

Hypothermia Articles to Use

Baby Born on Frozen Street Declared Dead, Revives

GIRL WAS BORN ON FREEZING TORONTO SIDEWALK



By [Rob Quinn](#), Newser Staff

Posted Feb 20, 2013 2:34 AM CST

NEWSER) – Two alert police officers are credited with saving the life of a baby girl who was wrongly declared dead after being born outside in freezing temperatures in Toronto. The girl's mother had attempted to walk to a hospital in temperatures around zero Fahrenheit, but she didn't make it and ended up giving birth on a frigid sidewalk, the [Toronto Star](#) reports. Hospital staff tried to revive the newborn, but she was declared dead and covered with a sheet. Two police officers waited with the body for the coroner to arrive and after almost two hours, one of them spotted movement under the sheet.

The officer felt for a pulse and alerted medical staff, who confirmed the baby was alive. She is now in stable condition, along with her 20-year-old mother. Doctors believe that the frigid temperatures could have slowed the newborn's heart close to stopping, while preserving brain function. "Hypothermia can mimic death," an expert tells the [Globe and Mail](#), which notes that it is "a critical tenet of emergency medicine that you're not dead until you're warm and dead." The hospital says it is reviewing "all aspects of care" involved in the incident, including the "extensive resuscitation efforts" when the baby first arrived there.

Article 2:

[Stories](#) >> Hypothermia

Sailing is unlike almost any other activity, in that one does not come into sailing with apprehension and slowly graduate to comfort with experience. Just the opposite. Sailors who are really good, know everything about boats, and have thousands of hours at sea are continually and unshakably terrified while on the ocean. Not because they don't know what they're doing, but because they know the ocean so well as to fear it deeply, regardless of how conditions may initially appear. Novices, on the other hand, usually proceed with an affect which is considerably more blithe. As Brian Toss once said, there are only three types of sea-faring sailors — dead, novices, and pessimists. I knew this, but not well enough.

My friend Fritz and I had recently come into a small 15' hobie cat. We didn't really have a place to keep it, so we resolved to try anchoring it out. The idea being that we'd see whether we could set up a semi-permanent anchor mooring close to shore to keep it on, and then just paddle a windsurfing board out there every time we wanted to sail it. In the mean time we'd parked it, on top of a trailer, in a random Bayview side-street.

After work one day, we both hurried down to the boat launch with plans to get the hobiecat anchored out. We had two anchors, and the strategy was for me to sail the hobiecat out with one anchor, while Fritz would row the Sea Louse out with the other anchor. The sun was about an hour away from setting, and it seemed a little windy, but we were really only traveling 200 yards over to drop the anchor, and the wind didn't seem that terrible.

I sailed off the dock, around the pier, and into view of the anchor spot. As soon as I came out from behind the protection of the pier, I was hit with the full force of the wind, and realized for the first time that it was probably blowing a strong 20 to 25 knots. The hobiecat was incredibly light, and was moving amazingly fast, but was also fairly difficult to maneuver in those conditions. I immediately realized that the wind was too strong for our operation, and decided to head back to intercept Fritz.

I had mis-rigged part of the hobiecat, and as a result it took me a while to get it turned around. Before I could head back, Fritz came rowing around the pier, was suddenly hit by the entire strength of the wind, and was blown out into the bay. I sailed past him and suggested that we should just head back, but he was having trouble rowing steadily, and after a few more passes, it was clear that he wasn't making much headway. I began to get worried that the sun would set, that he'd get blown out into the bay in the dark, and that nobody would be able to find him since he didn't have a light.

The wind was howling relentlessly, and the sun was already nudging below the horizon. Seeing that things were beginning to get serious, I tacked over with the intention of picking Fritz up and either towing or abandoning the Sea Louse. As I was shifting my weight over from the tack, a huge gust of wind hit the boat and instantly capsized it. The suddenness of it was unbelievable, as if I was on a tiny model made of paper which someone had simply flicked with their finger; I didn't even have time to register that it was happening. I landed in the water, felt the shock of intense cold run through my system, and gasped as I clambered onto one of the overturned hulls. The wind was blowing so hard that it effectively pinned the boat down, preventing me from righting it, and eventually turtling it completely.

