Fragment Exercise

There are seven sentence fragments in the following paragraphs. Please identify and correct them.

 The order to abandon ship was given at 5 p.m. For most of the men, however, no order was needed. Because by then everybody knew that the ship was done and that it was time to give up trying to save her. There was no show of fear or even apprehension. They had fought unceasingly for three days, and they had lost. They accepted their defeat almost apathetically. Simply too tired to care.

 Frank Wild, the second-in-command, made his way forward. Along the buckling deck to the crew’s quarters. There two seamen, Walter How and William Bakewell, were lying in the lower bunks. Both very nearly exhausted from almost three days at the pumps. Yet, they were unable to sleep. Because of the sounds the ship was making.

 She was being crushed - not all at once, but slowly, a little at a time. The pressure of 10 million tons of ice was driving in against her sides. And dying as she was, she cried in agony. Her frames and planking, her immense timbers, many of them almost a foot thick, screamed as the killing pressure mounted. And when her timbers could no longer stand the strain. They broke with a report like artillery fire.

 Most of the forecastle beams had already gone earlier in the day, and the deck was heaved upward and working slowly up and down as the pressure came and went.

 Wild put his head inside the crew’s quarters. “She’s going, boys,” he said quietly. “I think it’s time to get off.” How and Bakewell rose from their bunks, picked up two pillowcases in which they had stowed some personal gear, and followed Wild back up on deck.

 Wild next went down into the ship’s tiny engine room. Kerr, the second engineer, was standing at the foot of the ladder, waiting. Also Rickenson, the first engineer. They had been below for almost seventy-two hours maintaining steam in the boilers to operate the engine-room pumps. Though they couldn’t actually see the ice in motion. They were altogether aware of what it was doing to the ship.

 - Alfred Lansing, ENDURANCE, p. 3