**Robert Scott’s Diary**

*Robert Scott attempted to be the first man to reach the South Pole. These extracts are from the diary he kept.*

Tuesday, December 5. We awoke this morning to a raging, howling blizzard. After a minute or two in the open, one is covered from head to foot in fine powdery snow. The ponies are covered with ice and standing deep in snow, the sledges are almost covered, and there are huge drifts above the tents. We have had a thin breakfast, four biscuits with butter and some strong cocoa with sugar, and are now again in our sleeping bags. One cannot see the next tent, let alone the land. What on earth does such weather mean at this time of year? It is more than our share of ill-fortune, I think, and I doubt if any party could travel in such weather. It has blown hard all day with quite the greatest snowfall I remember. The drifts around the tents are simply huge. And yet the temperature was only just below freezing and, as a consequence, there are pools of water on everything, the tents are wet through, also the wind clothes, night boots, etc; water drips from the tent poles and door, lies on the floor-cloth, soaks the sleeping-bags, and makes everything pretty wretched. We are all very, very wet. If a cold snap follows before we have had time to dry our things, we shall be mighty uncomfortable. To raise our spirits tonight we had a supper with horsemeat and biscuits, though this was the last of the horsemeat. We now have only pemmican to eat, a mixture of dried beef and fat, but we know we must ration that too.

Wednesday, December 6. Noon. Miserable, utterly miserable. The tempest continues to rage violently. The temperature is now above freezing and everything in the tent is soaking. People returning from the outside look exactly as though they had been in a heavy shower of rain. They drip pools on the floor of the tents. The snow is steadily climbing higher about walls, ponies, tents, and sledges. The ponies look utterly desolate. A hopeless feeling descends and is hard to fight off. What immense patience is needed for such occasions! At 5pm there came signs of a break at last, and now one can see the land, but the sky is still overcast and there is a lot of snow about. Tea was a little pemmican with biscuits and butter and cocoa which we drank with plenty of sugar. Outside, the wind also remains fairly strong. It is not pleasant, but if no worse in the morning we can get on at last. Tonight we went to bed still hungry but with a cup of strong tea and pemmican.

Thursday, December 7. The storm continues and the situation is now serious. One small feed remains for the ponies after today, so that we must either march tomorrow or sacrifice the animals. The storm shows no sign of dying down and it is as unpleasant as ever. I can find no sign of an end, and all of us agree that it is utterly impossible to move.