In disbelief, I took stock of where this simple operation — moving a small boat 200 yards — had left me. My phone was dead from the initial water impact, I could see Fritz way off in the distance but didn't know if he could see me, there were no other boats out on the water, no other people on shore, and the last bit of twilight was beginning to fade. I had a life jacket, but was wearing soaked cotton clothing and had no light or radio. Even if there had been anyone around, yelling would have been useless, as the wind would have immediately scattered my cries.

I looked in the direction I was being blown, with the vague hope that I'd end up somewhere reasonable. I wasn't drifting across towards the Oakland side of the bay, but both out and down towards the south. I tried to do the math. I was pretty wet, and in those temperatures, knew that it wouldn't be long before that started to effect my ability to function. I didn't know if or when Fritz would call for help, if he'd even make it back himself, or whether anyone would find me in the dark.

The severity (and stupidity) of my situation was not lost on me. Like anyone, I'd occasionally seen stories about people who drowned in the bay, or succumbed to hypothermia on a local hike. I had always wondered how those kinds of things had been possible, and I realized that this was exactly how it happened. A series of small mistakes and bad decisions left the people in those stories exactly where I was: drifting through freezing water in the dark. I knew very well that in 50 degree water I had 30 to 60 minutes before I lost consciousness from hypothermia.

There was a pier a few thousand yards upwind of me. I looked back downwind, and again contemplated the absolute inky darkness of my current trajectory. How long would I make it before hypothermia? Probably not long enough, it occurred to me. Should I try swimming to the pier? Every second I hesitated brought me slightly further from it. I noticed that I'd already started shivering.

Time passed, and it became clear that there were no other boats on the water, much less a boat that would actually see me. I decided swimming to the pier was the last option that I had any agency over. My only other option was to float with my partially submerged vessel and hope that someone found me before hypothermia did, but my hope of that had largely faded with the sunset. I reasoned that if I tried swimming for it, but didn't make it and became separated from the boat, I'd be well on my way to dead within minutes for sure. So as a precaution, I resolved to swim directly upwind from the boat, such that I'd have a better chance of floating back downwind to be reunited with it.

The bay is ice cold, and even though I was partially submerged, sliding all the way off the hull of the boat was so overwhelmingly frigid that it knocked the wind out of me. I started swimming upwind towards the lights of the pier, still wearing my life jacket and all of my clothing. The wind-waves kept hitting me in the face, and I swallowed a lot of water. I'm a strong swimmer and grew up swimming competitively, but it's only possible to swim through the cold for so long before your body shuts down. After 20 minutes, my boat was quite a ways downwind of me, but the pier didn't appear much closer.

I took stock again. The same wind which had capsized my boat was still whipping over the water. The cold had sapped my strength, I was having difficulty continuing to move my arms, and I realized that I wasn't going to make it to the pier. Floating alone in the dark, with the icy waves washing over my head in that utterly relentless way that is specific to the ocean, I felt the hypothermia really start to set in, and realized that I was probably going to die. I was mostly overwhelmed by the sheer stupidity of it. After all the impossible [single-handed passages](#) I had made, all of the freight trains that I'd [ridden](#) through freezing nights, all the times that I'd found myself in dangerous situations, been shot at, or embarked on obviously [dangerous](#) projects, it seemed absurd that I was going to drown a mere 3,000 yards away from the shore; the final result of what should have been a simple 10 minute operation.

There was also the slowness of it. It wasn't as if I had been shot with a bullet or hit by a bus, suddenly dead. This was something completely different: a slow, inevitable, and extremely lonely series of events that I was being dragged through over the course of an hour. It was strange to think that these were all moments which nobody else would ever know about. I shuddered with the thought of [Jim Gray](#) or [Joshua Slocum](#), both people I admired who were lost at sea, and realized that they each must have had their moments like this one. All alone with the inhospitable and uncaring ocean, slowly undergoing the realization that this was it.

The pier clearly out of my reach and the hypothermia clock ticking, I decided to try making it back to the boat. Although I'd been swimming directly upwind, the boat was some ways off from directly downwind of me. I realized that the underwater sail was probably catching the current from the ebbing tide, moving it horizontally away from me. As I swam and drifted back towards it, it became clear that I would very likely end up missing

it. I knew that if I got blown downwind of it, I'd never be able to reach it again, and that this was my last chance to catch it.

