

“Well, this was how it was: I dreamed that Dr. Nansen was going off across the ice to the Pole with four men, and I asked to be taken, but you said that you didn't need a cook on this expedition, and I thought that was queer enough, for you would surely want food on this trip as well. It seemed to me that you had ordered the ship to meet you at some other place; anyhow, you were not coming back here, but to some other land. It's strange that one can lie and rake up such a lot of nonsense in one's sleep.'

“That was perhaps not such very great nonsense, Pettersen; it is quite possible that we might have to make such an expedition; but if we did, we should certainly not come back to the *Fram*.'

“Well, if that happened, I would ask to go, sure enough; for it's just what I should like. I'm no great snow-shoer, but I would manage to keep up somehow.'

“That's all very well; but there's a great deal of weary hard work on a journey like that; you needn't think it's all pleasure.'

“No, no one would expect that; but it would be all right if I might only go.'

“But there might be worse than hardships, Pettersen. It would more than likely mean risking your life.'

“I don't care for that either. A man has got to die sometime.'

“Yes, but you don't want to shorten your life.'

“Oh, I would take my chance of that. You can lose