

The Northern Pole

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

August 21st, 1927

We departed Scotland on the 15th. Greenland on the 18th. The cold and the snow, and everything in between was rather dreadful. Our ship, the M.S. Nanook, named after the movie from five years prior, was stuck in ice a few times, delaying our trip significantly.

The leader of the expedition, businessman Ronald LeMay, nicknamed Lancer by his confidants for his frontier days in the 90's, was blue. Not from the chill, but annoyance and the grief of leaving his feline friend back in New York. One of the richest men in the world Mr. LeMay is. I much prefer my loft back in London. I am not a man of many wants.

Mr. LeMay hired many people for this journey including myself. He is quite the progressive man. People from all lands around the world, of all skins. Africa, the Orient - from the islands of the Pacific to the Steppes of the ancient Mongolic Empire. Europeans from Germany, France, Spain, Scandinavia and so on. Dare I say, I've even heard some from South America. A Brazilian or two.

There was one conversation I struck up with a Mr. Naoko - I did not catch his last name, unless the people of Nippon do not have one? He studies the weather and speaks good, kingly English. A combined trait each member of the expedition holds true to their hearts. Never have I seen such a joint operation between different people than that of the White intervention in Russia.

I would never have imagined a French bunkmate. I doubly would never comprehend a pleasant time with him either. Then again, I have never seen a Frenchman willing to share a bottle of 1920 Chateau Haut-Brion. A few cherries on the side, my favourite fruit.

Monsieur Benoit as I've been told. I find that saying his name is both fun and obnoxious, like my tongue is bouncing up and down in my mouth. He appeared to be rather cordial to those of the Indian

subcontinent, seeing how he talks to the few folk from that land here and there.

A sheep-hide jacket, and a very large firearm he says has claimed the ivory of rhinos and elephants. A rich man's activity, yet I do not believe Benoit is particularly rich.

Still, I was hired for a specific reason. It appears my services were needed, and enough "donated" commissions to the Royal Army headquarters means I travel from a comfy radio operator posting in the Home District, a short walk from my own home, to here. The dangerous white north. I am what they need, what Mr. LeMay needs. I know how to operate the equipment of the modern day, and the use of novice techniques made in times medieval.

Yet, it was curiosity that made me accept the offer, partially the money too, but perhaps also adventure? An expedition took place on the same route we now intend to partake in three months ago. It is doubtful they are alive. I do not hold hope for their survival. It is for the best that we find them all gone rather than two or three still alive. I do not have the quality to picture what could've brought such barbaric success. It is most likely the cold that did them in, but as I pontificated on their disappearance for the week I was given to ruminate on the offer,

and my imagination wandered. It had grown to such an obsession that I needed to come here to see their grave ends myself.

My body regrets what my brain could not resist. Now it suffers from Odin's wind and my beard is cold and icy.

It won't be as bad as I've come to think it will be. Mr. LeMay is not sure if we're going all the way to the Northern Pole of the Earth, but he wants to "at least" find what is rumoured to be a good friend. A Californian investor and explorer named Diego Martin, who was a member of the previous exploration and an important benefactor in the funding of Ronald LeMay's enterprises.

This Diego wanted to be the first in a group of high-hearted men to reach the most northern point in the world. I do hope what LeMay told us all remains true. Our supplies are plentiful, but if we do find the remnants of the last group, or if we are pushed too hard in our endeavours, we will return to the Isles post-haste with our metaphorical tails between our legs.

In the unfortunate case that we too are lost to the blizzards of God, I have taken the responsibility as the "Telecommunications Engineer and Advisor" to document our journey so that someone who

finds us will know what happened. I hope that the previous explorers did something similar. I find in our rapidly advancing era, the man who can fill in the largest page with the smallest amount of words evokes more than the grandest headstone.

Besides, if I am to perish, I bless whatever publisher can turn my words into a work of art that can take care of my family in my absence. A dark thought. But one that should be mused.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

August 24th, 1927

As we blast foreign smoke into these beautiful lands, my worries of a long expedition worry, nay, terrify me further. There were many goods picked up on the Canadian island where Inuit-raced faces gave us thousand-yard smiles. A rugged culture, and a trustworthy one too seeing that they held these supplies for Mr. LeMay during the last two weeks. I've never seen so much fresh water, cans of food, chocolate bars and alcoholic beverages. Benoit is upset he gave up his wine seeing what the New Yorker could afford. Steel barrels of bourbon tall as a man. An entire mine depleted of its metals for every container holding peaches, beef stews, and collard greens. Even cow carcasses ready for butchering are kept in cold storage.

But my word, for as sunny as it may be, what is the point of a refrigerator out here with the cold as bitter as it is. My fingertips hurt typing on this machine after being nudely exposed

to barely five minutes of this weather. It is by some odd peculiarity that the glacier lands up here are so dashing. The sky is so blue. The sun is out, but its rays do nothing to save my poor white face from turning red. At least we seemed to have enough cigarettes in the hold. So much tobacco you'd think Mr. LeMay bought Cuba's entire output of the crop. Three packs a day per every man, and that was for three months minimum before the remainder would have to be rationed.

That is what scares me. Why did LeMay buy so much for a hundred expedition members and the fifty crew of the ship if we were going to find a failed mission and leave? The North Pole is dreadfully hazardous, much more than the deadly South Pole was to reach back in 1911 and 1912.

The Frenchman calls me paranoid, and the concerns I've brought to the group seem to fall on deaf ears. I feel as if I am the only reasonable man amongst arrogant beasts. The thoughts of reaching the northern summit, if it can be imagined as a mountain, enraptured me before agreeing to it. But I value my life more than a name in a newspaper. Especially if the article is an obituary.

It has only been within three days of my last letter. I suppose I was naive to believe this would be a recovery journey and not a trial for prestige. Although, I am here, and I am surrounded by those professional and experienced, like myself. Mr. LeMay is a self-made man as well. Diego and his crew were no better than investment bankers with grandiose ambitions and misunderstandings about the wild. We're smart. We're all dependable.

I want to know what happened to them. It's a pull. A draw. I can't explain it properly as of now, but I will try to by time I write again.

Benoit has brought me food. A medium-rare porterhouse with peppercorn gravy, and a Portuguese white wine. Much better than what I could make at home. He even brought me tea. What a lad!

The journey is unknown on how long it can take. The ship's bow has an icebreaker fastened to it, but at some point we will have to trek by foot. To the former expedition or the centre of the north pole is a question I have in my mind. It won't be answered until time passes.

The Frenchman just spouted out several words of his native tongue, telling me to stop typing and start eating. I shall take his advice.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

August 26th, 1927

Word is abuzz on the cruiseliner. An American was out for a smoke early in the morning as we were fortunate enough to sail in blue waters when he saw it. Open cans resting on top of hard ice. Food from Diego's group no doubt. Unless some illegal expedition was travelling through the area, it had to be them.

I radioed this information to the home isle. Mr. LeMay knows of my involvement in keeping my government informed of this trip. I am not a spy, as some might categorise it as, but rather an ambassador to the group. After all, if anything terrible happened, it may only be by the British government's support to save our souls. The concept of our mortality is something that takes hold of my mind like a demonic possession. I am not a God-fearing man, and I am not a stranger to death. Yet, my heart aches for the day that we'll first find a skeleton or some

decaying corpse of those we are searching for. To go in such a way is hard to contemplate.

