

# IM EISLAND

(In the Land of Ice)

By Kristina Gehrman

Vol. 1

LEGEND:

<Page number>

[Narration]

NAME

Content of speech bubbles

'Writing'

//Thoughts//

<Page 4>

[Netsilik, Boothia Peninsula  
Spring of 1869]

TEKEETA

Back then, many winters ago, we saw several strangers with a boat on the ice. At first we did not want to approach them.

But two of them came near us and laid down their weapons to demonstrate their peaceful intentions.

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[One of them made us understand, with hand gestures and fragments of our language, that they were hungry.]

MAN

Kapoonah! Do you understand me? We're hungry...

Hunger! Please ... help us!

Kapoonah ... Aya teema! Maniktomee!

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[We gave them some of our seal meat.

We realized they were starving, but there was no more we could do for them.

To take care of so many we'd have risked our own existence and that of our families.]

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HALL

Hmm ...

//What really happened back then, 20 years ago, when the Franklin Expedition met its demise in the Arctic?

I, Charles Francis Hall, will solve the mystery!

No one before me has interviewed the Inuit as eyewitnesses of this disaster so thoroughly before.

Thanks to their reports the public will finally learn what befell Sir John Franklin's last expedition!//

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//How could the two most modern ships of their time simply disappear?

How did over a hundred sailors find death in this icy desert?

They left only few traces.//

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HALL

Tekeeta, where did you find this handkerchief?

TEKEETA

Inside a tent on Qiqertaq.

It was a large tent on a hill, partially toppled over by snow. A fox had gnawed on one of the tentpoles.

We found it one year after having met the strangers on the ice.

HALL

And what was inside that tent?

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TEKEETA

Blankets, mattresses, human bones and skulls.

There was no more meat on them. Some looked as if wolves or foxes had gnawed them off.

[Many bones had been sawn apart ...  
and some of the skulls had holes.]

HALL:

How many skulls were there?

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TEKEETA:

I don't remember. There were so many.  
The entire ground was covered in bones.  
And the tent was much bigger than this igloo.

HALL:

//So the rumours are true!  
The officers and sailors of the Franklin Expedition, representants of the Royal Navy...  
... reduced to cannibalism!  
And what happened to their ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*?

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[Finally, an old woman named Koonik tells me about a ship that was seen near the Adelaide peninsula.]

KOONIK

I wasn't there myself but relatives of mine saw everything.

[At first they were afraid to enter the ship.

But there were no strangers to be seen. Eventually they found a place where the ice had damaged the hull, and climbed inside.

The darkness and the smell evoked the impression of stepping inside the belly of a dead whale.]

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[They found many useful things of wood and metal which they took with them.

In one room a dead man lay on the ground.]

MAN #1

Let's get out of here. This is a cursed place.

MAN #2

No way! We'll continue searching!

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KOONIK

Later the ship was crushed by ice and sank.  
Sticks, boxes, timbers and other wood drifted ashore.

HALL

//This can have been only the *Erebus* or the *Terror*!  
So far no ship is known to have been abandoned with dead bodies inside.

Soon, I learn more grisly details about what had occurred back then.//

INOOKPOOZHEJOOK

When I realized that the strangers had left behind things along the entire west coast...  
... I began to search systematically.

I found the boat about one day in this direction.

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[A corpse lay next to the boat, surrounded by three skulls and several bones.]

MAN #1

Look, they scratched the marrow from the bones!

MAN #2

Hey! Over here! Look at that!

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MAN #2

There are many boots lying around here!

Urgh!

MAN #1

What's the matter?

INOOKPOOZHEJOOK

Some of the boots contained cooked human flesh.

HALL:

Good heavens!

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//How could it even...  
come this far?

Previous expeditions, too, had lost men or ships in the ice.

But only one was completely lost:

The Franklin Expedition.

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Chapter 1

<Page 20>

[Close to London  
Spring of 1845]

TORRINGTON

'The ships are equipped with heating systems, desalinators, and steam engines.  
Provisions have been calculated for three years.'

ELIZABETH

Nothing can go wrong then!

TORRINGTON

Exactly! This will be the expedition of the century!  
I will bring you souvenirs from Russia and China!

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ELIZABETH

But... of all the work on board, do you have to do that one?  
Shoveling coal all day?

TORRINGTON

But, Betsy, think of the pay! It's double in the Arctic!

And we work in shifts.

ELIZABETH

John!

You must promise me that you'll return alive!

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[My name is John Torrington and I am 20 years old. I have been hired as a stoker on HMS *Terror* and we will sail within a week.

Under the command of Sir John Franklin we will conquer the Northwest Passage once and for all, to the fame and glory of England!]

TORRINGTON

Of course I'll return, darling! And then we'll marry! I'll write you letters!

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[Sir John Franklin. After a previous expedition on which he almost starved to death, also known as „the man who ate his boots“.

Although almost sixty years of age, he is still obsessed with exploring the Arctic. At last the Admiralty gives him a new opportunity.

With the ships *Erebus* and *Terror* he will lead a company of 133 men through a Northwest Passage, to claim its discovery, once and for all, for the English Empire.]

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[The legendary Northwest Passage is a short seaway, close to the Pole, from Europe over Canada into the Pacific Ocean and to Asia.

So far the unpredictable Arctic ice has thwarted all attempts to conquer it.]

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SIR JOHN

But, darling! Don't you know ...

... that the Union Jack is laid only over the dead?

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SIR JOHN

Never mind! One is not superstitious.  
A wonderful work, dearest Jane!

LADY JANE

Thank you! Eleanor chose the silk.

I will miss you so much, John!

SIR JOHN

And how I'm going to miss you and Eleanor!

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[16,884 pounds biscuit, 56,252 pounds flour, 31,344 pounds salt meat, 15,664 pounds canned meats  
...

10,499 liters West Indian rum, 10,452 pounds of canned potatoes and vegetables, 6,859 pounds  
sugar, 4,573 pounds chocolate ...']

