



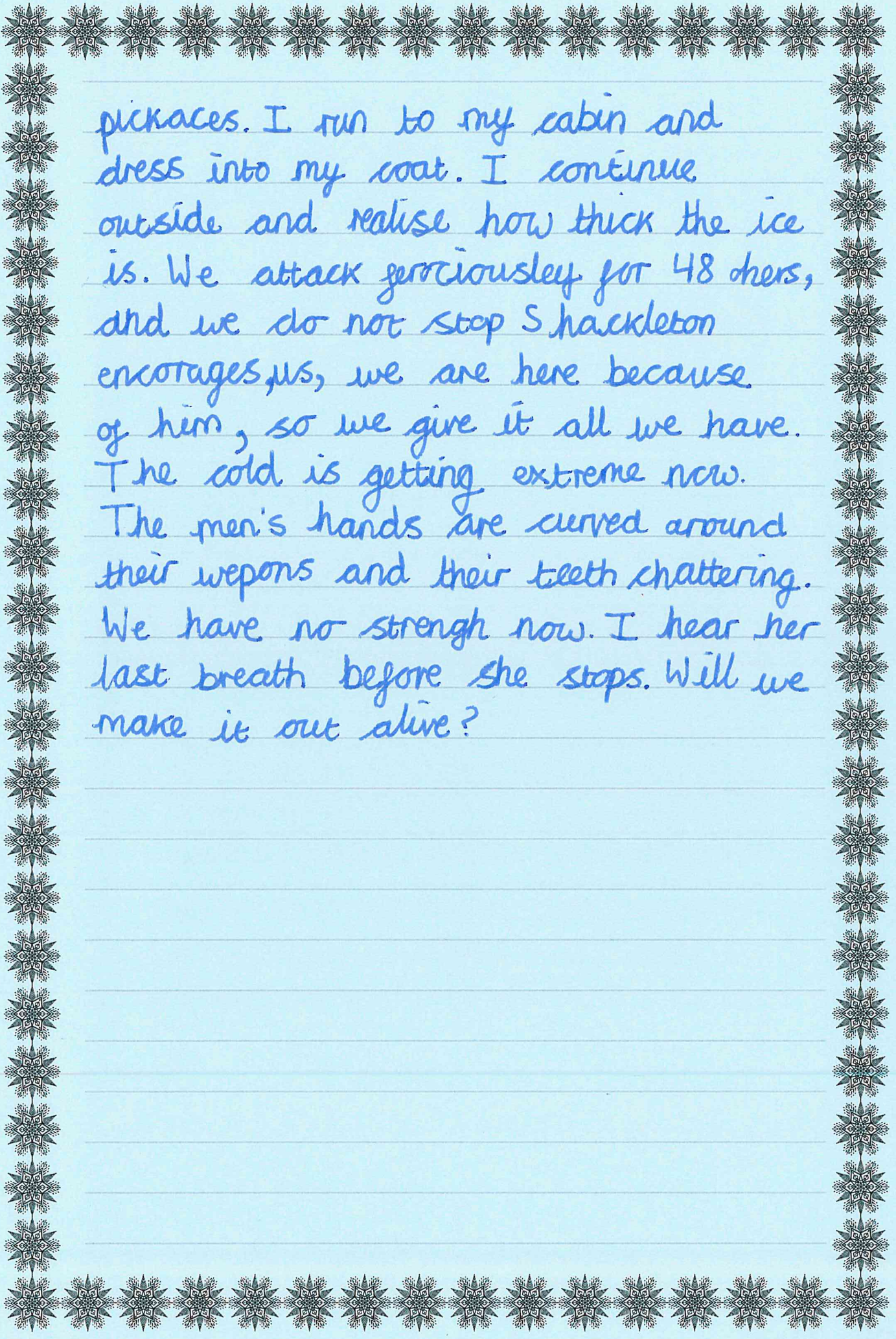
JOHN VINCENT
boatswain and able seaman

John Vincent's Journey

Right now, I am on the edge of the Weddell Sea. It is very sunny on deck, the air crisp with some cold winds. This is my first journey at sea, the crew and I are very excited but also a little nervous. I feel like the crew are beginning to get a home-sick and so am I. One of the biggest worries, is that, we could get sick or injured, maybe not making it back. I am so proud to be with the incredible Ernest ~~Shack~~ Shackleton, ever since I was a child, I have always looked up to him. As I look
As I look on the other end of the deck, peering down into the abyss, our look-out reports a few faint white blocks of ice. I rush over to the other side, I lean over the sides of the ship perilously peering, I have a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach.

