

Light at the end of the world.

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The sea becomes a swirling mass of colour mirroring the sky.



Finally the light makes the landscape appear.



Bringing out the purple hues in the clouds.



As the cloud thickens the yellows form and the mood changes.



The wind screams across the landscape pushing the cold air up into the sky.



As the cloud lifts it sheds its load of snow.



Then within the hour the clouds are gone the moon rises and sky begins to go pink.



With clearer skies the wind reaches over 100 miles per hour and spins around the peaks forming lenticular clouds.



Paving the way for a glorious sunset!



Distant islands become bathed in orange and gold the sea becomes a cobalt blue.



The wind now losing its power as the sun disappears blows the new snow forming misty halos around the peaks.



Winds howl down the peaks and whips the surface of the sea into a maelstrom.



As we pass through icy sea cliffs.



Admiring majestic snow covered peaks as the weather settles for the night.



The light picks out swirls and shapes and picks them out with purple's and pinks.

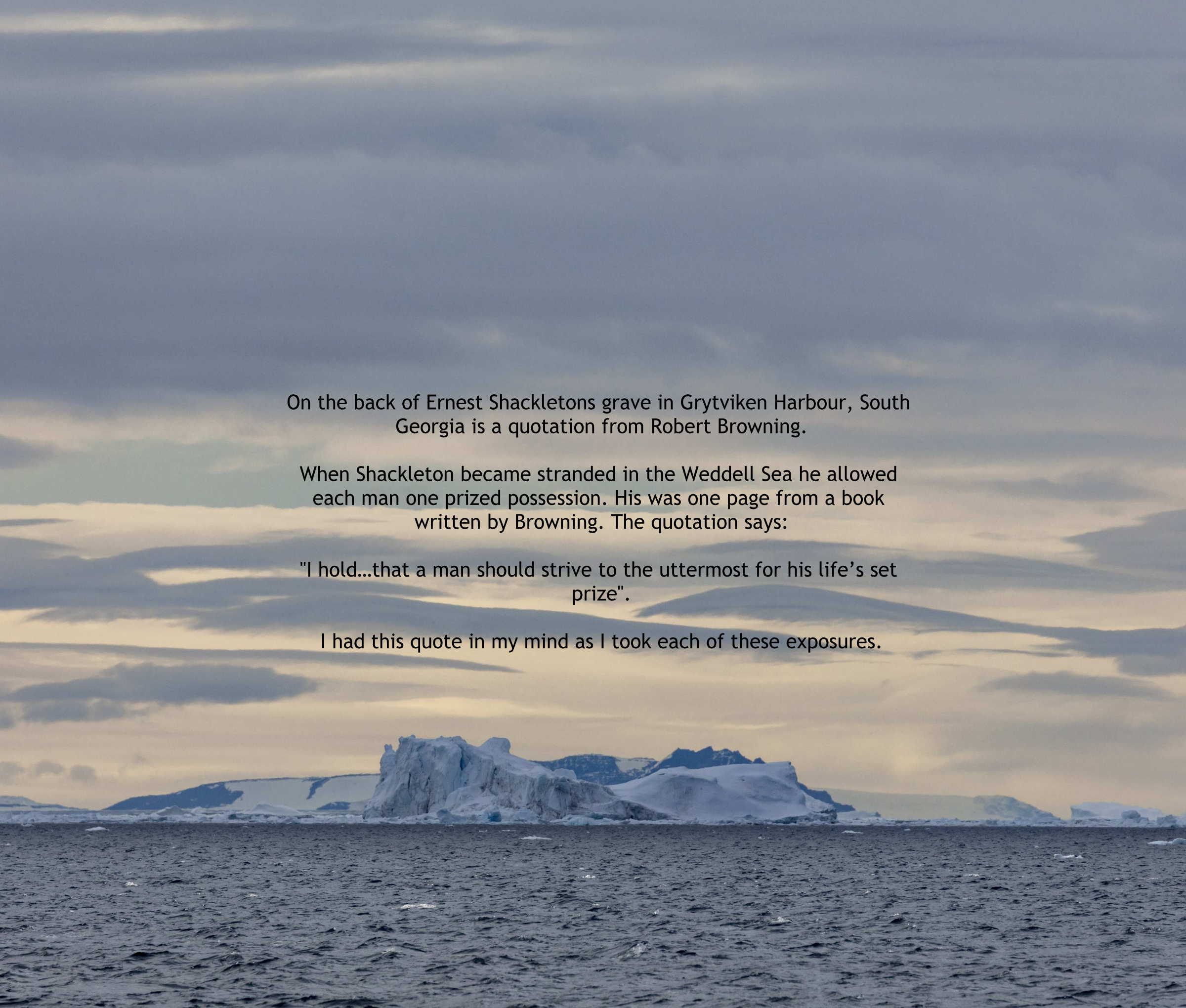


Setting with an orange glow.



Until tomorrow my friend! Until tomorrow!



A large, jagged iceberg floats in the dark, choppy sea. The sky is filled with heavy, grey clouds, with a hint of light breaking through near the horizon. The iceberg is the central focus, with smaller ice chunks scattered around it.

On the back of Ernest Shackleton's grave in Grytviken Harbour, South Georgia is a quotation from Robert Browning.

When Shackleton became stranded in the Weddell Sea he allowed each man one prized possession. His was one page from a book written by Browning. The quotation says:

"I hold...that a man should strive to the uttermost for his life's set prize".

I had this quote in my mind as I took each of these exposures.