

Taimur Island—but there is no thought of victory now; we are not so far north as I had expected; the north-west wind has come again, and we are drifting south. And yet the future does not seem to me so long and so dark as it sometimes has done. Next September 6th . . . can it be possible that then every fetter will have burst, and we shall be sitting together talking of this time in the far north and of all the longing, as of something that once was and that will never be again? The long, long night is past; the morning is just breaking, and a glorious new day lies before us. And what is there against this happening next year? Why should not this winter carry the *Fram* west to some place north of Franz Josef Land? . . . and then my time has come, and off I go with dogs and sledges—to the north. My heart beats with joy at the very thought of it. The winter shall be spent in making every preparation for that expedition, and it will pass quickly.

“I have already spent much time on these preparations. I think of everything that must be taken, and how it is to be arranged, and the more I look at the thing from all points of view, the more firmly convinced do I become that the attempt will be successful, if only the *Fram* can get north in reasonable time, not too late in the spring. If she could just reach 84° or 85° , then I should be off in the end of February or the first days of March, as soon as the daylight comes, after the long winter night, and the whole would go like a dance.