

A great sob shook Noni's kneeling body. He cursed the knife. He swayed blindly and threw the knife far away from him. With empty hands outstretched, he stumbled toward the dog and fell.

The dog growled as he circled the boy's body. And now Noni was sick with fear.

In flinging away the knife, he had left himself defenseless. He was too weak to crawl after it now. He was at Nimuk's mercy. And Nimuk was hungry.

The dog had circled him and was creeping up from behind him. Noni heard a rattle in the animal's throat.

Noni shut his eyes, praying that the attack might be swift. He felt the dog's feet against his leg, the hot rush of Nimuk's breath against his neck. A scream gathered in the boy's throat.

Then he felt the dog's hot tongue licking his face.

Noni's eyes opened. Crying softly, he thrust out an arm and drew the dog's head down against his own.

The plane came out of the south an hour later. Its pilot was a young man in the coast patrol. He looked down and saw the large floating iceberg. And he saw something flashing.

The sun was gleaming off of something shiny, which moved. His curiosity aroused, the pilot circled and flew lower. Now he saw, in the shadow of the mountain of ice, a dark, still shape that appeared to be human. Or were there two shapes?

He set his seaplane down on the water and investigated. There were two shapes, a boy and a dog. The boy was unconscious but alive. The dog whined feebly but was too weak to move.

The gleaming object, which had caught the pilot's attention, was a crudely-made knife. It was stuck, point down, into the ice a short distance away, and was quivering in the wind.

