Weak snow bridges covered the crevasses here and there and they couldn’t tell if these narrow bridges would hold the weight of the sledges until they stepped on them. One bad move and down you go. That’s it. The end.

Mike was going along carefully, when a man-sized crevasse suddenly opened up. Snow crashed and boomed from under him and down he went, up to his head.

They skied in a white-out, trying to avoid gaping crevasses, some wider than a motorway. New snow masked the edges of the crevasses and they couldn’t see where a drop started or ended, making it even more dangerous than usual. In these conditions all they could do was go extra slowly, carefully. And hope their luck didn’t give out.