give K a consciousness that while he wants the journey to be over, survived, he may never do anything like it again.
K's dreams, the hag of night.
K as a man who files away info
Places in Karlsson ran spare indeed, bedrock showing through the way stones sometimes poked up through Swedish fields.
K: step it off like a (section line eqvlnt)
...Steady, pace it off. Kept in life this long, I can keep

longer...He stood now at water edge, peering out into the bay entrance

the fog had carried them through. He squinted to be sure of what
was the plan itself. That question of capability, whether Melander's idea could be made real, could transport men so far along the wild coast.
show K's appeal to women: along the lines of still water runs deep...?
Karlsson, when he takes over, must again become an actor as he was in forcing the gate, but in a different role: a person somewhere between Melander and himself.
...a merchant who announced he was looking for supple 00 for sled hames, but whose true eye was for the grain on men. What he saw in Karlsson suited him...  

K's lovely thrift, that knack of completing an axe stroke quite before it seemed it should be done...  

Merchant uneasy about trafficking in men, sees salving bargain in K: an excellent workmen, but icy enough to give the Russians some problem.
This patience of Karlsson's cannot entirely be counted virtue. It evidently kept him in situations, for instance, when Wennberg would have crashed out or Braaf wriggled out, and indeed may have deposited him, without over-ample debate or decision, into Alaska. Karlsson's liking for time in the forest, learned as helper to a gamekeeper on a nearby manor during his Skane boyhood, had bent him toward a frontier life even at the price of becoming a seven-year man, he once had told Melander.
use Job passages—Dost thou know?—to characterize K's dilemma?

(particularly about the bounds of the world...; M had created them, and now was vanished.) (Promised land)
K surprised himself as much as the other two. What he had uttered was just the sort of thing Melander would have said.
In every distance of his mind hung one shadow or another. (Melander's or Karlsson's worries about perils ahead.)
Karlsson dreamt these nights, scenes of the ocean wallowing them like minnows in a bucket.

He tried to force his thoughts to stay on native women.
K's beard by now had changed him to...

W's made him...
Once K pointed out to them a 00 (fish hawk, for ex?)
Karlsson (or Braaf?) floated in his sleep. (describe dream).
Karlsson knew he was not so wide a thinker as Melander.

He & Brodie a together wi not me broad in imagin

spacious
K:
He wanted a woman. He wanted not to be leader of this voyage. He was in a mood to want other impossible things, if he could have brought them to mind, but these two took up all space...

Or: K wanted a woman. He wanted this damnable canoe voyage to be ended. He wanted any number of things that were nowhere in the offing.
K cannot be shown to know more than he logically can.
As usual when he awoke, there was the hard length beneath his stomach. He lay for a few minutes for it to soften, went to the bushes to pee. (Then look at the ocean—hears whales?)
K: the circlet of strength where the palms of his hands went round the haft of the paddle.
what I most hoped would not happen was on its way.

(check kitten scare in sky)
avoidances
me with K<0?
The thought had come to K on 1st meeting with W that here was...
give K a hunting memory?
A man of task, call Karlsson. The patterns of effort needed with thrift, to get a job done, thriftily, neatly, no leftover edges, were of most interest to him.
Hired out to a wood merchant for 0 kronor a year and found."
This Karlsson, now. Who has not chosen the captaincy he is in, and only grudgingly been chosen. Desperation's man.
This was war, now.
Vcver I: the absence of maps pushed K, whetted him. ... as predicament times will sharpen.
K's "pride of morning" scene: add memory of—
...tan breasts, brown buds of nipple, the slickening...K etc...

along this trackless coast, but these particular two took up all
the imagination in him. Those otter-smooth maneuvers of woman, tan
breasts, brown buds of nipple, the slickening, this and then this and

oh yes this, and Melander once more in charge of fate, ayeing and
coaxing, memories conjoined...