Another luxurious meal has been brought to my typing desk. Rabbit with a white sauce. Chardonnay and orange peel. I feel like I'm being fattened up. As if I'm some pig prepared for a slaughter. The morale is insanely high, and some of the men who have cocaine or morphine habits are getting their doses. Everyone's heart pumps alcoholic blood through their veins. There really is nothing better to do on a ship like this other than wait and get inebriated. Wait for something to happen. The cigarettes are all I need. I've seen too many mates from my more active duty days find the vices of the current day too enticing to put down when it comes to their personal lives. The days pass. The sun goes up and down and the moon does the same. I hope our high spirits continue.

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August 29th, 1927

The ice has piled up dramatically. No longer are we in the open ocean but a white desert. One as far as the eye can see. The amount of coal going into the furnace is enough to power an entire block of factories in London. Some days we barely move at all. The same mound of snow I saw from the front of the ship in the morning is now seen from the back of the ship come nighttime.

The men play cards, ping-pong, however. The absence of women on this journey is noted by all. I have more than a few of the more ruffian types complain about how Mr. LeMay bought every luxury available but not a single prostitute. They jest about him, saying that he fancies men. I don't care about such rumours or however. Besides, times are changing.

Though if there's anything I know about the navies of the world. Men without women will cause them to reconsider what they thought they'd never do. I haven't done anything of the such myself, but

I figure there will be those on this journey that may find themselves experimenting. It is 1927, not 1795, men should be able to do what they like as long as it doesn't affect unwilling others.

At least Benoit hasn't offered anything. The French are known for their "eclectic" tastes.

Mr. Naoko was someone I found again, discussing our travels over a game of chess. Despite my grandmaster days in university chess club, I lost every game to him. Thankfully, despite such losses, I had an enjoyable time. Amidst him cleaning his round glasses, he admitted to me of his own reservations towards this trip. I asked of his reasons for being here, and he told me that it would bring him and his country glory, which is well enough of a reason any man could have. I went further along, wanting to know about the meteorological conditions ahead of us. He said one word - "cold." We both laughed at that. Two men, from two very different parts of the world. Yet, he spoke my language.

I wonder of a world where everyone on this boat would be speaking Japanese instead of English. How different it might be. I felt a small shame at this fact, but if he did not speak my language, then we would not have had such a good time.

One aspect of this trip that does harken me to nature's cries is the trail of litter we've made so far. Empty cartons, chocolate wrappers, anything and everything, thrown into the ocean or the ice itself. A great author once said - 'Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.' While I don't believe in such a concept, I do believe that the holiness of this earth is all around us. It will not enjoy what we give to it; our trash; our refuse.

I wish that it will forgive us one day.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

September 2nd, 1927

I find myself unable to formulate much to write about. Since my last letter, there are hours where we are stuck in the ice, and those with the strength and courage to step upon the glaciers crack with shovels and pickaxes and sweat to clear our ship. Mr. LeMay has been told by the captain that it may be time for us to depart on foot, but the former frontiersman seems worried about that. Perhaps it has been long since the ruggedness of the trail, and he would prefer the joys of tasting brandy in a stuffy study with a warm and plenty stoked fire.

He is not to blame. I understand his reservations since I would also lose my comfy space. The idea of using a typewriter in a tent with how windy it can be in this arctic place troubles me. I also may lose my more colourful writing style, favouring something more concise, or rather, complete gibberish seeing as how chilly it might be.

For now, we enjoy what the chefs provide, the endless provisions, and whatever else. I address whatever issues have come to the only radio on board. A device Mr. LeMay has taken a curiosity with. He asks me questions about it. How it works, what our plan is if it were to be destroyed. I told him my honest opinion.

If it were to become inert and inoperable, our chances of survival become disturbingly grim.

The longer I think about it, the worse I feel. So many supplies, endless amounts of goods and food and however many more. But one radio? A single radio? Why is it my military radio? What happened to the ship's radio? Why did the American buy dozens of chocolate bars, but not a second radio?

I told Mr. Naoko of this, and he agreed with my suspicions. In fact, I appear to be the only Englishman, and he the only Japanese person. I offered him my trust and he did the same, a truce in other terms. Benoit is a fine man, but his eyes are stuck set on honour, or fame. He sees my worries as delusions. Perchance it is because we are the only men of science on board? I don't know how true that is, but like our nations in their old

alliance, the empires of never setting suns will vigilantly watch each other's backs.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

September 5th, 1927

In two days, it'll be two weeks since I started these writings. Twenty-one days have passed since leaving Scotland. Time feels odd here. We're told that we're constantly moving as long as we haven't stopped to manually break ice. Several hours in a day can be lost just hacking away at the tougher verglas.

However, last night, we were told that in the night, we had made more progress. It was a lie. A lie that I, Mr. Naoko, and the Frenchman, surprisingly, were the only ones to realise. The geography, the same trash in the same spot as the previous day.

I feel odd. I'm chewing into Black Forest Venison and drinking three mimosas as I type. Everyday it's the same thing.

High-quality meat, alcoholic bev, and assorted vegetables. I grasp a cigarette, smoke it, and then another. The radio here is meant to be not a luxury use, but sometimes I find myself

sneaking onto the Nordic radio waves. I can hear stations from Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and some deep in the Northwestern Territories. The voices are so warbled. I live a decadent life up here on this boat, and it feels like the love is starting to wear off. I've gained weight, as have the others.

Mr. Naoko took charge and for once, I had seen a suggestion encouraged by Mr. LeMay, and several others, based on Naoko's idea of getting our sea legs working. Running laps around the sides of the ship proved good exercise if one could bear to jog in clothes providing less warmth. I tried my hardest but I felt my body give in, the cold, the cold too much as I nearly dived into a nearby door to feel the warm interior.

I don't know where I am, where we are. Are we still trying to find a Mr. Diego Martin? Are we intending for the North Pole? Mr. Naoko has taken a room near myself and Benoit. The latter is still fixated on the egregious objective, but now he too at least understands our concerns.

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September 10th, 1927

When I think of how long it's been, I have to recall in my mortal mind that the Southern Pole expedition took just around two months. That doesn't include the travel time to the Great Ice Barrier where they started. In reality, our start came from Greenland.

We've found more evidence of the last expedition. A couple tents that were never taken down. A few lads in our group were of those that 'waste-not-want-not,' taking the opportunity to break up ice while collecting the evidence for ourselves. Mr. LeMay talked about how we had enough tents and winterly amenities to house a full regiment of men on one of Jupiter's coldest moons. This entrepreneur is quite the eccentric man.

Though, I hope this means we'll be finishing with our primary objective. Mr. Naoko and I have prepared a document of protest

with Benoit's begrudging approval and signature stating we do not intend to support an expedition to the North Pole. This is beyond our comfort zone.

There is still something neither of us can explain. The obsession with Martin's lost group. Mr. Naoko told me the same feelings I had upon the reading of his recruitment letter. The tea in his hand a tad warmer than it'd been before taking in the words back in his homeland. The mystery of it all - as to what happened, and that urge to figure out the truth. Benoit said of something similarly, but his body still compels him to go, as he says - "as far as I can into the great white north."

Troubling. Extremely troubling. As if that's not enough to make my poor heart beat harder, the radio hasn't been the best. I tried contacting the government, but all receptions are shaky on every frequency. I have to trust that the interference can be dealt with, after all, I have ideas and actions I intend on taking. I am an engineer after all, and, advisor I suppose. Many of these adventurers are gritty men, able to start a fire with the most basic of materials. I don't doubt they can't take care of themselves, but I am an important asset to this team. I wait for the climax to come, and then this all will be over.

