



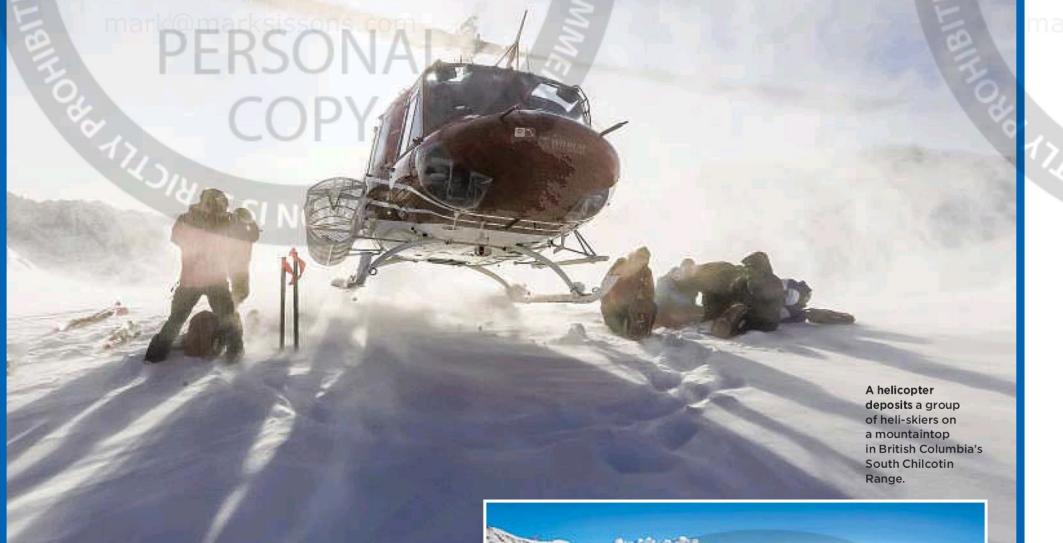
THIS MONTH: SKI AND SNOW

TODAY: Heli-skiing in Canada

◀ DECEMBER: City life: New York, Madrid, Istanbul.

SKI AND SNOW

WITH SKY AT YOUR BACK



A helicopter deposits a group of heli-skiers on a mountaintop in British Columbia's South Chilcotin Range.

In the Canadian Rockies, experience the rush of heli-skiing

By MARK SISSONS
Special Contributor

NEAR GOLD BRIDGE, British Columbia — "To be honest, I am not here to visit Canada. I came here to go heli-skiing. If the best skiing was in North Korea, I would go there."

So says Frank Naumann, a taciturn, middle-aged software engineer from Coburg, Germany, as we sip lagers and watch the snow swirling outside. Today was supposed to be Naumann's first chance to finally realize a lifelong dream of heli-skiing in the Canadian Rockies. But Mother Nature has gone and dumped all over his deep-powder debut.

See **HELI-SKIING** Page 4K



Photos by Randy Lincks/Special Contributor

British Columbia, where the sport was practically invented, is still home to most of the world's top heli-skiing operators.



John Oseid/Special Contributor

NORTHERN IRELAND

Road leads to intrigues of 'Game of Thrones'

Tour visits locations from the hit TV series

By JOHN OSEID
Special Contributor

COUNTY ANTRIM, Northern Ireland — "A madman sees what he sees," said Philip McComb as we drove over the green Antrim plateau, a steady Northern Ireland rain slashing at our coach windows.

As even a modest watcher of HBO's *Game of Thrones* knows, our guide was quoting Ned Stark from "Winter Is

Following single-lane roads, our McComb's Coach Travel tour took us through the nine gorgeous glens that carve their way through County Antrim, which experiences "five seasons in a day."

Home to the fictional medieval Westeros, Antrim is where much of *GOT* is filmed, including the pivotal misty hillside scene in which Lord Ned beheads a Night's Watch deserter, dismissing the crazed man's prophetic warning of having encountered the dreaded Whitewalker creatures.

Later, in a dark cove off the shore at Cushendun village, we huddled around McComb.

generated imagery transformed the small space into the creepy den where Melisandre gives birth to the eerie "shadow baby" assassin.

Skirting past spectacular headlands along the Causeway Coastal Route, we drove right into Larrybane Quarry, and I immediately recognized the white limestone cliffs as the amphitheater-like camp where lady knight Brienne of Tarth triumphs in a sword duel.

After a week of binge-watching four seasons of *GOT*, I may not speak the invented language of Dothraki, but I know my House Stark from House Lannister. Still, I was no

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