

Matthew Henson
The Tundra Camp
Newfoundland
Arctic Circle
The Top of the world

Friday 21st May 1891

Dear Captain Childs,

I remember you on your deathbed. I could see the tiredness in your eyes, ready to enter eternal slumber. I still cry, knowing I couldn't save you, as you saved me. I missed you, and I felt ashamed that I couldn't pay back the debt I owe you. I just want to say thank you. Thank you for teaching me all I needed, to read and to write. Thank you for showing mercy on me, as a black negro, outcasted by society. You live ⁱⁿ my heart, because I love you and you loved me. Your love has evolved me into something better, and now I am going to do something truly wonderful. ✓

Good link

Like I said

I am going somewhere truly wonderful, though you have probably seen where I am from the address. I am going to the North Pole, where compasses are broken and where all men are filled with awe, the top of the world!! But surely, how can a negro like me do something so great, and even get the opportunity? Well, a man named John Peary gave me the opportunity to do such a thing, and so ~~me~~ ^I, together with a team of others, set out on this journey. Oh, and how great this land is! As we trudged through

the ¹⁵ ~~8~~ ¹⁵ inch snow, beautiful glaciers shot up to the skies, and the frozen river creaked and crashed as it slowly barged its way through its tunnel. Mountains were like huge spikes planted into the earth; this was incomparable to anything we had seen in Russia, oh, how I stood in awe. The sky was tied with shining ribbons of green, blue, and purple; the natives said that it was made of the souls of dead animals. Oh, and how I stood in awe at the sight of all these things! ~~And to think this is the beginning of my sights.~~ And there is even more to this wilderness than just how it looks!

I believe that it is called the Aurora borealis

The natives that live here, the Inuits, are so ingenious in the ways that they survive! When I first came there, the ^{natives} Inuits thought of me as one of their own, because of my black skin. ~~It was~~ I was so proud of this, yet also ashamed that I had to explain to them that I was not one of them, ^{but} a foreigner. Yet I wished I was an Inuit when I saw how kind they were, and the simple life they lived. To prevent frostbite, they would wear 3 layers of boots, a fur-lined coat made with seal hide to be waterproof. They also taught me many things. Remember when we tried to learn how to ride sleds in Russia? Well, the Inuits taught me to ride on the icy plains with them and they showed me how they hunted seals with harpoons pointed into ice cracks. And the animals here are just... just wonderful. I was told of the polar bears, 42 toothed beasts that made us hide our food far away from

carved with dug into the terrain embroidered with brilliant diamonds and shimmering jewels

they would embrace by putting their eyes on each others' mirrors! Can you believe?

The... the... as... Pol... an... gal... its... ha... be... l... f...

camp so that they wouldn't eat it all. And I saw great black phantoms, Killer whales, that would leap onto the beaches to rob cubs from their mothers, then go zooming back to sea. I've seen ^{sea} ~~sea~~ ^{great} sea unicorns with horns meters tall, diving in and out of the sea. How great everything that lives here is, how great! ✓

^{we must} Despite this wonder, one must keep in mind that peril ^{is} at every single step. Great crevasses are like rips in a large sheet of paper. They are almost like ravines, ^{holes} ~~holes~~ of certain death, that are sometimes ~~so~~ disguised by snow. I even fell in one of them, and my fate would have been sealed if one of greatest friends, Ankan-^{alm}, an Inuit, hadn't grabbed hold of me at the last second. As well as this, we are at the constant risk of starvation and frostbite; whilst we were travelling, we had to eat OUR OWN HUSKIES because we didn't have enough food to eat. Yet, despite this, this place is so great, but it could be greater...

... with you. You see, every day I sleep, I always remember the adventures we had together, I cherish them with all my heart. I wanted to write this to tell you that your relentless efforts were not in vain, that I have become something you can be proud of. I know how hard you worked for me, you didn't deserve to die. I miss you. ✓

The Inuits think our expedition as absolute mad as the North Pole is a frozen sea and we would fall into its blue void.

People have already began losing fingers

A

W

W

The

Good bye,

Matthew Henson.

• E
• i
• E
• C
• W
• N
• F
• F
• S
• g
• /
• i
• f
• e