While the radio might not give me the news of the world and its affairs, the green pulsing lights of fantastical Hyperborea can still be enjoyed with hot chocolate and buttered rum. Aurora Borealis. A marvel of Earth, and dare I say it, Heaven itself.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

September 14th, 1927

We found them. We actually found them. The whole ship is alive with conversation, what the news Mr. LeMay brought us along with what our eyes saw from the starboard of the vessel. Men with large and loud guns fired at giant, white, fuzzy beasts that infested the decrepit camp site. What many are calling the final stop in Diego Martin's journey. As to why these polar bears would stick around a former human settlement is another mystery to add onto the pile. The firearms scared them easily enough, almost too easily Benoit mentioned. An elephant could take many rounds, and all it would do is make them angrier. But to the Frenchman, the ideas that these animals would run from what seemed to be their home is peculiar.

Later that day, Benoit told me that he could see polar bears mating in the distance via his binoculars. With a heavy French accent, he said - "as if Lyon's red light district allowed all

deviants to fuck on the street." His words, not mine. A veterinarian was the closest person on the ship with animal knowledge, and to them, they had never heard of such behaviour in any species of bear. He theorised that our presence gave them anxiety, and that was the reason for the strangeness.

Hard to beat that line of thinking. Had witless men fired guns at me too, I might ask my metaphorical wife for a quick shag, excuse my raunchiness.

Something to note, possibly not, I took a look-see through the field glasses myself, perceiving as it seemed rather - one-sided? The females were roaring, the males doing what they do. Benoit picked up on my discomfort, and answered my question before I asked it. It's something to do with heat - the biological process that drives animals to mate. The women of their species might not always be willing, but it has to happen, he says. There could be times when they will want it, but seemingly, this was not that time. Claws and teeth were used. I don't remember feral dogs in London trying to kill each other over sex.

But, as soon as the copulation started, the females seemed to cool off, losing that odd vigour or drive. In fact, whatever resistance they did have was gone. It was like that's what they

needed. They came in aggressive, fought, lost, were inseminated, and then, at peace? If that peace can be seen as true or from the act of dominance.

The animal kingdom confuses me. I'm happy I have my inhibitions, my reasonable mindset. However, a group of men at lunch discussed how the animals being mated were the same ones that were fired at. The sows roared at our ship before we even realised they were there. Some, some really didn't want to leave beyond the perimeter of the former camp.

But of course this comes from the words of those that have spread these tall tales. The seldom few that watched from the ship of all this occur, the tracking of who was who in this whole scenario. They were all animals! They need to go do, whatever it is animals do. Something else on this matter is much more important, and it came from Mr. LeMay himself.

There are no human remains. Evidence of humans existing here is obvious even to the blind, and the deaf, but no skeletons, no blood, no carcasses. It was impossible, in his words, for them to continue on from this point onward. Most of their exhausted supplies and torn cold gear was here.

Our ship had run into harder ice this time. We were taking a break, but in my eyes, it was the base of operations to continue further to the north. Mr. Naoko and I were ready to present our objections. That was at least before we were told that investigations would have to be undertaken, and since I was one of the only governmental figures there, I would be heavily involved.

We'd start tomorrow, as night had already fallen on us. Eggs Benedict and Pineapple Vodka was the meal for tonight, plus a few delectable cherries for dessert. I eagerly await tomorrow.

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September 15th, 1927

I awoke at dawn. The sound of ice chippers trying to stop the deck from becoming slick, and dangerous to walk on. The idea that this naval craft is the last line of defence for civilization. Nearly every man from every part of humanity exists here, their hands held tightly in cooperation. The downwards ramp to the surface has been fastened tightly, making sure we can reach the safety of the ship in case of animal attack. Even with that precaution, we have some of the finest sharpshooters this far north on our side. The gentlemen here respect nature, even if they seem like they don't. I do not agree with Benoit's hunts in Africa, but I do believe him when he talks about the purity of the creatures that coexist with us on our globe. Nobody here wants to kill a curious mind.

Firstly, the smell was terrible. The droppings left behind by the polar bears could be noticed even before descending to the snow.

What animals do. The tents were surprisingly used, the creatures having slept inside. Mr. LeMay hypothesised that the weather and lack of resources for the bears made this former base camp a blessing for them. It sounded agreeable enough.

I should say that I took additional notes while there, things that weren't exactly said but the sight was obvious. Used nourishment bars, empty food cans. People did eat here, people lived here at one point.

It also appears the animals living here could smell the food. Some of the cans were smashed open or had teeth marks in them. Sorry beasties, it is unfortunate they were not blessed with thumbs like we were. What was documented was also recorded with photography and motion cameras. It is odd to think in some years if this journey is made famous that my cheeky smile and quick hand wave could be viewed by millions around the world. Maybe even in a hundred years?

Tufts of fur, random knick knacks, baubles and family ornaments, but no humans. Scraps of trash, and no humans. Coats left behind, no frozen bodies, just, no humans. It seems that no matter how many five-star dining courses you give hardened men, the legends and myths of what happened here will take to our heads and ruin

that morale made from such high-quality opulence. The men here are spooked, as am I. It feels like it will be easier for Mr. Naoko, Benoit, and myself to convince the others to turn back. Around twenty individuals are already wanting to send the M.S. Nanook in reverse and back to the most immediate human settlement.

But that is the thing! I don't want to. I need to know what happened to these men. I can't say I know much about polar bears, but why were they so interested in this place? What did they want other than food or odd shelter? Did they not have a better place? Was it seriously our presence that made them mate with one another so voraciously? None of it makes sense.

I tried to radio my findings to London, but the machine seemed dull or dud. Nothing on it works on receiving or sending messages, and I'm fairly certain it is because of some kind of interference. I'm just not sure what. It is a longwave radio, it should work at such distances, over mountains and through valleys and the skies of storms. Now? Nothing.

There was nothing else to debate. I did not tell anyone else but Mr. LeMay himself. We've lost our contact with the outside world. I expected the worst, but he took it on the chin with a stoutness

rivalled by a member of Manchester's finest. He told me to keep working on getting it to work, and to not fear, for we are not in any danger, and the food supplies are quite plentiful. The most decadent and easy to expire is being used first, with the more base and bland for emergencies. A reasonable plan with good execution. Though it would've been much more reasonable to have brought another form of communication. Or maybe that was my fault? Maybe he did not know? I assumed he would've bought more. Was this my fault?

Putting all that aside, thankfully, the glacial bears have decided against testing our boundaries. They are large in number, but we have more, and that must dissuade them from tempting us.

My head is going to hit a pillow once I finish this report. We plan on trying to move out and surveying the nearby area. At this point there's a deep hope we can find some kind of remains; having to believe they've just disappeared is too much for a lot of us to bear. 'Bear.' Ha. I'll leave it in.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

September 16th, 1927

We found something. I wanted to write immediately about my experiences but I found a hidden resolve to keep my desires in check. The entire boat is ablaze in gossip. Only a few men including me have discovered what lies nearby, and it, well it cannot be human.

Mr. LeMay's Turkish advisor discovered it first, scouting under the cover of marksmen who did not discern dangerous beasts nearby. It started with a large hole, and that's as far as he felt his person should go. We were collected. With courage and fear, we descended, the natural light of the sun keeping us enshrined in a white-blue hue. Mr. LeMay still insisted on using our battery-operated torches which I agreed with even if we could see dimly.

I thought it was more slippery, the texture just appeared as so. Yet our footing was strong, and soon we found ourselves no longer in some man-made tunnel, but the start of some kind of grand hall.

A structure, here in the middle of the snowy wastes! I've already tried my best with the radio, adjusting the wires, and the antennae. Someone in the outside world needs to know this exists!

