

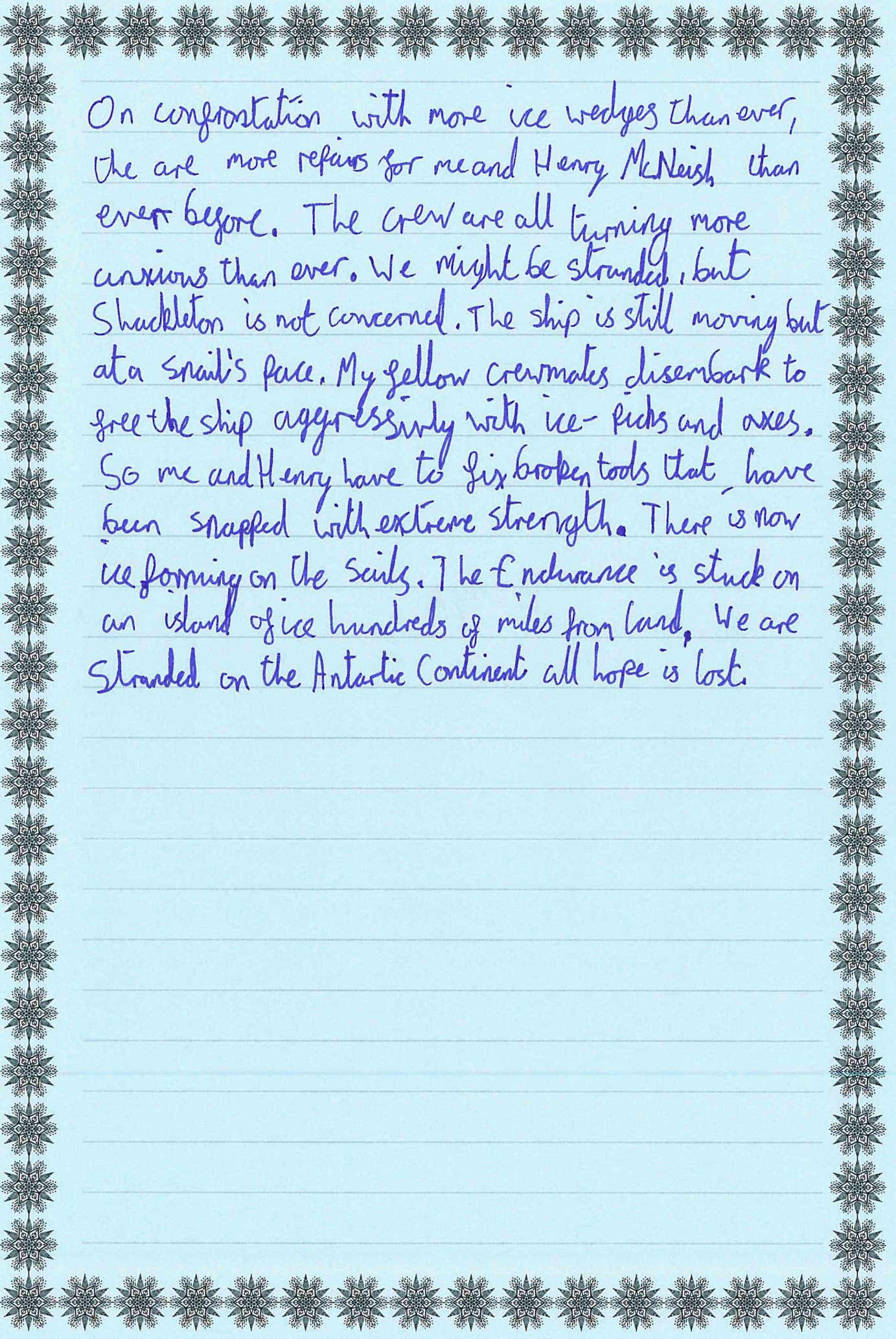


LOUIS RICKINSON
Chief engineer

Louis Rickinson's Journey.

