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In the Heart of the Sea

By Charles Leavitt

How do you learn to know the unknowable?

Which skills should possess?

Whale Oil could inform our cities in new ways -

- Which created a worldwide demand.

It has driven people to venture even further into uncharted waters.

We do not know the depths of the sea. Neither the creatures, it hides.

Monsters.

Do they exist?

Or get the myths us just to respect the secrets of the sea?

NANTUCKET I MASSACHUSETTS

Februar 1850

The question both torments and inspires me.

I therefore call once again for another meeting.

A conversation with you will benefit the novel, I intend to write.

It is called at present: 'Moby Dick'.

I hope that you will reconsider my offer.

The unknown.

My imagination longs to lead me there.

Thus, the question haunts me constantly:

How do you know the unknowable?

Sincerely, Herman Melville.

There is closed.

No lodger after at. 20th

DEAR MR. MELVILLE

The bowl.

- There are visits, my love. - Tom Nickerson?

- Herman Melville. - We received your letter.

They are either desperate or stupid, since they are taken all the way here.

My offer still applies.

Three months of paid lodging for a single night's conversation.

It is everything I own. But I see it as an investment.

You must tell me what happened ...

... With whaler airship Essex.

What do you think happened?

There are rumors ...

What story do you expect to hear?

The whale.

Essex went aground.

- It did the study. - It was anything but truthful.

Get out.

They are the last survivors of the Essex. There is no one else to talk to.

Did you hear me? Get out, now.

No, they must not go.

- I will not waste my time. - I ask you, mr. Melville.

He will not talk to me about Essex. He has not wanted to.
They leader.
His soul is ...
... Pained.
He needs to ease his heart.
Let me talk to him. I beg you.
My Beloved.
It will benefit you to talk to him.
No.
Now you hear after.
Who holds together everything while you drink yourself to death?
Now, talk to the man, so we can keep the money.
You know our circumstances, Thomas.
I tell no more than necessary.
I'll get the whiskey.
I mentioned it in the letter, but I was once a whaling.
On one trip.
- I was a ship's boy. - So you have seen it all.
My wife has read your books.
- They pleased her. - I am pleased to hear.
They have sold well.
This story might even surpass the success of my first novel.
Another tale of life at sea?
Have you read Hawthorne's works, mr. Melville?
He is an accomplished author.
- A great writer. - Yes.
But he is not here. I do.
Of own personal reasons.
Let me tell you about Essex. They will probably be disappointed -
- But every word will be true.
The history of Essex is the story of two men:
Captain George Pollard and his first mate ...
... Owen Chase.
- Do not be late. - I'll reach it.
Our daughter should not sleep under the leaking roof.
- Who says it will be a girl? - It must be.
She reminds me of my love for you.
She looks like you.
With bright lures and a desire to conquer the world.
- Today you get your captain's uniform. - Yes.
Then we can finally move into a captain housing.
I do not need a grand house. There is room enough for three of us.
Sometimes I am overwhelmed by your good heart.
Take this way to get promoted.

- What am I bid? - 1.90 dollars.
- 1000 gallons. Two dollars per gallon. - I buy the 40th
Seller sells. Over here!
Criterion is back with a fine dividend. 1600 barrels.
En ny rekord. 50 pund sterling
for spermacet i London.
Congratulations.
Good morning, mr. Chase. Come on in.
Min companion, Benjamin Fuller.
- Good morning. - Sid finally down.
Mr. Chase.
We have been extremely pleased with your efforts over the years.
Our ship, Essex, has been renovated and should be sent to sea.
After such an expensive investment should she be in the best possible
hands.
Therefore ...
... It is our pleasure to forhyre you.
As frstestyrmand.
As frstestyrmand?
They promised that I became captain after the last raid.
I came home with 1,500 barrels. You gave me your word.
That promise must thus exposed.
As everyone else, we are experiencing hard times.
- Not on my expeditions. - Nantucket dominate the market.
It must not change.
We can not afford to experiment.
Essex is led by George Pollard -
- Descendant of a prominent whaling family.
His father is also our investor.
They can have as much experience but family carries the most weight.
But it does not take up a ship with oil. A captain should be respected.
- What if the men do not? - It is the sure.
- Goodbye, gentlemen. - I understand your disappointment.
They therefore offered fifteenth-party.
So much I have never offered a first mate.
If you dispose 2,000 barrels of oil, I promise ...
... That you will be captain next time.
It has They promised before, mr. Mason.
This time I want it in writing.
Captain Pollard.
We have just spoken with mr. Chase, who will be happy to serve under you.
It sounds good.
I must fit a greenhorn.
A small gifted islander born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

- I should have said no. - You got the their words in print.
Yes. However, a liar words are worth nothing. Not on paper.
I also would love you if you were a merchant ship captain.
So you would not go away in two years.

