EPILOGUE

# BACK IN THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

重返西北航道

*‘**Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage*

*To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea*

*Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage*

*And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.’*

*“啊，哪怕只有一次，我也愿意走西北航道*

*发现富兰克林的手伸向波弗特海*

*沿着温暖的航线穿过广袤的荒土*

*开辟一条通往大海的西北航道。”*

I’m singing lustily the chorus of this Stan Rogers classic in the bar of *Akademik Sergey Vavilov*, an ice-strengthened Russian survey ship in Prince Regent Inlet, Nunavut, Canada. It’s August 2017, mid-evening, and the sun is still some way above the horizon, sending shafts of intense gold light through the thick glass of the windows. Tomorrow we shall make our way through the Bellot Strait, which will take us into Peel Sound and very close to the heart of the Franklin story. Singing along with me, to the accompaniment of Russell Potter’s guitar, are some of the ninety-five excited Franklin buffs who are here in this short window of Arctic summer to see for themselves the landmarks they have read about. To see what Franklin and his men would have seen and, hopefully, to make a little more sense of the glory and the disaster.

加拿大努勒维特摄政王湾，有一艘经过抗冰加固名为*谢尔盖·瓦维洛夫院士号*的俄罗斯勘测船，在船上的酒吧里，我热切地唱着这首Stan Rogers的经典合唱作品。那是2017年8月的午夜，而太阳仍在地平线以上，透过厚厚的窗户玻璃散发出一束束强烈的金色光芒。明天我们将穿过贝洛特海峡，然后进入皮尔海峡，那里已经非常接近Franklin故事的核心。九十五名兴奋的Franklin粉丝，在Russell Potter的吉他伴奏下，和我一起唱歌。他们趁着这个短暂的北极夏季窗口，想亲眼来看看他们曾读到过的地标。看看Franklin和他的伙伴们都曾看到了什么，大家也希望能对这场灾难和荣耀有更多的了解。

I was lucky to get on this trip. This is the Northwest Passage and, despite all the advantages of modern technology, the power of the elements restricts most of these cruises to a narrow August–September schedule. And such is the enthusiasm for all things Franklin that the ships are booked up a year in advance. Hearing of my interest rather late in the day, One Ocean Expeditions have done all they can to squeeze me aboard. ‘Squeeze’ being the operative word, as the only vacant corner they can find is the currently unoccupied pilot’s cabin. It’s tiny, and the shower in the bathroom is one of those in which you have to run around to get wet, but it’s up on the lofty deck-six level, halfway between the bridge and the bar.

我很幸运能参加这次旅行。这里是西北航道，尽管现代技术有诸多优势，但受恶劣的气候条件限制，大部分的游船都只能在8-9月这个时间段内航行。人们对Franklin的一切都很热衷，所以这些船都是提前一年就被订满了。有一个海洋探险队在很晚的时候才听说了我的兴趣，所以竭尽全力想把我挤上船。“挤”是最关键的一个词，因为他们唯一能找到的空闲角落就是目前无人居住的驾驶舱。它很小，而且浴室里的淋浴也需要你东奔西跑才能淋湿全身，但这个船舱所处的位置很高，在六层的甲板上，位于船桥和酒吧之间。

*‘Westward from the Davis Strait, ’tis there ’twas said to lie*

*The sea route to the Orient for which so many died,*

*Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones*

*And a long­forgotten lonely cairn of stones.’* ‘Altogether now!’

*‘Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage.’*

*“从戴维斯海峡往西走，据说就在那儿*

*通往东方的海路，很多人因此死去，*

*寻找宝藏与荣耀，风霜里，无踪迹。*

*无人问津的孤独石堆。”“全都汇聚在一起！”*

*“啊，哪怕只有一次，我也愿意走西北航道。”*

Five days ago I was looking at the Davis Strait from 35,000 feet above. I always try for a window seat when I fly, and three and a half hours out of Heathrow I was rewarded with a thrilling view of the Greenland coast. Everyone else was staring at screens or trying to fall asleep, but I couldn’t take my eyes off this most majestic of islands. We hurtled across it, clearing the east coast not far south of Disko Bay, where once Franklin and his men joked and wrote their last letters home, and shot ducks and arranged to meet up in Russia in a year’s time.

