

blood by the gangway; but that might quite well have been a dog that had cut itself. On the ice below the gangway we saw some bear-tracks, and we started away west, the whole pack of dogs with us, running on far ahead. When we had got away a bit from the ship, there was suddenly an awful row in front, and it wasn't long before a great beast came rushing at us, with the whole troop of dogs around it. As soon as we saw what it was, we turned and ran our best for the ship. Mogstad, you see, had moccasins (komager) on, and knew his way better and got there before me. I couldn't get along so fast with my great wooden shoes, and in my confusion I got right on to the big hummock to the west of the ship's bow, you know. I turned here and lighted back to see if the bear was behind me, but I saw nothing and pushed on again, and in a minute these slippery wooden shoes had me flat on my back among the hummocks. I was up again quick enough; but when I got down on to the flat ice close to the ship I saw something coming straight for me on the right-hand side. First I thought it was a dog—it's not so easy to see in the dark, you know. I had no time for a second thought, for the beast jumped on me and bit me in the side. I had lifted my arm like this, you see, and so he caught me here, right on the hip. He growled and hissed as he bit.'

“‘What did you think then, Peter?’”

“‘What did I think? I thought it was all up with me. What was I to do? I had neither gun nor knife.