Strangely, I could feel myself drawn towards the temptation of giving up, even though I knew failure meant certain death. In hindsight, I think it's because the act of giving up feels so similar to the sensation of success, at least in a superficially immediate way. I had been imagining making it to the pier, and had pictured the sense of release that I'd experience when collapsing on dry land. Giving up bears a deceptive resemblance, in that it offers a similar sense of release which comes with letting go and ceasing to try. I had to remind myself that they're not the same.

I looked again at my trajectory in relation to the boat, and realized that it was now or never. I knew that my life was at stake, and that I had to summon every ounce of my strength in order to make one final sprint towards the boat. I gave it everything I had, moving my arms in the general form that I knew one made while swimming, even though I could no longer feel them or sense that they were actually propelling me through the water. I looked up just as I was drifting past the stern of the boat, reached out at the very last second, and barely caught hold of a small bit of line that was trailing off the submerged rudder.

I pulled myself onto the hull again, almost vomited, and noticed that I was starting to get tunnel vision, presumably on the path to blacking out completely. My body was shivering hard, but I knew that I was slightly better off with the boat than I was floating freely. I realized that now, without a doubt, there was nothing else I could do. I continued to marvel at and be frustrated by the stupidity of it all. I wondered how long it would be before I blacked out, and how much longer before my heart would stop.

Time passed, and even though my thoughts were now coming slowly, I started trying to work through questions of how I should position myself such that I wouldn't be face down in the water when I blacked out. I tied a line around my wrist so that I would stay with the boat wreckage once I was no longer conscious.

My vision was hazy, but through the darkness, I saw the mast-head light for a moored tugboat flash on. Then its running lights came on. I knew that I was probably invisible, but this was the first other vessel I had seen during the whole time I'd been out, and suddenly it felt like I had a chance again. Even though they were upwind of me, I screamed as loudly as I could, which turned out to be not much more than a dull moan. I tried to wave my unresponsive arms. They started heading in my direction, and I summoned everything I had in order to lift my arms up, knowing that they could easily just pass right by me or even run me over without ever even noticing.

Against all odds, they happened to see me.

Getting me out of the water was another 15 minute process, since I was nearly-dead weight and wasn't much use. When they'd finally gotten a rope under my arms and were pulling me up the side of the boat, I got wedged in the row of tires that typically line a tug. All I needed to do was put my leg out and push off from the side of the boat's hull, but I couldn't do it.

I was so far gone that I never really saw the name of the boat or the faces of my rescuers. I only remember the floor of the engine room, where they carried me to be near the heat of the engine. Eventually I ended up in a hospital, where I was heated until I stopped shaking and regained full consciousness. When they brought me in my core temperature was so low that the digital thermometers wouldn't register it.

And now I'm fine, with only a few bruises and some rope burn. But the past few days have been colored by the knowledge that I shouldn't be alive. There was absolutely no reason for that tug to have seen me, and just dumb luck that it was there at all. It's strange to think that I really should have died out there, and that all of this should be happening without me. I don't know what I'll do now, but I do know that I have re-learned my fear of the ocean, and that there's no such thing as a "short trip." (Fritz made it back without incident, had no idea that I was in trouble, and was hours away from calling anyone.)

Article 3:

Toronto baby's story similar to past hypothermia cases

The Canadian Press

Posted: Feb 19, 2013 6:52 PM ET

A drop in core temperature due to exposure to severe cold can slow the metabolism so much that a person can appear to be dead, say doctors, who believe that was likely the case with a newborn girl who had been declared dead on the weekend but "came back" to life.

The infant was born on a Toronto sidewalk Sunday [after her mother went into labour while walking to the hospital](#). Mother and child were rushed to Humber River Hospital for treatment but the baby had no apparent vital signs and was declared dead.

About 90 minutes later, two police officers standing by the infant while waiting for the coroner to arrive suddenly noticed that a sheet covering the tiny body was moving.

The newborn was alive.

The officer found a pulse and alerted doctors. The baby girl was transferred to the Hospital for Sick Children, where she was in fair condition Tuesday, meaning she is conscious and may have minor complications, but has a favourable outlook.

Dr. Jamie Hutchison, an intensive care physician at Sick Kids, said the newborn likely had hypothermia — a condition in which the body is rapidly cooled, leading to a dramatic slowing of metabolism, which in some cases can mimic death.

"That would be the most likely reason," Hutchison, who was not involved in the newborn's care but conducts hypothermia research, said Tuesday.