DELIVERY BOY

Pardon! Excuse me, sir ...

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CROZIER!

Ah! You are from *Fortnum & Mason*, correct?

DELIVERY BOY

Yes, sir. I am bringing a shipment for ...  
... 'Mr James Fitzjames, captain of the *Terror*.'

CROZIER

*Excuse me?*

DELIVERY BOY

It says so here, sir...

CROZIER:

Indeed, the wrong name on *my* order...!  
Commander Fitzjames is getting ever more popular nowadays!

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CROZIER

Do you see that gentleman over there at the *Erebus*? That dandy with the perfect hair?

*That* is Mr Fitzjames, our third-in-command!

FITZJAMES

//Why is Captain Crozier pointing at me...? Oh! Could this be a new delivery of cans from Goldner?

Captain! Good morning!

What sort of delivery is this?

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DELIVERY BOY

There seems to be an order in your name, sir ...

FITZJAMES

Oh, but this is a mistake. This isn't my order!

But that's only the packing list. What does the invoice say?

DELIVERY BOY

Invoice ...?

Er... a moment, please ...

Indeed! Here it is: 'Invoice to Mr Francis Crozier, Captain of the *Terror*'.

Beg your pardon, sir!

Where may I bring your order?

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FITZJAMES

Hahaha! They confused us, isn't that delightful?

...

and it still was no new delivery from Goldner! But he has assured us that the remaining cans will be ready this week.

SIR JOHN

Well, he better hurry up!

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FITZJAMES

He will. The Admiralty has already granted him permission to use bigger cans that can be filled and soldered much faster.

I'm afraid I have encountered Captain Crozier on a bad day...

SIR JOHN

James, I'm counting on your discretion.

FITZJAMES

Er... of course!

SIR JOHN

Mr Crozier has asked for the hand of my niece, Sophia Cracroft, in marriage.

But she rejected him.

Twice.

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SIR JOHN

She said she didn't want to marry a sailor because he'd be away for years and she'd have to live in constant worry for his well-being.

CROZIER

If that's the case, I won't go with Sir John's expedition! I'll stay with you, Sophia!

SOPHIA

Francis ....

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SOPHIA

How could I permit you to forego the discovery of a Northwest Passage for my sake?  
To reject fame and glory?

Go, Francis! This is the expedition of the century! I will wait for you!

SIR JOHN

I'm afraid that for Captain Crozier our journey is merely an obstacle to overcome ...

... before he can finally marry Sophia Cracroft.

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[Her Majesty's Ships *Erebus* and *Terror* leave England in the port of Greenhithe on May 19, 1845.]

CROWD

Long live Sir John!  
Long live the Queen!  
God bless you!

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MAN

Let's hope they packed enough spare boots, he he!

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ELEANOR

Mama, look! A white dove!

LADY JANE

Where?

ELEANOR

Up there, on the spar of the *Erebus*! On Papa's flagship!

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CROWD

Farewell!  
A good journey!  
God speed!  
God bless!

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TORRINGTON

//Goodbye, England! Farewell, Papa! Goodbye, Betsy!//

CROZIER

Stand at attention!

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TORRINGTON

//Well, that's a good start ...//

[On the first part of their journey the *Erebus* and *Terror* are taken in tow by the steamers *Rattler* and *Blazer*.

A supply ship, the *Barretto Junior*, accompanies them to Greenland.]

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Chapter 2

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TORRINGTON

//It's really dark here in the engine room!//

John Torrington, chief stoker.

SMITH

Luke Smith, stoker. To a good collaboration!

TORRINGTON

There's no work for us yet. Don't you want to join us on deck?

SMITH

Thanks, but I'm quite comfortable here.

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TORRINGTON

//What a bore. But to each their own.

What ...!?

What the...!?!//

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EVANS

Hello? Jacko?

Jacko, are you down there?

Ah, so *that's* where you are!

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TORRINGTON

Are you responsible for this annoying beast?

EVANS

Yes, Mr Crozier has ordered so. Did Jacko scare you?

TORRINGTON

Of course not ...!

EVANS

Thomas Evans, Volunteer First Class!

Call me Tommy!

TORRINGTON

You better watch him next time.

EVANS

Of course. Don't worry!

[HMS *Terror*, mess deck]

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[Here we sleep ... prepare food ... eat, sing, read, play ...]

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'Dearest Betsy! By now I know HMS *Terror* almost as well as my parents' home!'

'Life at sea is exactly like in the adventure novels you enjoy reading so much – only without the pirates and monsters.'

'We just had dinner. There is bread, which Mr Diggle bakes fresh daily (otherwise biscuit) ...'

'... with salt meat, pickled vegetables, chocolate, and a quarter pint of rum.'

'Soon the rations will be supplemented with canned provisions because our fresh provisions are almost fully used up. Only a few old potatoes are still left.'

'Since we get tobacco rations I have taken up smoking.'

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'My cough has not gotten worse. On the contrary: I am very well. So do not worry about my health.'

'Soon we will reach Greenland from where all letters will be posted home. The oxen from the supply ship are going to get slaughtered then.'

'Until then, everyone – or at least those who can – is busy writing.'

'The atmosphere here is very friendly. Even the ships' boys are allowed to address the officers. Unusual, isn't it? But I am not complaining!'

'It will be a while but I am thinking of you.'

'Love, John'

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[Disko Bay, Greenland  
July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1845]

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DIGGLE

Lads! Here is your very last meal from England!  
After that it's only salt meat and canned hoosh. Dig in!

MAN

God save the Queen!

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[Officers' mess – HMS *Erebus*]

FITZJAMES

This roast is excellent! I'm going to miss this in the Arctic.

GORE

I read that seals and polar bears are tough and unhealthy. But apparently the Esquimaux can eat anything?

FITZJAMES

Fortunately we won't have to rely on such stuff, with our many canned provisions!

