



DR ALEXANDER MACKLIN
Expedition surgeon

As we enter the periphery of the Weddell Sea, the grey and snowy ~~cold~~ clouds draw nearer, and to make it better, the cold winds chill me to the

bone. I do not understand how I will be able to work in these conditions. I normally graft in a warm medical room as a experienced surgeon. I was slightly worried at first because it is my first expedition working on a ship but now I am here I partly enjoy it, the only thing which keeps my spirits up are the crew. They are really jolly and I am making new acquaintances, but the thought always comes back.

The deck is starting to freeze. I can just make out a yell from above but I can not tell what he is saying. I am starting to become unsettled. I can not see anything and I keep on thinking it is my mind making a racket. When I turned to look out of the window, my heart drops because the ice which was just small and no trouble was immense and thicker in no time at all, and then I made out the yell of Mc Neiss, shouting to Earnest.

The now bigger ice surrounds us from all sides but we were told by boss to just battle through. My jaw is unable to close. I knew this is not going to be good. It appeared that the ice got bigger and scarier every second, and I am starting to get anxious. I am alarmed now, I know it could be more drastic on the Endurance and we had to be ready for anything now.

We start to leave the periphery and we are entering the extreme temperatures of the core of Antarctica. Thicker ice appears every second, well that is what it feels like. The ice is also becoming more compacted and is like a huge island. As we get closer and closer to the middle of Antarctica, ice crystals start to form everywhere on the deck and tired, from battling. Every mile or so, the engine is deteriorating and we are just about going through this monster. We are getting to the point where we are really concerned but we will not let this destroy our hope. It has happened, we all knew it would, but not when. Endurance is stuck. We are miles away from any help and we are asking ourselves will we survive this perilous journey of trying to get guidance.



All we need to do now, is to wait and try and break Endurance out of the ice with our picks and saws. All we know is our voyage on the ship, has been paused.





WILLIAM STEPHENSON
Fireman and stoker

William's Journey

The weather on the border of the Weddell Sea, in Antarctica, is sunny and crisp, as usual.

My job is a fireman and a stoker. I have been a fireman and stoker for more than five years now this is the longest journey I have been on. I work in the sweltering boiler room to stoke the fuel. I sometimes hover around the deck to make sure there are not any fires. I am also excited because we have got splendid crewmates and I am excited about this journey because I have high hopes. I am worried if there will be a big fire and we do not have enough water ^{to} put it out but we have the sea so I think it will be adequate. I am on stand by, because I need to know if there is a fire anywhere. All of the crew are excited because we will all have a laugh but this journey will not be easy. This might be my last journey, because I am getting old but I might carry on because this is my life and my job so I'm not sure yet. If I do this journey will be the one that I will remember the most.

Over the last few days, I have noticed that the further we go into the Weddell Sea, the harder it gets. AM of a sudden, the look-out shouts, "Ice! A lot of Ice ahead!" Most of us glance over board and we see a lot of ice but we are not worried because it is only small blocks of ice. A few hours have past, but we are worried because the ice is getting thicker. The ice keeps on growing thicker. The Endurance has had a few cracks but it is still standing. The Endurance is now battling with the ice. The boat may have a lot of cracks in it but it still bravely battles on. Shackleton tells me to go below deck because he says there is a fire at it has been caused by the ice because it keeps on becoming thicker and thicker as we go ahead. I have put out the fire and it will be fine.

The Endurance^a is still bravely battling on. As we go on this treacherous journey, the ice is getting more compact. The ice is so thick that the boat is almost at an immediate stop. I am starting to get worried as we might have to go home but I don't want to, none of us do. An hour has past and we are starting to slow down.

The Endurance has come to a complete ^{halt} stop. I am now shaking having most dissatisfactory thoughts. My stomach is now aching as we have been here now for a while. The camp that we were supposed to stay at, is still hundreds of miles away. Shackleton has decided to get the ice-chisels, picks and saws out, to try and free the Endurance. We have attacked ferociously for over an hour and we have had no luck. Everyone that is on the ship, has been trying to free the Endurance, except Percy Blackburn, who is a stowaway. I found him whilst I was getting the gun. We have made a dent in the ice but still no luck but we are doing all we can to free the Endurance. Will we all make it out alive?





