

## Antarctica

I'm going through the jungle now, but wait, oh gosh that's a giant spider! Oh no, I really liked that guy, I'm going to have to upgrade my forces. "Conor! Your friends are here, you know the drill." Dad said. I was not an army captain going through a jungle, I was the son of the captain of *Mother Nature*, the ship I was on right now. I pressed the button for the normal captain's quarters and opened the door. "Hey Conor!" Matt said. The group was Matt, Rick, and I. Matt was the son of Mary Cresend, a celebrity, and Rick was the adopted child of a person working for dad. As usual, we went up to the deck first. "Hey guys, I think there's a problem." Rick said. "These glaciers weren't on the charted course. We didn't plan to see them." Just then, we heard an explosion, and looked to find one glacier hit the ship. *Mother Nature* tipped towards Antarctica and there... she crashed. Everyone abandoned the ship, as my dad calmed everyone down. "We'll find shelter and food, and a way to fix the ship." He planned. We were split into two groups. Mrs. Cresend led the group, while Dad showed her where to go. People were being flung through the air from the harsh Antarctica winds. These winds were odd, because they were always pushing us towards the ocean. Every time I opened my mouth, ice from the ground cut my mouth. I could smell fires and see them in the distance. The wind howled, until we finally found a cave. We thought we were safe in the cave... until the door shut behind us.

People screamed; babies and children cried. But then a voice spoke. "Where is Mary Cresend? I- I thought I saw her flying through the air until something grabbed her by the ankles... a- and she was pulled in the cave." "Well at least she doesn't have to blame everyone for this out of fear." Matt whispered to me. Matt isn't a fan of his stepmother. His mother was sick and passed. He's convinced Mrs. Cresend poisoned her and hates her for it. A fire appears, and people are lured to it. The fire lights out, and one appears farther away. This keeps happening until we get to the back of the cave, where a ring of fire emerged. We were trapped. "Fans!" The voice of Mrs. Cresend said as a cage lowered. Mrs. Cresend was inside, but we soon found this wasn't her plan. A little child dressed in penguin feathers was holding an icicle as sharp as a knife up to the celebrity. "Coemon wonders who peoples are." It whispered in a raspy voice. "This is the same thing that happened

in Lord of the Rings” Rick said. The creature walked from the cage. He walked up to Rick, examined his face and walked back. “You, boy, your name Rick. Coemon correct? Yes, Coemon is correct. Coemon always correct. Coemon see that peoples have fear of Coemon. Coemon not want to harm peoples. Coemon want to be friend of peoples.” And we started making friends with an insane man.

Now that we knew Coemon wanted to talk, we were less worried. Soon though, we learned that he was more than just an odd man. “How long have you been here?” my father asked him. Coemon got uncomfortable. “Coemon not like talking about that. It almost like asking peoples their age.” He whispered. “But Coemon want to ask peoples question. Have peoples heard... of ARC?” “Are you crazy?” Dad exclaimed. “Nobody should ever go to ARC. The people there are insane!” “ARC peoples not insane. Not in way that they crazy enough to kill for no reason.” Coemon defended. “No one can go insane in Arctic. Unless...” He smiled ear to ear, and his head turn three hundred sixty degrees as the light went out. “You’re afraid of the dark.” The fire roared to life, and Coemon was smiling like he won the lottery, and had his icicle knife pointed at me. Suddenly, Coemon punched himself. “Peoples are you and Coemon’s friends!” “Do we really care about friends? This is the Arctic!” “Peoples could get us food-” “This could be our food!” “Peoples could get us the thing.” “You really think so?” “Yes, just be passive.” Coemon was yelling things like this, fighting himself, until finally he got control of himself. He apologized before proposing his deal. “Coemon want to help by giving you parts for ship. You don’t know what Coemon means, so bring rest of peoples and come back. And we started the mission of my life.

“Did that really just happen?” Matt asked when we were back in the storm. Rick answered like he always does. “Well scientifically, no one can live in the arctic without necessary supplies. But technically, we’re surviving without necessary supplies, Coemon can.” “I mean, was that a hallucination.” Matt replied. I answered, “Well, weather its fake or not, we’ll have to go back and find out.” and pointed to the crew, who seemed to be panicking. When we got there my dad talked to Rick’s dad and explained the problem. “There were lots of problems, but the sinking ones were fixed. They did everything they could to repair the ship, but they need more materials. I told them about Coemon, and they want to see for themselves. If anyone feels reluctant, he kidnaped Mary Cresend, and we don’t have her back yet.” Everyone joined in, and we waited until the storm cleared. It

was almost alien-like without the fog. It was a desert, but the sand was snow. It was a frozen desert! I told Rick and Matt my joke, and Rick told me that was a name for Antarctica. Our footsteps were the only sound as we hiked to the cave. Coemon had old parts laying out like they were for sale. "Coemon believes these are ship parts peoples need." "Yes, may we have them, and get Mary Cresent back?" My dad asks. "You can have celebrity; celebrity has been rude. But you must work for parts. ARC has thing Coemon need. Coemon can live freely with thing. But Coemon can't go there. Coemon need peoples to go up to top floor in ARC. Peoples will bring thing back." Coemon answered before motioning us to go. "Peoples can take coats in Coemon's collection." He added as he showed us a pile of more coats than people here, in all sizes. Then we started our journey to ARC.

The thing was, we knew we were going to be in Antarctica, this was a world tour. We just didn't know that we were going to be walking around in it. People brought coats, hats, mittens, and boots, but they didn't bring real affective negative degree cold weather clothing. We moved a lot faster with new gear, and some of us snowboarded and skied ahead, including Rick, Matt, and I. We saw penguins waddling around and caught some fish with their example. We learned that a fire we had seen in the distance was on the way there, (According to Coemon the point of a compass pointed to ARC, which is Arctic Research Center, because of all the magnetic energy.) so we cooked the fish we caught and gave them to the ones who weren't used to not having food for too long. After days of walking through high winds, darkness for days, and lack of food, we made it to ARC. What the group was expecting was a tall research base for many people. What we weren't expecting is for it to be protected like a military base, and the Whitehouse put together.

