

Papua New Guinea

My Journal Accounts

by: Logan



“This is L.K. Day one. Nine hundred hours.
Mission: Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini
is a go. Over and out.”

I am yelling into my receiver as the roaring engine of our carrier plane flies over the Gulf of Papua. The co-pilot turns around straining this neck. He’s moving his lips, but I’m still deafened by the bellow of the overpowering turbines. He directs me toward the whistling air entering the open door. Then he thrusts his finger forward stretching the seat. He slowly drops his finger. I understand. Gripping the interior of the walls, I carefully edge toward the escape. A sudden blast of wind seals my eyes shut. I turned away and got a glimpse of the co-pilot again. I pulled down my diving mask, and felt my eyes regain a sense of free motion again. Then he gave me the signal of Papua New Guinea. ...3...2...1! He points at me just as I lift my last step, and I jump to the depths of the Gulf.

My ears pop as I *whooshed* through the air. The clouds below soon soared above me and when my eyes adjust, I locate my destination: Papua New Guinea. I get a glance of the breathtaking spectacle through the haze. The mountain peaks are stabbing through the mist layer, and it’s almost as if they’re standing proud and tall, to brag of this exquisite spectacle. I pull my eyes away from the tropical beauty and whip my head around to find my luggage cutting through the air along with me. It’s not long before I feel the flat surface of the deep, treacherous blue, yet calm, sea. My legs pushed me through the surface and I spun to direct my vision toward the island. I started toward my luggage afloat ten yards away. My travel to the shoreline wasn’t too long, but was no less, challenging to my endurance.



I then arrive along the tepid, sandy beach of Kerema, (or at least what I thought to be Kerema). I pulled my mask off to scope my surroundings. I gasped as the vista through the city catches my eye. It's truly amazing. The dominant, peaceful mountains background for the awakened city full of life and energy. I don't have much time to gawk, because I need to get moving. I quickly strip the rest of my diving suit. The air tanks disrupt the layers of the water as my fork broke the layer on top of the dipping cheese I had for lunch the other day, when I toss them in with the rest of my equipment. I don't have enough room in my bags, and don't really need them again. I started on my way, and as my disguising touristy flip flop sandals patted against the burning sand, and the fiery rays from the sun roasted my skin, I knew I would soon turn adust.

I felt odd. Agents SSO and JE are on mission in the Philippines, chasing the Gorilla Gang. Now I had to work alone to find and destroy the corrupt, crazy, cruel, chaotic, caitiff. Her name was Killicken. Dun-dun-duhhhh! She was crazy for chickens, and the tale tells she uses the chicken beaks and claws for an overnight cream that still keeps her in the "tender years." I figured if I were craving chickens, and was being chased by the worlds most talented, deadly, dangerous, handsome, physically and mentally fit, experienced, attractive, as well as strongest, smartest, greatest and cutest; I'd probably hit one of the smallest countries in Asia. Since Papua New Guinea, the second largest island in world's, main meat supply is chicken, and we last scouted her in Northern Australia, this is our best guess of where she might be located. Of course, New Guinea in comparison is only a little larger than the state of California, it is spread out into 300 islands, and she could be on any one.



The rolling hills were broken up with forestry and raised houses. It looked as though the city was the only township on the island. Everything was so spread out then bunched up. The city was seen as the only action on this rock.

I started up the beach in my tourist disguise, stepping from the crystallized, sapphire blue sea's shallows. As I already side stroked my luggage in, I was now trailing it across a mangled, creamy smooth waterfront.



I soon reached the city and realized it was a little larger than I had expected. In fact, it was bleeding humongous! There were tied up tents in strips along the streets, and they were just filling with costumers. It almost resembled Seattle, well, a lot smaller, and less people, but in a sense it did. I had just reached my first step on the hustling and bustling sidewalk, and I glanced across a sign over a little, red, family restaurant that read, "Port Moresby Fried-Up Good!" (Fictional tourist/local attraction.) It was of course the wrong city, and I was in the blimey pits!

Well, I decided since I was already here, I should get around and find out what I could from the locals on where I might find mysterious Ms. Killicken, and see a few sights. It was about ten hundred hours when I set off.