A whaling ship came home last week after three years.
She lost two men and returned with a half load.
They did not have me on board.

Satan.

I will be captain one day. On a whaling ship.

We must not be content with this small piece of land.

- It's your father's words, not yours. - What's wrong with his words?
He wanted things for his family and himself.

- He was a dreamer. - Yes.

He dreamed about the sea, but was never allowed to sail.

He attended at least his children's birth.

I can not.

Pardon.

I married a whaler.

Listen ...

I come back quickly. I swear it.

Just came back.

Promise me it.

I have already sworn. Should I also love?

I promise.

Can I talk to you, my boy?

As captain, you can not be their friend.

You are their superiors. Let them never forget it.

So.

Your great-grandfather founded the whaling industry.

Without us, the world would be shrouded in darkness.

I hope to make the family honor.

Oh, Lord, You created the mighty whales.

The magnificent giants of immense length. Unmatched in power and quantity.

But Eternal God, You even commands -

- Us poor people to go away at -

- For bringing us our wives and small -

- With warlike fury of the monstrous whales.

Oh, Lord, throw your magnificent light on these men.

May they have a rewarding trip.

Let them return home with full load -

- So Nantucket-oil white flame -

- Continue to inform our home, protect our streets at night -

- And supply the engines that drive our nation forward -

- And shapes the development of mankind.

In your name we pray.

- Well. What month was it? - It was late in the year.

We sailed out as one of the last ships.

Therefore, my friend, Barzillai, and I, engagement.

I was 14 years old.

Go ahead, kid.

It was my first time at sea. I did not dare show, I was afraid.

Barzillai was 17 years. We were both orphans.

We were eager to be called men.

- Grubs. What carries the neck? - It is whalebones.

How do I get one?

By spyde and kill the largest creature on Earth.

Nickerson, reach mr. Bond vegetables.

Hurry up.

One day, I have 12 of them.

The windlass is clear and our sails are made lynx.

That's only half the supplies.

Your presence can only mean one thing.

That one person on board knows the truth about Owen Chase.

- No, to the other ships manned. - I am a new man, Owen.

- Do you mean? - Is Matthew Joy been drained?

Dry as a desert. Is Owen Chase softened?

- I am as a lamb. - I will see, before I believe it.

And from our captain to judge, so keep it no more than 48 hours.

Held and happiness.

- Pollard. George Pollard.

- Owen Chase.

- Chase. It is a udens name. - Yes.

And pretty soon we udens and mit element.

I was a bit surprised.

The captain usually chooses its first officer.

Yes, an experienced captain.

Skibsejerne want certain -

- That their investment is in competent hands.

They just want to be safe.

Keep finally out for me, and to, if I make mistakes.

I've also thought about me, sir. Captain.

- Easy anchor, mr. Chase. - Make mrssejl los!

Take the helm, mr. Lawrence. Set sail mr. Joy.

Get ready by bomsejl. Set staysail and mrssejl.

- Get in the swing! - Release givtov and set sail.

Set mrssejl and topsail. Raise the anchor!

Set topsail! Release givtov and set sail.

- There's a knot in sejsingen! - Take the helm, mr. Chappell.

I can not release it!

Come. Why is braserne not ready?

Where are my headsail, mr. Ray?

- Raise the anchor! - Raise the anchor!

Drag, Nickerson.

- Set sail, damn. - The entire island is watching us.

- The anchor is raised! - Get your head down, captain.

Watch your head, Captain!

- What's wrong? - The sail can not be rolled out.

- The sail stuck! - The knot loosening not!

There is not enough sail rolled out!

- Pas on. - It is sejsingen, Owen.

Away.

For found there!

- Put the mainsail! - Pull!

Attach the sails!

Good work, mr. Chase.

If we get Cape Verde in two weeks, so we hit the Pacific as planned.

- Corn, mr. Chase? - No thanks.

- I've never liked it. - How strange.

- Cultivated your father is no corn? - Jo.