We were treated to a holy sight. The glacial hallway opening to a huge open room ornately designed. Columns in key places kept the ceiling from collapsing onto the rest, and everything was so strange and alien to our knowledge of the world. Images were taken, notes transcribed, and sketches hastily drawn on paper by those with the skill to do so. Devices I have never seen in my life were everywhere, on the walls, on the ground, some floating in mid air, defying every law of our world.

But that wasn't what terrified me the most. A door was sealed, metal, a material our foundries a hundred years from now could never make. There would be no opening it. But on both sides of this door were two statues. The style was harsh, and authoritative. Two animalistic creatures standing on legs similar to a human's holding some kind of bladed weapon as they stared

outward, like cold, silent guardians. I said what was on my mind, I told them it looked like a polar bear. Though, not a literal one, but something resembling it.

Another American, one skilled in aircraft, gave us something similarly off the top of his own head. What if this, what if this whole structure we reside in, is something aerial. A craft, or a ship? Just like something from those fantasy tales about Martians.

I don't know how to explain it. My eyes welled up with tears when I thought about it. It's this. This was where my obsession brought me. I must have not cared about Diego's group, their disappearances; it was THIS! This is more than the Northern pole, this is the existence of something we cannot explain. The longer we examined the shape of this room, the more we noticed how it could be like a common area. How could we have understood something like this so quickly?

Using icepicks and our intellect, we found other doors similar to the one between the two bearish statues. Although, why statues for only that door? Mr. LeMay said it first, that there must be "a treasure of great importance" behind it. Despite everything, we were stuck in this odd forum, our only exit the way we came.

We spent a great deal in that room, tapping on buttons and adjusting the analogs. The mutual curiosity went further, as we found large screens like something crystalline and square in shape. You could tap it with your finger, and we determined it was some form of glass, but that was as far as we got. Our own disappearance would unnerve those no longer caring about the fine and delicious nightly meals.

Mr. LeMay implored secrecy but it was not my word that broke the seal. By nighttime, everyone, including the crew of the ship, was aware of the chamber. Our leader was forced to use up all of the good will he accumulated these last few weeks to convince everyone to sleep for the night. A task that I don't believe even Napoleon himself could accomplish. It'll be tomorrow. We'll have everyone there, inside the inhuman structure. I know the uses of dynamite in archeology even if I'm not sure of its effectiveness.

But if it means we can figure out what's behind that door, then I say fire the entire Somme artillery line at it.

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September 17th, 1927

My throat. Something is wrong with my throat.

The men are frantically working hard to break the ice that has formed behind our ship. Several people have been confined to their rooms, complaining about a sickness. They lament about parts of their body not feeling as their own. I understand what they mean, and I can't let them know I feel the same way.

I'm going to start at the beginning, at the very inception of how our day turned into this confusing delirium.

Breakfast was brief, no one cared to eat food rivalled by Parisian chefs, they wanted to get calories quickly in, and they wanted to see this discovery for themselves. The expedition travelled in formation, keeping distance while having those with ranged weapon training carry the guns while others armed

themselves with knives and alternative sharp blades. It was like a queue to an amusement park, those lining up and basking in the wonder of what those ahead were confronting. The talk in their native languages, the ways each man spoke amazement.

Even if one could ignore the various devil-like gadgets both inactive and seemingly alive, the floating objects and surfaces sealed the deal in this place being unholy, out of this world. It hurts the mind, and the polar bear styled statues continued to inflict additional nervousness. Some men were stuck staring at them, others unable to even look at the still sculptures.

Mr. LeMay, he, he was rather confident, more confident than I've ever seen him. I could've sworn I caught a smile as he spoke to everyone, telling us that we've finally found evidence of something beyond ourselves, and that we would be rewarded. That all we had to do was try to get beyond the door between the giant, snowy ursine idols and the secrets would be revealed.

What secrets?! What kind of secrets were we wanting? We came here for Diego Martin's fate, and perhaps some kind of bourgeois attempt at getting ourselves killed by reaching an icy tramp of snow at the magnetic top of our world. And now we're here?! A promise of secrets in some godforsaken extraterrestrial craft?

I don't like to mess up my documents. I apologise for the unprofessionalism. My throat is still odd. It doesn't hurt to swallow but it does feel - unnatural. I gaze at my face in my nearby hand mirror and I swore I shaved this morning. Little infant hairs where my stubble might be. But they expand even lower, past the jaw and chin and nearly down my neck. Their colour, it must be from the age of the hairs? It's a white shade. I'm not THAT old, not yet. It is a bit nice to touch. Soft for sure.

But it's not my hair. It's not me. I'm growing hairs that are not my own and I don't know how to stop it. The necklace I wear is getting so tight, I have to take it off. It is too much right now.

The chamber. That's right. I was so distracted. The word "secrets" was not taken well by many of the men. It seemed that we were split down the middle, those trying to leave while others carried in the explosives they brought. Mr. Naoko, Benoit, and myself were quiet observers. A throng to the left of us roaring out to start the ocean liner and leave. A mass of individuals in their fuzzy coats on our right screaming out with their own

opinions to keep moving in. It was the first time in a long time I had no clue on how to proceed.

Yet, even I could scarcely believe the events that occurred next. Around twenty-five of the expedition's number tried to leave up the tunnels, only to be shown the end of several barrels. Those same men that helped us, protected us, were now our capturers. Not all of those armed with fire joined in the confidential order given by Mr. LeMay, guns now aimed at several different persons like a Mexican standoff.

The tension was too much, and it all came crashing down. Every man on this journey, from the paid chefs and labourers on the boat, to the hired expedition members like myself, were in this room. All at once. The ship was unmanned, and, well. Those sky blue statues, their lights glowed azure as men went to mess with the forbidden door. Those that didn't want to look found the event too bizarre to avert their eyes. This includes me. Why didn't I look? Why?

Some kind of force shot out, a pulse. Before I knew it, I was asleep, as was everyone else.

Two hours passed. Two hours of around one hundred and fifty men laying on the floor of this otherworldly foyer. I was one of the first to come to consciousness. No one was spared their hours in the void of their own mind. I felt lurid, and in a way, I still do now as I type. I'm writing simply through the usage of my own adrenaline from the situation. Mr. LeMay has been severely muted and everyone has agreed to leave for Scotland post hence. Even the men who once took the order to keep us firmly imprisoned now wanted out. That obsession I once spoke of? That too was gone. I felt no connection here. I try my hardest to work the radio but still it is the same useless chunk from before.

The quarantines, I can't believe we've gone this far so quickly. It started with people giving the same symptoms of uneasiness. The words they used I recognized as out-of-body experiences from my friends in the therapeutic field of medicine. A few specific individuals went into some kind of hysteria, rambling about how they wanted to go home, how all they had to do was jump into the ocean and they could swim to Europe.

I hate it. I hate knowing exactly what they mean. The water, it doesn't seem bad. It seems fine even. Something in me is just yelling to do it, to go and run and never look back. Doom. Doom is here, and I feel lost.

I am never one to be overtly lewd, but there is more than just that. Many times during this session I find my hand brushing against my penis, the hardness feeling oddly foreign yet welcome at the same time. I've always seen myself as a prude person, I don't need to masturbate like some animal. But there's a pain in my chest, it hurts, but not in a painful way. It's a burden, a weight I can't lift. It is like anxiety, and I need it gone, and I need to hold my prick with a firm grip and tug, and keep tugging. I want to ejaculate. I want to just relax, and cum.

I don't know what's gotten over me. I'm going to bed as of now and I am going to wake up and we'll be heading back to where we came from. Throw that blasted LeMay into the brig for all I care.

I'm not going to date this. It's still the same day, mostly. Late into the night we found an intruder on board. The whole ship went into chaos. I wasn't there to see the situation unfold, but I did see the end result that finally calmed everyone.