五天前，我在35,000英尺的高空看到了戴维斯海峡。坐飞机时，我总是想要一个尽量靠窗的座位。离开希思罗机场三个半小时后，我有幸看到了格陵兰海岸的壮伟景色。其他人都在盯着屏幕或试图入睡，但我的目光却难以从这个异常雄伟的岛屿上移开。我们飞驰而过，穿过了迪斯科湾以南不远的东海岸。曾经，Franklin和他的手下在那里开玩笑，给家里写了最后一封信，还打了鸭子，并安排一年后在俄罗斯见面。

The connecting flight from Edmonton to Yellowknife and Resolute Bay in a plane with a polar bear on its tailfin offered more window-fare. Prairie fields, farmhouses and dotted woodland gave way to lake and forest. Around Yellowknife I could see the scorchmarks of a fierce fire season. On the last lap to Resolute the trees vanished and we were flying over a seemingly endless, forbiddingly inhospitable area of tundra. Glacial flutes – grooves scored out of the rock by ice-action – ran for hundreds of miles in long parallel lines, dotted with ice-lakes. A hard, blank land, aptly named ‘the Barrens’.

从埃德蒙顿转机前往耶洛奈夫和雷索卢特湾的时候，飞机尾翼上有一只北极熊，提供了更多的窗口票价。草原、农舍和零星的林地变成了湖泊和森林。在耶洛奈夫附近，我可以看到火灾季节留下的痕迹。在去雷索卢特湾的最后阶段，树木消失了，我们飞过了一片似乎无穷无尽、令人生畏的荒凉苔原。冰川槽——冰川作用在岩石上留下的沟槽——绵延数百英里，其间点缀着冰湖。那是一片坚硬、空旷的土地，被恰当地称为“荒原”。

We land at Resolute Bay less than thirty-six hours after leaving London. I’m on Cornwallis Island, which *Erebus* and *Terror* were the first ships to discover. My ship, the *Akademik Sergey Vavilov*, is solid and stout, rather than sleek – qualities I can’t help associating with *Erebus*. Like *Erebus*, her bows have been strengthened for polar work. Like *Erebus*, she was built for something else. No one’s quite sure what, but it was probably some sort of quasi-military intelligencegathering duty. Though the Soviet Union collapsed the year after she was built, there is still something of the old days about the *Vavilov*. Her forty-one-strong Russian crew, who keep the ship going, are rarely seen, except to help us in and out of the Zodiacs that take us to and from the shore. The captain, whose name is Beluga (spelt the same way as the whales we hope we’ll see), is tantalisingly aloof. In addition to those who run and maintain the ship, there are twentytwo ‘staff’. They include the cooks and waitresses, and lovely people like Tatiana and Maria, who take my laundry and bring it back ironed and washed the next morning. Tatiana has been misled into thinking I’m a famous film star, but can’t reconcile this with my cramped little cabin and disordered hair. I daren’t tell her, or Maria or Captain Beluga, or any of the Russians, that my most recent starring role is that of Vyacheslav Molotov in *The Death of Stalin*.

离开伦敦不到三十六小时，我们就在雷索卢特湾登陆。我来到了康沃利斯岛，而*厄瑞玻斯号*和*恐怖号*就是在这被最先发现的。而我所在的船*谢尔盖·**瓦维洛夫院士号*非常得坚固结实，外形也不太光滑——这些特质让我不禁联想到*厄瑞玻斯号*。和*厄瑞玻斯号*一样，她的船头也专门为极地工作进行了加强。和*厄瑞玻斯号*一样，她建造之初是为了别的目的。没有人确切知道具体是什么，但可能是某种准军事类的情报收集任务。尽管苏联在*瓦维洛夫号*建成后的一年就解体了，但这艘船上还是有一些昔日的痕迹。船上有四十一名强壮的俄国船员，负责维持船体的运转，除了带领我们乘坐橡皮艇以及到海岸接送我们外，很少见到他们的身影。船长的名字叫Beluga （与我们希望看到的鲸鱼拼写相同），他看起来很冷漠。除了那些管理和维护这艘船的人，还有22名“工作人员”。他们包括厨师和女服务员，其中有像Tatiana和Maria这样可爱的人，她们会帮把衣服拿去洗，然后第二天早上再把衣服熨好送回来。Tatiana似乎误以为我是一个著名的电影明星，但又觉得狭窄的船舱和一头凌乱的头发和这一点不相符。我不敢告诉她，不敢告诉Maria或Beluga上尉，也不敢告诉任何俄国人，我最近主演的角色是《*斯大林之死*》中的Vyacheslav Molotov。

The first days on board ship are full of dire warnings. Polar bears can kill, but are less likely to attack a group than an individual. They have a strong sense of smell and can outrun a horse, if they’re hungry. Stay close to your guide at all times. Don’t go wandering off – like Franklin did. Take the utmost care getting in and out of the landing boats. Never move until your guides are ready. And above all, when you get onshore, don’t touch anything. From what I can see of the treeless, flat-topped rock-stacks in the distance, there won’t be much *to* touch.