We have achieved our aim, we have made it into the periphery of the Weddell Sea. This calm ocean is covered in glistening white ice.

This is my maiden voyage; pre-journey I had a job as a boat engineer. So I am excited but cold. The climate today is going to be sunny with a breezy chill, according to my fellow seaman, Leonard Hussey (The Expedition Meteorologist). I am in my workshop, nervous in case I cannot repair the ship or sledges. Despite feeling ravenous and sea-sick I am proud to have made it onto a famous ship with a famous captain. But then, we have a report, the waves are becoming more colossal, stronger even. The ice increases in size, however the ship forges on through it, with the shouts and yells of the crew battling against the clamour of the waves. The ice is now growing thicker. I am really worried ~~at~~ now; we all are. I glance through the porthole, waves smashing against the window. I feel scared, what is going to happen?



On confrontation with more ice wedges than ever, the are more repairs for me and Henry McNeish than ever before. The crew are all turning more anxious than ever. We might be stranded, but Shackleton is not concerned. The ship is still moving but at a snail's pace. My fellow crewmates disembark to free the ship aggressively with ice-picks and axes. So me and Henry have to fix broken tools that have been snapped with extreme strength. There is now ice forming on the sails. The Endurance is stuck on an island of ice hundreds of miles from land. We are stranded on the Antarctic Continent all hope is lost.

