

Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> May 2022

Can you write a first person narrative?

Months of being individuals brings us together to accompany each other on our journey to the Antarctic continent. Gathering a variety of equipment to stock us on our adventure we climb aboard the Endurance. We are determined to successfully complete our goal and travel across the continent of Antarctica. The sea is calm slowly, silently carrying along the Endurance further into the dark blue abyss.

From above in the look out towers small pieces of ice float around in the distance. A patchwork of ice blocks the path but the Endurance will slip through the small gaps between. As they come closer to the ice, the vessel creaks and groans sliding between the ice floe. Pushing through it's proven more troublesome now yet the Endurance heroically bobbles on.

26.5.22 It is just now that we've seen our sweet vessel is stuck. She is being held captive by the ice. The ice floe is turning into islands; mountains of ice. The ice is a cold hearted killer, driven by hatred and anger. As they gather all of the supplies we set out on our travels and find a small fissure to set camp. Now we stroll on and hope that the last handful of supplies will keep us going.

We leave the ship to rest in peace as she sinks into her grave yard. Our long-lived beloved ship now comes to her resting point and gives up her days of travel. So close to the finish line we will succeed and complete our goal.

Silence, that is all that is heard. Nothing to do, nothing to see not even a friend to talk to. I float and ismay, drifting further from reality. A tiny ship was eventually spotted. Once it got close enough to touch it, I lured it closer and closer into a false sense of security, but they were not playing my games.

It didn't even want to say hello, they were avoiding my ice. If I got too close they would hurt me - that was when I was getting aggravated. Ice chunks were formed by me to be hurled at the ship and also formed to create a labyrinth through my sea. But I could not even lay a finger on them.

At this point I was consumed by frustration, this was the meal of a lifetime, I could not miss it. My ice surrounded the insignificant ship as towers of ice loomed over the defenseless people. Their attacks were unstoppable, they pounded many ice shivels into me in the hopes I would let go, but neither I or they had shown any signs of weakness. They were too determined. The sun took its final breath as I grew stronger. While the darkness was shooting by, my ice doubled in size. I could almost see their white flags being raised. Many people were struggling to keep attacking and finally as the moon went below the horizon, the ship was mine.

Even though I had gotten the ship, the real meal was yet to come and sadly, it <sup>felt</sup> feels like it would not come as they had left to try to set up camp somewhere else, but I would not give up.