Through the rest of the morning I received a mixed array of answers. I talked to all kinds of marketers, shop owners, and even some children, who seemed



likely to know of rumors of the land. Some thought I was crazy, some knew the stories, but was no use of where I might proceed to find her. Some didn't speak a word of English, which is the country's official language, but instead spoke Malaysian. As I passed through a small, ravaged street, that looked as though the outcast of the city, I came across an elderly woman who was literally clothed in rags. She looked to be the unfortunate owner of the shop that served butcher cuts.

Warning!

People of any age with easily disrupted stomachs, please stop and move past the next few pages, or proceed with caution.

The lady clutched the handle of a cleaver and raised her selected choice chicken from its wooden bamboo striped cage. The bird flailed and cried for the poor old feather-bag knew what was coming

The cleaver in the woman's wrinkled and worn hand dropped as soon as the back of her bird was on the cutting board. The cleaver's edge "thunked" into the wood. The throat and a couple of vertebrae slide out of the open stump. It was within that second that the wild bird's screams were replaced by the warm blood from the neck, sprayed across the woman's face, and to my feet. Although the woman gave off a sense that it was done day after day, she had flinched from the blood shed, and lost focus of the still restless bird.

What happened in those next few seconds was disgusting, frightening, and was not even in the least bit humorous, although the locals got a kick out of it. When the cleaver had fallen, and the bird was slaughtered, and I had turned my back, for I had a

weak stomach. The headless meat flew from the table and harpooned its large pinpointed talons into my left thigh. As the claws deepened, so did the pain. I had now fallen to one knee, about to lose control of my other leg. At that moment, my flesh felt as if loosening from my bone. The chicken was rocking back and forth and viewers began to attract in crowds. Now the musicians across the way, pounding on drums; banging gongs; twanging Jew's harp; musical bows and blowing shell whistles; small bamboo flutes; trumpets; pipes and bull roarers; stopped dead as the MC cuts them at a glance of me. They all begin to laugh hysterically. The blood splashed against my clean, dry, fresh tan shorts. Then the limp neck slaps against my lower back, and one of its claws releases itself from my thigh and rips through my shirt and lower back's flesh, and grips to let the other free. As I rotate my head around I can't tell if the blood draining down my calf is the birds, or mine. By this time I was lying extended on my stomach. Out of pure need to stop the pain, I flip and slam back against the warm, rocky street way.

I cocked my head towards the butcher, and was about to apologize, but she had not an ounce of anger, sorrow or disappointment on her face. She just grabbed another chicken, but this time wrung it by its neck, to make sure it wasn't going to get away. I slowly lifted my head with a look of disgust on my face. I then progressed to lifting my shoulders, then my spine. I didn't wish to know, but I needed to. The bloody feathers reached my hand and the soaked guts dripped from my Hawaiian shirt. As I tried to stand, I saw the butcher running. Wow, I thought, she must be almost 70 years old and to run like that, wait a minute... I saw her wig fly off and she wasn't a woman, but a man!



With a burst of energy like in the cheesy action movies, I sprinted off like Arnold Sh...I don't know how to spell his name, but, like Sylvester Stallone without an ounce pain, even though my legs had just been torn through by a supposed man-eating chicken, or at least what probably was a man-eating chicken. I wasn't sure, because well, he didn't have a beak to eat with. I hurdled over a vegetable stand, and plowed through a stack of crates, yelling maniac style, shouting nothing of great importance, but for the affect of looking very macho man like. I think I twisted my ankle, but I was too manly to stop now. I flew over a child pushing a wheelbarrow and went straight into summersault. I saw him still, and was only 30 feet away from the runaway. He was crashing into things, and tripping over his self, so I was gaining on him. I hurdled over, or dodged everything in my path. Then I saw the drag queen jump into a jeep. He started up the engine and blasted a puff of smoke, as he ripped up his tires on the pavement. I leapt off of the back of the wagon, flipped to grab a piece of lumber that was contained in the horse-drawn wagon, and pulled a landing right on the bare back of the horse. I struck the stick of lumber in the tug and wedged it loose. It snapped off, and I broke off the other. "Hee-yaw!" I was off like a jockey at the horse track, and the reins ripped out of the driver's hands. "What are you doing with my horse" is a nice was of putting what the man yelled to me as I rode off into the sunset.

We were speeding through the streets heading for Mt. Victoria a 13,363-foot mountain. Soon he reached the end of the city, which was less crowded from the depths of the city.