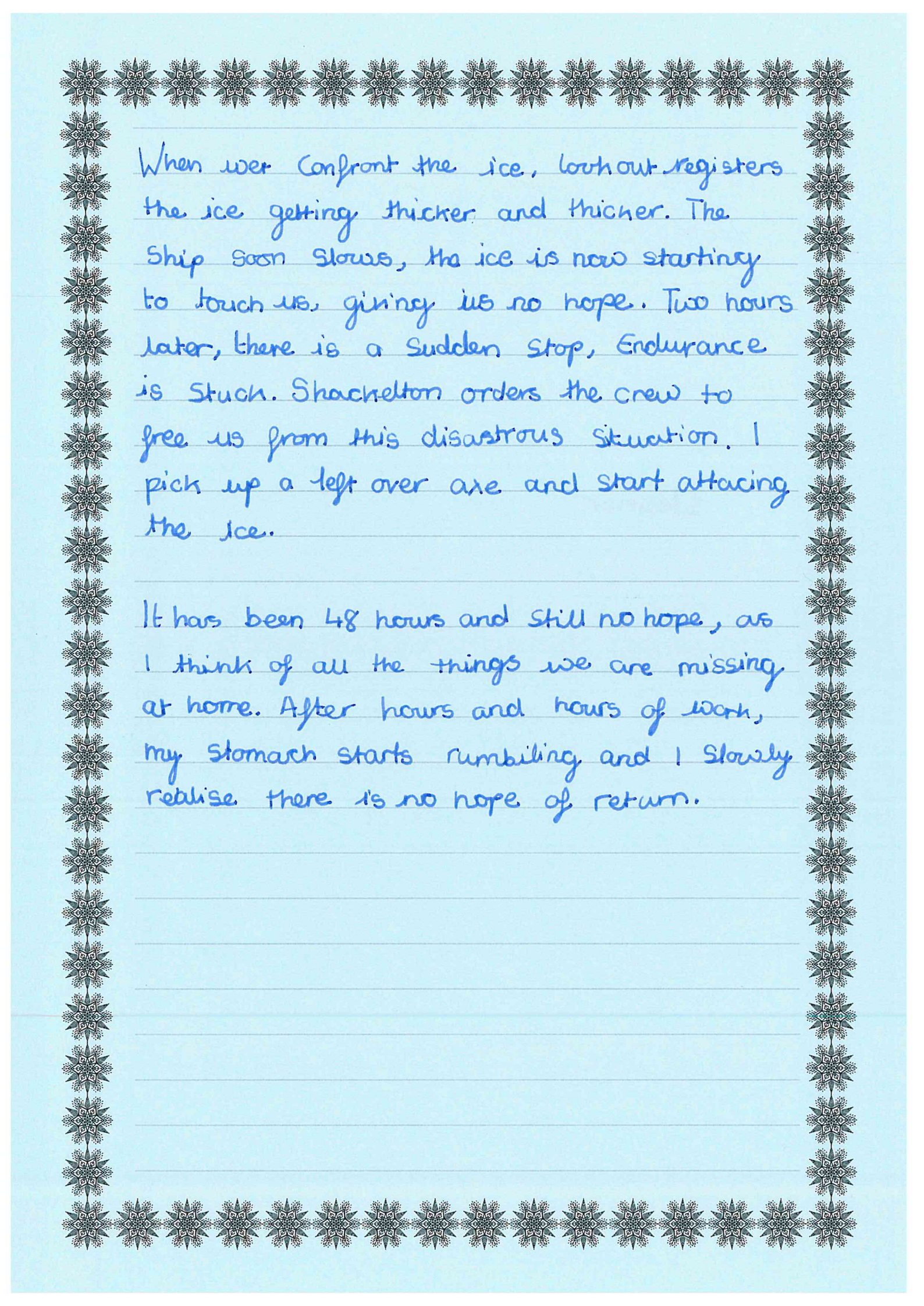


FRANK HURLEY
Expedition photographer

Frank Hurley's Journey.

We have been sailing towards the Weddell Sea for several months and we have just arrived at the periphery. Today's climate is perfect for a day's adventure across the icy sea. The chill is seeping into my bones as the days get colder. When I stand in the jig boom, all my memories come crawling back, giving me hope for this voyage. My biggest fear is dropping my photographic equipment over the edge of the Endurance, after how long ~~it's~~ it has been through.

As we sail across the Weddell Sea, a faint block of ice appears in the distance ahead. I hear a call above in the crow's nest, warning us danger is approaching. After hearing that call, fear spreads around the ship as the trouble gets closer and closer. The ice is now surrounding us, getting thicker and more compacted the minute.



When we confront the ice, look out registers the ice getting thicker and thicker. The ship soon slows, the ice is now starting to touch us, giving us no hope. Two hours later, there is a sudden stop, Endurance is stuck. Shackleton orders the crew to free us from this disastrous situation. I pick up a left over axe and start attacking the ice.

It has been 48 hours and still no hope, as I think of all the things we are missing at home. After hours and hours of work, my stomach starts rumbling and I slowly realize there is no hope of return.



HUBERT HUDSON
Navigating officer

Hubert Hudson's Journey

We finally entered the periphery of the calm, still, Weddell Sea. It is brisk out, even though the sun is shining brightly. I am very proud as this is my first voyage aboard on expedition with such an experienced captain. Many of the crew think I should not be here, but I am standing firm. I desperately want to be accepted in my important role, as navigating officer. Ernest Shackleton is my idol and I am eager to demonstrate my talent. I have been a navigating officer for 1 month now and I have not had the pleasure to travel on a boat. I am incredibly excited to explore the sparkling white Weddell Sea.

After 2 hours of entering the Weddell Sea, I note we start veering to the left. I start to panic as Shackleton demanded me to tell him what is happening and why the ship is shaking. Suddenly, the look out reports something ahead, I catch a glimpse and see a white mass, gradually increasing in size,

Shackleton realise it is a big, thick piece of ice. After my initial worries, I start to concentrate and focus on the important task ahead.

On experiencing the first mass of ice, we suddenly realise it is getting increasingly thicker. Our venture is becoming more laboured as our sanctuary of peace seeps away. The Endeavour battles tirelessly with the biting cold, harsh elements. As Henry McNeill gives the ship, we inch forward slowly but suddenly grind to a halt! We are stranded! Everyone is desperate to free the ship, with pick-axes, but it is getting harder to move. As anxiety levels flood the boat, we all lose hope of getting out! Shackleton stands firm on the bow of the ship.





