

## USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

Shivering in his survival jacket, a hyena sat huddled before his console on the bridge of the large Navy destroyer on which he served. The glow from the screen was about the only source of light besides his small lantern, which faded in the face of such brutal temperatures. With some effort he pulled a blanket around himself, steeled his body for what might very well be his final act, and spoke into the camera feed.

“This is Commander Alan Tucker of the USS Abraham Lincoln. I’m going to try to explain what happened so that there’s some sort of record of the fate of my ship and crew. I don’t know how much time I have left, but someone has to know.

“It’s been six days since the ship became trapped here by the sudden formation of ice. It began as a sudden drop in temperature, enough that it almost seemed unnatural, as if someone had turned off the heat around us like a switch. Before I knew it the ship was freezing as hell. Turning the heat up helped for a little while but less than twenty four hours later the system was overwhelmed by the drop in temperature. We all bundled up as best we could, with the crew trying to stay warm while we searched for a way to escape the mysterious effect.

“We don’t know what caused the incident, only that it came upon us suddenly and without warning. Some of the crew thought it was some government experiment. Others thought maybe the climate scientists just had it backwards. Whoever was right, it doesn’t matter at this point.

“My captain attempted to return us to Norfolk but the rapidly decreasing temperature soon rendered that impossible. Before long every potential route back home was blocked by an increasing number of icebergs, and for four days the ship has been trapped in position from the frozen seawater. Despite our best efforts to maintain the ships systems the engines failed not long after and we have done everything possible to maintain life on board long enough to come up with a better option.

“By the third day of being stuck in the ice half the crew started suffering from hypothermia, and before long people started dying. The temperature all around us has fallen to critical levels. The oceans themselves have begun to ice over.

“Most of the crew is gone, frozen to death after we lost the primary reactor. I’m probably not far behind. My lungs are burning with every breath, and it’s getting harder to move. The air itself feels like ice even through my layers. I’ve kept myself alive burning whatever I can find to buy myself a little more time hoping there’s still someone out there that can find me.

“Just in case anyone discovers this log, know that my commanding officer Captain Joshua Clark did everything possible to safeguard the ship and its crew. He fought to his last breath to get us home, sacrificing himself in an attempt to keep his ship moving just a little longer. Know that if there is fault to be had it lies with us for failing him, not the captain himself.

“As far as attempts to contact home, the communications array went offline five days ago. Whether our distress call got out or not, I don’t know. Even if it did, no one would be able to get to us in time. I’ve tried to contact the rest of the ship but my only

answer so far has been silence. I'm beginning to wonder if anyone else on board survived at all.

“By the sixth day I was the only officer left. I'm honestly surprised I made it through the night. The temperature keeps dropping and unless a miracle happens I don't know what chance I have. If this is the end, my only regret is that I didn't get a chance to talk to my girl before I left port. I just wish I'd told her that I love her. I'm having a hard time staying awake. Maybe a little nap. Just a little one.” He curled up into the blanket and closed his eyes.