"And that's because the body requires a certain temperature for metabolism to occur. So with each degree drop in temperature, the metabolism of every organ slows."

Whether hypothermia occurs in a child or adult, once their body temperature drops below a certain threshold, the person appears to be comatose, he said. And if they get cold enough, the heart beat will slow and weaken so much that they have no perceptible pulse.

"They're not dead, but they appear that way," Hutchison said.

The phenomenon has given rise to a saying in medical practice: "A patient isn't declared dead until they're warm and dead."

"That's what the mantra is now — you don't give up until the patient's warm and declared dead," said Gary Sieck, an expert in hypothermia at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn.

In other words, medical practitioners shouldn't assume a patient exposed to frigid temperatures is dead because their body is cold.

Survival after severe hypothermia

There are many examples of people who had severe hypothermia and were resuscitated with CPR and techniques to gradually warm their blood and organs, Sieck said. Many eventually recovered, even after many hours of being in a state mimicking death.

Perhaps the most famous example in Canada is the case of Erika Nordby of Edmonton, dubbed the "Miracle Baby." In the middle of the night in February 2001, the then 13-month-old crawled outside of the house where she was sleeping with her mother. She was wearing only a diaper and T-shirt. The temperature was -24 C.

When she was found outside in a snowbank at least two hours later, Erika's body temperature had plunged to 16 C; her toes were frozen together and her heart had stopped. It took a medical team 90 minutes to get her heart beating again.

But three days later, though Erika was suffering from severe frostbite, there were no signs of other physical injury or the brain damage that's typical of having the oxygen supply off for a long period of time.

In some instances, hypothermia can be beneficial: it can be induced in patients who have had a stroke or heart attack in a bid to significantly lower the metabolism and limit damage to the brain.

"This is where the therapeutic effect of being cold comes in," said Hutchison. "Because the brain's metabolism is slowed ... it actually protects the brain from damage."

Therapeutic hypothermia, as it's called, is also used for patients who have suffered traumatic brain or spinal cord injury.

"When accidental hypothermia happens — as in this case — babies are much more resilient to hypothermia," Sieck said of the Toronto baby, whose name has not been released. "But there have been examples of adults who have recovered after many hours of hypothermia."

He cited the case of Danish teenagers whose dragon boat capsized in 2011, throwing them all into the icy water of a fiord. Several of the teens were thought to be dead at the scene, but almost all recovered after specialized treatment in hospital, Sieck said.

It's critical that a person who becomes hypothermic from exposure — for example, after falling through the ice into a lake or river — be given immediate CPR until paramedics arrive, he said.

"Just continuing CPR will provide adequate circulation to keep the tissues alive. It's so important to continue CPR, even though the patient may appear to be dead."

Article 4:

Hypothermia kills...

HYPOTHERMIA: Hypothermia kills people every year, summer and winter. It occurs when your core body temperature drops under 95F. The signs of hypothermia are shivering (which then stops as hypothermia progresses), stumbling, lethargy, poor judgment, lack of manual dexterity (can't button up jacket). You often won't know you have it, because your brain is shutting down. Watch out for each other. Prevention is the key. It often happens when someone is injured and can't travel (can't generate enough heat), and has insufficient clothing. It frequently happens when people repeatedly get into cold water, as when hiking in a stream. A sprained/broken ankle won't kill you. But if hypothermia follows, it can.

Serious hypothermia occurs when the body temperature dips below 90F.

If you see the signs, determine how bad it is. If the person is beginning to get hypothermia, you must get that person warm, quickly, or they will progressively get worse, slump to the ground, then drift into unconsciousness, and potentially die. Be gentle with the person; jerky movements of them may aggravate the situation. Remove wet clothes. Dress them in dry, insulated clothing, put in sleeping bag, use space blankets, build fire. Put heat packs especially on armpits, groin and abdomen (careful not to burn skin). Skin to skin contact may be used if otherwise appropriate.

Most importantly, if symptoms are pronounced, get medical help if possible. Do all you can yourself, but professional rescue may be the best chance for the person's survival.

I have seen hypothermia happen in summer on float trips, in summer on Mt. Baldy, AZ during rain and sleet, in summer on small sailboats in water that was not particularly cold, and other times of year. Alcohol ingestion can promote hypothermia.

