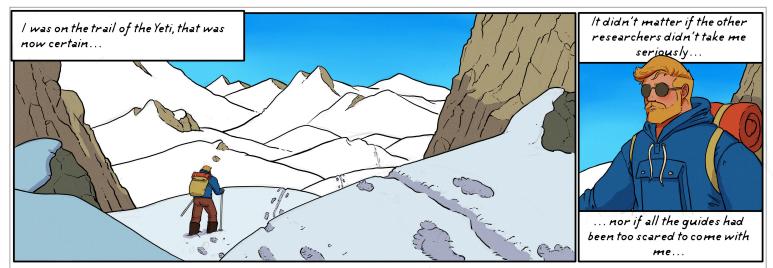


DICK FOOT A SHORT STORY









What I couldn't explain was this central trail? What was he carrying?

Suddenly the snow began to



Fearing that the tracks would disappear ...

... / ran to follow them...



...Of course, I should have thought about ...



.. my safety and made a bivouac shelter ...



obsessed with my goal ...

.it was so cold ...

The storm redoubled, and exhausted finally fell in the snow...



... all my strength had deserted me...

exhaustion made me see a silhouette in the storm ...



... but it could only have been my mind, clouded



by the cold / felt my end coming..

putting them on, I saw him, the Yeti, and beyond the fright



... / suddenly woke up, snuggled up against ...



...a warm, hairy body!?!?

I was no longer wearing my cold, wet clothes, but my glasses weren't far behind ...

















...to go back rest on this warm and soft belly.../t warmed me instantly, but / have to ad mit that his strong body odor also turned me on a little...















But could / stay in this frozen cave for ever with him?