A Mr. Hull opened the door to a room occupied by Mr. McGuire, the latter having severe issues with this disease of no obvious

symptoms. Inside, laying on Mr. McGuire's bunk as if it owned the place, was a massive beast of incredible proportions. A polar bear. It had somehow snuck by us all, and apparently even the man last seen in that room.

With roars and screams and a level of unity that makes me think we can make it out of this situation, a horde of grizzled globetrotters took arms and forced the beast from the vessel. From what I heard, never had they seen such a cowardly ursine, roaring out in abject terror in response to our courageous battle cries. It felt like we bested its advantageous size with our own hearts full of raw bravery.

Mr. Naoko, god bless him, was the one to wake me. I was able to watch as this animal ran down our ramp, into the camp and stayed there, looking at us with an expression I could not determine. I felt as if it was a pleading one, but why would a mindless creature that we had not domesticated have emotions like that. Emotions of desperation? An over eager marksman shot at it, and it too ran off into the dark. The shooter, and an ally of his, used a searchlight on the front bow to train the light on it, firing at its heels to make sure it would never even think of coming back.

Then, from the shadows, two male bears descended upon the stowaway, one taking the front, the other the back. We were all given a very "interesting" show. A reminder of the animalism that reigns out in these wastes. Our intruder was a female apparently, and she too had that unwillingness the previous ones did. But, once the "act" commenced, it was over, and she was calm.

It seems we owe these males from another species a sign of gratitude. They keep these crazed girls from getting themselves hurt by being so close to human inhibition.

A quick investigation of Mr. McGuire's room determined that he must be elsewhere on the ship. The bear who invaded was more than likely in some kind of rut, or heat as the veterinarian described it. She seems to have leaked onto the bed, and used the vertical side bars of the cot as some kind of sexual scratching post, for feminine sludge was still staining the alloy.

I noticed it but did not dare speak it. The word "leaking," when used, made several faces on men all around me twitch. Even the smell in the mess hall was different. I don't know how to explain it, but something was off, the aroma, the scents. It bothers me even as I write this.

The Frenchman is complaining about how much I type as he tries to sleep. His nose, I can't admit it to his face right now, but it's darker than I last remembered it. As if coal was rubbed on it. He swears up and down that he feels fine, but tomorrow, tomorrow I'll worry about this.

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Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

September 18th, 1927

I can't help but feel as if we've made a terrible mistake. Nobody has wanted to confess it, but we all know it. Even those sleeping through the mayhem of last night feel guilty. A curse has befallen us.

Benoit's nose was more than just black. It wasn't human anymore. My neck, it's covered in not hair, no, but rather fur. It is of the same material that makes my hood so insulated. I took a razor to it, but fifteen minutes later it was back, as if I never cut it at all.

I haven't seen Mr. LeMay nor Mr. Naoko since yesterday. The morning made our slumbers mean nothing at cutting into our nervousness. Screams were heard throughout the ship as it appears some men are changing further than others, but nobody knows why. One sailor showed me his hand, using sputtering words and

stammers to explain as it perfectly resembled the paw of a large mammal, white fur just like on my neck, with claws thicker than a chef's knife. It did not fit on his body. It did not belong on his body.

IT WAS NOT HIS BODY. His thumb was gone! All of his fingers were gone. Tears were in his eyes; a grown man nearly crying. Earlier in the week he shot at polar beasts attempting to test us and now here he was, with a bestial hand. A paw.

My head hurts. My throat feels like it's bulging. Some people are still trying to act like everything is normal, but it's not! They tried to serve food as if we weren't afflicted, but we cherish their efforts all the same in making sure we're fed. Some of us are lucky, some have just a few extra hairs here or there! But the "thing" we saw earlier made us understand more of our eventual fate if we do not escape.

We stared at it, "him" from beyond the glass of the boiler room. Heads cluttered around a single circular window to see what had been trapped inside. It was a man, a simple crew member not of the official expedition. His face had a muzzle, he walked on all fours, and his body was ginormous. Yet, he still had human qualities. Eyebrows that were still there, blotches of blackening

skin. An onyx nose, four paws just like the man from earlier with simply one. The being in the boiler room was a polar bear, but it was impossible for such an animal to be in there to begin with.

From beyond our looking glass, the veil that separated us, we asked the creature questions, and it nodded and shook its head, understanding perfect English. One of the men next to me, when told of the news, howled in terror. He shouted the words - "we killed him! We killed him!"

Mr. McGuire is not missing. He was found. And we chased him out. And we witnessed his consummation. We witnessed the shattering of his mind, torn from his safety of the boat by those he once called friends, pushed into the embrace of nature, who welcomed him.

WE. KILLED. HIM. The words still resonate in my mind. Bloody hell. The bear in the boiler room was kept there, for now.

The higher ups are keeping Mr. LeMay's location a secret. I thought I was someone to be trusted with such knowledge, but apparently not.

Some of us are developing faster than others, and we don't know why. When I went for some fresh air, I found a man sitting on the deck outside, upper clothing bundling him tightly. But as my eyes drifted below his waist, I saw the lower half of a polar bear, a polar bear! Wide, girthy hips, legs that were like a tree trunk. Shoes couldn't fit, and neither would pants, but he didn't seem to mind the cold. He had his legs between a pole of the railing, delicately kicking feet that could engulf my entire head. He was shifting against it, trying to, hide something? He was too bothered to see that I was behind him as he grunted. Or moaned might be a better word.

As soon as he saw me, he repositioned himself and tried to play everything off coolly. I didn't parse it at the time, I had seen so much mania recently I've become jaded to profoundness itself. He had a smell about him. It's a feature I cannot properly explain to one who has not experienced it, but I will try.

It's a faint sweetness, like fresh honey or sugarcane in refinement all around you. It's in the air, always, it's everywhere now. At the start of the day, it was something I only noticed briefly, but now I can't smell anything else. Your nose prickles with the aroma, as if you finally took in that great inhale that cleared your stuffy nostrils. That same feeling, again, and again. You detect a warmth in your chest, your head,

your crotch. It makes you shutter. One might think that they want to smell that charming fragrance their entire lives, but those are only "some" of the positives, if you can even call them that. Even if there's a positivity to it, I can still sense how unnatural it is. How it's not "me."

Now, I want you to imagine the worst possible moment in your life. And I want you to imagine that it was your fault, even if this moment was just unlucky to you. There's a draw, an anxiety deep in my gut. Something is wrong, and it's not the fact that everyone's changing. It's a part of the unnaturalness of our situation. A spirit within me that is not one of my own creation is pulling me to a destination I am not aware of. Two sections of my soul are in conflict, screaming that something is not right! The first is something I recognize, it's me, it's, it's, it knows the fur on my neck is wrong! The second is that pull, that drive to accomplish or, dare I say, "give into" it. Though I have no clue what "it" is supposed to mean, with every sniff of that mysterious pheromone, that pull gets a little more power, a little stronger.

It wants me to masturbate. Fine, I admit it. I really want to. I want to "so" badly. Nonverbally, it tells me. All I have to do to get that feeling out of my body is just to touch myself. My penis

is fully erect, it's pulsating as I type, stuck in my pant leg as it's popped out from my underwear. I must give myself credit for getting all this out without more errors.

But that man grunting by the railing, the one with the lower polar bear half, I think he was grinding his genitalia against it. Hell, if I have this instinct, it is possible so does every other man on this ship. A hundred and fifty, or, a hundred and forty-nine people on this vessel full of sexual tension is a recipe for disaster. Although, now that I think about it, why didn't that half-bear man have an erection like me? The polar bears must have genitalia larger than our own, why was his not there?