I was tired of eating it every day.

Corn, okra and beans, yes?

Before he was sent to prison.

- Do you know the story, mr. Joy? - Pardon?

Mr. Chase were, strictly speaking, an orphan -

- When his father was imprisoned.

Many roads lead to the sea.

We try not to ask too many questions.

It can not have been easy, but ...

... They were taken in by Nantucket's seafaring family.

It is not the first time I have been called outside the island -

- A Nantucketbo who point out my background.

Excuse me, but there are guards putting.

No thanks.

- Neither a bit? - No thanks.

As I said. The fewer questions the better.

Serve as the food.

- Do we have delse first day? - Stingy Drengerve. Where is the meat?

- Beautiful girl. - Cuts of whalebone.

- Let me touch. - No.

- Are not you married? - Jo. And here she is.

It is certainly her nose.

Congratulations, ladies.

Great effort today.

What a bunch of puny letmatroser.

Mr. Chappell. They are captain harpoons.

- Mr. Lawrence. De er min.

- Javel.

Og mr. Peterson.

- Second mate's harpoons. - Yes, sir.

There are six men in each boat. We practice in the morning at six glasses.

We are not end east of Halifax.

- What is your name? - Coffin. Henry Coffin.

He is the captain's cousin.

Mr. Coffin. Is a whale aware, whether it is east of Halifax?

I do not know who you are, or how I ended up here.

Some of you are probably on the run from the law.

It is fine. I do not care.

But here on the ship serves in a single purpose.

Hvalolie.

I intend to fill 2,000 barrels and return home as soon as possible.

And even when the weather is fine without a whale in sight -

- Then we put the boats in the water and makes us to catch whales.

Anyone who does not take part, can swim home. Understood?

- Bleach. - Bleach.

You, greenhorn. Up on deck.

Of you go.

Javel, land crab.

- Thomas Nickerson, ikke?

- Jo.

Some become seasick at first.

- Pull me up! - It is the best remedy.

Pull me up!

It helped?

Satan.

I apologize many times.

Now you have something to write home to your mother.

My mother is dead and buried. My father also has a tombstone.

He disappeared at sea, before I was born.

Give it to me.

The crew is your family now. For better or worse.

Sore, mostly.

Scrub the deck, kid.

Hundevagten. Today teacher In that be whalers.

Linen is misplaced, Nickerson.

We continue to sunset if necessary.

- Dmpgrdinger! - Get ready, harpoon!

Dmpgrdinger!

- You're too slow! - sekarrene.

I need to know the ship and out before we stop.

Drag, Barz.

- Faster, mr. Ray. - They are no longer greenhorns.

You are a sailor now.

Not bad, mr. Ray. Besl jib!

Get used to life as workhorses.

- Mr. Chase?

- Ja.

Set windscreens.

Is it klogt? We are approaching us the Gulf Stream.

- Let us wait for the weather conditions. - We are two days behind.

We must faster to catch the North-East.

Set windscreens.

Set windscreens. Rub you.

Set windscreens!

To the top, mr. Coffin. The captain will have the speed!

Ready by braces! Trim the sails!

Set mrssejl and windscreens.

Attach lsejlsfald!

- Attached to the boom! - Fore mrssejl is barged!

The captain put wind in the sails!

She may be old, but she can still sail!

A storm on the starboard bow. We must reduce sail.

Not yet, mr. Chase.

We are sailing with eight knots. The storm moves even faster.

Let it depends. The men need a baptism of fire.

If we do not change course, then hits us from the side.

Mr. Chase. We continue.

Mr. Lawrence. Hold kursen.

- The exchange rate is kept. - Otherwise, we lose half a day.

If men can not handle a little wind, we already lost.

Get ready for rough seas.

Severe weather ahead. Make sure everything is lashed.

Double boat collars on whale boats!

Rust you, mr. Bond. We are heading towards a storm.

- Close and lock the main door! - The storm is approaching fast!

- We have to change course. - We continue.

- Mr. Lawrence. Hold kursen!

- Kursen holdes.

- We take water in! - Hold on!

- Decrease sails, mr. Chase! - Climb up and set accustomed!

Over on the pile side and hold on tight!

- We must have the sails down! - To the leeward side!

Hold fast, Nickerson!

Hold linerne i ro!

- Hold on! - Place the rudder hard on!

- Turn hard leeward! - No. The damage is done!