Now it was just country roads covered with forestry overhead. Both our steeds were racing along and even more surprising, I was still gaining on him! We had a few miles until reaching the switchbacks. That's when I knew I had him. We reached the mountain, and as he strained on the rocky roads pulling him back and forth, slowly elevating. My stallion soared over the shrubbery and rotten logs. Small critters scattered as I flew through the under brush. There was no way he was getting away now. I whipped the horse back to the road again and taillights were flaring in my eyes, but I still persevered. Soon the bumper became tangible. His brakes squealed as he went into a turn. My "trusty steed" halted as well, and without warning I flew into the backseat, slamming my skull against the floor.

I awoken sometime in the evening, but still the sun was out. Apparently the man I figure to work for Ms. Killicken seemed not to notice me. "What the? What's freaking wrong with this piece of junk? He's just standing there."

I figured he was talking about me. I slowly stuck my throbbing head through the space between the seats. I saw a tracking reader on the dashboard. It was blinking near what looked to be the veggie stand. He must've got a tracking bug on me through the crazy chicken fight, then when I slammed through the boxes, it must've ripped off with the back of my dried, stained red shirt. I'm so smart.





I heard plenty of squeaks and squawks from the jungle, which was probably a couple of Piquet's, Eclectus and fig parrots. Maybe a fruit dove; mynah; hornbill; cockatoo; honeyeater; cassowary; lorries galore; or any of the 700 species of birds. I usually spend at least a week studying my assignments countries. I also found out that Papua New Guinea declared independence in 1975. That's 201 years after we did! And how Papua New Guinea is mostly unaffected by the discoveries of the world, such as: computers, automobiles, electric toothbrushes, televisions, and fast food! I was actually more interested in this country, because it's so primitive.



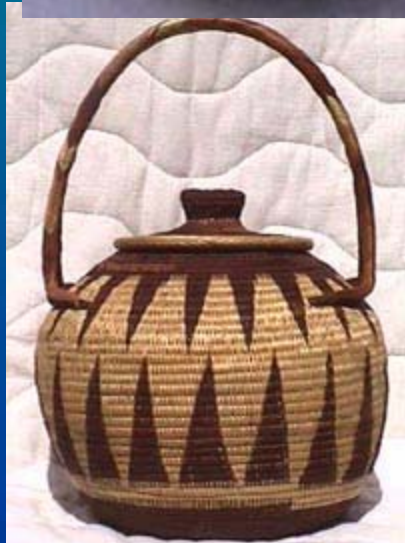
We passed through a small neighborhood, where a singing dog started to bark frantically and chase our vehicle. The evil assistant speeded up and both the dog and the barking as well, soon faded out. We swerved harshly, and I searched for a reason as a pig-nosed turtle moseyed on across the street. I slumped back down as we hit a bump. I felt soothingly tired, and pulled a tarp over me almost soundlessly. Quickly I dozed off to the sound of Ain't Nothing But A Hound Dog blaring through the speakers.

I awoke fresh and early in the morning. We were still driving through forested area, which wasn't surprising considering 93% of the islands are wooded areas. The next few hours weren't any different from the night before. I thought about reporting to my controlling officer, but knew Rupual up there would probably over hear me.

The oldies were still banging, and soon the interesting came back to the story once again. I heard the faint sound over the way that sounded as though war drums, in between songs. I suppose Egor must've heard it too, because he flicked off the radio just as a new song kicked into a beat. The drums were soon added to with crying out loud with screaming. When we reached the source of all the racket, we saw obvious Papuan warriors. They were dressed in skirts and headdresses made of bird feathers, and human hair. Their faces were painted with white, red, yellow, and any other colors of the rainbow, and all this while carrying spears and knives. Mr. America floored it for fear of attack. And to no ones surprise, they did attack. Luckily, only a couple could throw with enough accurately and range to hit the speeding vehicle. One hit the shotgun seat, and another pinned the right hand mirror to the ground. I followed a third to crash through the windshield. Then as I turned back towards the attackers, a machete had sliced through the seat directed right behind my ear. I grabbed the flat of the blade as to not cut myself, and pried it loose from the seat. Out of the 4,400,000 people on these islands, these had to be the most horrifying. We both rode on a little more cautious I feel.



I figured after a day and a half we had to be on another island, and because I had just spotted two coastlines, one southeast of us, and one northwest. I had narrowed it down to New Ireland and New Britain considering none of the other islands are more then a few miles long.