ERNEST HOLNESS
Able seaman and stoker

Ernest's Journey

The crew and I have finally made it to the periphery of the Weddell Sea I used to work on a train that is why I am a stoker and I am an able seaman I have never been on an expedition before. I am really looking forward to this extraordinary expedition but my emotions for my family fight back. I believe Ernest Shackleton reports it is clear and crisp but I do not know because I am stoking the furnaces in the boiler room. They are yelling and I can't really hear anything. Then the crew are very kind and funny but deep down in their hearts they are scared, we all are.

As the crew and I go further into the Weddell Sea, it gets colder and colder by the minute. McNeill reports a slight disturbance, pack ice, thick pack ice.

It started off thin and when we got closer the ice got thicker. Shackleton said we carry on but Endurance might get stuck. Ice starts to ascend up the starboard side (right) this starts to slow the ship.

As we go further, the ice begins to get thicker. I am down below deck, helping to cook make his excellent, delicious meals for the crew. Then Endurance starts to slow down and then stopped. The ice starts to crawl up the port side (left). We attack vigorously, with ice chisels and picks. For 48 hours, there is ~~little~~ little hope.





GEORGE MARSTON
Expedition artist

George Marston's Journey

This is the Weddell Sea. It is a treacherous path through a jigsaw of icebergs. I have worked for 13 years on board of many ships. It is amazing to be experiencing it again.

I am astounded to be with Ernest Shackleton. I have worked for many famous people but this is the best one yet. Bursts of cold frosty air, attempts to hold us back, but there is no turning back, not now, not ever.

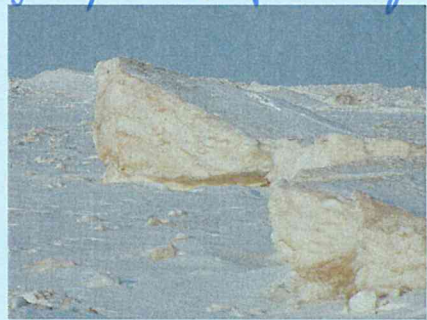
This is my role, on deck, or in the crow's nest. It is not easy as the weather is harsh in some particular places.

I am concerned about our food supplies and I am worried that we will not find land for a while.

As we enter the periphery of the sea it starts to get violent. There is ice ahead, smashing into the bow of the boat, weakening the front.

The look out, is getting anxious. He warns the captain. I can see ice ahead. They were only small pieces at the beginning but now, now they are getting bigger and bigger in front of our eyes. I felt that we are going to lose progress quite quickly and quite suddenly.

As we sail through the loughned ice, the boat soon slows, you can hear the engines coughing and spluttering as the ice smashes against the boat. But now the ship is too slow to mend on any device. Our great progress is now is now being lost. The ship stops with a thud.



We are stuck. Shouts the captain, water slugs in. The Endurance is sinking, the men fix the leak but barley. Everyone is outside with ice chisels and pic-axes mining away at the ice. All hope is lost, Endurance trapped. Ice is building up, pressurising the sides of the boat. Everyone is relying on Shackleton himself.



TIMOTHY McCARTHY
Able seaman

The Wrath of the Ice

This is my first expedition but my 3rd voyage and I feel a rumble in my tummy "it says you can do it". I chat to my new friend and we cheer we can do this.

The Captain orders to go to the Crow's nest (the highest point of the ship) and go look-out and I find ^{some} ice so that might be a nuisance. At this point I know we've entered the Weddell Sea.

I go to sleep exhausted and I dream about being on the Endurance and Crow's cheer loudly "Endurance". When I wake up the weather is crisp and F shiner and quiner yet it is sunny.

Me and the look-out see some disrupted ice, me and the crew about ~~it~~ the ice we

decide it's unimportant to go now and McNeilsh won't worry. I see the ice is seizing so I decide to tell some of the crew but they look anxious after I tell them. We're arriving at the Weddell Sea and some people shout about how big the ice is.

