

30th August 1916



Dear Diary,

IT'S BEEN A LONG BITTER COLD NIGHT ON ELEPHANT ISLAND BUT MOMENTS LATER, SHACKLETON GOT INTO THE BOAT WITH 8 OTHER PEOPLE AND WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE WHALING STATION IN SOUTH GEORGIA TO GET HELP BUT IN THE HORIZON I COULD SEE HIM GOING STRAIGHT TOWARDS A COLOSSAL WAVE WHICH LOOKED ALMOST 90FT HIGH. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH THEIR MIND BUT I KNEW IT WASN'T GOOD BUT MINUTES LATER THEY WERE OVER THE WAVE HEADING TO SOUTH GEORGIA. IT WAS GETTING SO COLD AND THERE WAS NOT MUCH MORE TO EAT AND WE ONLY HAD THE DOGS TO EAT BUT WE SAVE THEM FOR LATER BUT THEN WE ALL STARTED TO GET FROSTBITE AND HYPOTHERMIA SO THEN WE ATE THE DOGS AND GOT ALL THE BLOOD OUT AND USED THE FUR AS JACKETS TO KEEP US WARM. HUNGER STARTED TO HIT US AGAIN BUT THERE WAS NO FOOD, NO NOTHING SO WE ALL STARTED TO GIVE UP HOPE BUT IN THE DISTANCE WE COULD SEE A LITTLE SPEC IN THE DISTANCE GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO ELEPHANT ISLAND AND IT GOT BIGGER AND BIGGER BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHO WAS ON THE BOAT WHEN IT GOT CLOSER I SAW SHACKLETON WE WERE SO OVERJOYED AND ECSTATIC. WE KNEW THAT WE WOULD MAKE IT BACK TO OUR FAMILIES AND I WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE MY WIFE AND MY CHILDREN BACK AT SOUTH GEORGIA. WE WERE ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE WHALING STATION IN THE BOAT AND I COULD SEE THE WHALING STATION IN THE HORIZON. WE WERE GETTING SO CLOSE TO HOME. WE FINALLY GOT NEAR THE WHALING STATION BUT IT GOT TO SHALLOW SO WE HAD TO GET OUT OF THE BOAT AND ABANDON IT. WE GOT ONTO THE MOUNTAIN AND STARTED TO CLIMB IT WE GOT HIGHER AND HIGHER UNTIL WE REACHED THE TOP AND THEN AT THE TOP WE HAD THE MOST AMAZING VIEW OF HOME I WAS SO EXCITED TO SEE HOME.



FINLEY



Dear Diary,

I'm freezing, starving and exhausted. Traumatizing thoughts are continuously crossing my mind and they are far too terrible for me to trouble my fellows with. What if Shackleton and the others haven't managed to survive? What if they have made it but can't get through the ice to get to us? What if we are stranded forever, to die here, empty and cold?

Our measly food supply ran out long ago. We have already eaten the dogs that hadn't caught diseases, which means we are now left to chew on fatty, grisly penguin that our stomachs don't agree with. However, our upset stomachs are the least of our problems. The iciness of the bitter Antarctic is breaking relentlessly into our minute, enclosed sleeping space, causing everyone to become colder than ever before. Everyone's got frostbite. There's no escape from it here. When will Shackleton rescue us? When will he return?

My fellows are becoming irritable, unbearable even. I suspect the harshness of everything is getting to them, as it is to me. Our constant struggle for sanity is rapidly getting harder and harder. I feel as though we are fighting a lost battle. How much longer will it take for Shackleton to come? Will we lose our minds before the suffering comes to an end?

Frank Wild