

Lifting it up after knocking away the wedges holding the tarpaulin cover on, I peered down expecting to hear water gushing in from a hole, caused by the first explosive meeting between the ship's bows and the solid layer of ice, but I could hear no more than the sound of the lumps of ice, hitting the ship's side with the motion of the swell. Part of the convoy ran into drifting ice in thick weather of the.

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