I go discuss my worries to Shackleton about the approaching ice.

We go past the small, swaying ice bumping at us in a threatening way. A couple of hours later, it feels like we're in a maze.



Shackleton says things about the ice one of his lines are "the ice is getting bigger but it won't bother us³³". The ice is harder to sail past now.

The ice is so bulky now McNeilsh is sweating his pants off. The crew feels congested.

The bulky ice is more aggressive now and the ice is charging us. The ship is moving slowly.

Steadily across the compacted maze. The temperature is well below freezing in Antarctica (Weddell Sea). The Endurance is stuck, there is nowhere to go left to go anymore so we firmly anchor to the ground.

Shackleton instructed to get out the pickaxes and saws to attempt to shatter the ice. For 48 hours, we attack the hazardous ice pickaxes and saws but the ice just makes a little crack but we give all we got for the last couple hours. The Endurance takes its last breath.

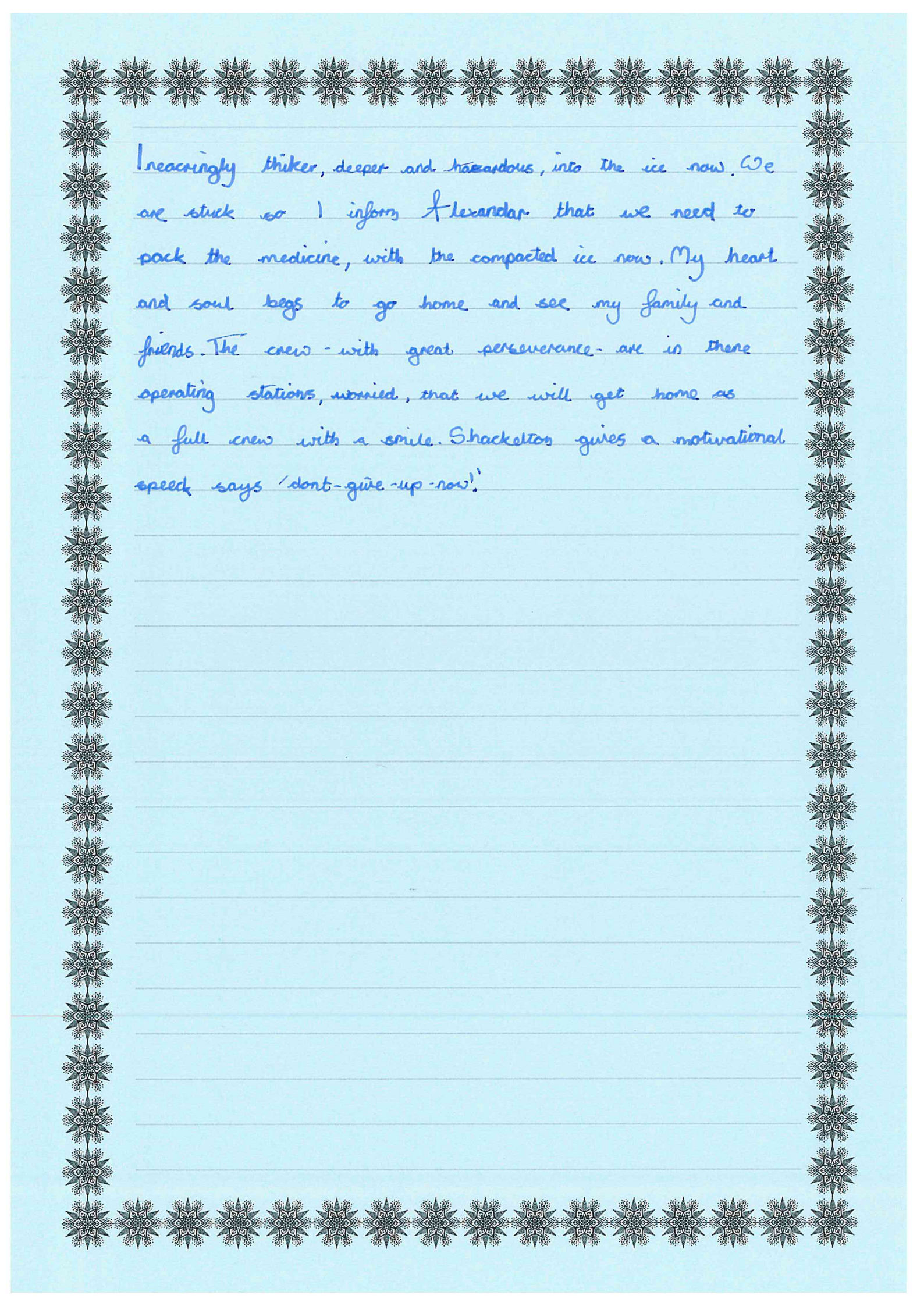




DR. JAMES McILROY
Second surgeon

Dr James McIlroy's Journey

The periphery of the Weddell Sea, with a sunny day but a gust of wind to make me feel so alive. I feel nervous to impress Ernest Shackleton and the crew - with high hopes - but I do have a degree as a sergeant for six years. In the medical bay, I can sense the rock of the boat with the gentle lapping of the sea. It has been a thrill so far but, I feel have never been on a ship so I might get sea-sickness. My emotions are very bold and confident but the one imperickular is to travel to the Antarctic. The crew have a sense that maybe something is wrong because a rumour has spread that there is an object up-ahead but the crew are not worried. Then suddenly, the 'Endurance' is rocking more than usually and I am feeling a bit sea-sick, in my stomach, in the medical bay, I can see the ice in the distance through the bays windows. Crew-members are being more hurried by Ernest. The vessel is groaning and creaking, McNeish is turning more worried about the boat.