- Let the sails run! - No, put the helm on!

It's too late! We risk capsizing!

- Add helm on! - Let the sails run!

Hold fast!

Pas p!

Mr. Joy!

Cut topgallant sails free! The ship must be righted!

They would talk to me?

At six glasses in the morning gathers the crew -

- And announces that we return, so the ship can be repaired.

They apologize that you doubted my order -

- Which almost cost every man's life.

I accept your resignation. That was all.

- They ordered windscreens set. - Yes.

- The men were tested. - In the middle of a storm?

- It was unfortunate. - It was bad seamanship.

To call it bad luck is weak.

Mage for rudeness. You know who you talking to?

My name is Captain George Pollard.

Pollard!

No matter how many whalebones you have, so you are just a farmer's son -

- Who have forced their way an officer's uniform.

Now get out.

To return without the slightest oil would be a mistake.

It is not worthy of the name-Pollard.

Chase, or, for that matter.

We should work hard all the hours that God gives us -

- Fill the vessel with oil, return home for a year -

- And let our paths separated immediately afterwards.

Believe me, it is my wish.

But it is, of course, the captain's decision.

It was like a bad marriage.

It may be tolerable.

But it also threatens shipwreck.

- Er De gift, mr. Melville?

- Ja.

- The Lord be merciful to you. - We expect our first child.

When your wife that you've brought your whole fortune -

- And offered it to a stranger?

- No. - They are full of surprises.
Well.
- Essex thus having no home? - No.
- She sailed? - Yes.
And before long we heard called, all whalers longs.
Blown.
Blown!
Find on mod! Blast!
- Rethval or spermacethval? - Spermacethvaler!
Mr. Chase. Set whale boats in the water!
- All hands on deck! - All hands on deck!
Put the boats in the water.
Put the boats in the water!
SOUTHERN ATLANTIC Three months at sea
Forward. HIV, to break the back!
Ro for! HIV in the arteries to the arms fall off.
There, they break!
Over there! Give it all you can!
Come on. Place all forces!
HIV everything I can!
She blows!
It is a calf!
- Is the calf? - There is the cow.
Which has the male. Gold.
Kom s, Nickerson!
- A 40-barrels? - 50!
He's huge! Grasp the veins.
Fight until your lungs burst.
Full speed ahead! Place all forces!
Keep an eye on the oars!
- Prepare the whale rope, mr. Ramsdell. - Yes, sir.
The first whale is mine, mr. Lawrence.
Take me close.
HIV! Come on. After it.
You get your first Nantucket-sldetur.
Oh God!
Watch him! The most feared creature on Earth.
He dives.
My hands!
Vd linen, Nickerson.
Come on!
There are 140 fathoms line back.
80 fathoms back!
He pulls us down!

I need your line, Matthew!
Give me the line, Peterson! Come on!
There are 60 fathoms back!
- 20 fathoms! - Tie lines together.
- Finished. - Now!
- Take over the steering oar, Peterson. - Yes, sir.
- How many feet is left? - There are 70th
No, wait.
- Owen! - No. Not yet!
- Do not touch the line! - There are 50 fathoms back!
- Owen! - Do not touch it.
30 fathoms, mr. Joy!
10 fathoms back!
Butts off!
All forces.
- The chimney fire! - The chimney fire!
It burns!
- Hurry up. - Get out, you bastards.
And lard oil. Can you smell it?
- It's the smell of money. - Get away with you!
- Can you reach down there? - No.
- How does it look? - Not good.
That's it.
- Mr. Chase?
- Ja.
- We can not do more. - Keep digging.
- We can not get down there. - So find someone who can.
Kom her, Nickerson.
Come here, I said.
Climb down.
Come on, Thomas. The most valuable is down there.
I can not. Sorry, but I can not.
Climb down, otherwise you will be allowed to sleep there.
Place this between your teeth.
The stench is worse than fucking asshole.
So.
- Sorry. - Here you go, Nickerson. Take my pillow!
Get down.
You learn to know yourself down there.
- Have you been inside a whale's head? - It was I spared.
Inside are all the gold.
I'll never forget the first whale.
47 barrels of oil. But the joy was short-lived.
- Was whale stocks depleted? - Indeed.