As we approach, small chunks of ice gently bump into the boat. I start to see thicker, more-sizeable chunks of ice. I proceed to inform Shackleton and our carpenter, Mc-Neish about the ice. As an able seaman, I start to monitor the size, thickness and height. I realise quickly, ahoid, there is a labrenth of ice ahead of us. I know now that this was not going to be as smooth as we all hoped. Now, the ice is getting thicker, I hear creaking and groaning. I go to our expedition leader, ~~st~~ Shackleton, and I enquire what is going on. He informs me that we are slowing down. I rush to Mc Neish I exclaim to him ~~wat~~ what is happening. The Endurance struggles on and I hear a clamour outside. I rush to the nearest window and see; the whole crew are outside with saws, ice-picks and





pickaxes. I run to my cabin and dress into my coat. I continue outside and realise how thick the ice is. We attack ferociously for 48 hours, and we do not stop. Shackleton encourages us, we are here because of him, so we give it all we have. The cold is getting extreme now. The men's hands are curved around their weapons and their teeth chattering. We have no strength now. I hear her last breath before she stops. Will we make it out alive?



CHARLES GREEN
Ship's cook

Charlie Green's Journey

As the ship's cook, I have to feed everyone on the ship a fair amount. Years have come to this long lasting and exciting expedition. Now as an experienced cook, I just dream the future of the high praise of my food from the last few years. The air is cold and crisp and is also mild and foggy with unknown dangers ahead but with my brilliant food, the crew's spirits are high. I have been on many journeys before, long and short, but I have never been on an incredible expedition like this before (especially with Schukelton). Very happy to be on board with Schukelton because he's a great leader and he keeps everyone positive just like my food. Everyone in the crew is great but I have especially made friends with our geologist (James Walker) because I am also quite interested in rocks. Lately, food has been limited and I have been under pressure to cook a good amount for everyone.

Charles Green's Journey continues

I was in the galley cooking, and then I heard a shout, a faint shout, coming from the crew's nest. I could not quite make the words out but Walter told me there was a rumour about a rocky surge ahead. I am ~~eye~~ eager to know of what's is happening so I ask Shackleton. He says Mearns has reported scattered ice ahead but McMillan has it under control. I look on the top deck and I see lots of minor pieces of ice that had spread around. As I get back to the galley, I feel the boat rock a bit. Now I feel the vibration of the swaying boat creak against the ice sparsely. I know that now we have a struggle to circumvent the ice that was getting much thicker. The worry around the ship just made me hungry so with the delay, my food will start to decrease. I can only take my mind off it by asking for for the whole crew, thinking of food, not danger.



Charles Green's journey continues

Now the ice is dangerously thick, I hear the scrapping engine roar but there is not much I can do about that. She moves very slowly and every second it feels like she might collapse but I am still determined to contribute for the for the team. She finally stops, some have a new plan. Skatton announces we must help attack the ice with chisels and picks. It is hard work to hack the ice for hours and see nothing happen.

It was certainly more treacherous but we bravely continue to battle the Antarctic continent. Although I have



been on many journeys as cook before, I have to but I have never experienced this weather. It suddenly starts to hit me with coldness. However, with lots of unknown dangers, Skatton stays positive, so I try my best to, but I just dream of home. So now I am back in the galley, as the ice attack did not ~~even~~ succeed. We have been at sea for many months now and I really start to miss my family, the only thing that keeps me going is cooking. I know my beloved wife and my children would encourage me to keep going. We all know that we will be stuck here, miles away from home. I just hope we will soon get on the move or if we will make this cut alive.



FRANK HURLEY
Expedition photographer

Frank Hurley and The Endurance

When we enter the borders of the Weddell Sea, I am hanging on my jibboom, tightly gripping my trusty camera as I know something is coming. I am not really the loudest person or I could think of I am mainly quite shy, I do not really like showing my identity.

- I am still getting used to the crew but I think they understand. But it is early the sun is shining. I am so proud to be on my first expedition, but I'm worried that we might not have enough food and not have for the trip.

Well that's that and it's just me and Walter, he's on the crow's-nest, while I am restfully slouching on the railing unaccompanied. Then I spotted a snow white maze of ice. I think 'that's just probably just no harm' but as we get closer it becomes bigger and thicker, and it looks like it rip a ship in half.

Not thinking I gesture a signal to
walter who shouted "INCOMING ICE"
all the men got up and helped to get to
safetey.

The Ship continues to develop to the
way to get through the ice well atleast
we thought. For a while the engine
started to stutter and the whole
ship was mourning and creaking
in a hazardous way until she
could do no more, we were stuck.
For 2 day straight we were sawing
and beating the ice. It was tiring
work but the ice was not letting
go of her, I nearly fainted once.
Not only that the officers are doing
nothing at all while we do all the
work, it get me really up and the
good it getting low. I think this might
be the end. But is it really?

