

“As we were paddling along through some small bits of ice my kayak suddenly received a violent shock from underneath. I looked round in amazement, as I had not noticed any large piece of ice hereabouts. There was nothing of the kind to be seen either, but worse enemies were about. No sooner had I glanced down than I saw a huge walrus cleaving through the water astern, and it suddenly came up, raised itself and stood on end just before Johansen, who was following in my wake. Afraid lest the animal should have its tusks through the deck of his craft the next minute, he backed as hard as he could and felt for his gun, which he had down in the kayak. I was not long either in pulling my gun out of its cover. The animal crashed snorting into the water again, however, dived under Johansen’s kayak, and came up just behind him. Johansen, thinking he had had enough of such a neighbor, scrambled incontinently on to the floe nearest him. After having waited awhile, with my gun ready for the walrus to come up close by me, I followed his example. I very nearly came in for the cold bath which the walrus had omitted to give me, for the edge of the ice gave way just as I set my foot on it, and the kayak drifted off with me standing upright in it, and trying to balance it as best I could, in order not to capsize. If the walrus had reappeared at that moment I should certainly have received it in its own element. Finally, I succeeded in getting up on to the ice, and for a long time afterwards the walrus swam round and