The men continued with five dogs. They went as fast as they could, but Fort McGurry was still some days away. The next night, when they stopped to camp, they heard the wolves again.

"They're staying close, Bill."

"And we've only got one gun and three bullets. For the first time in my life I wish I had more bullets."

The men were tired and slept deeply. In the morning, another dog, Frog, was missing. The men were very surprised because Frog was a clever dog, not like Fatty.

"Why did Frog leave the camp, when he knew that the wolves were out there?"

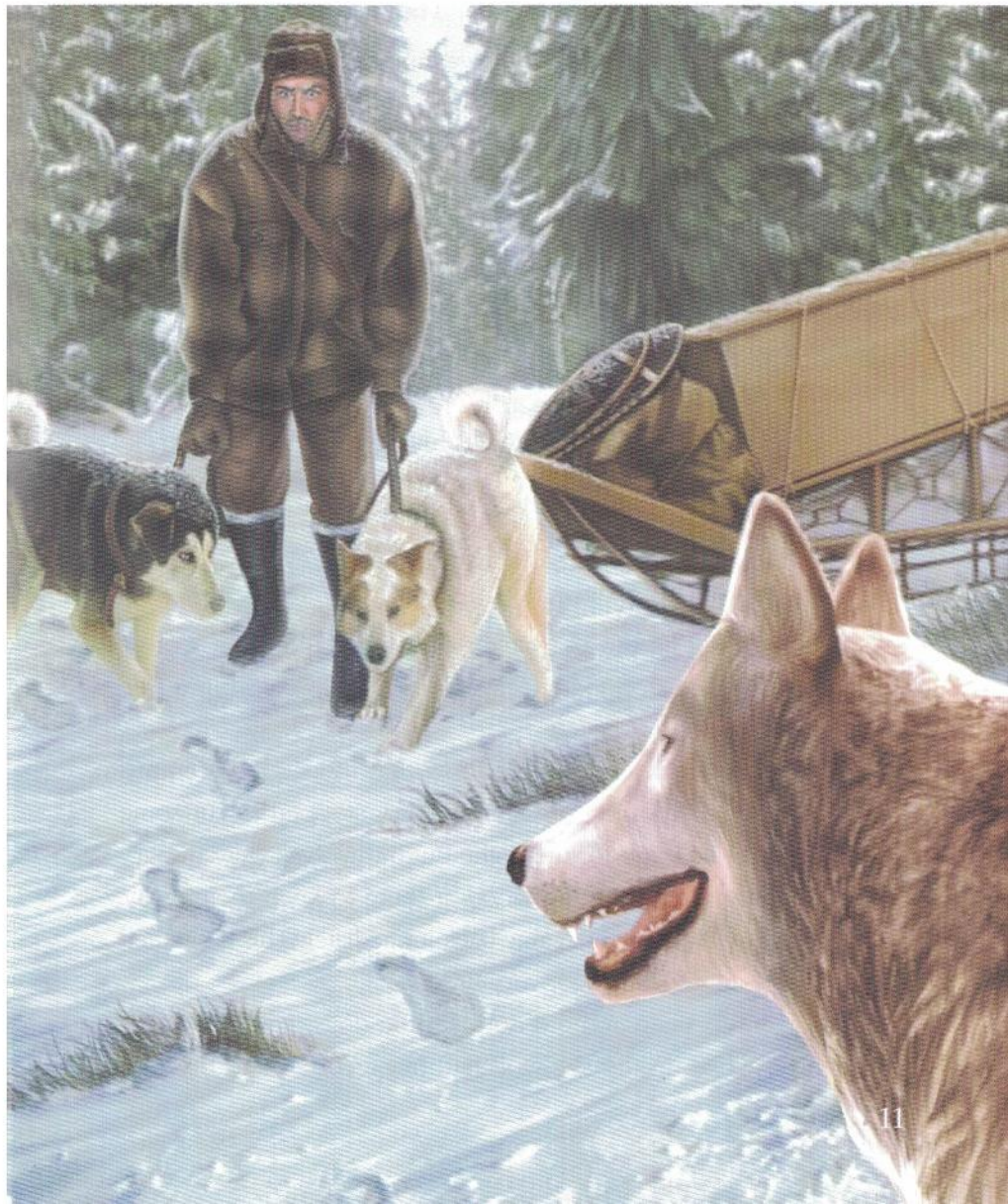
Then they saw the reason. There, in the distance, in the white snow, stood a she-wolf. But she didn't look exactly like a wolf. She was bigger and looked a bit like a sled-dog. Her fur was gray, but it looked red when she moved.

"There's your answer, Bill. That she-wolf comes to the camp at night and the male dogs follow her into the forest. Then the wolves kill our dogs."

"Well, I'm going to shoot her the first chance I get. We can't lose any more dogs."

They tied the dogs up at night but they still escaped. When there were only three dogs, the wolves did not hide any more. They followed the men out into the open – the she-wolf leading them. The men were afraid, but neither of them said anything. Then, One Ear, a sled-dog, escaped in the day. He followed the she-wolf into the trees. Bill took the gun and ran after them.

"That's it! I'm going to stop that she-wolf now!"

One Ear ran after the she-wolf into the forest where the other wolves were waiting. Bill followed them. Henry heard One Ear cry out in pain, and then he heard a gunshot. Then another gunshot.

And a third one. He knew Bill had no more bullets. The wolves howled. Henry knew that he was now alone. There was nothing he could do to save his friend. He had no gun – and no bullets.