上船的前几天，我们受到了各种可怕的警告。北极熊会杀人，不过攻击群体的可能性要小于攻击个体。它们有很强的嗅觉，如果它们饿了，它们能跑得比马还快。任何时候都要跟紧你的导游。不要像Franklin那样乱跑。进出登陆艇时要格外小心。在导游准备好之前不要乱动。最重要的是，上岸后，不要碰任何东西。从我目光所及之处都是一些没有植被的平顶岩石堆，似乎也没什么东西可以碰。

All these warnings increase the tension, ramp up the extraordinariness of where we are: hundreds of miles above the Arctic Circle, already in the heart of the Northwest Passage.

所有这些的警告都让人感到更加紧张，也在强调我们所处位置的不寻常之处：这里深入北极圈数百英里，已然是西北航道的中心地带。

Around 4 a.m. I wake from jumbled dreams and jetlag-shortened sleep to find the sun already in the sky. I check my map and see that we are steaming through Barrow Strait, one of the great highways of the Northwest Passage. By breakfast time we are off Beechey Island, which seems strangely familiar to me.

凌晨4点左右。我从混乱的梦境中醒来，因为时差的缘故所以也没睡多久，但是太阳却已经升起来了。我看了看地图，发现我们正行驶在巴罗海峡，那是西北通道的一条重要航道。早餐时间，我们就离开了比奇岛，那里给我带来了一种很奇怪的熟悉感。

From a straight and soaring bluff of dark rock, the coastline curves around the bay where *Erebus* and *Terror* took shelter that first winter out of Britain. We’re here in high summer, but chilly winds rise to thirty knots, ripping up the water and delaying landing for the day. The next morning it’s calmed down, and I’m taken ashore on one of the first Zodiac dinghies. These usually take up to a dozen people at a time, but there are only six of us in this first one of the day. Apart from Russell Potter and myself, there are four guides, all armed with rifles, who will stake out the area and post lookouts for polar bears.

一处笔直黑色岩石峭壁高耸，由此形成的海岸线环绕着整个海湾，那里是*厄瑞玻斯号*和*恐怖号*在离开英国后第一个冬天的躲藏地点。我们到这里时正值盛夏，但刺骨的寒风依然高达每小时30海里，然后将整个海面撕裂开，也因此耽误了今天的登陆时机。第二天早上，海浪平息了下来，我乘坐第一批卓达牌橡皮艇上岸。这些小艇通常一次能载十几个人，但今天的第一艘小艇只有我们六个人。除了Russell Potter和我之外，还有四个带着步枪的向导，他们将在这一带放哨，并负责警戒北极熊。

Russell and I have been granted the priceless luxury of a quiet early look at the site. At one end of the beach are scattered the remains of Northumberland House, set up by the crew of *North Star*, one of the ships on Captain Belcher’s expedition sent to try and find Franklin in 1852. The house was built to provide shelter and supplies for Franklin’s crew, should they return. Now it’s in ruins, but a portion of a timber partition and a few posts still stand upright, surrounded by the few remaining courses of a sturdy drystone wall. Scattered about are planks and rusted barrel hoops, and tins crushed into the limestone shingle. Nearby are a mast and some planking from Sir John Ross’s yacht *Mary*, in which he came searching for survivors. Russell and I walk gingerly around the site, boots crunching on the scree-covered beach. I can understand perfectly now why we have been warned not to move anything we find. The remains of these little settlements, built in hope, lie about in disorder, but it’s a natural disorder. They were built to keep the elements away, and the elements are slowly claiming them back. This is living history. Time and decay are at work and we shouldn’t interrupt them.

