

another large one which required sewing. When we came to pack the potato-sack, this too had a hole in it, which we tied up, and so on. Then the dogs' traces had to be disentangled; the whole thing was in an inextricable muddle, and the knots and twists in the icy, frozen rope got worse and worse to deal with. Johansen made haste and patched his trousers before breakfast. The south wind had become what on board the *Fram* we should have called a 'mill breeze' (*i.e.*, 19 to 23 feet in the second); and, with this at our back, we started off in driving snow. Everything went splendidly at first, but then came one pressure-ridge after another, and each one was worse than the last. We had a long halt for dinner at eight or nine in the morning, after having chosen ourselves a sheltered place in the lee of a ridge. We spread out the sleeping-bag, crept down into it with our food, and so tired was I that I went to sleep with it in my hand. I dreamed I was in Norway, and on a visit to some people I had only seen once in my life before. It was Christmas-day, and I was shown into a great empty room, where we were intended to dine. It was very cold in it, and I shivered, but there were already some hot dishes steaming on the table, and a beautiful fat goose. How unspeakably did I look forward to that goose! Then some other visitors began to arrive; I could see them through the window, and was just going out to meet them when I stumbled into deep snow. How it all happened, in the middle of the dining-