I have been known as the ideas guy. So, when we see that ARC is protected in ways that even if we had a military team we couldn't break in, it was no surprise everyone looked at me. "Okay, here's the plan." I presented my plan as it formed in my head. "Mary Cresend will distract the guards as the ship crewmates will find a way to break into the system and open the gates. They'll also help with any other problems they can hack out of the way. Some people will stay outside the building creating distractions and getting most of the less tech related obstacles out of the way. A small team will come with me to get the thing. We run back to Coemon, give him the thing, and get everyone back home." "This seems like it's going to fail, and if it fails, we get no second chance." Mary Cresend yelled to the crowd, and because

she's a celebrity, everyone agreed. "Then do you have better ideas?" I countered, and as soon as I said so, Mrs. Cresend tried to find an answer, and failed miserably. She then yelled to the crowd out of anger, "You are nothing without me! I paid for a cruise, not a ride around Antarctica! You will not survive, and I don't care if I survive! I'll steal the parts and drive that bucket of parts you call a ship back home. You'll be stuck here with that goblin, and I'll be in a luxurious mansion, wondering how long it will take you to turn insane." She stomped off, and no one tried to stop her except a few fans who she threw in the snow, only to be grabbed by the ankles. This time she was ready. She kicked the wrists of the creature grabbing her. Coemon came out of the snow and was in his insane mind form; his icicle ready to hurt. Mrs. Cresend was ready for a fight, until Coemon took her legs out from under her. "We're going to have a good meal tonight." Coemon chuckled as he arched his back to leap. Everyone closed their eyes and at the last second Mrs. Cresend cried, "I'll do it please just don't hurt me!" Then Coemon was gone. Everything was normal. The fans who didn't want Mrs. Cresend to go were standing around Mrs. Cresend. But their memory was not erased, you could see the look in their eyes. Everyone got ready for the plan.

Mrs. Cresend scanned them. Everyone saw her scan which ones were the weak points in security. She finally made her move on a young one with some of her merchandise coats on. Rick told the crewmembers what to do and they started hacking the system. The five heavy doors swung open, and everyone swarmed inside. Matt led the outdoor group to their places. "All you Conor!" he yelled as I went inside. I got to a working elevator, but the top floor was blocked off. I asked Rick to help, and the crewmembers brought me to the highest floor they could. We split up to find the stairs, and Dad's group found the stairs we were met by some guards, but Matt "Accidentally" lit an oil tank on fire. We found it was a bad idea to blow up the base of the building after Matt set every oil tank he could reach on fire. "Too much?" he asked on the walkie talkie. "Too much." I replied before the connection went out. The fire was eating up the building rapidly. I let a bunch of people down the elevator to escape before climbing up the stairs. "Think you're going alone, huh?" I look down to see my dad walking up the stairs of the collapsing building. "No time for hugs, we got to find that thing." Dad says as a wall crumbles down. We run up the stairs until the stairs turn and creak. I'm not an architect, so I don't know a lot about the bending of stairs, but even from my lame perspective, I

would say it would be wise to get off the stairs. I was right because my dad gestured for me to climb, (The air was filled with smoke and talking was dangerous.) and he built the boats he was captain of. We climbed to the top of ARC to find something we did not expect a futuristic saw.

“And what happened then?” The reporter asked Conor Regen, the son of Daniel Regen, who was captain of *Mother Nature*. “We got the knife and jumped off the building, what else could we do?” Conor replied. “We jumped off the building. Then we brought the knife to Coemon, and the strangest thing happened. We went back into the cave after, and Coemon was sitting there, staring into the distance. “Cut me through the middle.” he said flatly. I walked towards him, and slowly went to cut him. Coemon came to life, and howled, “No, what have you done, that was the wrong object! It was in the basement, not the top floor please, not the knife! Not the Knife!” The insane Coemon was clawing, trying to move, but his legs must have been controlled by our friend Coemon. He cried. He yelled. He clawed. But he couldn’t move his legs. But when the knife cut through Coemon, everything seemed to stop. A bright light filled the room, and there was two men. One of them said in a voice that was like Coemon’s, but all the childness pulled out, “What have you done?” It spoke in a voice like nails on a chalkboard. “How could a bunch of useless nobodies wield the soul splitter? This can’t happen, this can’t!” It began to cry, and we acknowledged the second. He was a boy my age, dressed in penguin feathers. “Coemon wonder what happened.” the boy said in a voice with Coemon’s raspy tone taken away. “Wait, I’m... not Coemon anymore, I’m...” and he looked at everyone. “Hello everybody, my name is Ken, and I’m who you’ve been talking to.”

The reporter gasped as everyone who was watching television did. “Well, Ken had this operation where he got fused with an insane man. Me and Dad adopted him, and everyone got home. As you know, he’s been my partner since then. One Thing I wish is that everyone would have slowed down and had a good time.” Now you have been listening to Conor’s story for quite some time, so let’s get everything strait. Conor was a captain and was offered a lot of money to go on another world tour. He said no, and was brought to court, and the situation was big news, and he got on television for it. He has been telling his story for a long time, but he’ll say a few important things before he ends, so listen up. “So, you see, the thing about Rick, Matt, and I, was that we only saw each other on ship rides. I wanted something more. One of the reasons I kept a bunch of secrets from them. But the

thing is, if I crash in the Arctic, there's nothing left to do except run from an insane man. So, I'll ask everyone out there. Would you go back after that experience?"