Off on the horizon I spotted another towering rock. Now my choice was certain. I was on New Britain, and I knew because New Ireland had no large mountains. And this mountain was named The Father, a 7,546ft. It was only a matter of time before we had full viewing of the monstrous rock. Then Grandma sharply cut off the road into shrubbery and woodlands. We had lost the road of safety and life. We dodged through the countless trees, but it felt as though we were heading strait forward. In fact, we were proceeding strait forward. The trees were almost dodging us! Actually, they were! I held the machete over the side of the car. The trees flew by, but only air hit the blade. They were holograms! Every one! Then we were heading strait for the incline on the mountain. This was bad. B-A-D! Whoosh! It flew right by. It was a hologram too!

The caverns we had entered were dimly lit by lanterns, and as before, we drove through them for quite some time. At last, as before ounce again, we reached the end of the tunnel. There we stopped for air-lock doors to open. Spshhhhhhh! We rolled in and there I saw a large, deep, area that was much higher and wider than the tunnels we had been passing through. I lifted my head and scanned the room. There were two guards at every door, and at least 100 slave laborers working on God knows what, but sure to be illegal. Then I duck back down, for I get a glance of a lady in a hot red dress strutting my way. Then I herd her fingernails tapping against the door.

“So, did you see him?” She has a smooth, seductive voice that I swear I recognize.

“Ya. I even got him tagged, but the dang thing ain’t working too well.” For once I hear his real voice and it has a Brooklyn accent to it.

“All I needed to know was he’s here.”

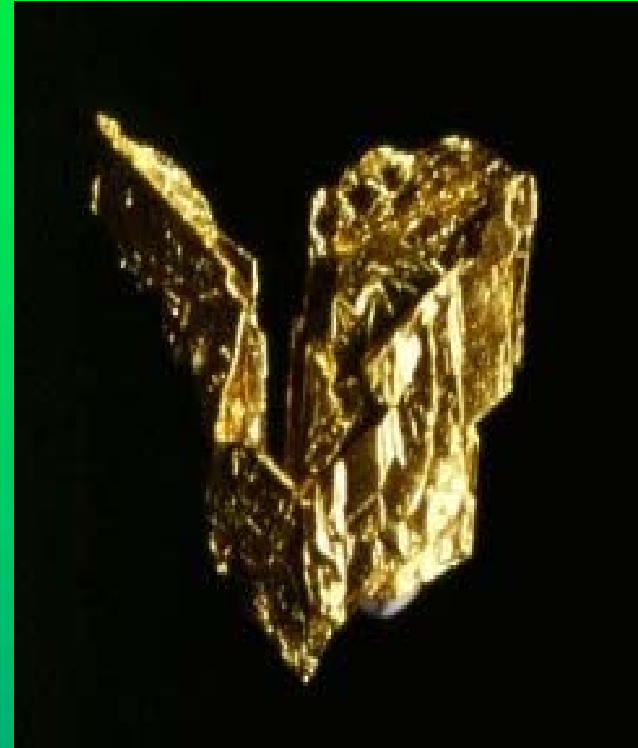
“So, how’s the plan going?”

“Well, that’s none of your business, ugly.”

I grip the machete, as she’s walking with a little bit more of a spring to her step. I wait for the perfect timing, when the door swings open. The guy steps out of the car and, WHAAACCKK! I smash the butt of the blade upside his head, and falls limp. I hand plant over the side of the car, and stick the blade in his face.

“Don’t touch those triggers or Beauty Queen will look even worse than he already is. Now drop ‘em!” The rattling of the disposed guns echoed through the cavern.

I spin around and hit the glove compartment with a clenched fist. It pops open and out rolls a Magnum revolver. I grab it and direct it point blank from his head.



Then as I took a quick glance around I spot the women in the red dress. I know its Ms. Killicken, but it can't be.

"Billy Jean, never thought I'd see you here." I hadn't seen her for forty days and for forty nights.

"You *are* the one!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAH!" I heard a cry from the background.

"The kid is not my son!" I pronounced.

"No, no," she had a sort of chuckle to her voice. "I mean you are the man who is chasing me. And no she's not your own."

"Thank God! So I am chasing you."

"Well, I'm glad to see you, that's all."

"I'm touched...really, deeply. Okay, enough small talk. What are you doing here?"



“I’m touched...really, deeply. Okay, enough small talk. What are you doing here?”

