

The road was still as slick as ever. I was almost certain that I would fall again any second now, and I didn't like to think what the wolf would do then. There was no choice, I had to speed up. I kicked it up to 15 or 20, wobbling around now. There he was in the mirror, settled into an easy lope that said he could do this all night. I had many terrible thoughts at

this point.

As if by a miracle, part of the wheel track now appeared a little drier, with some crunchy gravel. I poured on the throttle and the second cylinder even kicked in a little. I hit a good speed and rode several miles before I dared to look back, and then the wolf was gone.

My heart was pounding as I fran-

tically analyzed the situation and the possible outcomes if I had fallen. I carefully reviewed if this could have been a dream, but it was not. Some dark humor occurred: "I came to Alaska for me to enjoy the wildlife, NOT the other way around!"

In a few more miles I reached the paved highway and began to feel I was going to be all right. I passed the Arctic Circle at 66.5 degrees, unfortunately without the expected thrill of crossing this major milestone. The engine was running smoothly on one cylinder, and the second one also fired when I added throttle while climbing hills. Ten miles further I came across Eggor's truck, parked on the side near a concrete bathroom on a hilltop. At this point I knew I could not make it to Coldfoot with the gas I had left. There were 90 miles to go and I had gas for about 60. It was the middle

**Left:** I rested near Eggor's truck for safety.

**Below:** The Haul Road, leaving Coldfoot towards Deadhorse, with the Brooks Range in the distance.