The person with hypothermia, when recovered, will remember little or nothing of what happened. They will wonder how they got in a sleeping bag, and why their wet clothes are hanging on bushes. Obviously, this is a very delicate situation, but you must get the person warm. Frankly, you must balance that person's need for help with that person's need to not have their privacy violated. This is a tough situation to be in.

Again, prevention is the key. This is why a rain suit (and when needed, ski suit & space blankets) are good to have. A breathable rain suit, alone (or even a cheap vinyl rain-suit), will often prevent hypothermia. Plan for the weather being worse than you thought it would be, and bring gear for that. Pay attention to weather reports. Keep your eyes on each other and if symptoms begin, act early, and save a life.

TALES OF HYPOTHERMIA

1. MT. BALDY; My kids mother, Brenda, (deceased) and my son, Bryan, and me, set out for the top of Mt. Baldy, AZ, with breathable rain-suits, insulated clothing, etc, in monsoon season. We were well equipped. Close to the top, the

horizon to the west turned blue-black with frequent lightning and we turned back. Quickly the sleet and rain were upon us, as we descended. Brenda, a strong hiker, was having fatigue problems. She kept wanting to sit down, and once down, she did not want to get up. Her body temperature was dropping and she was shivering, despite having great clothing and rain-suit. She began to become lethargic. There was no shelter, no starting a fire up there. We had to keep her moving, but she was so tired. Bryan and I would lift her by her arms, get her walking and she would warm up a little, but then she was too tired to go further. As soon as she sat down, she would become lethargic and less responsive. We would haul her up and get her walking. We repeated this all the way to the trailhead where we had a van with a kerosene heater. She slept for 8 hours, and remembered little of the experience. I figured she had the flu, but when she got up, she was perfectly fine. When we got home, we found out she was pregnant with my daughter April (now 19 years old) who hikes with me frequently.

2. WEST CLEAR CREEK; I went backpacking down into West Clear Creek, AZ, and we waterproofed our backpacks so we could throw them in, and swim through the pools of cold water, get out and hike to the next pool, and repeat this process. Of the four of us, one had gotten over the flu, the week before. Or so he thought. After the 40 minute downhill and several pools of about 100 yards, one person (we'll call him Ed) was slowing down. He puked. He kept going. We arrived at our campsite with Ed quivering, frowning, and not feeling good, but he could talk and make sense. Next, I noticed that he could not get his pack open. When I questioned him, he couldn't make sense. That transition happened in about 3 minutes. I told the other 2 about it. One was preparing his fishing rod to go fishing, and he set off saying, "He'll be fine". The other thought I was overreacting; until Ed slumped to the ground, and didn't know his name. The two of us pulled his clothes off and stuffed him in his bag on a camping pad. We hung his wet clothing on the bushes. We put a space blanket on him and kept careful eye, and saw that he was slowly warming up. He slept until morning and felt a little shaky but was otherwise OK. He had no memory of even arriving at that location, and wondered why his clothing was all over the bushes. I don't know how it would have been if he had needed to swim again, in cold water, that next day.

3. LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN, LA; When I was a young man, I took my sister sailing on my 11 foot sailboat (with a mast about 25 feet tall). This boat (board) would almost jump out of the water in a stiff breeze. To be careful, I took life jackets; tied to the mast. (I told you I was young.) About a mile offshore, she fell in, with the wind-speed and clouds increasing. With the boat flying away from her, I kept losing sight of her in the swells. But she could swim. I got the boat turned around and headed toward her, and flew by her. On the second pass, I missed her again, and she was looking bewildered. Not scared, just confused. She was not focused on grabbing hold of the boat or my hand as the boat went by. Now I knew we had a problem. I couldn't untie the life jacket because the boat would have flipped if I had let go of the tiller (the steering stick), and crawled forward to the mast. On the third pass, I released the sail, to flap in the wind. That slowed the boat and I was able to grab her and haul her onboard. She could not help, was unresponsive and didn't know her name. I put a life jacket on her, with swells increasing, and she slumped onto the deck. I put my leg over her to hold her on the boat and headed for shore. Approaching the dock, the squall was passing on, the sun came out, and we were in protected water. This peaceful scene was a sharp contrast to the sudden sharp squall we had just been through. I hauled her onto the dock, in the sun. She warmed up quickly and within an hour she was fine. She remembered nothing.

