

Antarctica Story by Jimmy Minshall

I ran across the ships burning deck as the monstrous flame of death was racing to my body. I thought I should have jumped off, but that would mean splitting my head open on the hard, icy surface in the depths below me; but I had no other choice to escape the raging flame, so I took a leap off the balcony of this expedition ship, and I hoped for the best. I eventually found shelter on the icy plains of Antarctica, and I remembered the snowball fights we had in Berlin, making white forts out of the almost frozen ground, and throwing the freezing white soil around to each other, singing Christmas carols and drinking melted chocolate in mugs made of the finest metal around. But this was no regular snowstorm that made the children run outside their doors and sing with glee. No, this snowstorm was life threatening.

I do not know why I went on that foolish Gauss expedition. Most of the members of that Gauss expedition did die, thanks to that idiotic captain. I was one of the few humans who have successfully survived that shipwreck, where the others are I do not know. I am sure I am the only soul down here, in this cold, freezing, barren wasteland. I think again about that thought, because I smell and hear dirty boots marching through the freezing air, although I can barely see them. I drop my still frozen piece of penguin meat onto the ground, as more civilization would be the joy of my life. "Hello there, my good fellow!" he bellows out to me. I come up to him, confused on why he is searching in this land of no return. I eventually come to say, "What are you looking for?" He states that he comes from France, a place a hell of a lot better than here. He says he comes here for scientific research and further human exploration of the earth and offers me supplies and food if I give him directions on the area. He has about 5 men with him who look very experienced in this matter. I can only speak a limited amount

of French, so it will get very confusing at times. Who knows, maybe they can sail me out of this cursed continent. I hope.

We start by marching off to find a lost barometer, and I could not make out what he or anyone else was saying. What I soon find out is that most of these fellows are intoxicated or do not know a thing about research. We make a camp on shore, and it is a horrible mess. There are men almost knocking over precious scientific equipment into the river, and men getting into rows with each other, and they always punch hard. We ask for this man, Pierre, to scout out this island that we think the barometer is on from the shore. It is certainly an escapade. He brings out his binoculars, and he trips and loses them. He gets out another boat to retrieve those binoculars, and flips over this boat, carrying half of the expedition's supplies and food (From being very intoxicated.) The captain stops him before he can ruin any more supplies, and the whole team decides to banish him from this expedition forever. We steal his personal collection of guns, which is about some of the only supplies that he did not tip over. We hear there is an incoming blizzard tomorrow from our meteorologist. What fun.

When night falls, we try to hunt seals. We successfully shoot one of them, but we cannot carry him back to our camp. Seals way between 200-460 pounds, so we decide to just carry his meat into camp with a bucket. With all these escapades finished, I decide to get to know the crew better, but then I remember that none of them speak German or English, so I just give up. I feel like an outsider, and I feel like they are using me, and I just try to fall into my slumber. When I wake up, it is extremely freezing, and we only have two hours of daylight because we are in the Antarctic. We start by learning that the island that they lost the barometer on was on the other side of the shoreline, so we start moving east. They send me and this man named Mathieu to the island, and we finally touch this cursed barometer, but the way back is one

notch harder. The wind crashes our ship onto the shoreline of the miniature island, and we have multiple holes in our ship by the time we get out. The rest of the team is in sight, and I do the most despicable act of all. Treason.

They are not feeding me as they promised, so why should I do anything for them? I start by stealing their supplies while they are asleep and storing them on the one last ship. I then get 4 oars, 2 for backup, and set sail for land. I accidentally fall, awaking the lead member, Thomas Howards. He very quickly shoots at my oars, and I get into one last gunfight. A bullet skims through my arm, and my arm is bleeding rapidly fast. I lost feeling in my arm, and I stop sailing, and I just let the wind carry the boat where it wanted to. I finally land on the tropical island of Wellington, right off the coast of Chile. I try not to wake the natives, armed with spears, bows, arrows, and knives. I am close to dying, so I climb a tree with my left arm, and I nearly slam into the sand. I am for the whole night in constant lookout for natives, and I am very sleep deprived. I wake up in a bed made of sloth skin, and I awake to see an old native, my guess is between 90 or 98, calmly says, "You are home now." I now live with the natives, learning their language, traditions, dances, and enemies. The men joke that I will soon forget German and English totally. I have learned well that their enemies are the men from Britian, America, and France trying to claim some land for their countries. But they told me that the British have moved on to the Falklands, fighting a country they have never heard of called Argentina. At the end of the day, I have to say, this is where I belong.