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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 21:36:30 GMT

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Thursday, January 17, 1:55 am, Tracy Island (1:55 pm, Wednesday, Mediterranean) . . .

The seafloor research centre Capullo had been built in 2068. Dr Marvin Strand had been integral in its inception, and now he smiled as he looked out from his office window. Capullo's purpose was to study the effects that the mass dumping of OD-60 in 2065, placed there to colonize the sea floor so that it could be harvested as an ingredient for dog food. Dog food, Dr Strand scoffed. What a foolish notion. How that company ever got permission from the World Government to dump this stuff here I'll never know. Such a foolish notion. It's destroying the eco-system!

Indeed, the placing of large amounts of OD-60 in the Mediterranean would have caused indigenous species of plants to completely die off and invasive fish to transform the ecology of the sea for the worse. It would have, if not for the great work of Capullo's researchers and ecologists. Not only were they documenting the changes, but they were also helping to restore the natural balance of the ocean by culling the fish and destroying the plants. Another of my excellent ideas, Dr Strand thought, buffing his fingernails on his jumpsuit. The fact that I struck a deal to sell those fish on to food processing companies is just a bonus -- especially for my wallet.

Dr Strand looked out through the clear bubble of strong polymer that surrounded Capullo with a mile radius. Huge processing plants took oxygen from the water to provide atmosphere for the research centre's population, which was not limited to researchers alone. Due to the long-term nature of the study, many of them had brought along their families. There were elementary and high schools, as well as clinics, a cinema and many shops. Dr Strand crossed his arms across his chest and grinned. Yes, it was a great achievement.

Strand turned from the window and made his way to his desk. He sat down and picked up a data pad, when he felt an unfamiliar vibration. He looked up, his greying eyebrows drawn together, and suddenly the vibration gave way to all out shaking.

"What the --"

It didn't last for long, but Dr Strand's heart rose into his mouth. There hadn't been an earthquake in the region in over fifty years, and any tectonic activity before even then had been limited. There had been no chance of an earthquake happening. None at all, and yet... Strand ran to the window again and --

"NO!"

Cracks were beginning to form in the polymer that protected them from ocean and streams of water began to flow through them. Strand reached for his communicator.

"Orson! Orson, what happened!"

There was a short burst of static on the line; Strand cursed. The comm lines had been affected.

"...rand! Can you h...r me?"

"Orson?"

"Wa--!"

Strand cringed as a louder burst of static sounded through the comm, but then Philip Orson's voice came through clearly.

"Dr Strand! Can you hear me now?"

"Yes Orson, I can now! What in blazes happened?"

"There was a sudden burst in tectonic activity! By the time we detected it, it was almost over!"

"The shell has been breached, Orson! I can see it from my office!"

"Wait, one second, sir! I have another incoming transmission!"

There was a moment's silence before Orson came back on the line. His voice was grave.

"Sir, the emergency submarine launch, it's been damaged. A piece of sea floor debris fell against it after the earthquake. The doors are jammed. We can't get anyone out."

Dr Strand's face paled and he fell into his seat.

"Orson, contact WASP. See how quickly they can get a sub out here to clear the debris so we can evacuate."

Strand clawed at his desk as tense moments passed, and he set his mouth in a firm line when Orson reported back.

"Sir... WASP can't get here for another three hours."

"Three hours?" Strand spluttered. "We'll be under God knows how many meters of water by then. There's only one course of action. Call International Rescue!"

The Seafloor Research Centre . . . written by ArtisticRainey

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