

Chapter 321

Chapter 321 Losing My Way

I always respected those extreme sports enthusiasts, yet I couldn't quite understand their passion. I couldn't understand why most of them, who had no financial worries and came from good families, would be obsessed with such high-risk activities. Was there some allure to death as well? But at this moment, I think I might have come to understand them a little.

The greater the risk, the more fulfilling it was to overcome the challenge and survive.

That feeling at that moment was unforgettable for a lifetime!

Compared to the experience of digging myself out from under the avalanche, all the academic achievements I had gained in the past seemed insignificant.

I lay on the snow, gazing at the sky, feeling the biting cold wind cutting across my face. A tremendous sense of achievement, post-traumatic fear, grievances, and various complex emotions surged within me, and my tears flowed freely.

I did it!

This was not a dream!

It wasn't until I had let out all the pent-up emotions that I regained my sanity.

Although I survived, I didn't completely escape the danger yet—I had to reach Scott's Hut! I sat up and briefly checked my legs. The situation seemed better than I had imagined. My shins were not fractured, at least not the type of obvious displacement, but there might still be some hairline fractures.

The snow in Antarctica, to a great extent, also saved my life. Otherwise, with a broken leg in this place and no one to rescue me, my chances of survival would have been slim.

However, for some reason, apart from my legs, the most painful part right now is my lower abdomen.

The pain was different from the leg pain, more like an internal ache. It felt a bit like menstrual cramps. Speaking of which, since I started working day and night to meet the deadline, my menstrual cycle had been severely disrupted. Combined with the current cold, I might have got my period now.

Letting out a deep sigh, I looked around, surveying my surroundings to determine my current direction.

I probably fell more than 3,000 feet, but I had no idea how far I was from the base of the mountain. The terrain here had become considerably flat, and I couldn't stand up, nor could I see the base of the mountain. Everything I could see is a vast expanse of whiteness.

I wasn't even sure which direction Scott's Hut was in.

I slumped back into the snow.

After the initial ecstasy, fear and bewilderment crept up my spine again. I looked down at my legs, my almost frozen hands, not knowing what to do next!

Aaron's backpack had been snatched by that scumbag, Sam Robin, and I didn't know where my avalanche pack had ended up. There were no orange airbags in my field of vision.

And my phone, satellite phone, map, and all my identification documents were in the avalanche pack.

Without it, I couldn't even call for help from anyone.

Although I had successfully escaped the deathly fate of freezing in the snow, I was now facing the possibility of freezing to death on the snowy mountain.

It was hard to determine which of these two ways of dying was more acceptable.

Oh no! I felt like crying again!

Now, the only thing that could bring me some comfort was that the wind speed had decreased. At least I wouldn't be swept away by the wind.

"Calm down, Olive." I patted my face, trying to encourage myself, "Never lose hope."

It was amazing how Aaron's words had a significant impact even in this situation.

Even if it was just a slogan, it felt like I had gained some kind of implied strength, and I truly calmed down.

After a long time of being blank, my brain finally started working again. I forced myself to think.

"Firstly," to make my thoughts clearer, I even spoke these thoughts out loud to the snowy mountain, "What do I need to do now?"

The brain quickly provided some answers.

"Get out of here, find rescuers, go down the mountain, get medical treatment."

"So, how can I achieve these goals?" I asked my brain again.

Then I got different answers.

Then I received different answers. "If I want to leave here, there are two options: first, climb down the mountain myself. There might not be many routes left, but if I persist, there is still hope of finding Scott's Hut. Second, find the avalanche pack and use the satellite phone inside to contact my parents for help."

However, I quickly realized that both options were very difficult to achieve.

I could only crawl forward now, relying on my arms to descend. And this was an entirely unfamiliar snowy mountain, with no knowledge of my current location. Moreover, I was unfamiliar with the terrain, and there was a high possibility of falling into another icy abyss or encountering other accidents along the way.

In addition, there was another practical factor to consider—I was injured in many parts of my body apart from my legs. With my current physical strength and condition, I didn't think I could climb down even the few thousand feet right in front of me. "So, there's only the second option left." Find the avalanche pack and use the satellite phone to contact my parents for help.

But...

"Where is it?" I looked around again in a daze.

I didn't even know if the avalanche pack was buried in the snow mountain above me or if it was carried along with the snow down the mountain.

Trying to find an avalanche pack in this expanse of snow was as difficult as finding a needle in the ocean.

I felt like crying again.

Why did fate have to be so cruel to me? Why gave me hope and then tormented me like this? Was this some kind of prank?

"Never lose hope!" I kept repeating this phrase, and once again, the images of those figures appeared in my mind.

Everyone was crying for me, especially Aaron. He was kneeling on the ground, desperately begging me not to leave.

I had never seen him so devastated.

I wasn't sure if they would react that way upon learning about my current situation. After all, those were just projections of my inner thoughts.

I hoped they would react like that.

So...it was my deep desire for Aaron to love me so deeply. Just thinking about it made my mood sink a bit. "Anyway, let's take action," I took a deep breath, shook off those unnecessary

emotions, and pumped myself up. This was not the time to be sentimental!

After being rescued, I could reflect and even cry as much as I wanted.

Right now, I chose to climb a distance upward on the snowy mountain.

Overcoming gravity and using my arms to propel my body upward was not an easy task. Especially now, when every part of my body was in excruciating pain.

As I climbed, I also tried to clear the snow, searching for the orange pack.

However, despite climbing a considerable distance and almost running out of energy, the avalanche pack was nowhere to be found.

My tears uncontrollably fell onto the snow.

I couldn't help crying again.

Perhaps even God sensed my sorrow, as the weakened wind suddenly began to accelerate.

The howling gusts mixed with my cries.

Suddenly, my body lost balance once again and moved uncontrollably.