My darling wife,

 It seems like a thousand years have passed since I felt the enveloping warmth of your love. Peril and fear have spread through the crew during the time of these beastly blizzards. On top of that, Endurance’s mighty hull has proven weak against the icy heart.

 During this time of severe winds that howl menacingly, ‘Dog Town’ has been reduced to a few blocks of rock-solid ice. After several hours of evacuating and moving supplies, we eventually made ocean camp. When I’m filled with worry and dread, I think of home; will I ever set eyes on England again?

 Unfortunately, on this deadly ice float, I believe that our days are numbered: food rations are running low; the ice float continues to crack; the crew are fatigued and hungry and our moral desperately needs boosting. My dearest wife, if this is the last of me you hear, please know my final thoughts will be of you.

Alexander Kerr