4. TUBING THE SALT RIVER, AZ; A group of us were tubing the Salt River in midday, in July. A Mom, who was a nurse, was with her 9 year old daughter. We'll call her Sue. Sue was riding on her Mom's lap, mostly out of the water. But she was jumping into the water repeatedly. She began to shiver. Kids shiver all the time. No big deal. Until the sun went behind some clouds and she couldn't hold her head up. She was groggy and she had stopped shivering.

Stopping shivering is a bad sign when the person is unresponsive and cold. Mom and I hauled her into shore to some warm sand and buried her. She perked up quickly and was fine and Mom made her stay in Mom's lap. No more jumping into the cold water. She couldn't understand why Mom was so insistent that she stay out of the water because she remembered little of what happened.

I hope these stories and the information help you to understand hypothermia and remember that prevention is the key, and to recognize and act quickly if hypothermia should occur. A breathable rain suit will prevent most hypothermia (and is also an extra layer of warmth and a windbreaker, should you need it). Be responsible for your own safety.

David A. Feb. 28, 2010 (David gratefully acknowledges help and input from Mona Morstein, N.D.)

Article 5:

Incredible Story of Surviving Hypothermia



CNN.com has an amazing story today about a skier who fell into frigid waters, spending an extended time beneath the surface, only to be pulled out, and eventually revived, and in the process redefining the effects of hypothermia on the human body.

The accident took place back in 1999 in the city of Narvik, Norway. Narvik is a mountain town known for its spectacular views and amazing skiing, which is exactly why Anna Bågenholm chose it as the location to do her medical residency. Back on that fateful day ten years ago, Anna and her friends were skiing off trail when she took a tumble down an ice gully and ended up going head first through a hole in the ice, into the water. Anna's friends immediately went to her aid, but were unable to pull her from the rushing waters. Calling for help, a rescue helicopter was dispatched to retrieve the trapped skier, but by the time it arrived, Anna had been under the ice for more than 80 minutes.

After being airlifted off the ice, the helicopter sped towards the nearest hospital, but Anna showed almost no signs of life. Her body temperature had dropped to just 56° F and her pulse was non-existent. For all intents and purposes, she was dead, and all attempts at CPR proved fruitless.

But the doctors wouldn't give up, and they decided to not declare her dead until her body had completely warmed up. So, they hooked her up to a machine that slowly warmed her blood, and began to raise her body temp. After three hours, her heart began to beat once again, and Anna returned from the dead.

The story is an amazing one that reminds us that we don't know as much about the human body as we'd like to believe some times. It is an incredible machine that is strong and resilient, even beyond our own expectations. Obviously Anna survived this incident, and now leads a completely normal life that includes skiing and being a radiologist at the hospital that saved her life.

Thanks to Jon from The Rest of Everest for sending this my way. Great story!

Article 6:

Hiker beats hypothermia to survive 3 nights in desert

A woman was rescued from the Utah wilderness after spending four days lost. KSL's John Daley reports.

By Miguel Llanos, NBC News

A hiker who returned to the trail where she took a survival course 40 years ago almost didn't make it out alive. Victoria Grover, 59, nearly died of hypothermia in the high desert of southern Utah over the weekend.

Grover told reporters from her hospital bed on Sunday that while she didn't have food she did have water, and figured that could keep her going for days. "The thing I was worried about was hypothermia -- that that was going to kill me," she said.

A physician's assistant from Wade, Maine, Grover had gone to the trail in Dixie National Forest where she took a survival course at Brigham Young University 40 years ago.

What was supposed to be a six-mile day hike turned into a four-day, three-night ordeal that began when it got too dark for Grover to find her way back.

The next day she broke her leg after jumping a four-foot ledge.

"I really wasn't scared until I stopped shivering," she said, "because that was the point where I thought, 'If somebody doesn't find me pretty soon I'm going to die of hypothermia.'"

The lodge where she was staying alerted the local sheriff when she didn't check out as planned, and a search team found her two days later -- suffering from hypothermia.

So what went through her mind during those cold nights where the temperature dipped into the low 30s and the only warmth she had came from a light poncho?

Besides praying, she also "was dreaming of oranges, which is one of my favorite foods," the Associated Press quoted her as saying. "But there are people who can go for weeks and weeks without food in this world. We have it easy in America."

Other websites with stories:

<http://www.snowandmud.com/snowmobile-chat-14/hypothermia-frostbite-personal-stories-43463.html>