

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORER SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

21 November 1915

Somewhere near Antarctica

Dear Diary,

It's very early in the morning and I feel we are pretty close to Antarctica. The rain was pouring down heavily and the crew aren't working at their very best. The day can only go up from here, but I have a feeling, this day will not turn out so great.

My crew are iceberg cold and the rain made it even harder for my persevering crew to work efficiently. They all look very ill and exhausted because of the horrible work conditions they are working under. I'm just hoping for this situation to get a little better for my crew. I feel like giving my men a little break will let them get their happy and energy levels sky high, like usual.

The lack of food is bugging me because that was a massive factor for my crew being ill. They are nagging me about the minuscule amount of food, which I find extremely acceptable as I am ferociously hungry as well and I can hear my stomach growling at me from a mile. Not much work is being done because of this enormous problem and I don't want to extremely overwork them with their empty stomachs and I am trying to keep their optimism high for the remainder of this soon to be great journey.

The terrain was getting rougher and rougher and the boat is a little shaky at times. Millions of icebergs floating around on the vast, blue ocean and the boat hit a couple of small icebergs and took some tiny damage, but I'm not worried. I spoke too soon and the boat is very unstable and we are preparing the small lifeboats, just incase a small problem occurs. I am truly hoping if the boat goes down and we go down with the boat, some of my hard working crew can go back to their loving families. I have to keep my emotions in check and not reveal to be so nervous about this situation or they will also question this situation we are in. The boat is going down slowly and I am hurrying my panicking crew to get into the prepared small boats for their own safety.

Most of my men (Who had just fought the devilish looking boat.) survived the terrible incident, but some unlucky people didn't make it out alive. We saw an empty island and got there as quickly as we could. We have just arrived on this little known-about island and we rushed around to find some edible food after the exhaustion of rowing our tiny boats. I am feeling so cruel that I didn't go back for those who hadn't survived this terrible incident. But, we need to focus now on the people that are alive, not the people who didn't make it.

My heart exploded into several microscopic pieces when the boat crashed into that iceberg. My first and definitely most important thought through the horrible situation was to get as many of my persevering crew off that death machine and alive to live another lovely day. I am still working on the lack of food problem, but with every problem, comes a realistic solution. This day might have left a horrible memory painstakingly glued into the very centre of my brain, but this situation we've got can only go up from here.

Sir Ernest Shackleton