Increasingly thicker, deeper and hazardous, into the ice now. We are stuck so I inform Alexander that we need to pack the medicine, with the compacted ice now. My heart and soul begs to go home and see my family and friends. The crew - with great perseverance - are in these operating stations, worried, that we will get home as a full crew with a smile. Shackleton gives a motivational speech says 'don't-give-up-now!'



LEONARD HUSSEY
Expedition meteorologist

Leonard Hussey's Journey into the Weddell Sea.

We are at the edge of the Weddell Sea, and the conditions are clear and calm; I am a meteorologist, (I study the weather) as I have done for over seven years! I, needless to say, work on deck and there is something really special about it: hearing the waves thumping on the side of the boat. I have been on two long journeys and one expedition before, worked with many people on many ships all who have helped and trained me for this, this extraordinary voyage across the ocean. I wake to the sound of shouting and singing, no-doubt from the rest of the crew. I dress and look out, it is foggy today and a chill hangs in the air, ~~but~~ yet the sun does not cease to shine. I know some of the crew on board are nervous, not me.

Suddenly, I hear a cry that broke my thoughts. It is ~~McCarthy~~ McCarthy. He is shouting about

ice or something, though it was hard to tell for his haste to alert: "Captain, Someone get the captain!" he is calling. I leant over the side of the vessel, sure it is not as bad as he said - it was not. The news is spreading quickly through the ship and soon everyone will know. McNeish is climbing up to calm McCarthy when he turned and almost fell from the rigging as the ship shuddered and stalled. I, wondering what had happened look over the edge again and see much denser ice now. I start to worry.



The ice, no longer in front of us but around us, is getting thicker and thicker still. Ernest Shackleton is desperately shouting orders from the deck and urging the Endurance on through the ice, but it is no use. We slowed to a stop. Being hundreds of miles from any known civilisation and thousands, millions of miles from our own beds, I am starting to second guess my chances of returning home; in one piece anyway.

My Stomach is churning and the extreme cold is increasing, causing ice crystals to form in my damp moustache. Perseverance deteriorating faster than the ice creeping up the portholes, We find ourselves well and truly stuck.