We sailed therefore further.
It took us a month to round Cape Horn.
We crossed the Atlantic behind us, in the hope -
- To go better times ahead.
But that now the Pacific improved not vor situation.
We observed too rare whales.
After almost a year at sea -
- The relationship between the captain and the first mate more tense.
The captain spent all the time in his cabin.
He was afraid to see the crew in the face.
Our cargo space was almost empty.
And the result of our puny efforts -
- Reminded us that we were far from returning home.

ATACAMES I ECUADOR

No. I do not speak the language.
- Speak English. - Offer more.
This is Nantucket whale oil. The warthog is not worth more.
Priests insist that we write home.
Who would it help? Widows?
The owners of a lost ship?
How long will you live in hiding, sir. Captain?
Then write home and ask for forgiveness on behalf of the crew and captain.
No one could have prevented what happened there.
And who would believe it? None. Not at all investors.
For years, their whale oil made them very wealthy.
Captain.
I hear that your ship was attacked.
Captain George Pollard. Essex.
Captain Clemente Pelaez. Santa Maria.
Features The something to drink?
No no.
Was I hit by accident? How far away?
- Where only fools venturing out. - And how far is it?
1000 leagues along the equator.
Offshore Grounds.
- Was whales? - More than I dare to dream about.
Hundreds. So far as the eye.
We could have filled 3,000 acres in a single day.
Could have?
Had it not been for the beast.
A whale. White as alabaster.
It was 30 meters long.
It sent six of my men in the grave.
The rest of us got a lasting memory.

This white whale ... Stack also with your money?

Thank you.

Unbelievable, right?

If we set sail now, prisoners South-East and fills the load -

- So we are at home in six months.

What do they say? Why pull together longer than necessary?

- Heard. - Heard.

Greed got the better of our captain and first mate.

So we sailed out. 1000 leagues along the equator.

Where all knowledge ran out and speculation took over.

Here whales had sought refuge. Far away from us humans.

But we found them.

Centuries earlier feared sailors to sail beyond the brink.

We, on the other hand, was heading towards insanity rim.

Faith was replaced by doubt. Hope was replaced by pure superstition.

Mr. Captain. The crew talking.

- It does herds. - They are unhappy with the decision.

Rebuked them?

We went off to fill the ship with whale oil.

We sail wherever required.

Dear cousin, I beg you.

It's madness. You let yourself be influenced by the man.

You should head home.

Now, proceed down and calm the crew.

Be a leader.

And experience never our familial relationships again.

Mr. Coffin.

OFFSHORE GROUNDS 14 months on the sea

- What is it? - Listen.

Mr. Chase? I see the white water!

- Where? - At the port!

- Where are they? - Can you see anything?

- Place the boats in the water! - Place the boats in the water!

Give a damn about the Mexican waters.

- Raise the oars! - Spear him, mr. Chappell!

Spear him!

Right ahead, Peterson!

Do not let them chew in his veins. Continue.

- In hval? - Ja.

- So it is true? - Yes. Too much is true.

Turn the boat.

Add hard!

Mr. Bond! Bras fokkeren and lower waist!

Her kommer hun. Nu, Peterson!

Mr. Lawrence. Sail to the leeward side toward the pack.
- Hot tar. - We'll find him.
We are close. Up on her back!
We have her!
What was it, Mr.. Lawrence?
Mr. Chase!
Satans. Find mr. Down ...
Mr. Easton!
Get mr. Lawrence to man the pumps!
- Where is he? - The port bow.
Give me the biggest harpoons.
Will he fight?
I have never before seen.
Mr. Ramsdell. Attach the cord to the foremast.
I assure you ... the whale's mine.
- Kap linen! - Pas p!
- Mr. Captain. - Essex heeled.
Turn back!
- Help me! - Give me your hand! Nickerson!
Mr. Chase!
A whale. The rammed ship.
- What? - Easton and Sanborn died.
The pumpe are useless.
- Get ready to abandon ship. - We can not rest home.
We must take the sails down and improvise.
For every food and water. We will need much fresh water.
Take everything you can carry. Come with me, Barz.
- Good God. - Sail and Supplies first!
Take as much food as you can carry.
Hurry up. There are several coffins on the deck.
- Beskjerne are dry. - Take the sails down!
- Remove the neck line. - Down with them!
- Down with the yard. - Wait!
Kom s, Nickerson.
Chase's boat.
Down with yard!
We will need the sails. We do not have enough fresh water.
- Get the barrels now. - Take everything down.
- More fresh water. - There are several coffins on the deck.
- Benjamin.
- Hiv ham op.
- Biscuits! - Come on. Quickly.
- We must get away from the oil! - The ship heeled.
- Where is mr. Chase? - He was here just before.

