

BY SAM BASS | PHOTOS BY KEOKI FLAGG

Pour contents liberally over ice. Observe ensuing mania.

Kipp Garre, John Morrison and Andrew McLean, wondering how penguins stay so fat.

WWW.WARRENMILLER.COM

EVER HAD A GROCERY-STORE BIRTHDAY CAKE? The kind that seems to have more icing than cake? The kind that's responsible many kids' parties ending in tantrums, stomachaches and cocktails for the parents? Antarctica is that writ large, except the too-sweet goo is eons-old ice topped with a smear of snow. Ice covers everything. Where advancing glaciers spill off escarpments, cliffs hundreds of feet thick reduce any rock beneath to visual insignificance. Ice spills into the coastal waters in giant pale-neon bergs, And on the Antarctic Peninsula—that talon of rock and ice jutting north toward South America's tip—it drapes the jagged topography with thousands of square miles of the kind of ski terrain that makes otherwise reasonable adults froth at the mouth.