Like it was missing?

I stopped typing upon that revelation, running as fast as I could to the others in charge, to let them know our changes might go beyond just our species. There was this sort of council that's formed of LeMay's top officers. On my way there, I was frightened of the sights I saw. Every human being I passed was affected in

some way. We all must really be changing together and not a single person is going to be spared.

They brought me into a deeper part of the ship, a place I hadn't seen yet. They already knew, they knew last night. Two of them dropped their drawers without prompting nor shame. Stiff upper lips as they allowed me to get a closer look.

A slit. There was a tiny amount of difficulty in seeing it, but once I did, it was hard to miss. Obscured by white bristles was the moist line that marks the fairer sex. A vagina. The two men had vulvas for Christ's sake! I gasped in horror as I noticed a drizzle softly ooze out like caramel on parlour ice cream. That scent, that aroma I described before, well, with that liquid pop, it was so much stronger. Like I was smelling the centre of a candied apple. When I inquired as to why they'd allow the spritz to come out, I was told with their eyes in a frantic state that they couldn't "control" it. That it just "came out" on its own. Against their will, their bodies were doing things for them.

Terrifying. Absolutely terrifying. If that wasn't enough, they mentioned what was more than likely the cause. It was as I feared. I came to let them know our sexes were more than likely

to change. Obviously they knew that, and here they were already having learnt of something I hadn't.

To touch one's self, is to accelerate the change. Mr. McGuire was one of the unfortunate sods who pleased himself all night. They found bottles, phallic fruits taken from our stockpiles, all covered in the same sexual slime that now emitted from the men's crotches. Did that mean – that mine too would wilt?

It's late into the night. My chest is bloating now. I undid the buttons on my shirt, and sure enough, white fur. I look like some venerable sixty year old with such pearly chest hairs. There are men day and night in shifts trying to break us from the trappings of ice. The people on watch have noticed that polar bears are getting closer on the horizon. We are in their home, trespassers, litterers, intruders. What did we find out here, and why are we damned because of its discovery?

I really shouldn't touch anything. It is, so, hard. Everything. It wouldn't hurt to touch, it wouldn't hurt to touch. Why am I so erect? I'm squirting down my trousers with how hard I feel, with how aroused I am. I've never squeezed my legs together more in my life. It's just, so nice, to grind my thigaldfndmldfjvoldrja;af

I apologise for that. It suddenly came. I couldn't stop it. I had to get a rag and clean up the mess I've made, my own sperm soaked to my socks as if I've pissed myself. I'm afraid, I'm really afraid. The climax I just experienced was the best I've ever felt in my entire life. All women I've made love to have never made me explode with such tenderness. That anxiety, it is gone now. In all respects, I'm going through some kind of bliss. A euphoria higher than medicinal stimulants. As if I know they'll get us out of the ice, and we'll be saved.

It's just that, I thought of - I can't. I shouldn't. I don't want those who read this to know it but I promised myself. I promised I'd give a clear report. Mr. McGuire's fate. I imagined myself in her, his position. I'm not a homosexual, and I've never had homoerotic thoughts, but the idea of beasts so gruff holding me down, the animal nature of it. It's tantalising! There's no other way of explaining it! The unnaturalness is becoming natural, and I'm horrified even saying those words. That's unnatural on its own! I'm not a female, I'm not a bear. I'm a tough Englishman who's going to make it.

I had to add this to the report. The fur is spreading faster.
It's on my belly now. I completely forgot about the spread from
sex so soon. I can't touch, or else I'll fall to the same fate
Mr. McGuire did. I can't. I can't become a bear. I can't. I
can't. I can't. I can't. I can't. I

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September 18th, 1927

I wish these reports could be like the previous ones. Where I'd take a few days between each to note about some boring aspect of our trip. It's not like that anymore. Another five men have become polar bears. That makes six of us. They can still speak, albeit like if your dog tried to talk to you. Some might find that it lessens the dread, to know that these people are still of their own mind, that they can still speak. Yet, to me, the dread only worsens, for they aren't themselves anymore. Sure, they can communicate, but what is human communication without being able to talk and have no trouble in doing so?

We're keeping them in the brig, and they're being good sports about it. There's an irony in it. They are large beasts, ones that could kill us all, but they tap at the bars of their cells, they're polite. They ask for water, for food, when to go to the bathroom. They're like pets now. They have no way of using their

hands like us, no way of wearing clothes. They're leaking everywhere from their cunts; I've heard a few janitors complain about the mess. It appears we really are all going to become female. It just doesn't seem real. That this is some dream.

I was told not to create a panic. Benoit, his face slowly pressing out into some snout, he's asked about the aroma. I lied to him, I really did. I told him I wasn't sure what it was, but with that new nose of his, he might be smelling a lot more than I am currently. And, my mirror does not lie, my own nose is darkening. It's pitiful.

The men are talking, as they always do. Those who are keeping care of our fully transformed members have picked up on the fact that the bears are seemingly "always" hungry. In a day, a man needs a certain amount of food to eat in order to be adequately fed. Now, with polar bears, they're larger, and they spend much of their time doing things that animals do, with greater exercise and high-functioning bodily systems. Some thought the new bears were being greedy, or were bored with their time, but it made sense once they were explained to.

It's possible that the food required for us to have healthy lives is six times of that for a polar bear. Suddenly our food reserves

feel a little less safe than we thought. That also doesn't even account for their size. We held them in the brig just to store them somewhere, because having them in the hallways, well, you couldn't walk down it! Their bodies are so wide you'd have to wait for one to pass before you could go the way you wanted.

A brig. Might as well call it a goddamn kennel. People have been going through cigarettes, alcohol, and more too quickly.

Yesterday we lost someone else who chugged an entire bottle of scotch. He was pretty much four-fifths of a bear at that point, just downing it all whilst in the mess hall by holding the glass phial upwards in his muzzle. Then a second, then a third.

The watch was determined to have failed to see the drunken bear fall onto the hard ice, breaking past it and into the water after we removed the ramp. I heard from the higher-ups that those who were supposed to be guarding were too busy masturbating, and so when they finally saw our inebriated ally, it was too late.

Why were they so visual about describing it? "He was drinking from a bear's 'bottle' by the time we caught sight of him."

These male ursines, they're so excited. They seem to swarm and just throw their cocks wherever they can. Into your rear, your

genitals, your mouth, even grinding onto your body. Men made their jokes, of course they did.

They said "at least he was drunk."

At least he was drunk. I guess that's a nice thought. Being so large, along with the dizziness of intoxication. Clumsiness is to be expected. Now we've 148 men left. Six fully animalized, and more pretty close to it. I've never been asked to open more things from thumbless people ever in my life before. I feel bad for those that could not lose those limbs last. I wonder what I'll do once mine are gone. Such a troubling concept to have to experience.

I helped a man smoke a cigar earlier. His head was completely changed and he slurred his words as he tried to speak with that new tongue, the new kind of mouth a beast like that possesses. His thumbs were gone too. I couldn't tell if he was sad as he just puffed in the smoke and sat there. The expressions he made reminded me of the black and brown bears I saw at the London zoo. That worries me, for either I am starting to see bears as more human, or that humans have more in common with bears than I realised. Thoughts I never had until a situation like this.

I continued to help the bear-headed person with his smoke, taking it out and putting it back in until he grunted that it was enough. I could smell his crotch. He was female. So many men in this very room were talking and trying to ignore the fact that they were female too. They ignored the scents, they didn't know its origin.