Russell和我有幸在早期安静地参观了这个地方。海滩的一端散落着诺森伯兰庄园的遗迹，那是*北极星号*的船员们建造的，*北极星号*是1852年由Belcher船长率领的派出去寻找Franklin的远征队。建造这座房子是为了方便万一Franklin的船员们回来的话，能为他们提供住处和给养。现在它已成一片废墟，但还有部分木隔板和几根柱子挺立着，周围环绕着仅存的几道坚固的石墙。到处都是木板和生锈的桶箍，还有压在石灰石瓦片上的铁罐。附近有来自John Ross爵士的游艇*玛丽号*上的一根桅杆和一些木板，他就是乘坐这艘游艇来寻找幸存者的。我和Russell小心翼翼地在现场走来走去，靴子踩在布满碎石的海滩上嘎吱作响。我现在完全明白为什么我们被警告不要移动任何我们发现的东西。这些在希望中建造的小据点遗迹虽然凌乱不堪，但那是一种自然的混乱。它们的建造是为了遮风挡雨，而大自然却正在慢慢地把它们回收回来。这是一种活生生的历史。时间和衰败在其中起作用，而我们不应该打扰到它们。

We walk towards the graves. They look inconsequential: three low humps in the hard ground, each one marked with piles of larger stones, heavy enough to protect the bodies from predators, but not enough to offer them any grandeur or nobility. I think of Franklin’s likeness on busts and statues all across the world, and then look again at these rough piles of stones, the only memorials to William Braine, John Torrington and John Hartnell. The memorials back home remind us how John Franklin looked in the prime of life. Thanks to the exhumations on this beach, we only know how William Braine, John Torrington and John Hartnell looked in death. The glory and the disaster.

我们走向坟墓。它们看起来很不起眼：在坚硬的地面上有三个低矮的驼峰，每个驼峰上都有一堆更大的石头，这些沉重的石头足以保护尸体免受食肉动物的掠夺，但却不足以赋予它们任何庄严或高贵的气质。我想到遍布世界各地的Franklin半身像和雕像，然后再看看这些粗糙的石堆，这是William Braine、John Torrington和John Hartnell三人唯一的纪念碑。故乡的纪念碑使我们得以了解John Franklin壮年时的模样。而多亏了在这片海滩上的挖掘，使得我们知道了William Braine、John Torrington和John Hartnell死时的样子。荣耀与灾难并存。

I’m glad I have had time to pay my respects to the first casualties of the expedition before the crowd arrives. Time to imagine their ships standing out in the bay with the long, silent walls of coastline around them. Time to imagine the bodies being lowered into a boat and brought ashore. The graves would already have been dug (some deeper than others). It would have been hard work digging twice a coffin’s depth into the permafrost. Sir John would have said prayers, perhaps given one of his addresses – and that would have been that. Questions come to mind, like why weren’t they buried at sea? Why did these three men die so early on, and within such a few weeks of each other? I look out over the bay that bears the name of *Erebus* and *Terror*. It’s as bleak and isolated a spot as its namesake in the Antarctic. There are a few ice-floes collecting there, already more than when we arrived. In a few weeks this featureless grey-brown panorama will be all white, like a sheet pulled over a body. I wonder when Torrington, Braine and Hartnell will finally decay. A long time after me, that’s for sure.

我很高兴我有时间在人群到来之前向探险队的第一批遇难者致意。有时候我会想象他们的船只屹立在海湾中，被长长的、寂静的海岸线包围着。有时候我会想象尸体被放到船里，然后带上岸的情景。这些坟墓可能是提前挖好的（有些挖得比其他的要更深）。在永久冻土层中挖出两倍于棺材的深度是一项艰巨的工作。John爵士会进行祷告，也许还会发表自己的演讲——大概就是这样了。我的脑海里还浮现了一些问题，比如为什么他们没有被葬在海里？为什么这三个人这么早就死了，而且相隔只有几周时间？我向外望去，看到了一个以*厄瑞玻斯号*和*恐怖号*命名的海湾。这是一片在南极地区和它的名字一样荒凉和孤立的地方。那里有一些浮冰在聚集，已经比我们刚到时更多了。再过几周，这片毫无特色的灰褐色全景图将全变成白茫茫一片，就像一张床单拉起盖在了尸体上。我不知道Torrington、Braine和Hartnell什么时候会最终腐烂。但我可以肯定的是，那一定是在我之后的很长一段时间。

*‘Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage*

*To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea.’*

*“啊，哪怕只有一次，我也愿意走西北航道*

*发现富兰克林的手伸向波弗特海。”*

Back on board the *Vavilov*, we cross Lancaster Sound to see the dramatically sheer cliff walls of Prince Leopold Island. Everything makes you feel tiny out here. We transfer into our Zodiacs and pitch around at the bottom of these towering outcrops populated by thousands of birds: murres, northern fulmars, kittiwakes, glaucous gulls, screeching and screaming constantly as they dive down to feed in the rich waters. Every now and then they are not so lucky. We witness a swimming polar bear take out a guillemot bobbing on the water. In fact we have seen a number of polar bears, so many that Martyn Obbard, who is the resident lecturer on polar bears, keeps having to cancel his talk on them, as yet another one is sighted.

