

WHERE'S KENNY?



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Back on the fjord, we spent an hour collecting mussels for dinner. Emily heard an Arctic fox bark. Skuas, terns and gulls soared and squawked. The storm showed no signs of letting up, and prevented us from heading back up the mountain to search for our friend.

We pitched a bright tent on shore, and stocked it with food, hot tea, a sleeping bag, clothing, and a note: "Ken—We miss you. Stay here. We will be back tonight. See you soon." We hauled anchor. Our best chance of finding him was to retrace the coast back to the fjord we'd left that morning.

While scouring the coastline with our binoculars, we rounded the headland separating the two fjords only to be shoved around by a stiff wind and solid swell. Paolo studied the shoreline. Runar sounded his brass horn in hopes that Ken would hear it.

We spotted the summit-to-sea couloir we had skied for breakfast—an aesthetic 2,000-foot line. We were back to last night's anchorage. But where was Ken? The solitude was overwhelming.

Then, amid the silence, we spotted a flash of color. Ken was nestled into some rocks with his orange kite. We launched the dinghy. It was nearly midnight. I asked him how he was.

"Awesome," said Ken with a smile. "It's beautiful out here." —**BRIAN MOHR**

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