My nose is getting too good. I just "know" who is male, who is female, and who is in between by how sweet the odours are. It's not sweet in a traditional sense. It's not like a rose or sugar, but more molasses. It, it is not human, so to describe it to someone who doesn't have the nose of a bear, it's difficult. Even calling it molasses-like is incorrect. There's a heat, literally, and maybe that's where I'm getting the smoky tones?

There's so much to say. And so little words to chronicle. People I saw in the morning relatively normal would be misshapen monstrosities by the evening. One person "only" had the arms and legs of a polar bear, and was forced to walk on his hands and feet, like a dog. I don't know why that got me considering we have people in the brig fully an animal. I guess it's seeing their faces. Each man here has been through more than the typical person even before our current circumstances. So when you look

and see someone like that, in that predicament, unable to walk on two legs, their face, and how they try to keep their composure.

It breaks you. I want to go home. I don't want to be a polar bear. I don't even know why this is happening. I want to go home. I want to go home. I want to

Benoit is telling me to go to sleep now. He's bigger than his bed now. He's changing faster than me. With his accent becoming more and more screwy. He complains that he doesn't know why, but I do. I can't say that he's lying. I just know something within wants us to play with our pricks over this situation.

Except Benoit doesn't have a cock anymore. You could tell earlier in the day simply from the lack of a bulge in his pants.

My arms. They're bigger. Swelling up. I don't think I want to sleep. I'm losing my humanity, and to sleep means I lose it faster.

God.

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September 19th, 1927

I tried to put a pillow between my legs. I figured it would help, having a blocker there to stop my idle hand from playing with myself as I rested in my dreamstate. All it did was give me an appropriate tunnel to rut and grind into. As if I was some humping mutt.

This scent is like a sickness. Literally so. Imagine a stuffy nose, that sulfuric, diseased smell that lingers in your nostrils. Every scent taken is another reminder it's there. That's what our crotches are like. Even mine is now departing. Five inches, that's how big I was, six on a good day.

It was three now, and no matter my arousal, it wasn't getting stiff. Just leaking out like a damn faucet. I join those with obvious crotch stains, which only makes the smell better "and" worse. It's like my pre-ejaculates are now a completely different

substance. I find my legs shaking near constantly, and the showers' pipes have frozen solid. We're back to manual washing.

Twenty-five people are packed like sardines in multiple rooms, laying over one another as they've finished their changes. Those are only the ones that we've counted as well. We've started headcounts at the start and end of our days now. Mr. LeMay is still missing, and it's not just him either. Guard shifts at night are beginning to be handed out like candy, for four individuals are now missing. Tracks located near the back of the boat show that some of our brood tried walking their way back to civilization in the bodies they had.

Another development has occurred as well. It appears those who have taken charge are outlawing any more wanks. Not only does it slow the spread of the curse, but it keeps the mind calm. For, well, one of the polar bears in the brig, or one of the makeshift rooms made into a brig, started playing with herself, himself. It affects the mind, that's the only possibility. She, he, she, he, I don't know what to say, they acted like the literal animal. It clawed at the walls, roaring, howling, it growled at those who brought it food. Using our wits we closed certain ways off, scaring it with man made fire as we pushed the rabid thing off

the boat, to which it sprinted towards Diego Martin's abandoned camp, and off into the distance.

I saw this first hand. It saw the males that have been stalking our hideaway, no doubt smelling our scents, and well, she gave herself up to them. Turned around, became taut, and took everything they gave. One of the men seeing the sight was jerking himself off to it, holding the railing with one bearish paw while the other, still having a thumb, was stimulating his shrunken penis.

Everyone was watching the far off copulation in a deep trance, even me. I felt, jealousy. The wanker tried to jump over the boat, able to be stopped by a few strong willed and strong armed men who pulled him back. This buzz in my crotch. We all have it.

And we all know it instinctually. The male polar bears out there can fix this, make this right. But we'll never go back to our rightful selves. Or maybe I'm the only one thinking that? I don't have the gall to say it out loud. I don't want to be seen, as, as a freak.

But I am one. I went into the bathroom to discover my entire front was full of fur. Four areolas now laid on my chest, thick

teats that jiggled like breasts. I touched one of the nipples, squeezing it until something as white as my fur came out. Even my stomach is getting hefty.

I had grasped the sides of the sink, struggling to accept that this was happening to me as thick gunks of sludge descended down my legs like a snail's slime trail. My pulse is constantly through the roof, and all I want to do is touch, and touch, and touch. It's impossible not to touch. Even smudging my hips together does me in. It's any kind of arousal at all.

No one is spared from the changes now. Even the most celibate monastery monk who's devoted his life to the Lord could not hold back the ache.

I found Mr. Naoko. He has changed more than me, but what I find is a rather strange way. Splitting his body into two, one side is ursine, and the other human. A muzzle has grown in, but fur has only grown on the bear half. He's still forced to walk on all fours, and soon he'll be put into captivity. There were a few already suggesting he should be.

Despite his ethnic makeup, there is no difference between him and the rest of those changing. The Great Equaliser has come. Racism

is dead, and all it took was for us to lose the very concept of what brought such bigotry into our world to begin with.

Benoit is much the same, arms and legs burly and furred, a muzzle outstretched to its further point. It would be comedic if it wasn't so outlandish. Seeing him struggle to speak English with not only the accent of a Frenchman but of a bear's muzzle too.

He cried to me this morning, his giant head resting on my lap. I caught him sniffing my groin, but I knew he wasn't whinging in deception. He thought that he was the reason this was happening to us. He asked me to forgive him, or if I could. All those animals he hunted on the Dark Continent, they were coming back to haunt him. He prayed to every god from the depths of the Earth to the centre of the Sun just for this all to be a hallucination.

The wine we shared on our first night. He told me he stuck the empty thing up his new vaginal cavity, that he reached orgasm by imagining it was a bear's penis. How his sexual desires were not of lovely women. Even trying to conceptualise the many feminine partners he often bragged about were replaced with bears with every formulation. Women were disgusting according to him, and not even in a way where you could use it to effectively kill your

excitement, but in a way that would hurt your brain and soul to think about in a lewder sense.

It was cocks, bear cocks. Their muzzles, his tongue and their tongues playing around. The male bears, whenever we saw them shagging our fallen comrades, were much larger, heavier too. We see ourselves as humongous beings during our changes, but the males might not even be able to fit in the innards of the ship. And that made Benoit excited. He told me he "wanted" to be taken by them, to feel their massive weights on his back.

The changed man at this point was on his knees, his snout now pointed directly at my leaking sex as I held his skull between my thighs. I didn't catch him taking licks between each word, but his hot breath was enough to stun me into not caring about anything, and I was too occupied in trying to calm him. The more he talked about the male bears, the more I wanted them in me too. At some point, his confession had turned into a late night pornographic radio special, and I went from confessnor to an elated listener as his tongue did much, much more to me.

We've all become daft cows. How do we stop this?

It happened late in the day, the dusk wiping away to become a purple-blue sky, darkness in the firmament. LeMay showed himself, having hid in the bowels of the ship with two loyal men keeping his location a secret, having changed with the rest of us. I don't know what money at this point could buy such fealty, but either they are men of the most conviction I've ever witnessed, the phattest of devotees, or cultists without the ability to think for themselves.

LeMay had led us to the ship, him and his two less than human companions dropping the ramp that saved them from suffering a fractured limb, and walked down below. The former basecamp was nestled in a hard, rocky crater. Something that hid you from the winds, but blinded you from whatever was beyond the borders of your meagre wall.

