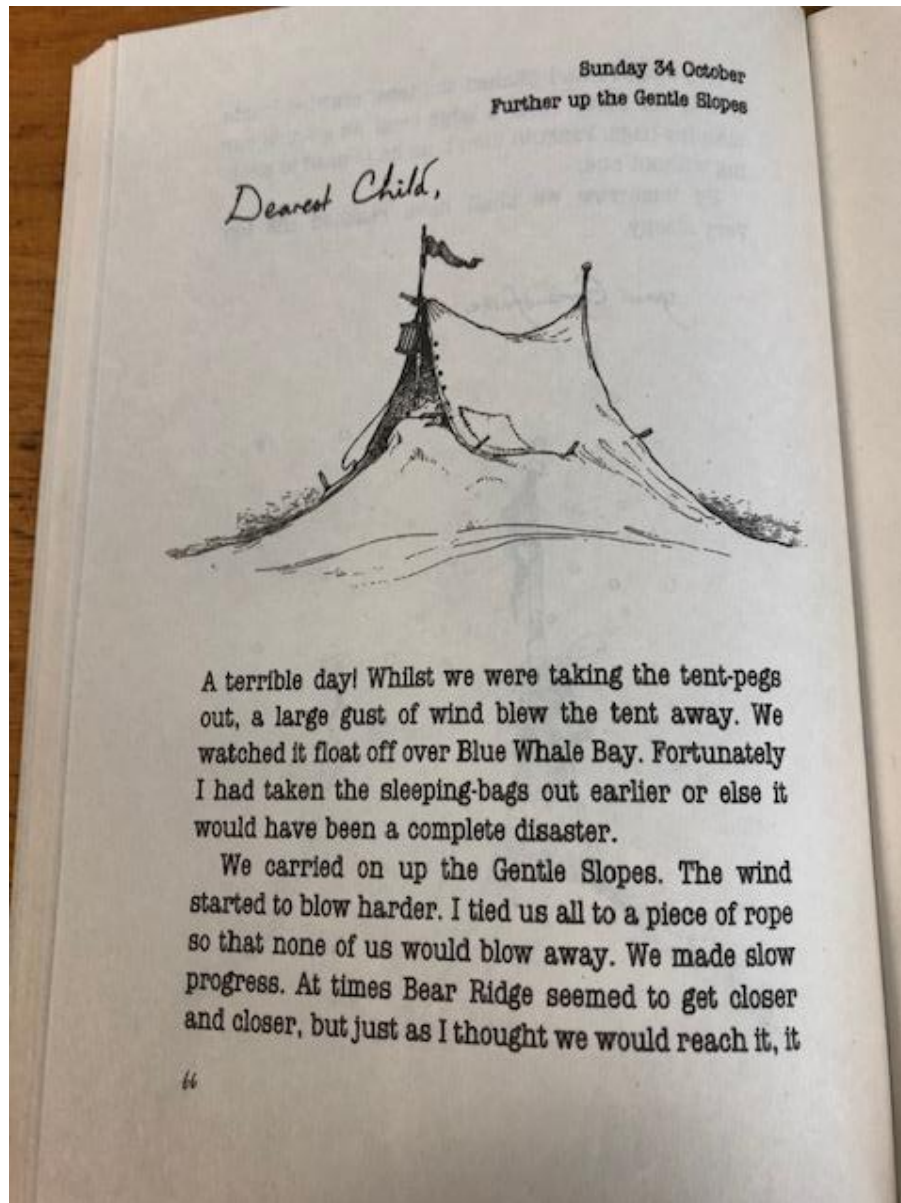


The Last Polar Bears by Harry Horse

Read the chapter and enjoy!

Chapter 20



would get further away again. It must be like those mirages you get in the desert. The sky changed from blue to a deep crimson and it started to snow.

We stopped and made an igloo, cutting out blocks of snow with my one-iron to make the walls. The wind grew more fierce, and we had just finished the igloo when the storm hit. It blew the trolley up into the air, taking Roo with it. I only just managed to catch one of the wheels with my golf-club and pull her back down. I grabbed her in my arms, undid the harness and the trolley flew off down the mountain.

Tonight we went through what we had left inside the igloo. We still have the stove, so we can cook, but we have very little food left. Just five fish and some porridge. That's all. Only one sleeping-bag. Everything else was in the trolley.

Very despondent tonight. I can hear the storm outside. Roo is wrapped up in the sleeping-bag. Penguin is asleep by my legs. When the storm is over we will walk up to Bear Ridge and everything will be fine.

I miss the wolves.

*you Grandfather.*