回到*瓦维洛夫号*上，我们穿过兰开斯特海峡，看到利奥波德王子岛的陡峭悬崖。这里的一切都让你觉得自己很渺小。我们转乘橡皮艇，并停靠在露出海面的高耸岩石的底部，这里周围栖息着成千上万的鸟类：海鸦、管鼻鸌、三趾鸥、青海鸥，当它们俯冲到富饶的水面上觅食时，会不断地发出尖叫声。但有时，它们就没那么幸运了。我们曾亲眼目睹了一只正在游泳的北极熊在水中捕杀了一只海鸠。事实上，我们已经看到了很多北极熊，以至于北极熊的常驻讲师Martyn Obbard，不得不反复取消他关于北极熊的解说，因为又有一只北极熊被发现了。

I enjoy getting back to the *Vavilov* in the late afternoon, having time to warm up. I sit at the little table by the window of my pilot’s cabin, writing up my notes and reading. From what I can remember of the *Illustrated London News* article, my cabin is only a touch smaller than Lieutenant Fitzjames’s on *Erebus*.

我喜欢在下午晚些时候回到*瓦维洛夫号*，这样有时间热身。我坐在驾驶舱靠窗的小桌旁，有时写着笔记，有时看书。根据我所记得《*伦敦新闻画报*》的那篇文章来看，我的舱房只比Fitzjames中尉在厄瑞玻斯号上的舱房小一点点。

At night, before I turn in, I take a long look out of the window. It’s quite serene out there, in the rosy afterglow of the perpetual Arctic twilight, and the surface of Prince Regent Inlet is lightly rippled as we pass.

晚上睡觉前，我会久久地望着窗外。在永恒的北极黄昏的玫瑰色余晖中，外面的景色显得分外宁静，摄政王湾的水面随着我们的经过泛起微微涟漪。

The morning after the sing-song there is a heightened air of anticipation in the breakfast queue, as we are given the all-clear to take on the Bellot Strait and cross back onto Franklin’s route on the west side of the peninsula. The portents are good. Wind is zero on the Beaufort Scale, and Bellot looks to be clear. But Boris, our young, keen, infectiously enthusiastic expedition leader, is not looking as happy as usual. He draws my attention to the ice-chart, posted outside the dining room every morning. There is a large red blot in the Victoria Strait, hemming in King William Island. Red indicates the thickest, most impenetrable ice, so it doesn’t look good. But because we all want, more than anything else, to get to the wreck site, we go along with the plan to get through the Strait and have a look at what we find on the other side. The conditions could change, after all. Except that the absence of any breath of wind, which seemed to be so good at one time, could now be our enemy, because without wind, ice just doesn’t move.

唱完歌的第二天早上，排队吃早餐的人们都充满了期待，因为我们被批准可以通过贝洛海峡，然后回到Franklin在半岛西侧的路线上。气候征兆也很吉利。风速是蒲福风级表中的零级，贝洛海峡也没有危险。但是Boris，我们青春热情、富有感染力的探险队队长，看起来却不像平时那么高兴。他让我注意每天早晨贴在餐厅外面的冰图。在维多利亚海峡那里有一大片红色的斑点，把整个威廉国王岛都包围了起来。红色代表最厚，最坚不可摧的冰层，所以他看起来不太高兴。但因为我们最想要到达的是沉船地点，所以我们按照计划穿过海峡，看看我们在对岸能够有什么发现。毕竟，情况随时可能会发生变化。虽然目前来看一切都很顺利，但是周围没有一点风这个情况，现在可能是我们的阻碍，因为没有风，冰层就不会移动。

The Bellot Strait is a narrow but hugely important channel; strong tidal currents race through it, and the captain has to be confident that navigation is safe. It is, and we’re treated to some impressive glacial scenery as we slide through. Franklin wouldn’t have known about the Strait. It didn’t appear on any charts until Joseph René Bellot, a French explorer who died falling through broken ice whilst helping in the search for Franklin, discovered it in 1852. Had Franklin known about it, it might have been another option for him, both to get in and out of Peel Sound and save the lives of his men.