By E ban C owell



LEONARD HUSSEY
Expedition meteorologist

The Antarctic Adventure

The Weddell Sea is not as I had expected, with its calm waves, glistening in the Southern Hemisphere's piercing orange sunset, a fight of dark and light. A cooling wind whips around me as I hazardously lean off the jig boom whilst studying my meteorological equipment. My equipment appears confused and jubious, I am unable to read the Antarctic's wasteland conditions. All thirty years of my experience could not have ever prepared me for such difficult circumstances, no matter the stipulations. However, I trust that my invaluable skills shall hold strong once deeper in Antarctic territory. Although it is my maiden voyage, I am not consumed by sea-sickness, and incredibly I do not have an overwhelming case of sea-legs, unlike our chief engineer - Louis Robinson.

I am anxious that our food rations shall not last us on our experimental expedition, and Shackleton made the decision to not bring a fisherman. Despite this unwise choice, my faith in the crew is zealous, because they have taken us all this way with neither accident nor incident. I note the wind's velocity has now increased, and the once dormant waves now cascade mercilessly against Endurance's hull. McNeish (our carpenter) is going to be busy. A loud cry rings out across the Weddell Sea, I was unable to pinpoint the original source of the outcry, because it was everywhere. Suddenly, a tremor runs through the jig boom, as I hear an ear-piercing crack. Fearfully, I clamber back onto deck and charge into the nearest cabin and take a concerned glimpse out of the porthole. Pack ice. I am stunned, but relieved it was pack ice and not orcas. After all, I knew



ice was coming - years of experience and a PhD from Oxford had taught me there would be ice in the Antarctic. Although, I shall admit I never expected it to be this dense and so closely compressed. Our once unconcerned cruise, has now become a laborous voyage of blood and sweat.

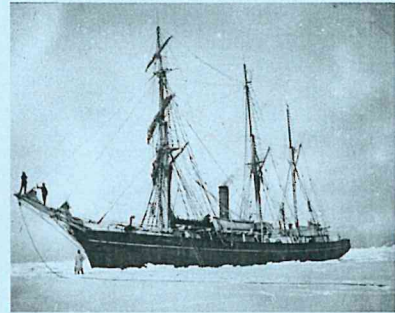
The ice is now more closely congealed, and the power of humans is nothing when compared with 1 foot of pack-ice and furious frostbite. Unfortunately for ^{the members of the Endurance} us, I have



predicted a cruel blizzard, as our slower progress has allowed me to read my equipment.

I can see Frank Wild's desperate, vehement attempts to keep the morale of the crew high are failing dismally, and we are now on scanty means ration wise. Endurance is bravely battling on, but suddenly, she harshly grinds to a halt. The ice holds us captive, and 48 hours later, it ~~was~~ is not conceding, even with our desperate efforts with pickaxe

and saw. The ice aggressively grasps,
unwilling to give up its prey. When we think
our dire situation could not become worse -
the blizzard strikes.





DR ALEXANDER MACKLIN
Expedition surgeon

Dr Alexander Macklin's Journey

I am looking forward to my second expedition as a medical doctor, although I have never been to the Antarctic before. In the medical room there is lots of sick people ~~in the medical~~ that my second in command is attending to while I am writing this, but luckily there has been any diseases yet. The weather here is great, I have not seen one cloud, although the wind is making my freeze, it is not frostbite yet though. I am nervous for for this journey because if one of the crew members catches a disease I am going to be the one trying to heal them. I have been a doctor for 13 years now and that means this is ~~do~~ going to be my last expedition and all is going well so far.

It is the second week now, and I feel

the wind is getting colder. I mentioned it to my second in command but he said it's the same as normal. He has been to the Himalayas multiple times though, so I am not sure what normal is. From the medical room I hear people shouting upon deck. I can see water and the odd penguin swimming around from the cabin window. The lookout shouted we're going through ice and I hear a crash and the ship starts shaking. The ice is getting broader and stronger and it is getting harder to break through.



I can hear the battle between Endurance and the ice extreme ice. It is incredibly hard to keep my hands still when working on a patient if the ship is shaking or crashing into ice. I can hear the shouts of worried voices saying if we don't do ~~do~~ something now we are going to get stuck. The ship is slowing down,

we need to power through. The Endurance is stuck, we are going to have to get off the ship. It is not looking good for the crew and I but we are trying to get our belongings of the ship just in case it sinks. We all start hammering away at the ice but there is no hope Endurance is forward stuck. The only way is forward, without our boat.





