

Runal grabs your arm.” I know that cry. It’s the battle cry, the cry of anger and revenge. We’ll get help and come back for Carlos.”

“Why are they angry? We have done nothing to them.”

“Too many people have hunted them, tormented them. They have had enough,” Runal answers.

The trail seems much steeper. Finally you are at the edge of the glacier where the camp was pitched. The light of the late morning sun nearly blinds you as it flashes off the ice.

The helicopter lies smashed in the snow. The rotor blades are twisted and the Plexiglas is shattered. There is no sign of the pilot, just giant footprints—*Yeti* footprints—leading off to the heart of the icefall.

If you follow the prints, turn to page 57.

*If you stay by the shattered helicopter,
hoping for help, turn to page 55.*