- Owen! - We must away!
- Come on! - Oil on deck!
- Mr. Captain! - Mr. Chase!
- Mr. Chase!
- Owen!
- Where is the first mate? - Mr. Chase!
- Owen! - We must away!
Nej, vent! Mr. Chase!
Mr. Chase!
There he is!
- Over here! - Mr. Chase!
Pour it!
Mr. Chase. Her!
Grasp. We have you.
They are safe, mr. Chase.
- Should we go fishing? - Clean and let it, mr. Joy.
Ro further away, otherwise she pulls us down.
2000 MILES WEST OF SOUTH AMERICA
Mr. Captain? What about supplies?
60 grams of biscuits per man. And 1 cup water.
We can not survive on.
It is him.
Yes, it's him.
- Mig narrer De ikke, mr. Chase.
- Mr. Coffin?
They are to blame here. And you know that.
- Put the gun! - Admit that you are afraid!
Put the gun, mr. Coffin.
- When we run out of food and water ... - Do as the Captain says!
- I would see land crabs afraid. - It is an order!
- Do as the captain says. Now! - Say it!
Say it!
Henry! Put the gun.
Henry. Add it.
We headed east.
Back when we were summoned from.
With just sun and compass to help.
Every direction looked the same.
Hbet was that now west winds until Pskeen.
A journey of nearly 5000 km.
In 12 days we drive south. Sixth southern latitude.
We have not come Closer to Pskeen.
We have not moved us.
We are cursed.

That we collect, when we reach the wind belt.

We'll probably reach.

Chappell!

- Chappell! - They have him, sir. Captain!

Mr. Joy. The decrease stuck!

Mr. Joy! Are you all right, mr. Joy?

- Want styreren! Wants den! - Matthew!

Get the sail down!

Matthew. What happened?

Owen. What are you doing here?

- Let me see. - No.

- I'm fine. - Yes. I just want to see.

I hit his head. It's just a scratch.

- Give him some water. - No.

- Give him some water! - No, it is not necessary.

Drink it.

I've got you. You're doing it.

What are you staring at? I'm fine. Fit as a fiddle.

As a damned eagle. Hear?

Owen. I'm fine. Okay? I'm fine.

- You are a sej gut. - I'm fine.

He manages it. Got started.

Why waste water on a dead man?

They have known each other and sailed together since childhood.

Would only be able to see, while your brother died?

Det er simpel logik, mr. Chappell.

There are not enough of us.

Why waste water on a dead man?

Why waste water ...?

Why waste water? Why?

- Why waste water on a dead man? - Mr. Nickerson?

- Why ...? - Is all well?

- I can not. - Can not do what?

No. They've got enough to know. More than enough.

- We have come so far. - It ends here.

- We have a deal. - Take the money and go.

- It's a devil's deal. - No.

The devil loves untold secrets.

Especially those who befngger a tortured soul.

What is your secret?

I'm not a great writer.

I'm not Hawthorne.

But from the first moment, this story has haunted me.

It has become an obsession.

I fear that if I do not write it ...

... I will never write again.

What more?

I fear that if I write the ...

... So it will not be as good as it should.

Please proceed.

For our both their guilt.

34 DAYS AS shipwrecked

Pass it on.

So.

Lord, we thank you for the food here.

- Pardon. - Our life, health, everything good that is.

- Let everyone ... - Land. Country!

- Land!

- Land. Land!

Grab the oars! Ro for!

Grab the oars now! Ro for!

Land!

- I saw it, mr. Chase. - Yes, they did.

Hold. Hold!

- What is it, mr. Chase? - Why on earth will stop you?

- He's been following us. - What is he talking about?

- There's nothing out there! - What are they doing?

Hold fast!

No!

Where is he?

This may Ducie.

It is impossible to know for sure. We let the fire burn day and night.

A passing ship might see the smoke.

I need to see this.

They have been here a long time. They were waiting for a ship.

But it never came.

There will never be any ships. If we are, then we die.

The birds will be gone when they discover that their eggs are eaten.

It is a privilege to know when to die ...

... And thus could prepare.

But ill blessed to be so far away from home ...

... Without being able to say goodbye and peace ...

