

Antarctica

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Antarctica

Tim was cold. He was freezing. It was Antarctica. He had gotten lost. He was really lost. He sort of believed he would die. But now? Death. That was impossible. He thought of his wife Karen. Back in Alabama. Back where it was warm. God how he loved her. She loved him too. At home she was waiting. They had a bungalow together. They had bought it over ten years ago. He couldn't wait to get home. To once again make love to his wife. To watch his TV. But that was never going to happen again. Because he was going to die. He was totally lost. Vision was almost impossible in the thick blizzard. Karen. God how he loved her. He had been at Antarctica for a month now. He was a geologist. The university that employed him was paying him well to do his study. A study of a lake that lay below the ice sheet. The water in the lake was not frozen. The pressure of the ice kept it liquid all year round. The name of the lake was Vostok. It lay beneath him currently. Vostok was the name the Russians had gave to it. He had been staying at Vostok

station for a month. The Russians owned the station. It was like a town in the middle of the desert. A desert of snow. A desert that he was now lost in. Lost. All hope was gone. The snow was waist deep. His snowshoes prevented him from sinking into the snow. He had not gone far. Less than one mile. He must have gone in the wrong direction though. He should have reached the station by now. It had been an hour of walking back. That was more than a mile. The cold. It ached his body. He pulled out his compass. It was broke. Some type of magnetic interference. But what was it? The needle just spun around. And fast too. So that was it. He had gone in the wrong direction. If only he could see the sun. The station was supposed to be east. But had he gone east? Who knew. He was lost. He stopped. He tried to catch his breath. He was panicking.

“Don't lose it.” he thought to himself.

He would lose Karen forever. And his

research. But who cared about that. Would anyone ever find him? Would they find him alive? Only God knew. He wondered why he had gone to this hellhole. He felt lost. Completely lost. By the time he was found he would be dead. When he didn't return to his quarters tonight they would send out a search party. But not until morning. By then he would be dead.

“The weather wasn't supposed to do this!” he thought.

Something went wrong though. It was like he was cursed. He started to walk again. It was hard in the deep snow. Then it happened. This weird alien thing appeared in his mind. And a ringing began in his ears. The alien thing was black. It had a large jaw and pointy fingers and it was doing this crazy dance. He ignored it at first. But it stayed. This weird alien doing this even weirder dance. He continued walking. Hours passed. It got dark. The days were short here. Then a voice spoke

to him.

It said “Do not fear my child. For I am here.”

The voice was a mans and it was soft. He didn't know what to do.

“Should I answer?” he thought.

He continued walking. The compass was still broken. Soon he would collapse from exhaustion. He felt trapped. Trapped and lost. Then it happened. He vanished. There was a second of black. And then the most majestic thing happened. He was in a room. It was bright. Bright but there was no lights. The walls appeared to be made out of glass. They shone more that you could imagine. Bright mirror walls. But where was he? Then he noticed it. His snow shoes were gone. So was his coat, his gloves, and his hat. He looked around. They were nowhere to be found. He wasn't sure what to do. It was warm. Room temperature. Still in his mind was the

alien. And it was still doing this bizarre dance. He began to panic. He began to think he was trapped. The room was big. From the shape of it. It seemed like he was in a pyramid. He didn't know what to do. He had forgotten about Karen. He had forgotten about Vostok station.

“Hey I want out!” he shouted.

“Hey!”

He struggled to think of what to do or say. Was anyone listening he wondered? Who lived here he thought? A house of glass. A pyramid of glass. A pyramid of glass in Antarctica. Then the voice spoke again.

“Do not be afraid my child. I am here with you. You will be returned safely. You were brought here for protection.”

“But where is here?”

The voice did not answer.

“I wish to be somewhere else!” he said to himself.

Then the voice spoke again.

“Your wish is granted.”

And then Tim vanished again. Seconds later he materialized in another room. And there was the weird alien. Still doing the same dance. It was sort of going in a circle. And making a stabbing motion with it's arm. It did not seem aware of him. There was nothing else in the room. The walls were made of the same glass. He started to wonder if the alien creature was real. He approached it. It was really doing a weird dance. It seemed blind. Though it had eyes. He walked closer. He could now reach out and touch it.

“Should I?” he asked himself.

So he did. And that was when it happened. The alien mauled him with it's large jaw. It clawed at him and he fell to the glass floor.

It was then that he realized that he was going to die. He was bleeding all over. The jaws and claws kept on mauling him.

“I wish this never happened!” he said.

“Your wish is granted.” said the voice.

And before he even noticed something had happened he was back where he was standing before. Staring at the weird alien creature. He didn't know what to do. He started to feel afraid. Afraid of the creature that had just mauled him.

So he said to himself “I wish I was in a different room.”

And then he vanished and appeared in a different room. This time there was no alien. Instead in the center of the room was a man crucified. He was bleeding and he was floating. He looked like Jesus. Tim didn't know what to do.

“I wish I was back in my room!” Tim said

out loud.

Then he awoke in his bed. Had it all been a dream he wondered? He never really could tell. After that he returned to Alabama and never went back to the mysterious land that was Antarctica.

The End



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