HUBERT HUDSON
Navigating officer

Hubert's Point Of View (Nav officer)

We've reached the verge of the Weddell Sea now, I hope it stays this way - nice and peaceful, yet something is bound to happen. It's quite cold out in the open air, strange, the sun is out, yet it's still so bitterly cold. This is my first ever expedition to somewhere as extreme as Antarctica, I'm slightly fraught with the idea of going to such a remote continent! The crew is really nice, perhaps it's time to make new friends so we can communicate with better efficiency. Now Allied with them, things should be easier - I hope.



HUBERT HUDSON
Navigating officer

The Endurance is taking its last few breaths now - the icy, flat, cold, terrain-jagged, jigsaw blocks of ice that attempt to prevent our vessel from proceeding any further, are now slowing her down - so much in fact, that all the landmass has compressed into one solid block of mass. The crisp, frosty atmosphere around us has been affecting all of our duties, slowing our overall efficiency &. I have been trying to locate our next destination, yet the snowy-air has blinded the whole vessel and the miniscule crew on top of her. Dangers await, since the blizzard took over our ~~sight~~ vision. We attempted to will the Endurance on further - yet now we are utterly stuck, fixed to the seemingly infinite expanse of ice that lay ^{before} presented to us. Shackleton (our expedition leader) ordered us to practice emptying her supplies within five minutes or less, just in case we have to abandon ship at any time. Now, she's been creaking and groaning more frequently lately, as the ice was silled up against her - I hope we will be able to pull through this.

The whole crew was ordered to gather all of our tools and endlessly chisel away at the ice - for 4-8 hours. We tried, tried so hard, yet we barely made a dent in the titanic slab of frozen liquid. Shackleton had now lost any hope of being able to return back home and so had we. He ordered us to empty out all of the Endurance's supplies, told us to get off the ship then announced one final goodbye to the vessel he had once been on - it was his only option if he was desired all of the crew to return to safety. We ventured north to try and seek safety.

We must ...



JOHN VINCENT
boatswain and able seaman

John Vincent's Journey

For three years, I have been an able seaman on sailing voyages. I am much more confident to take part on this incredible expedition. As I stand on the deck, on my second journey, I am looking forward to entering the periphery of the Weddell Sea. I have now started to miss my loving, happy family yet, all the crew helped me get over it. Ice cold winds blow onto my face as we enter the Weddell Sea, we all cheer and clapp. The crew are like a family to me. On deck, this morning I note that the weather is dull and fatter. This is my first expedition and Shackleton is an incredible leader and a great friend as well. As I walk onto the deck, I hear Walter How yelling and yelling.

He said he had spotted an object in the distant. I am polishing the deck when I saw compact ice approaching. Shackleton orders me to keep a watch out just in case. As I watch out, I notice that the ice is getting bigger and thicker. On my break, I went to go and tell the crew below deck about what has happened. Charles Green was very concerned, James Wordie

was skating and Mc Weish was getting ready to come into action if the ice got worse. I tried to calm everything down and said the ice was approaching.

The ice is getting thicker and thicker. The weather and conditions are extreme and more people are getting worried about what is happening. Shackleton orders to keep on ramming the compacted ice at full speed. The temperature is dropping below average. However, I will try my best to save the Endurance! Meanwhile the ship is slowing; it is like the ice is pushing on the front of the boat.



As an able seaman, I grab pikes, chisels and saws and I pushed the boat onto the water. All of the crew members help free the Endurance. Huffing and puffing, I hammer at the ice and try my best and most people are losing hope. Anchored to the ice, it is getting hazardous because ice blocks are shooting out of the sea and are flying meters in the air. Shackleton is trying to keep the morale high. Still missing my family more than anything else and I hope just hope that I get to see them soon. I have been on the ice for one year and I don't know if I will get out alive and well.



JAMES WORDIE
Expedition geologist

Into the Weddell Sea,

I have been lying in bed for half an hour, I feel sick and I am not sure whether it was the alcohol from last night or just sea-sickness. As the cool crisp air enters my lungs, my mind clears a bit and I find myself standing. It has felt like ages since we left our ship, Endeavour, has had a lucky trip so far, traveling to Antarctica was proving easier than expected. Shackleton is calm, yet I feel nervous like something is lurking ahead of us, but ever was, we have finally entered the Weddell Sea! I do not know why but I am always thinking about the worst possible scenario, and I can't stop thinking about my family, for whom I have known for so long. I don't even know whether I will get out alive nor if I will ever see them again. The crew always seem so happy and cheerful, I wish I could say the same for myself.