... And without being able to make old accounts up.

So let's at least make our reckoning up, sir. Captain.

Captain of what?

They are not the fault of Essex's sinking.

- I also bear some responsibility. - They are not the captain.

But you are born for this office.

I was just born into it.
What do we do, George?
What have we done to offend God?
Only whale has offended God.
Have we not?
With our arrogance and greed? Look where we are.
We are superior beings created in God's image.
Earthly kings, whose task is to sail around the world.
And bring nature to add us.
Do you feel as an earthly king after all we've been through?
We are nothing. Negligible small grains of sand.
We sail towards the sun at dawn.
If we must die, so by the grace of God ...
... Let us die like men.
- Klar, mr. Weeks?
- Ja.
- Mr. Chappell? Mr. Wright? - I can not.
I myself, Wrights and Weeks ...
... staying here.
He du clear Matthew?
- I am helping you. - It is useless.
- We're going home. - It is useless.
Take just the place.
Damn you, Matthew.
It is in order.
I'll send a boat for you. So we play cards in Nantucket.
- Yes. It's a deal. - Well.
Should I open it for you?
It'll do enough though. If it becomes necessary.
God be with you, my brother.
And you.
Broder Peterson?
Kommer De med os?
Mr. Peterson. Come on board our boat with mr. Bond.
48 DAYS AS shipwrecked
Where is he?
Pollard?
Mr. Lawrence. Wake up.
Where's the other boat go?
- Pollard! - Captain Pollard.
- Captain Pollard! - Pollard!
Captain Pollard!
Pollard!
What's wrong?

- What are you, Benjamin? - He is dead.
I throw him overboard.
Look at me. Look at me, Benjamin.
No sailors should throw anything away that might be their rescue.
Listen to me.
He can help us.
God, heavenly father. In your mercy, we find consolation.
With longing we wait for the daily food you us pour.
My soul is dead.
Thus, the decision was made.
We clarified liget.
We removed organs.
We signs limbs from the body ...
... And cut all the meat from the bones.
Then we closed the corpse ...
... And sewed it together as neatly as possible ...
... And threw it overboard.
We ate heart first.
The judge me.
No.
Such.
Such. Now it said.
The secret is revealed.
Have you never told anyone?
No.
Not even your wife?
Would she be able to love me if she knew what I had done?
Ja, hun city.
And you had told me the story when we first met -
- So I had ever worn your call today.
The boy's willpower is still in you.
I see this, even if you do not.
Now you can tell the story finished, my love.
Sit up.
Listen up ...
... Lean your head back.
We still have a bit of water left. Do not give up. We have to go home.
Do you have family back home, mr. Chase?
Yes, I have a wife.
And a son or a daughter.
71 DAYS AS shipwrecked 1200 MILES WEST OF SOUTH AMERICA
Well.
- Mr. Captain. We draw lots again. - No way.
- We draw lots again. - Mr. Ramsdell.

They must take charge of this boat.
Dear cousin, you will ...
They are our captain. The men need you.
- They'll be fine. - I beg you ...
I beg you.
- Henry. - We draw lots again.
It is an order.
If you can not, then stretch out the gun to another.
No, no, no.
Help me.
For weeks, we found ourselves in the doldrums. The area is more desert than ocean.
The sun blazed down on us.
My fear ...
The only thing I could think of was ...
... That all the others would die while I was the last one alive.
Mr. Chase believed that we were still 1300 km from shore.
Mr. Chase.
Captain Pollard.
Jeg er glad for at se Dem.
There has not been much encouragement of our survival.
Nor by ours.
Barzillai?
The third boat?
From ...
They have been gone for days.
I am afraid that they have disappeared.
Mr. Chase. They have the best location.
It's just a whale.
There he is. Throw the spear. Throw it!
- Throw the spear! - Come.
- Throw it! - Come on.
Kill it! He's right there! Throw the spear!
Why did you not kill?
They're a damn fool.
The stream led us from one another.
That was the last we saw of Captain Pollard's whale-boat.
87 DAYS AS shipwrecked
- A boat! - At the port bow!
May God be gracious jer.
90 DAYS AS shipwrecked On February 18, 1821
Mr. Chase.
Fader.
Do not leave me, Father.

Mr. Chase.

Mr. Chase. Se.

Mr. Chase. Se.

Wake up, mr. Chase. Wake up.

