

Adventure by Sean McClure

My plane touched down at 4:20am in the Elephant Islands and I headed straight to the harbour. When I got there I was joined by my tour guide David Attenborough who was escorting my Land Rover.

"Hello Sean it's great weather for exploring the Antarctic, you certainly picked the right day to go on this journey" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"Yes certainly is a great day for adventure" I agreed.

"Ok so the plan is that we get to our boat at 4:50am and head straight for the Antarctic. The utilities we will find on the boat are heat suits, grapple hooks, infra red helmets and tranquillizer guns just in case".

And with that we headed off discussing their opportunities as they went. When they reached the ship they realised that it had big blood-red letters '**The Endurer**'. The captain was waiting at the entrance for us to arrive.

" Good to see you sirs," he said.

" And you too captain," we answered in unison.

The captain then led us to their rooms.

"If you need me I'll be on the bridge, have a nice voyage".

The captain left leaving David and I to discuss the aim of our mission. After a long time of the topic on our goal we decided to go to bed. The next morning we were awoken by a hazard alarm warning all passengers and crew to be braced for impacts they were in an ice field. David and I went to the bridge the captain was at the wheel and I told him that we were ready to leave. He led us to a private boat with 12 centimetres of solid titanium to get through the ice, a flare gun to call for help and a S924O83 sniper rifle for polar bears. We had our lunch which was so insipid I was surprised the crew could finish it. 10 minutes later we began to lower the boat down to the sea. As we touched down I made my way to the helm of the boat and David kick-started the engine. We trundled along at first but as we went we began to build up speed and soon we were flying along at 90 knots per hour.

" Em Sean how do we stop this thing?" questioned David.

"That's easy you just em... er oh no we don't know how to stop it!" I yelled.

"Try pulling that lever on the engine" I suggested. But at this point we were already going at least 130 km/h and were heading straight through an ice field.

"ICEBERG!" David shouted and he dived down into the depths of the boat as we shot up the iceberg like a ramp. I was almost thrown off the raft as we rocketed through the air and landed with a thud on a thick sheet of ice.

"That was too close" said David.

"Well look on the bright-side, the boat stopped now we can make our way to the site that is meant to have over 50 different wild species." I replied hopefully.

So we set off slowly northwards. After an hour or so we decided to set up camp and rest for the what we thought was the night (it is very hard to tell whether it's night or not in the Antarctic winter because the sun doesn't come up for 3 months.) Luckily we had brought two battery-powered heaters and some extra batteries. So with our heaters set to at least 60 degrees we settled in for the night. When I woke up it was early morning (I thought) and David was still asleep so I used my laptop to find out our current location and was not surprised to find that we were a small red dot in the middle of miles of white.

"David get up we need to get going if we want to make it there by next year," I joked

"Alright but if I'm grumpy on the way you know why," he answered.

After a while we decided to play a game of I spy.

"I spy with my little eye something beginning with 'S'," I grunted.

"Snow" David droned.

"Your turn" I said

"I spy with my little eye something beginning with 'S'" David groaned.

"Sky" I mumbled.

"Well that's all that's here so I guess we're done our game" I said.

Then I saw a glint of grey on the horizon. I ran forward but just at that moment a polar bear jumped in front of David and was just about to hit him when I pulled out my rifle and shot unluckily for us I missed so I shot again and I missed again finally I hit it in the head and it fell to the ground with a dull thud

“Thanks” panted David

.David tried to ask me what I was doing I told him that I thought I had just saw what looked like part of a helicopter so then he rushed on with me. My heart sank as we reached the spot where I had saw the flash of grey and looked over a small hill. Right in front of us was a sea of elephant seals.

“Well at least we get to get some good pictures for our camera shots” I said.

“Yeah but we’ll probably only get to the actual site in a month or so” David replied.

“That’s a load of hogwash, we’re almost there” I explained.

“I know but how are we going to get through this lot” David worried.

“Good point” I agreed

So we made our way awkwardly through the field of blubber until David complained that he had eaten at least five whiskers. Then we saw something that made our hearts swoop. There in the centre of the dark sky was a helicopter. I ripped off my bag and pulled out the flare gun. I shot straight up in the air but to our disgust I hit the helicopter.

“YOU CAN HIT A HELICOPTER OVER A HUNDRED FEET UP IN THE AIR BUT YOU CAN’T HIT A POLAR BEAR AT POINT BLANK RANGE” David shouted.

“Whoa whoa hold on a second they must have had a G.P.S to find there way to the Antarctic” I said

“yeah maybe your right, yeah we should check the site” he agreed.

Then we turned back and headed off towards the crash. After a few minute of searching I shouted to David to hurry as I’d found the G.P.S. I set the coordinates to the photography area and followed the trail . . .

To be continued . . .