The Trip

By Sebastien Hailwood

Me and my friends stood on the frozen landscape admiring the beauty of the giant mountains and the clear sky above us. Once we had regained consciousness, we set out walking, learning the life of being in the Antarctic. At first we struggled, the weight of the bags forcing our puny little legs towards the frozen tundra below, and that weight was finally lifted when we started to build our  camp. We had set it up in a forest, with enough trees to make a small fire. In fact it was Jess and Joseph who made the fire, I was cutting down the trees to use for firewood. I started to gather up all the dry leaves and small twigs that were dry enough to light. When I returned,I was met with the sight of a tents, and matte white  rocks in a circle, waiting for me to make a fire inside it. There were three logs place around the fire (for us to sit on). I lay the sticks and leaves next to the circle of stones, while admiring the campsite that was once a pile of snow. We ate tea, toasted marshmallows then settled down for bed.

I woke to the sound of howling outside, checked my watch and it was 9 o’clock. I stood up wiping my eyes wondering where I was, then the ice cold temprichers struck me hard. I was bewildered when the darkness filled the sky, I checked my watch once more, two minutes past 9 it said. I thought I was in a dream. However I soon realised how it was winter here and day by day the daylight decreases, until there is 24 hours of darkness. I woke up Joseph and Jess, and in no time we were walking again.

We had decided to stop for lunch on a mountain as high as a skyscraper, or that's what it seemed to be, that's when it happened. I sat on a little rock and a door opened, and with no hesitation we went in while eating our sandwiches. Ancient languages were scrawled on the mossy walls. We finally reached a spacious room covered in what seemed to be gold. Chrystals illuminated the rich room like a disco ball. We all gasped in amazement, each of us dazzled by artifacts that had been drawn.

We continued on, walking through the tunnel still admiring every inch of it, until we came to a halt. We heard a voice, and we ran towards it expecting life. But the cave was abandoned. We were all startled when a deep voice came from the giant statue. It told us to go to the hidden tomb that is directly under the volcano and press the hidden button. We set off not knowing what would happen when we pressed the hidden button. We went from walking to jogging, to running, and we didn't stop until we came to a room with no windows and no doors. This must have been the room with the hidden button. We searched around for hours on end but found nothing, until we sat down and had a drink. A drop of water hit the ground and it raised the tile and cut the side of my foot. I screeched with pain but that didn’t matter. The button was there. we all pressed it at the same time. Then something was licking my face. It was my dog Sybil, it must have been a dream I thought, but then I saw the cut on my foot….