Wake up. There is land in sight. Look, mr. Chase.

We were rescued off the island of Ms Afuera in Chile ...

... 90 days after the Essex sank.

They gave us some old clothes. Little food too.

It was hard to eat in the beginning. Strange.

They used us until we found a ship that could carry us home.

The trip took three months.

NANTUCKET PORT On June 11, 1821

The entire island was turned up to attend our homecoming.

But there was no applause. Only silence.

They looked at us as if we were ghosts.

Apparitions.

We had nothing told about our survival -

- But I was in doubt about whether they knew of our deprivation.

Perhaps they were simply curious.

Oh God.

I promised you so.

Oh God.

Hello. Hello Darling. Who is this?

Phoebe Ann.

Phoebe Ann Chase, what?

It is the father.

Hello Darling.

It's your father.

Oh God.

Ship owners did not let them be in peace.

Mr. Chase was on his way home when he was called back to the shipping office.

There were business matters to be discussed.

Let's get down to business.

Due to the considerable loss of men and material -

- Investigations shall be undertaken.

It is expected that we give an explanation of the process.

Of course.

After discussing it with ship owners and my father ...

... It is clear that the truth will have consequences.

Serious consequences for hvalfangererhvervet.

At a whale smashed Essex.

But it's the truth.

If investors suddenly have to worry ...

... About sea monsters that rams ships ...
... And seamen draw lots for survival ...
We are in the oil business. All of us.
And the probability of success must always outweigh the potential risks.
What do you suggest, George?
- Say the ship ran aground. - It is a lie.
- And that the dead drowned. - Another lie.
- They appoint you captain. - I've already written.
Only if that They returned with a vicious whale oil.
- In this way we guarantee it. - They become a wealthy man.
Chase becomes an established family name -
- Which will consult among Nantucket's elite.
Should I lie for financial gain?
It is rather a question of pragmatics.
Essex was rammed by a white whale.
All that survived, was in ill-equipped whale boats -
- And had to commit the abominations of survival.
And now it is expected of us that we should lie -
- So I can make more money and sleep well at night?
I will not embellish the truth.
What you should not do, George.
Last I saw him ...
Mr. Chase!
... I had a hard time finding the right words.
Thomas.
The right words were perhaps not.
I am on the way to Falmouth and ...
The ...
... Has been an honor to sail with you.
ren var min, mr. Nickerson.
Here you go.
Held and happiness, Thomas.
You too.
The next day George Pollard summoned to give his statement.
Captain George Pollard.
All of Nantucket's elite were present.
It was just a formality.
Good day, sir. Captain. Sit down.
It is noted hereby ...
Essex was rammed by a white whale 1 200 leagues west of Ecuador.
It was as if none other than Owen Chase had spoken.
He told the truth.
Captain Pollard's conscience was clear.
But the study was pure deception.

Pollard set sail again ...
... In the hunt for the white whale.
He never found it.
His ship ran aground off Hawaii.
Another curse.
- He sailed never again. - And Owen Chase?
He kept his promise. He sent a boat back to Ducie.
Mr. Joy was dead.
But the other three were miraculously still alive.
And then?
He then moved and the family to New Bedford.
He started over.
He was merchant ship captain and sailed on its own terms.
They've got something for money, Mr. Melville.
These February nights are the longest.
- I can both rest now. - Believe me ...
I get no rest for a long time.
Why not? They were a matter of your story.
And Their plot. They've written it all down.
- I was not looking for a plot. - Not? So what?
- Something else you have given me. - And what is it?
The courage to go out, where you do not want to go out.
Mr. Melville ...
What you have heard and what I've told you ...
... All this will be to find in your novel?
It will be a work of fiction, Mr. Nickerson ...
... Inspired by the truth ...
... But I'll probably not need it all.
So.
- Here you go. Take them. - The money is yours. I insist.
I insist that you keep them.
And I insist that at least one here is sober.
- Will you bring back to ...? - Pittsfield in Massachusetts.
- Held and happiness. - Roof.
Incidentally ...
A man from Pennsylvania drilled reportedly a hole in the ground ...
... And found oil. That can not be true.
I've also heard.
Oil from the ground ...
The kan se bare.
Herman Melville completed the novel in 1850
The year after, 'Moby Dick' released
Nathaniel Hawthorne said: "A masterpiece that is worthy of Homer."
"It will be one of the greatest American novels."

Danish texts:

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