The air has started to cool and cold weather had started to seep into Endurance. Most of the crew had gone below deck due to the cold, but me and Shackleton have stayed above, surveying the area around us and its bitter beauty. I can see some white ahead of us, for now I will just assume it is the reflection of the sun on the sea. My thoughts are more neutral and relaxed now.

All of a sudden, I hear the desperate cries of Robert Clark, coming from the crow's nest, "only small, but I see ice-bergs ahead!"



I am not worried yet as no-one else was. After a few hours, the ice-bergs have enlarged considerably, every-one is worried now, and the Endurance battles with all her strength to get through.

The ice is just getting thicker and thicker. But we know it will have to end, so we carry on. The sails have started to freeze over and me and the crew's hopes are deteriorating rapidly. We all know we have to move quicker, so we put a sight and attack the ice, every single one of us, even me. All of us sawing and

Hammering the ice. The ship is still moving, but slower now. We can hear the Endurance's engine and desperate cries from below show that we are running low on coal. We are now giving it everything ~~we~~ we have got. Shackleton, as determined as ever, encouragingly tells us that ~~we~~ we are doing fine. It is all because of him that we are still alive. So we listen and

compete against the ice

It was when Endurance took her final breath and charged at the ice that we realised we had been beaten.



We are left hundreds of miles away from any known land, and it does not look like we are getting anywhere soon.



REGINALD JAMES
Expedition physicist

Every day is a school day even for physicists

As I stand, staring out into the blurry blizzard of Antarctica, I feel as if the deck has a special sensation as it on, I think, the soon-to-be renowned vessel, "The Endurance". Blustery and almost blinding, the increasing snowfall is potentially the downfall and disadvantage to conquering the Antarctic climate. From studying for over three years at Oxford University, my knowledge of physics has remained, for as long as I can remember, in my intellect and has inspired me to carry on, and now, here I am, chosen to take part in an extraordinary expedition of the decade. Antarctica has taken my interests to the next level, as it is the complete and utter opposite of my home, in San Diego. I am determined, although I have I have not had much success so far, that every second of this journey will be worth it when I return.

As I look for any hint of movement from the exterior of the vessel, I detect a large iceberg,

navigating its way, onward, towards the Endurance. Although I have been educated to the highest standard, I was unable to predict whether it were to have contact with our sincerely powerful ship. As it kept sailing on, portions of the crew perceived it, as it became more perceptible; its titanium white like crown, enlarging.

Shattering unexpectedly, the Endurance weaves in and out of the labyrinth of ice coming together before us. Tight positions we are in, but luckily we managed to gain strength and confidence in ourselves and overcame the difficult enterprise that Antarctica has conigned us with. Abruptly, the vessel comes to a halt and immediately, the crew rushed to the bitter plains of the Antarctic, trying to strike the weakest spots in the isolated ice, I ~~to~~ now realise we are stuck.



By



TOM CREAN
Second officer

Tom Crean's Journey.

The sun is shining bright on The Endurance, yet there are still cool and crisp winds. The ship bobs up and down with the periphery of The Weddell Sea. I stand upon her deck, proud to have gotten this far. I have taken many boat journeys, but this is my first ever long expedition. The crew are kind-hearted and bold. This expedition has been fun and electrifying. I am feeling nervous, concerned and excited about this voyage. What if we come this far for nothing? What if we don't come back?

I was broken from my thoughts by the distressed cries from many of the crewmates. I went up to see what was bothering everybody. And then I caught a glimpse of the approaching ice. I thought this was all harmful. Later, I was carefully observing the ice, but then I started to ~~take~~ take note of little changes in it.

It is becoming more and more sizeable as time goes on. I think I should inform Shackleton about the ice, because it could be something we should be concerned about.

Endurana is held captive by the morning ice. She needs to be liberated. The port ice is thicker and more sizeable. This is a battle with ice and we are the brave and daring soldiers. I need to make sure everyone stays well because it is my job as second officer. The conditions are treacherous, and this pains me greatly. My hope is deteriorating and my faith is fading.



Will we have to turn back from this voyage?