

Larry and Greg moved forward slowly. They moved nearer to the Professor. The Professor was not moving. Greg stopped and spoke quietly to Larry.

'You go to the left,' he said. 'I will move to the right. When I put up my hand, call Professor Lugner's name. He'll turn and look at you. Then I'll run and jump on him.'

'I understand,' Larry said.

Larry moved through the snow to the left. Greg went to the right. He put up his hand. He was ready to run towards Professor Lugner. Larry called Professor Lugner's name.

'Professor Lugner! Professor Lugner!' The Professor did not move. Greg looked at Larry. Larry called again. This time he called more loudly.

'Come on!' Greg shouted.

They both ran towards Professor Lugner. He was dead. His body was bending over in the snow.

'Look at the snow,' Larry said to Greg. For the first time they saw that the snow was red with blood.

Larry touched Professor Lugner's body. It fell down on the snow.

'Claw marks!' said Larry.

The front of Professor Lugner's body was covered in blood. His clothes were torn. Huge claws had torn open his face and arms.

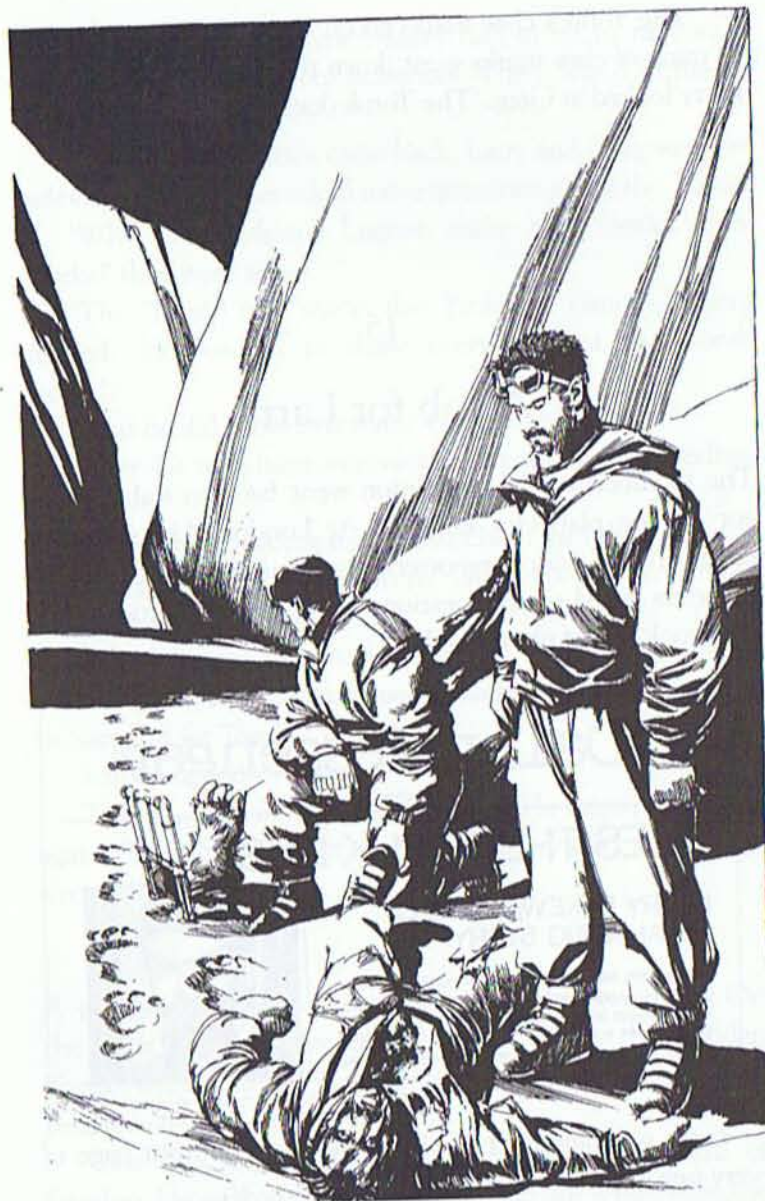
Greg looked around.

'Where is the Toruk's claw that the Professor was carrying?' he asked.

'It's here in the snow,' Larry replied. 'There's no blood on it!'

'Greg, look!' Larry shouted.

He was pointing down the hill away from the Professor's body.



*The front of Professor Lugner's body was covered in blood.  
His clothes were torn.*