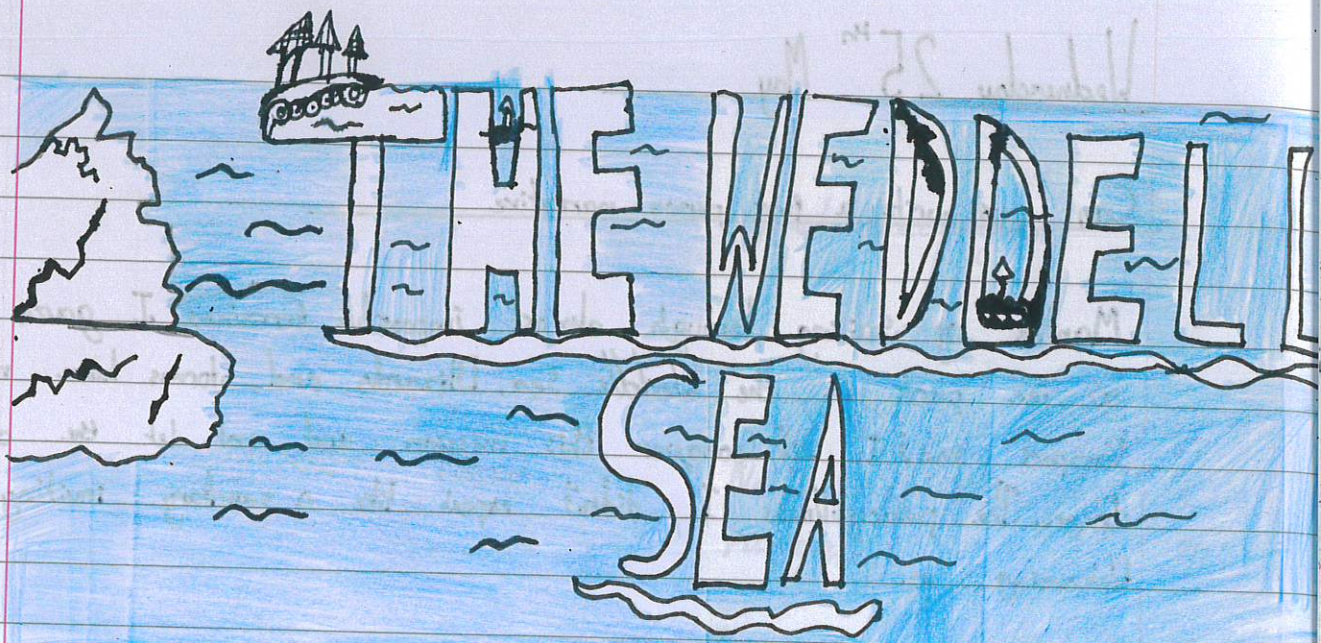
## A day of Death

It's been over 2 months since any sight or sign of land has become visible. Complete silence dawns on the crisp air and the slightly frothing breeze - but that only sharpens the focus that is shared between man and boat. I see everything as calm above the sapphire abyss that shimmers in sunlight, it's like ~~an gaping~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~mouth~~ <sup>mouth</sup> that an impeccably large mouth waiting for something, waiting for food, waiting for death. As we enter the periphery of the Weddell Sea, we remain optimistic. The deep blue resembles a holy place for refuge, a sanctuary, a peaceful invitation.

Everything can be calm, but everything can kill, like a dormant volcano secretly boiling inside, waiting to blast the unexpected. Reports reach down and ~~recreate~~ <sup>create</sup> negative and positive emotions. Beyond the horizon, a rather disrupted surface lay ahead, where sea meets sky, a frenzy of minuscule ice floes that form, jiggles in multiple labyrinths. My fellow shipmates ~~stand~~ <sup>stand</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> the distance, but still my masters will not ~~rest~~ <sup>rest</sup> onwards, they have determined further ~~was~~ <sup>we</sup> sail, closer to becoming dead men.

Confrontation with ice proves difficult and ~~critical~~ <sup>critical</sup> commitment is needed. Where the dead drift in horror, I am held captive in the clutches of millions of ivory ice fragments which are like backstabbing brutes attempting to strangle someone or a weak bear. My defenceless crew panicked to free me, but as desperate as they are, they cannot prevent the kill nor can they reduce it. I struggle to break free, my hull groans as a snap echoes in my mind. But if I broke free everything ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> just get worse.

As an orange illumination cracks the morning ~~sky~~ <sup>sky</sup>, an ice floe continues to pound against my hull attempting to raze me. An eerie ~~moor~~ <sup>moor</sup> darkness faded even more, a failure fails even more, a vessel fails to survive ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> things nothing but death. Undeterred and resolute are my masters, but we do not ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> share that connection between us and the ice grips tighter and I die quicker.



Months of sailing through almost impossible terrains, I gaze upon an ice pack. Blizzards and storms have never stopped me; I will conquer this mission and not let the crew down. The peacemakers I did not expect like a sanctuary inviting us - welcoming us.

Farther and farther, varieties of small pieces of ice scratch me on my side now they turn into tsunamis on ice. As I carry on they wouldn't stop getting larger but also closer. Years of preparation can't lead to this. My attempts of avoiding them are pointless - I'm trapped.

Ice sidles against me suffocating me to death. My friends' great efforts are worthless; 48 hours of being held captive and the crew furiously attacking the ice yet I'm still anchored down; <sup>the</sup> ice carries on getting bigger. Persevering, they attack harder than ever and the determination is more than ever before.

While the horizon shines upon me for the third time, I'm still pinned down to the ice killers; It doesn't deter me, we will resolve this mission. Everyone got ordered to grab supplies to set up camp in my silhouette.

# F. SHAGLATION

26.5.22

Over a years worth of preparation has led up to this point. Perseverance has been one of the key factors of showing we are determined and fearless conquistadors. Endurance has been treated well with a fresh coat of paint and 3 extra layers for strength when tackling what danger lays ahead; she is almost impenetrable! As I stand upon her deck - an insignificant, yet handy shelter is specified. Our main focus remains on conquering this expedition and making sure the Endurance is strong and sturdy when out at sea. It resembles a sanctuary of peace, it welcomes us - it invites us.

Look-out reports remain unimportant, nothing to edge us of our seats. A while later, diminutive, compact pieces of frozen water appear from the blue. Small at first, but then a variety of sizeable, jagged pieces of a shattered, glass window scatter across the blue abyss. An ice-flow engulfs sea animals oblivious to the intrusion. Harsh conditions completely change the environment. Still Endurance bravely battles on. Densely packed ice enlarges and suddenly surrounds her (we still navigate our way through the patchwork). Endurance battles on through the otherwise dreary facade. The ice is a jagged, glass window. Shattered pieces scatter across the blue abyss.

On confrontation with pack ice, progress becomes more laboured. Our vessel soon slows. 72 long hours of beating at the monster lay ahead, our efforts continued as we attempted to free the Endurance from the ice-flow. No progression as of yet. Ice-picks, saws and chisels were all worn out after being used for three full days straight. Attacking the ice proves unsuccessful, the ice grips firmly. The arctic sunset is short-lived, like a candle snuffer, the ship remains in an eerie, monolithic darkness. Endurance started to creak and groan, despite all the effort, she was still held captive.

As horizon light cracks the morning, she is firmly anchored to the ice. This doesn't deter me. I resolute. We will still keep on going, I am as determined as ever before. We will do whatever it takes to rescue Endurance. The wait is on.