

dark, which seemed to be coming towards us. 'There comes a black dog,' I called. 'No, it is a bear,' said Sverdrup, who was more to the side of it and could see better. I saw now, too, that it was a large animal, and that it had only been its head that I had taken for a dog. It was not unlike a bear in its movements, but it seemed to me remarkably dark in color. I pulled the revolver out of the holster and rushed forward to empty all its barrels into the creature's head. When I was just a few paces from it, and preparing to shoot, it raised its head and I saw that it was a walrus, and that same moment it threw itself sideways into the water. There we stood. To shoot at such a fellow with a revolver would be of as much use as squirting water at a goose. The great black head showed again immediately in a strip of moonlight on the dark water. The animal took a long look at us, disappeared for a little, appeared again nearer, bobbed up and down, blew, lay with its head under water, shoved itself over towards us, raised its head again. It was enough to drive one mad; if we had only had a harpoon I could easily have stuck it into its back. Yes, if we had had—and back to the *Fram* we ran as fast as our legs would carry us to get harpoon and rifle. But the harpoon and line were stored away, and were not to be had at once. Who could have guessed that they would be needed here? The harpoon point had to be sharpened, and all this took time. And for all our searching afterwards east and