SIR JOHN

Let's not underestimate the Arctic landscape. Much of what lives or grows there has excellent

antiscorbutic properties!

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SIR JOHN

Lord, we thank you, for you are kind ...  
... and your mercy is everlasting. Amen.

The meal was so good that one forgets about not being home in England.  
Compliments!

FITZJAMES

'6<sup>th</sup> of July. A fine sunshiny night, and we had a delightful sunshiny day.'

'The sea covered with bits of ice, which are rushing through the channel as they break from the icebergs, which fall with a noise like thunder. Every man nearly on shore, running about for a short of holiday, getting eider ducks' eggs, etc.; curious mosses and plants being collected. Le Vesconte and I on the island since six this morning, surveying.'

'We have a little square wooden house to cover ourselves, without metallic parts. Very large mosquitoes biting us.'

'Sir John often invites Captain Crozier to dine with him aboard the *Erebus*.'

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'The latter never has time to visit us. Apparently the clearing of provisions from the supply ship onto the *Terror* is much more work than expected.'

//But I suspect this isn't the true reason.//

CROZIER

Commander James Fitzjames? Yes, he has demonstrated an exemplary career ...  
... the favorite of the Admiralty! And at his young age! It's no surprise ...  
... that the choice of our officers was left to him although he has no Arctic experience!

//Of course Captain Crozier would never openly say so.  
But everyone knows that I've had plenty of good fortune and connections.//

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[Lieutenant Henry Le Vesconte is one of my best friends. We served together on the HMS *Clio* in the Chinese opium war.

Like most of us he has no experience in the polar regions... but whom should I choose if not the officers whom I know and trust?]

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LE VESCONTE

We were just talking about your likely promotion to captain *in absentia!*

Sir John might even be made a rear admiral!

FITZJAMES

We'll all be promoted after this endeavour, I'll bet on that.

LE VESCONTE

Why the perfume, James? There are no ladies far and wide ...

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FITZJAMES

But, Henry ...

have you ever imagined our ships overwintering in the Arctic?

Two tiny warm cocoons of civilization amidst the seemingly endless and merciless icy desert?

LE VESCONTE

Yes, but what does this--

FITZJAMES

Hudson, Drake and Frobisher wouldn't have dared dream of our heating system, canned provisions, and steam engines!

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FITZJAMES

This is the age of English industry and discovery!

Why do we want to conquer a Northwest Passage?

Because we can!

And that's the answer to your question:

Because I can!

We have so many possibilities nowadays. Maybe even the Arctic can be civilized soon!

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TORRINGTON

Pardon! Lieutenant Irving, sir ...

IRVING

Yes?

TORRINGTON

We wanted to ask if we might be permitted to borrow books from the library ...

IRVING

But certainly! Follow me!

The library of the *Terror* is at your disposal. All in all we have over 1,200 volumes here. If you want to take a book please enter your name and its title into the list.

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EVANS

Incredible! So many books at once!

TORRINGTON

//Not bad, this collection!//

//Shakespeare... Milton... Blake... and of course the journey reports from the polar explorers: Parry, Ross, Franklin...//

IRVING

You can buy the bibles at five pence each.

EVANS

Erm, John ...

TORRINGTON

What?

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EVANS

I can hardly read ...

TORRINGTON

About time you learn it!  
Shall I teach you?

EVANS  
You'd do that?

TORRINGTON  
Sure, why not!? There are even alphabet books for studying here!

EVANS  
Which book is this?

TORRINGTON  
'English history from Artus to Elizabeth'.

EVANS  
And this one?

TORRINGTON  
'Cooking recipes for all occasions'.

EVANS  
And that one?

TORRINGTON  
'A midsummer night's dream'.

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EVANS  
This is so difficult!

TORRINGTON  
M-O-O-N spells „moon“!  
Don't complain. You wanted this.

Captain Crozier!

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CROZIER  
Here, my little one!

It's great you're taking your time to teach, Mr Torrington. Keep in mind...  
... that we will reach Lancaster Sound within a few days and then stoke the heater for a test run.

TORRINGTON  
Understood, sir!

CROZIER  
Until then, keep up the good work!

TORRINGTON

//What a friendly captain. I thought the Royal Navy was a much more formal environment.//

EVANS

Shht! Did you know that Mr Crozier ...

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... has spent ten winters in the ice?

TORRINGTON

Truly?

EVANS

Yes! In the Arctic as well as in the Antarctic! He has more experience in the polar regions...

... than Sir John and all our other officers combined! I've done my research!

For us, it's an adventure, for him it's merely routine!

TORRINGTON

But why is this Sir John's expedition, then, and not his?

EVANS

He's Irish! What are you going to do about that!?

I think it's not right that a man's background counts more to the Royal Navy than his abilities and education!

But no matter what, Captain Crozier is and will be my idol.

I was really lucky to have been assigned to him.

One day I want to be a captain too. And I'm going to learn as much as possible from him.

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MAN #1

A schoolmaster has been lost to Torrington.

MAN #2

Maybe he can teach me too...

MAN #3

What? You cannot read either?

[Baffin Bay

July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1845]

MAN

All hands on deck!

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CROZIER

Gentlemen, we are near Lancaster Sound, at the Eastern entrance of a Northwest Passage!  
At this opportunity I'd like to remind you once again...  
... that drunkenness, swearing, and gambling for money are forbidden on board!

You know the punishments for crimes against man and nature.  
And from tomorrow you'll take your daily rations of lemon juice.

These will be given out by Dr Peddie and Dr Macdonald!

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CROZIER

This is, as you already know, the most important precaution against scurvy.  
I'll spare you with a description of this terrible disease for now.

MAN

I once saw someone with scurvy in the port. It's more terrible than you can imagine!  
Scurvy is *scary*! You lose hair and teeth, your body is rotting alive and turning into a shape- and  
helpless monster!

EVANS

I'm excited to learn how cold the Arctic winter will be!