贝洛海峡是一条狭窄但非常重要的海峡；强烈的潮汐流在其中穿行，所以船长必须确保航行是安全的。而事实确实如此，我们在穿过冰川的过程中领略到了令人难忘的冰川景色。Franklin当初对这个海峡一无所知。直到1852年，法国探险家Joseph Rene Bellot发现了这里，他在帮助寻找Franklin的过程中坠入破碎的冰层而死。如果Franklin知道这处海峡，他就有了另一个选择，既能来往皮尔海峡，也能拯救手下的生命。

I’m absurdly excited when Boris points out that the southern shore of the Bellot Strait is the northernmost point of the contiguous American continent. That’s quite something: cruising along the northernmost tip of America with a coffee in my hand. I’ve been to the southern tip at Cape Horn, so now I can say I’ve seen both ends.

当Boris指出贝洛海峡的南岸就是美洲大陆的最北端时，我既高兴又兴奋。这可真了不起：我现在手捧着一杯咖啡，沿着美洲的最北端巡航。我还曾去过好望角的最南端，所以现在我可以说我看到过两处极端了。

It’s not long before we’re through into Peel Sound. It’s not looking good: apart from a small strip of open water along the shore, the ice stretches off into the distance, all the way across to the hazy outline of Prince of Wales Island. The temperature has fallen noticeably. We have encountered the same kind of ice, in the same kind of place, as when *Erebus* and *Terror* became beset and remained there for years.

没过多久我们就进入了皮尔海峡。情况看起来有些不妙：除了沿着海岸的一小片开阔水域外，冰面一直延伸到远处，甚至延伸到威尔士王子岛的模糊轮廓。气温明显下降了很多。我们在同一个的地方遇到了同样的冰层，就像当初厄瑞玻斯号和恐怖号被围困并在那里停留了多年的时候一样。

After all the talk of global warming, I’d expected something very different. Certainly not to be defeated by ice. I ask Mark Nuttall, another of our resident lecturers, about this. The generally held view, he tells me, is that global warming in the Arctic passed a tipping point in 1999. From that time onwards, people knew that it was no longer a temporary, mercurial phenomenon. In the space of a few years, the sledging and hunting season in West Greenland, for instance, has shrunk from December–June to March–June. Yet it’s not quite as simple as it sounds. Because of the rise in temperature, the glaciers have calved off faster, resulting in more – rather than less – floating ice. In the Arctic archipelago there are so many bays and small channels where ice can be trapped and, when that happens, conditions are not so different from the days of Franklin.

谈了那么多关于全球变暖的话题，我本来以为事情会变得有所不同。当然不会再次被冰层打败了。我向另一位常驻讲师Mark Nuttall请教这个问题。他告诉我，现在普遍的观点是，北极的全球变暖在1999年超过了一个临界点。从那时起，人们就知道全球变暖不再是一种暂时的、反复无常的现象。例如，最近几年里，西格陵兰岛的滑雪和狩猎季节已经从12月-6月减少到了3月-6月。然而，事情并不像听起来那么简单。由于气温上升，所以冰川崩解的速度也更快了，这导致更多而不是更少的浮冰出现。在北极群岛有很多海湾和小海峡，浮冰很可能被困在那里，当出现这种情况时，所面临的困境与Franklin时代并没有太大的不同。

As we turn and head back up the Bellot Strait to the safety of the protected eastern shore, I feel cheated – desperately sad to have missed the opportunity to see where Franklin’s expedition began to disintegrate. But I have seen enough to strengthen my respect for them and for the forces of nature they were up against.

当我们掉头沿着贝洛海峡向安全的的东岸保护区驶去时，我觉得自己被骗了——错过了看到Franklin探险队逐渐崩溃的地点的机会，我非常难过。但我所看到的这一切，足以加深我对他们以及他们所面对的自然力量的尊敬之情。

And one day, God willing, I’ll come back to the Northwest Passage, this time with a scuba-suit, to see my ship for myself.

希望有一天，如果上帝允许的话，我能再次回到西北航道，这次我要穿上水肺潜水服，亲自去看看我心底的那艘船。

*‘Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage*

*And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.’*

*“沿着温暖的航线穿过广袤的荒土*

*开辟一条通往大海的西北航道。”*