

BAGS

[Bergain]

BIG AGNES BOOT JACK 25

Why we like it You get a legit, three-season down sleeping bag that's true to its temp rating for less than \$200.

» **Warmth** No cold spots—I slept completely warm from head to toe, “said one of our editors after a damp, mid-20s night in Turkey’s Taurus Mountains. To keep the price low, Big Agnes opted for 600-fill, water-resistant duck down. It’s not as packable as higher fill-down, but the included stuffsack gets it to 15 by 17.5 inches, we recommend getting an aftermarket compression sack to smash it down to soccer ball size.

» **Fit** The 60-inch shoulder circumference strikes a pleasant balance between thermal efficiency and elbowroom. One editor had space to pack an extra layer so she could

put on warm clothes in the morning, but there was mixed feedback on the small, 36-inch foot. One tester loved how the footbox kept her toes toasty in sub-freezing temps, but another with larger feet wished for more wiggle room.

» **Quality** The drawcords were a bit sticky when cinching the hood all the way down, requiring massaging of the fabric to shrink the opening to blowhole size. Some testers also wished for a lofter draft collar.

\$190, 2 lbs., 6 oz., 25°F, bigagnes.com



IN THE FIELD

LET IT BREATHE.

Weather permitting, hang your inside-out bag over a rock, branch, or your tent each morning to let any moisture it absorbed overnight evaporate. This will reduce furs and preserve loft.



[Featherweight Quality]

SEA TO SUMMIT EMBER EBI QUILT
Why we like it For light-and-fast summer trips, there's nothing better: It weighs less than a pound and packs down to grapefruit size.

» **Versatility** For warm sleepers and gram counters, it quilt does everything a bag does, plus some (“Trending,” page 80). Too hot? Flip the top-down or stick it bag out. It also makes a great campfire blanket, and it’s just wide enough to wrap around both you and your cuddle buddy. The Ember does all this while staying lighter and more packable than many of its quilt-style peers thanks to 750-fill, water-resistant duck down and sewn-through baffles. Plus, there are no straps to tangle with when nature calls.

» **Warmth** Strapping the quilt to your pad with the included attachment and cinching the bottom boosts insulation. Our warm sleeping tester was comfortable in the low 40s while backpacking in the Sierra, but colder snoozers still wore a puffy and warm socks on nights near the temp rating. Ding: The sewn-through baffles leave cold spots where the lattice is stitched.

» **Sizing** The regular size is 62 inches long. Want bigger? The large adds 9 inches to the length and 12 inches to the width for \$20 and 6 ounces more.

\$229, 13 oz., 40°F, seatosummit.com



TESTIMONIAL

MY SECURITY BAG

It was late 2013 when I saddled up on a one-way flight to Portland, my third city in a year. Traveling light, I packed little more than my dog, Lilly and a 15-degree Columbia sleeping bag.

As a freelance journalist, I enjoyed an astounding lack of structure in my life, exploring a different coffee shop or corner of the library each day. The one constant was a nightly routine of zipping into my shiny, heat-reflecting, Columbia mummy bag with Lilly hauled up in the footbox. This was home.

And I could take home anywhere. The bag allowed me to tag along on backcountry powder missions, then camp with Lilly in borrowed tents and bays, under tarps, cocooned in the back of Subaru at trailheads, and, when we were lucky, curled up by the glowing fireplaces of remote cabins. In spring and summer, I camped all over the Cascade Range, but three things never changed: me, Lilly, and the bag.

In time, I graduated my sleeping surfaces from floors to couches to an occasional mattress, but I never moved on from the sleeping bag. I

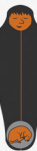
stayed wrapped up in that warm chamber of security every single night no matter where I slept—bed, bunk, or backcountry. The bag lost some loft and started to smell a bit, but just like my first teddy bear, I never even considered a replacement, no matter how beat up it became.

That summer, life blew me south to 75-and-sunny San Diego, where I could have easily retired the bag. But instead, it lay unburied in the cab of my truck—ready for me and Lilly, ready for whatever adventure was next.

In December, Lilly and I moved again—this time to Boulder, Colorado, for my position as BACKPACKER's new gear editor. We took a few days, pulling over at truck stops and empty campsites to nap inside my camper shell with the same old synthetic sack on a chunk of memory foam.

When we showed up to our newest crash pad—a dark room with blank walls in a renovated basement—the first thing I did was lay out the sleeping bag and dip inside while Lilly wormed her way down to the footbox. We were already home.

—Scott Jorko



PHOTOS BY COURTESY; ILLUSTRATION BY GIOVANNI CORRADO LIGNE