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CROZIER

For most of you it will be the first time to see the mercury in the thermometer freeze!  
If you're unfortunate you'll also learn how blood freezes inside veins within minutes if you expose  
bare fingers to the icy wind!

Frostbite and snowblindness will afflict not a few of you.  
With one word: it will be hellish! Our clerk-in-charge, Mr Helpman ...

... will give out winter boots and warm slops tomorrow. And we'll test the heater.

Now we're waiting for ideal conditions to continue and shooting a few hundred birds from this  
iceberg...

... and then we will write history, gentlemen!

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EVANS

Not bad, this canned soup!

MAN #1

Mr Diggle, what's this stuff?

DIGGLE

It's beef stew! At least the label says so!

EVANS

Are you all right?

TORRINGTON

Everything's fine!

MAN #2

Mr Torrington, are you ill?

TORRINGTON

//Thank God there is nothing.

That would be an inconvenience, when my work has hardly begun!//

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SIR JOHN

Let's go through the plan and Admiralty orders once again ...

We'll assume that the way before us is ice-free ...

... and if possible follow the primary order to penetrate in a southwestern direction.

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SIR JOHN

As you know, Sir Parry managed to reach 113 degrees latitude in the West before the ice forced him to turn around.

Even if we – God forbid! - should not complete a Northwest Passage, I hope that we may at least ...  
... break this record in the southwestern direction.

But if the southern way is blocked, our order is to go North through Wellington Channel.

CROZIER

//I fear we will blunder in the ice.

How much are we going to add to this map?//

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CROZIER

//And still the Admiralty is clinging to its nonsense theory of an open polar sea!  
There is no way, this is as sure as death and taxes!//

SIR JOHN

Captain Crozier, we're hardly seeing each other. Wouldn't you like to stay on the *Erebus* tonight and dine with us?

CROZIER

It's my pleasure, sir.

SIR JOHN

Wonderful! Tonight I'll have the best of England's delicacies served!  
You'll feel just like at home, gentlemen!

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[A Danish whaler]

MAN #1

Going into these latitudes just to prove themselves a point!  
Those haughty Brits consider themselves lords over nature!

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[HMS Terror, engine room]

TORRINGTON

//Whew, it's warm down here!  
I hope the others now notice it too.//

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SMITH

Mr Torrington? The mess deck is warm and cozy now. Mr Irving says you deserve a break.

TORRINGTON

Good to know!  
//The heater is working. I hope the engine will do its work as well when we need it!//

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Chapter 3

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[Mess deck, HMS *Erebus*]

BRAINE

And those are Justine and Juliette!  
This is true art!

[William Braine, private (Royal Marine)]

SAILORS

Whoa!

MAN #1

I thought women had hair down there?

MAN #2

They do! It's just drawn that way to show more.

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HARTNELL #1

What do you want for one of these pictures?

BRAINE

What makes you think I'd give 'em away?

HARTNELL #1

Because you'll be punished if an officer gets wind of this!

BRAINE

So?! Then nobody gets any pictures and you're a rat!

HARTNELL #2

Seriously, Bill! I'd pay you a good price for one of these.

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BRAINE

Well, let's see!

Okay! This is the deal: One picture for each of you...

... and I get your daily grog rations for the next two weeks!

HARTNELL#1

Pardon me?

HARTNELL #2  
Sure! Fine!

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[The following day ...]

BRAINE  
C-come heere, little seal!  
You-you are dinner! Bam! Bam!

FITZJAMES  
What's the meaning of this?

HARTNELL  
Commander Fitzjames!

FITZJAMES  
Private Braine!  
Are you drunk?

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SIR JOHN  
Not only were you drunk, but you've also wasted shot!  
However, this is the first time you're standing out.

You'll be cleaning the water closets for a month.

BRAINE  
Yes, sir!

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MAN  
Hey, is it fun?

BRAINE  
Shut up!

SIR JOHN  
Mr Reid, what can you tell us about the ice conditions?

REID

It's all frozen over in the Southwest! Ice fields as far as the eye can see!

The summer was mild but short, and we're late. We won't be able to get through this year, sir!

[James Reid, ice master (HMS *Erebus*)]

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LE VESCONTE

That means we have only the Northern alternative left! Through the open polar sea!

Maybe we can even reach the Pole!

FITZJAMES

My dear Henry ...

... I don't believe in the theory of an open polar sea. I might even bet there is nothing but ancient ice!

SIR JOHN

James, I am thinking the same as you. But we must leave no options untested. Such are our orders.

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[September 7<sup>th</sup>, 1845]

'It is getting colder! For the first time we measured temperatures below the freezing point outside.'

'We made good passage through Wellington Channel but found no entrance to the North.'

'After circumnavigating Cornwallis Island we're back to our starting point.'

'But so far we've come ahead without the steam engines.'

May divine providence lead us into a safe winter harbour and open new ways in the next season!'

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CROZIER

That's it. We went around in circles for nothing.

EVANS

So the saison is over?

CROZIER

Any moment now! The Arctic winter can surprise us in our sleep at any time. You hear how it's

crashing louder all the time?

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CROZIER

And did you know that our patent fuel supply lasts for barely two weeks's steaming through the ice at full power?

The Sylvester patent heater alone uses 150 pounds of fuel a day! With 90 tons of fuel per ship we can barely afford two winters in the ice!

Sir John Ross' survival of four winters in the ice was due alone to his unlimited good luck and God's mercy!

Four years! We would never manage that!

EVANS

May I speak openly, sir?

Of all the officers you're the only one to say such things.

CROZIER

I am merely realistic. After all, hardly anyone on our ships has any real experience in the arctic regions!

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MAN

Evans! Tommy Evans!

Come down! Mr Diggle needs you!

CROZIER

Go ahead.

EVANS

Yes, sir!

DIGGLE

Evans!

EVANS

Yes, yes!

DIGGLE

Here! Now!

