Winter came with fearful cold and dreadful darkness. The sun did not rise for 79 days. The dogs curled up out on the floe in 'dogloos' made of iceblocks. Inside the warm ship the men argued about what was happening in the rest of the world, and when they would break free from their lonely prison. They played cards, and practical jokes, and were bored.

Outside, the silence was eerie. But every now and then ominous moans and clatters in the distance told of huge ice floes grinding together, neither giving way, massive blocks of rock-hard ice heaving up in jumbled piles.

One night when the wind howled in the rigging, Shackleton talked to Frank Worsley. "The ship can't live in this," he said. "It's only a matter of time." He paced restlessly in his tiny cabin. "What the ice gets, the ice keeps."

Worsley couldn't bring himself to believe it. In any case they said nothing to the others. Cheerfulness, optimism – that's what mattered. The ice would release its grip. *Endurance* would escape.

Late in the winter the floe trapping *Endurance* broke during a storm. All around, the ice heaped up in confused ridges like giant wrinkled skin. The pieces ground together again, squeezing the ship. *Endurance* was heaved high, thrown on one side, then righted herself. But bit by bit her strong thick timbers buckled, bent, then splintered and cracked under the terrible, roaring pressure. Day after day the ship groaned like a living thing. The dogs howled. The men watched, helpless.

The end came suddenly one afternoon. Giant fingers of ice forced themselves through the ship's sides. Freezing black water poured into the hold and cabins. Like some terrible animal the ice fingers held the ship, stopping her sinking.

The men tumbled out onto the floe. Their home had gone. Watching their ship die was shocking.