“Well...” she stepped closer, and dropped her voice to a frightened whisper. “I’ve been taken from my family. By a very evil man, Bobby Knight! After they fired him as head coach at Indiana, he was very disappointed. Disappointed enough to start World War III! He took me for a “trusted sidekick” where I really just create an evil character to keep the critics talking about something else, or they’d blow up all over him. So, he’s been in the business of constructing nukes, atom bombs, anything that resembles him when they blow up.

“So.”

“So, please help me and Billy Joe escape here.”

“First, no! Second, I thought you said you had a girl.”

“I did have a girl.”

“Sure didn’t give her a girly name.”

“I’ll have you know Billy Joe is a perfectly ladylike name.”

See, right about now I’d say another rude or mean comment but, before I do, I’d like to tell you all the mean, heartless, rude, and harsh things she’s done to make me act this way, but that’s killing way too many trees, and I don’t have enough ink. Just trust me.

“It’s Billy and Joe, two perfectly manly names. Now if it were Billy and Jo Ann, that’d be a girly man’s name.”

“Look! I don’t have enough time to argue with you. Just, will you help us or not?”



“Get on your knees and tell me you love me. I was just kidding, you are so gullible. Couple of questions first. Why’d he choose this island?”

“Easy, it’s small, and ties in with my stories of chicken killing.”

“When is he going to strike?”

“He was planning on New Years. Set off some real fireworks.”

“Hmm...so it wasn’t because of the chickens, I could see that coming, but I would’ve thought the largest copper mines in the world would’ve played a larger role than this. Well, go get Billy Joe, and hurry, I’m going to’ set off some fireworks of my own.”

I jumped in the jeep and started her up. It was not long until Billy Jean came running back out with a bundle of blankets. I put the jeep in reverse, and floored it. I tossed my cigarette out the window and every one scattered. BOOOOOM! The ground shook as the flames ran down the hall looking for an escape as well. The blazing red flames engulfed anything. Now we’re literally looking death right in the eye, and it’s a might crispy death at that. As I get my first glance of the entrance, the flames are creeping up past the bumper and melting the paint

away. We're closing in on the opening... almost there... and, out! I swing the wheel around, and the front end pulls a 270-degree swing. Our side is right up next to the ridge of the mountain, and the flames burst out behind us. Billy Jean leans over with not a bit of worry,

“Let's get hotel room here and enjoy it all while we can.”

“Hold that thought. Now we have two points here. One, if you're ever flying, use Southern Jumps. They care about you enough to let you jump. Two, and that's a lesson for you youngsters today. When smoking, always make sure you put out your smokes, 'cause only you can smoke the safe way!

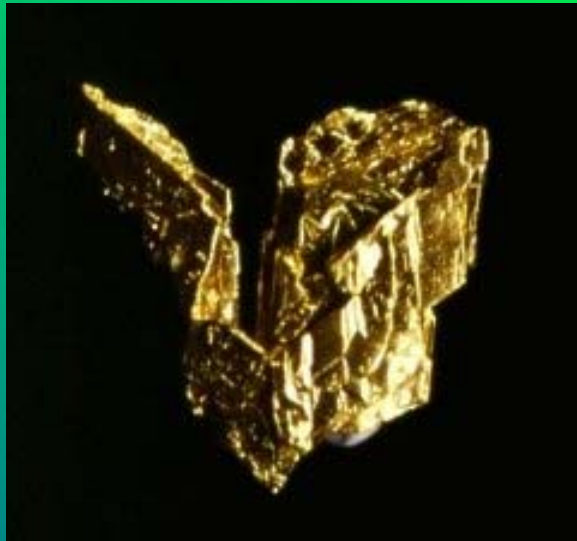
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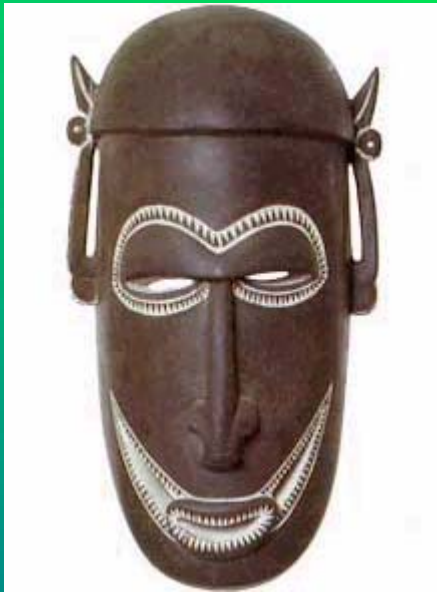


















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