Get me a bag of flour from the stores!

EVANS

Yes, sir!

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EVANS

//Phew, the orlop smells just as bad as the mess deck! Only differently!  
Nevermind! Where is the flour?//

//It has to be in a watertight box ...  
or maybe in a cask?//

Oh!

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EVANS

//How strange. That can is totally bloated.//

//Nevermind! I've got to find the flour!//

DIGGLE

What kept you busy, lazy cabin boy!?

Go, bring another one! But make it quick!

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[HMS *Terror*, engine room]

THOMPSON

Get the light closer. I can't see anything.

TORRINGTON

//Dear God, this coal dust...//

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SMITH

Everything all right, Mr Torrington?

TORRINGTON

Yes! Yes, everything's fine.

SMITH

Maybe you should have Dr Peddie examine you.

TORRINGTON  
Not necessary! I'm well!

SMITH  
He's lost quite a lot of weight, hasn't he? I'm worried!

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HARTNELL #1  
Hey, John!

HARTNELL #2  
What?

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MAN  
Encore! Fantastic!

HARTNELL #1 and #2  
Thank you, thank you!

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FITZJAMES  
'Our ship's company is in good spirits. Until now no one has seriously fallen ill ...  
... and moral is solid. Sir John is like a father to many of us – which in my humble opinion can be  
said only of few leaders.'

SIR JOHN  
The Holy Scripture is very complex in some parts.  
If you have comprehension questions, let me know.

MAN  
Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!

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'Some sailors, like the Hartnell brothers, are talented singers and their performances are much  
esteemed.'

'But others should be forbidden from attempting to strike a note.'

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'More and larger ice floes are blocking our way...'

'... and the channels are becoming narrower.'

<Page 99>

CROZIER

You go ahead by boat to measure the water temperature and to collect samples.

EVANS

What can I do, Captain?

CROZIER

You collect ice from the floes and determine whether it's salt water or fresh water.

EVANS

Yes, sir!

<Page 100>

FITZJAMES

We have to find a safe bay immediately for overwintering until the next season.

SIR JOHN

That was it for this year, gentlemen!

Mr Reid, what is your opinion?

REID

My observations confirm what Mr Fitzjames has measured.

Do you remember Beechey Island near Devon? It would be an ideal winter harbour in its protected location away from the strong currents.

<Page 101>

EVANS

Where are we going now?

CROZIER

To a safe place to spend the winter.

EVANS

I thought that with steam power and reinforced hulls we could get through in winter as well?

CROZIER

Boy, are you naive? In winter *nothing* goes in the Arctic!

<Page 102>

IRVING

Hey down there! Is the machine ready? It could be needed at any moment!

THOMPSON

Ready anytime, sir!

IRVING

Torrington.

Come with me.

<Page 103>

[HMS *Terror*, Sick bay]

PEDDIE

We cannot exclude the possibility of pneumonia.

Have you noticed any other symptoms? Fever? Bloody sputum?

TORRINGTON

No, nothing. Can I go back to my work?

PEDDIE

Don't overestimate yourself, young man! You can be glad that we're in a cold climate.

Go outside to the fresh air more often! And at the slightest sign of a consumption report to me immediately!

<Page 104>

<Page 105>

FITZJAMES

//Beechey Island...

Discovered and named by Captain Parry on his first Arctic expedition 25 years ago.//

//We are the first ones to overwinter here.//

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<Page 107>  
Chapter 4

<Page 108>

SIR JOHN

'Now we are beset and preparing the ships for winter.'

'Sails, spars and rigging are removed ...  
and the topmasts and topgallants are taken down.'

'It is not a pleasant sight, a ship with its masts cut off.  
But this security measure is necessary to minimize the risk of damage by ice, snow and wind.'

<Page 109>

'The deck is covered with a big tent of timbers and sailcloth.'

EVANS

Look, Jacko! Just like Noah's Ark!

Jacko!?! Where are you?

Jacko!

CROZIER

Evans!

You can look for the monkey later.

Collect snow and help the others to make an isolating layer on the deck!

<Page 110>

EVANS

There you are! Running off without me just like that!

TOZER

Hey, boy! We're going hunting! You wanna come along?

EVANS

No. I've got to collect snow and watch Jacko ...

Jacko ...?

PRIVATE

Sergeant! A polar bear!!!

<Page 111>

EVANS

Jacko! Don't!

Come back! Now!

<Page 112>

<Page 113>

TOZER

Holy shit...!

Who would've thought them beasts are that fast!

Don't mind it, boy. It was just a monkey.

EVANS

//Just a monkey?

No, it was a task that Captain Crozier has entrusted to me!

And I failed it completely!//

<Page 114>

EVANS

//What is he going to think of me?//

CROZIER

Tommy Evans? Good for nothing, that one! Can't even look after a monkey!

We should've left him behind in Greenland!

EVANS

//I'm a failure!//

<Page 115>

TORRINGTON

What's the matter? Are you not hungry?

EVANS

No. I need to talk to the captain.

<Page 116>

CROZIER

Enter!

EVANS

A... a polar bear has taken Jacko, sir.  
I didn't watch him for one second only ...

<Page 117>

CROZIER

Yes, I know.

EVANS

How...? But-

CROZIER

From Sergeant Tozer.  
Anything else?

EVANS

I haven't fulfilled my duties.  
I'm sorry, sir!

<Page 118>

CROZIER

Now take that hand down already!

I've been thinking about it and ...

EVANS

//Uh-oh! Now it comes!//

CROZIER

Mr Diggle needs an assistant at the stove at regular times – around six bells of the morning watch,  
and at two bells of the afternoon watch.  
Do you know how to open cans?

<Page 119>

EVANS

Of course! Yes, sir! I can do that!

CROZIER

Good. Report to him immediately.

EVANS

At once, sir!

CROZIER

And what's all that whining about? It was just a moneky!  
You're grown up already, aren't you?