WILLIAM BAKEWELL
PERCY BLACKBORROW
Able seaman & Stowaway

Percy Blackborrow journals

When I jumped into the empty
Wine barrel in the Southern hemisphere.
(The egg of the Weddell sea.)

I am very proud to not been seen

yet. But there is lots more time so I can still become.

But my heart is still being like a drum. And I am scared
because they might see me but it is very rare to get Corgis
and had to get some food and a drink so when is not looking
I help me self. I am so happy that I have made it
because there is a few months left.

To be on it I am spying on people for 9 years and 1 year of
practising and I am from Italy and I am 20 years old.

I was getting older by the second and the on jorona is
jotting like mad; I am on my back ribe now because I got
bumped with I was in the empty wine barrel but then some
one picked me up, it for it is was over but they did not
look inside. I heard Eremen yelling and shouting so I crept
and peered out the window, and I saw wise. The men
seemed to be Worad and the. Some more was coming
so I saws so I ran my self in the barrel.

I had know idea what was going on so I jumped out the
barrell to get more good and drink but then I saw people
getting redly but why? So I went back in the barrell
Suddenly we was going.

The engoners is going slower down so I think it will
stop very soon but then I heard shouting (a game) they went
to the back it was my time to look out the window. When I
did it, it was so bright but then my eyes gussal to the brights.
I saw ice scattered around the ship, there is more than
100m were we can not see any land. The ice is turning into
pukice so I was wandering all around in it. I saw a person
put coal in the fire, so I run back into the barrell but



it felt different and then some pink
to hit me. I looked down I saw some
Coer but then a group of people came
pass me to the way out and the capi

to mine twice



ALFRED CHEETHAM
Third officer

Alfred Cheetham's Journey

The periphery of the Weddell Sea is in sight as I order the workers to prepare for whatever is to come, making sure they are doing what they are supposed to do. I have been hired as a police

officer for the past five years, so being third officer should not be much different. Just then, a few clouds are spotted by the look-out, darkening the sky and making me feel uncomfortable. This sudden darkness makes me feel troubled, this concerns me that I could lose this position and be thrown off or fall out with all the men. A soft, cold breeze, brings me back to my senses, I must not think cynically the crew and I are sure to get along and if I make a mistake it will be gone, everything is ok.

As I am giving orders, I am interrupted by the anxious cries, calling from the Crow's Nest. Everyone stops, alarmed by the sound of ice in our path. Turning around to the sight of only a few regular-sized ice blocks, I do not worry, as they are only small and cannot do much harm to the mighty *Endurance*. I just got back to what I was previously doing, then I feel the ship's pace begin to dawdle, causing me to stumble back in surprise. I could hear the troubled murmurs of the men as I rushed to see what had happened. What I thought to be only small ice, turns out to have doubled in size! Though proving difficult, I had to keep unperturbed in front of my allies and take orders from *Ernest*.

I have seen a lot of dangerous things in my lifetime but nothing could compare to what ~~was~~ is coming our way.

The ice is creeping up on us briskly. I feel it tightening around us, like a big hug but this hug is ice-cold. The endurance groans as she is sliding upon the ice. We stare helplessly as she is now surrounded. Mc Neish (the carpenter) passes out ice-chisels to each individual man who could help break the crystals around us. We strike with all our might but the ice only tightens and becomes thicker. That does not deter us, we keep fighting desperately in pursuit to conquer the ice. Despite our efforts, it was no use we won the battle but lost the war. There is an island of ice and we are caught in its centre. We are gully anchored to the ice.





ALEXANDER KERR
Second engineer

Alexander Kerr's Journey

My focus on fixing one of the sleds that had taken a turn, rather, for the worst, was broken by a sudden lurch from the boat. This had been increasingly happening over the past few hours. I tried to catch a glimpse of what was happening up on deck but all I could see, from the narrow stair case of the engineer's workshop, was Aylid Cheetham eating lunch in the canteen. I have ~~that~~ decided that as we are entering the periphery of the Weddell Sea it would be getting more icy, besides what could happen with Ernest Shackleton on board? I have heard McNeish up in the crow's nest shout something about "approaching ice" and "thickening chunks". I am now getting uneasy about what lays ahead.

All of the men battle with the ice trying to free our ship from the firm ice-grip. As one of the ship's engineers, I am

called out to make sure that none of the ice picks, chisels or any of the other long sticks or hammers that were being slammed into the ice, did not get broken or if they did it is my job to fix them. I watch as the ship starts to slow despite all of the men's determination and persistence, her engines are falling. Me and Louis Rickson (the chief engineer) rush into the engine room to see what's gone wrong. Chief sends me to go and check on the fuel. I report back ~~he~~ to him that the coal is running low. He grows and turns back to the ever weakening engine.