EVANS

Yes, sure, sir!

<Page 120>

GORE

I share your opinion, Commander.  
From up there it will be seen best.

FITZJAMES

Good. Get a few volunteers...  
... and have the cairn erected.

<Page 121>

GORE

Understood? Build the cairn as high and at the same time as solid as possible!  
If you don't find enough stones, just fill the empty cans with gravel.

GROUP

Yes, sir!

<Page 122>

GOODSIR

Lieutenant Gore?

Pardon me, but which message are we going to leave in the cairn?

GORE

None yet. We'll deposit a message shortly before our departure in spring.

<Page 123>

MAN #1

What a view!

MAN #2

Don't stand around! Use the time!

<Page 124>

FITZJAMES

'November 10<sup>th</sup>. Winter has arrived! Yesterday we saw the sun over the horizon for the last time. It is said that the Arctic winter is a difficult time during which one is especially susceptible for illnesses and melancholy.'

'It already happened that someone has refused an order because he was too homesick and nostalgic to get out of bed.'

'Such cases we isolate in the sick bay.'

'Thomas and John Hartnell have discovered the hand organ and invent new ways to entertain the others.'

<Page 125>

'The short distance between the ships makes it possible for the entire crew...'

'... to be present when Sir John reads the mass every Sunday on the *Erebus*' upper deck.'

SIR JOHN

It is the Lord whom his soul seeks when he climbs the high mountain, stands below the starry sky, or is thrown to and fro in the turmoil of the restless sea! It is the Lord...

<Page 126>

SIR JOHN

Ahem! We shall sing *Amazing Grace*.

TORRINGTON

Try to read along with me.

<Page 127>

EVANS

M-O-O-N spells „moon“ ...

TORRINGTON

Golding? ... Hello?

Tommy...

... where is the other boy? He was supposed to bring me water.

EVANS

No idea!

I'll do it! Wait here and rest. I'll get the water!

//Goodness! How skinny he has become!//

<Page 128>

EVANS

//The wind is chilling the very bone marrow! And we have to walk outside every day! This is supposedly healthy?//

TORRINGTON

C'mon, faster!

EVANS

Hey, John... just a question...

Have you ever ... with a woman ... you know?

TORRINGTON

Huh?

<Page 129>

EVANS

I thought you got a fiancée back home!

TORRINGTON

Betrothed isn't married!

EVANS

But, John! Are you saying ...

... you're going on a long, dangerous journey into the uncertain, without having... I mean, *seriously!?*

TORRINGTON

Are you daft!? Her father would kill me!

EVANS

Well, it could be worse. Right?

<Page 130>

CROZIER

Enter!

JOPSON

Shall I get your bath ready, sir?

[Thomas Jopson, captain's steward]

CROZIER

Yes, please.

JOPSON

Aren't you going to Sir John's mess today?

CROZIER

I want to be alone.

<Page 131>

JOPSON

I don't think you've ever told me ...

... how you lost those two toes.

CROZIER

That was a long time ago. I was a midshipman on Sir Edward Parry's second Arctic expedition. Together with four others I lost my way in a snow storm! When we managed to get back to the ship it was too late: Frozen fingers, toes or both had to be amputated from every one of us.

Those young greenhorns on board here underestimate such dangers. The worst thing is that you hardly notice when something freezes to death!

<Page 132>

JOPSON

But now you've got warm feet, right?

CROZIER

Hmm... Yes.

<Page 133>

CROZIER

Where are you going!?

You're not yet done with these shoes!

JOPSON

Pardon, sir, but I've forgotten something.  
I'll be right back.

CROZIER

//He's getting less reliable...//

<Page 134>

<Page 135>

EVANS

//How fortunate that I'm not the only one on this ship who's still a virgin!//

//When we are back home ...

I will have so much to tell!//

Yes, my ladies! I ventured through the Northwest Passage with Sir John!

LADIES

Please tell us everything, Mr Evans!

Did you see sea snakes?

Savage Esquimaux?

What do seals taste like?

Did you shoot polar bears?

EVANS

Slowly, please! Only one at a time!

<Page 136>

EVANS

//Torrington is snoring louder every night!

How is one supposed to fantasize that way, much less sleep?//

//This rattling breath...

that's not normal, isn't it!?!//

<Page 137>

THOMPSON

Really?

SMITH

Yes, the Esquimaux like the idea of Hell! My brother-in-law, the missionary...

...has said...

Mr Torrington!?

<Page 138>

SMITH

What ...!?

You need to report to the sick bay!

Immediately!

<Page 139>

PEDDIE

You've got consumption.

<Page 140>

<Page 141>

Chapter 5

<Page 142>

MAN #1

Just look at that bookworm. Glued to the pages for hours!  
Shouldn't he be helping Mr Diggle open cans?

CROZIER

And what are you doing?

MAN #2

Captain! We... er...

CROZIER

Tommy!

Are your reading skills advancing?

EVANS

Yes, sir! Every day!

CROZIER

And which book is this?

EVANS

This is „The Vicar of Wakefield“ from the library here, sir!

<Page 143>

CROZIER

You like it?

EVANS

Yes, very much!

CROZIER

Then keep the book! It's yours!

EVANS

What...!?

//Oh my God! I've never owned a book before!//

Thank you very much, sir!

MAN #1

Look at that.

Captain Crozier has a favourite.

<Page 144>

EVANS  
Hey, John!

How are you?

TORRINGTON  
Could be better.

EVANS  
Look at that!

My handwriting has much improved!

<Page 145>

EVANS  
And the captain has given me a book!  
Just like that! Isn't that grand!?

He is really a great example!

John!

<Page 146>

PEDDIE  
Hey!  
Did I allow visitors in there!?  
Evans! Out with you!

And you need absolute rest and must not exert yourself. Until further notice I need to keep all visitors away from you.

Try to eat more. The canned food is the best we have.

<Page 147>

JOPSON  
I heard that a petty officer has fallen ill.

CROZIER  
John Torrington. Until recently he was working as a stoker in the hold.  
The two doctors say he's got consumption.

JOPSON

He's still very young, isn't he?

<Page 148>

CROZIER

I am responsible.

Jopson, you remember that we sent five men home at our stop in Greenland?

JOPSON

Yes...

CROZIER

Exactly. Because they were ill, or totally useless, or both.  
I should have sent Torrington home too.

<Page 149>

JOPSON

It's not your fault, Captain.

CROZIER

I should have known! He was coughing all the time right from the start.

JOPSON

I'm no doctor, but if it's really consumption...

... he'll have better chances of recovering in this cold climate, won't he?

CROZIER

Jopson, have you seen him? He's dying!

In England, his family could be with him and bury him!

But here!? Here he'll die in a godforsaken, dark ice desert far away from all warmth, love and civilization!

<Page 150>

JOPSON

Captain...

If you need something... I'll do anything for you.

Anything.

CROZIER

Jopson... What are you talking about!?

<Page 151>

JOPSON

It's to relax...  
nothing more.

No one will know.

CROZIER

You forget yourself!

<Page 152>

FITZJAMES

Sir John?

What are our plans for Christmas?

The Hartnell brothers want to perform a theatrical. They wrote it themselves!

SIR JOHN

Not on Christmas, that would be inappropriate. Let's save it for New Year's!

Or is it going to be a nativity play?

FITZJAMES

Haha! I'm afraid not, sir.

<Page 154>

SIR JOHN

The crew can perform whatever theatrical they want on New Year's Eve.

As long as it isn't indecent or vulgar...

... and they otherwise observe the rules too.

FITZJAMES

Very well, I'll let them know.

LE VESCONTE

Check and mate, my friend!

FITZJAMES

How!? What?

LE VESCONTE

There's always a first time.

<Page 154>

CROZIER  
Out with you!

JOPSON  
Sir! Sir, I...

CROZIER  
Out! Get out!

<Page 155>

CROZIER  
//Jopson, of all people!  
After all those years ... I'd never have thought...!//

<Page 156>

JOPSON  
//I am... such a fool!//

<Page 157>

<Page 158>

<Page 159>

<Page 160>

<Page 161>

PEDDIE  
What's going on!?  
Torrington!?

Did you scream?

TORRINGTON  
I... I...

<Page 162>

TORRINGTON

I've seen him! In a boat!

They found him! With the book! Inside a boat!

CROZIER

What's going on? What's that goddamn noise?

PEDDIE

Nothing's happened, Captain! Torrington just had a nightmare.

He's confused. Probably a fever.

<Page 163>

MAN #1

What's going on?

Man #2

You hear that? Torrington's talking all confused!

EVANS

Hey!

Leave him alone, now! He's ill! Get back to sleep!

MAN

Shut up, cabin boy!

<Page 164>

[The next day ...]

CROZIER

Doctor! How is he?

MACDONALD

Now he has not only consumption, but pneumonia as well. Even the preserved food hardly helps. Dr Peddie says he might live to see the new year, but I have my doubts...

CROZIER

Torrington!

<Page 165>

CROZIER

Is there anything I can do for you?

TORRINGTON

Yes ... I have written several letters.

They're in my sea chest, already addressed.

Would you...?

CROZIER

Yes. Of course.

<Page 166>

<Page 167>

CROZIER

//Francis ... are you sure you're up to this task?

Not again!!!

//Your crew admires and respects you, don't they?

You are not good enough for me so at least be strong enough for them.//

Go away! Get lost!

<Page 168>

[Christmas Eve]

GORE

... and Sargent and Couch are responsible for the decoration. Pretty, isn't it?

SIR JOHN

Very nice. Too bad there isn't enough space for all of us here!

Merry Christmas, comrades!

ALL

Merry Christmas

WALL

Gentlemen! The cake!

<Page 169>

WALL

The shape was a particular challenge. I hope you can tell what the cake is supposed to depict!

SIR JOHN

But those are our ships! And the rocks of Beechey Island made from chocolate cake!

The snow, that's powdered sugar, isn't it!? Fabulous!

Almost too fine to eat. You are an artist, Mr Wall!

<Page 170>

<Page 171>

<Page 172>

<Page 173>

<Page 174>

<Page 175>

Chapter 6

<Page 176>

[December 25<sup>th</sup>]

ALL

Merry Christmas!

To the Northwest Passage!

<Page 177>

SIR JOHN

What a beautiful bible! Thank you, Graham!

FITZJAMES

Lieutenant Irving?

Where's Captain Crozier? I've got a gift for him too!

IRVING

Er... he's not feeling well. But from what I gather it's only a cold...

<Page 178>

EVANS  
Captain Crozier? Sir?  
Captain?

Dr Peddie would like to see you. And here's your uniform, washed and dry.

CROZIER  
I told you to stay outside! Do you want a birching?

EVANS  
Beg your pardon, sir...  
//What's the matter with him? „A cold“? Then I am Queen Victoria!  
He pretends to be dining alone, but I know he has hardly eaten anything the past few days...  
and that on Christmas!//

<Page 179>

FITZJAMES  
'As I had suspected, it's the dark Arctic winter that's weighing on Captain Crozier's spirits.  
Today I'll visit him on the Terror with some copies of our satire magazines. This will cheer him up.'

Those are the last copies of *Punch* I was able to find in the *Erebus*' library!  
They're very popular right now. But take all the time you want!

CROZIER  
Oh... Thank you.

<Page 180>

VOICES  
Francis, what's with you? What's the matter?  
Francis...

CROZIER  
// Nothing! I am just tired. //

//So tired. //

<Page 181>

FITZJAMES

Hahaha! Have you seen this caricature!?

By the way, have you already heard?

Two of our sailors have organized a theatrical. They even wrote it themselves!

It's a light-hearted piece, that's all I know, for I'm not part of it. But I look forward to see it!

I heard that it's a tradition to spend the Arctic winter with theatricals?

CROZIER

Yes, that's true. As a midshipman in Parry's expedition I've taken part in a few roles too.

I'm afraid our costumes on board are still the same old ones from back then...

<Page 182>

HARTNELL #1

Hey, lads! Who wants to see our costume for the New Year's theatre!?

SAILORS

Me! Me! Me too!

HARTNELL #1

Good! We've worked hard on them for two weeks!

<Page 183>

HARTNELL #1

After all, we want them to look accurate!

Gentlemen, I present you the main roles...

My brother John as King Henry VIII...

Volunteer George Chambers as Anne Boleyn...

Petty officer Cowie as Lord Chancellor Cromwell...

...and Lieutenant Le Vesconte as Catherine of Aragon!

<Page 184>

HARTNELL #1

Johnny, you're better with numbers. Why don't you estimate if there's enough space in here for both crews.

CHAMBERS

Can I help with the setup!?

HARTNELL #1

Johnny! What's the matter!?

HARTNELL #2

Nothing!

<Page 185>

[December 31<sup>st</sup>]

MEN

I heard it's supposed to be a historical drama!  
Let's hope it's not too serious!

FITZJAMES

Captain! How nice to see you here!

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FITZJAMES

Are you feeling better?

CROZIER

Fantastic. Thanks a lot.

HARTNELL #1

Dear audience! My name is Tom Hartnell.. and you're about to see „Queen Anne's Revenge“, my own original, romantical-bizarre historical drama... with the most famous actors of the entire Arctic, in three acts! Please save your applause for the end!

<Page 187>

[Meanwhile...]

IRVING

Doctor Peddie ...?

How is he doing?

PEDDIE

This morning he coughed up so much blood that I thought he was a goner.  
The blanket certainly was.

<Page 188>

FITZJAMES

//Grumpy old man!//

CROZIER

//Popinjay!//

LE VESCONTE

Henry, my king, hear my words! How can you cast me away, when I was faithful to you for years!?

HARTNELL

Be silent, woman!

<Page 189>

HARTNELL

You have not fulfilled your duties! England needs a heir to the throne!

LE VESCONTE

I am the daughter of the Catholic kings of Spain! Our marriage is valid and blessed by the Pope!

And legitimate heir to the throne is... our daughter Mary!

DOG

Woof!

SIR JOHN

Hahaha! The dog in the role of Mary Tudor!? Delightful!

<Page 190>

LE VESCONTE

Woe betide us! Our king has fallen for the charms of a witch!

HARTNELL #2

Go! Your appearance!

CHAMBERS

My beloved! What's the matter? What is the cause of your worries?

HARTNELL

My beloved Anne!

We cannot marry for the Pope won't allow it!

<Page 191>

NARRATOR

But Anne Boleyn did not give up and became Queen of England!  
Her married bliss with Henry VIII lasted for three years, until ...

CHAMBERS

Noooo! Let me go!

I didn't do anything!

NARRATOR

'You have been accused of whoring and witchcraft!'

By the power of the law I condemn you, Anne Boleyn, to death!

<Page 192>

MAN #1

It is done! The witch is dead!

NARRATOR

But King Henry finds no rest!

CHAMBERS

Your soul belongs to me now, you heart- and godless wight!

Come to me so that we may be united in the kingdom of the dead!

HARTNELL

Nooooo! Noooo! Go away, evil ghost!

<Page 193>

MAN#2  
Chambers is a natural!

MAN #3  
Well...

COWIE  
Oh yay! The king is dead!

HARTNELL  
Who, how, where!? Where am I!?

CHAMBERS  
You are in the netherworld, my beloved!  
Now you are mine forever!

<Page 194>

HARTNELL  
Impossible! I'm the king of England! I don't die!

CHAMBERS  
Then I've got news for you, darling!

SIR JOHN  
It certainly is a bit silly and vulgar.

GORE  
But what do you expect from sailors, sir?

<Page 195>

HARTNELL  
Eww! She's got stubble! And smells of tobacco!

<Page 196>

[Beechey Island.  
74° 43' 28" latitude North  
90° 39' 15" longitude West  
January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1846  
-20°F]

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<Page 199>

CROZIER

Enter!

PEDDIE

Sir, Torrington is dead.

<Page 200>

FITZJAMES

'January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1846.

The Terror's chief stoker died yesterday. Our carpenters have built a most beautiful coffin for him. At the same time, Dr Peddie and Dr Macdonald have prepared him for burial.'

'Dr Peddie explained that the corpse's hands and feet should be bound lest they move the limbs to look grotesque once rigor mortis sets in.'

'They also bound his jaw so it wouldn't fall down.'

<Page 201>

CROZIER

//He already looked like an angel when he was alive...

... but with the golden wood shavings on which his head lies in the coffin, this impression is heightened.//

<Page 202>

<Page 203>

<Page 204>

<Page 205>

<Page 206>

HARTNELL #2

Shht!

HARTNELL #1

A-ha! Here's Johnny!

I told you a hundred times ...  
... you aren't supposed to steal!

<Page 207>

HARTNELL #2  
Wait a minute! This can is from the trash dump!  
You can hardly call that theft!

And it's a sin to throw away perfectly good food!

HARTNELL #1  
Just look how that can is bulging, you genius!  
The contents are spoiled! Of course it's been thrown away!

HARTNELL #2  
You think so?

Then watch this!

<Page 208>

HARTNELL #2  
There! You see!  
Does that look spoiled to you?

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HARTNELL #2  
Mmmh! English beef!  
You want some too?

HARTNELL #1  
No! No! I'll have no part in this!

<Page 210>

HARTNELL #1  
Well, then, bon appetit! I won't tell on you – not this time!  
But this is the very last time I'm letting you get away with this, you hear!?

HARTNELL #2  
Spoilsport!

To be continued in vol. 2 - „Trapped“