"Diego Martin called me," he said with grunts and gnashes, words that once sounded incomprehensible to my ears, but the more my affinity shifted, the easier it was to understand each other. Like we were creating our own ursinic dialect of English. He yammered on about how we were lured here, never to be explorers to reach new heights, or rescuers, or documenters. But mates. LeMay disclosed of a homoerotic relationship with Diego Martin,

and his lover, using some sort of mental connection, called him here, to join him, or her, or WHATEVER! Insanity, gone to the brim.

The lousy fuck commanded those to join him, to join the "flock" and breed. That we were "chosen." A hundred years from now, the cubs we'd provide would save this degenerated species we were becoming. So that one day, those from another world would rearrange our descendents back into the master fold.

Male polar bears waited with bated breaths at the borders of the camp, their scents having been detected by my nose before I ever saw them.

10 men walked down the ramp along with LeMay and his two lackeys. Some of them hadn't even changed as much as I had. This was lunacy, this was madness, this was absolutely folly. The words of an unstable demagogue, and we all just watched them leave. They were giving in, or understanding a purpose we didn't.

We moved to the front of the ship. Another viewing of our mates to be mounted as if it was a free-to-watch peep show. Like cattle being milked, they lined up side by side in an organised row, Thirty different males eagerly pacing to each new offering to

sniff, eventually deciding on the one to claim. Those who took too long got nothing.

My cock pushed out so much sap by the trickle load, I thought I was urinating. My neck is so thick now, and the components inside are changed too. I found my throat rumbling as I watched the orderly orgy like a combustion engine. The orgasmic feelings I could only experience in my nether regions were spreading along my body in a uniformed fashion. The bristles of fur all along my body standing up on their ends as now I wanted to touch myself not just to have my dick in bliss, but my entire amassing form.

That booming, vehicular noise my throat made against my will? We all made it as we huffed air from our snouts, watching intently at the sexual episodes. Some in pleasure, some in shock, some intimately studying the event, some terrified, and some going through each one of those emotions. Like a choir that beckoned input from the audience, our gullets thrummed, converging with the males, and the females they were rutting into.

Most men on the ship joined us to watch. In that moment we understood it for the first time, something we had to accept of ourselves. Humanness itself was beginning to seem unnatural. To

look away would be wrong. To deny that innate compulsion in our chest, was wrong.

I know! I KNOW! Even saying "that" seems like it would come from a mad man, but you must understand me. Having to undergo this is a matter I have never faced. Never once in my life, not even during my most sly fox days did I feel a deep coercion from within my own body to see myself ride those bears.

What am I saying? What am I doing? My penis. It's so small now. It's slowly diminishing, and even when I tried to grasp it, trying to save it, all I did was just make it worse. To touch, at all, is to condemn your very being. I want to give in so badly, but there has to be some kind of chance to escape this.

LeMay might be gone, and he might have consigned us to this perverse hell, but more of us are sticking together than giving up. We will make it through this, even if we have to band together like a Roman shield formation and travel in a turtled position day and night until we make it back home.

Also, LeMay granted us further gifts. I don't know who did it, or when, but the radio looks like it was run through with a damn hacksaw. It's inoperable, unrepairable. Doesn't really matter

does it? It wasn't operating that well up here to begin with. Could be the interference of the poles, that alien chamber, or maybe the alignment just plainly doesn't work. I'm supposed to be the communications advisor, and here people are, becoming bears and losing what made us who we are. How can we communicate through grunts and snorts and roars and whatever else there is?

I've noticed it when observing those in their metal dens. The conditions in there were terrible, having to walk single-file down the halls, the ramp, and to the frozen sheet of ice that we're stuck in as a group to all go "privy" and for exercise. They'd coalesce, screaming and roaring and even using their claws and teeth to batter away the males, no longer able to hold a gun or weapon. There really was a maternal behaviour manifesting within us. Those strong did not rub it in the face of their inferiors, but rather kept them safe.

Actions that would once label you as a queer person were now the norm. They groomed each other with their tongues, they hugged for even more warmth and just physical connection. A bond was being created by the ones that weren't giving in, and I felt like we could do this. We were surviving, and even if the food had gone down in quality, mostly from the chefs becoming too large to cook suitably, we weren't starving.

Even so, I've recognized my appetite has increased. Three steaks, five whole potatoes, four cans of pre-cooked meat, and more than a few flaggons of cranberry juice. My bathroom visits are also less needed, but when I do go, it's very different. To save you the nasty bits, it's a relief, more so than human trips, for I feel as if I'm rewarded by a pleasing jolt to my brain. As if I'm doing what I was made to do. Eat, release my loads, sleep, survive, but yet, I haven't done any mating. And that hurts. This new part of my body is hurting itself because of how I'm holding it all back.

I really must be turning into a mere animal if those are all I care about now, and how I find joy in life. Wherever I look down, I see fur. My clothes probably won't fit tomorrow, and it's getting hard to use my typewriter. I have to type slowly or else I'll make a garbled mess of the letters. I've already thrown out a few error-laden miseries. I'm told that something else is going to change in how we confine ourselves.

Benoit is here, making sure I head to bed on time. We must keep a clear head or else we'll just give in like the others. He licked me on my cheek with a girthy tongue, and I liked it. I licked him back; we smiled. If I could fit into his bed, I would. I

mentioned that, and here he is on the floor, rolling up our blankets. I suppose the textures of our mass does make it easier to sleep on the hard surface. I'll do that.

Why be alone in our potential last days if the man to your left, and the man to your right, are going through the very same thing you are?

Sergeant Sir Edmund Graham Smith

United Kingdom Territorial Army, 44th (Home Counties)

Signal Regiment, Former Telecommunications Engineer and

Advisor (Advisor to what?)

That Bastard Traitor's Damned Flock

September 20th, 1927

I felt like his cub. He grew in our sleep, substantially so. He was a bit wider, a bit taller. Initially, I was like a teaspoon to his tablespoon. And in the morning, he was the ladle. There was some skin here, a finger not fully changed, the skeletal structure still going. But in all regards, even to a closer examination, it'd be hard to think of Benoit as anything other than a polar bear.

When I had orgasmed while writing, I thought I was a goner. To see that I am still of those walking on two legs when so many are now denounced to the ground is surprising. I want to say I am in the last twenty percent. I never won in any kind of competition or game, but in some respects, I always came close. I feel like that now.

There is matriarchy here. Motherly conditions. The gruffness of our outriders have become a fierce protection for the in-group. What was once playful beratement and horsing around with curses and mean-spirited jests, was now love. If any of the former men here never felt love from a mother, they were getting it now. It helped lessen that anxiety to treat each other nicely.

Benoit, I didn't want to leave his snuggle. I rolled up into him, and his arms enveloped my body. Our forms were so close, our furs touching, crotches too, and I could've died happily. But we had to get up, we had to move. Our stomachs were already grumbling.

My clothes don't fit, but that doesn't matter. I have teats, and my prick is pretty much gone. A slit is there now. The janitors stopped cleaning a long time ago, especially since we caught one of them lapping at the crotch juice covering the floors. Everyone is naked now, some trying to make towels work or to force their shirts on, but, they've relented.

The headcount for today was 119. How we've already lost 31 people is a surprise to me. I guess one or two fall through the cracks here and there. If I am within the twenty percent, then that means around 90 of us are fully ursine.

Now, for the big change.

Our bodies, we'd eventually outgrow our temporary home. I just didn't expect it all to happen so quickly. We smell each other, we smell the males, it should've been obvious that if sex was the catalyst to our shifting that it would've been impossible with the pheromones in the air. Especially since we never truly were able to stop our changes. A little more of my muzzle is in, and my voice is unrecognisable.

I digress. The change - we either have to exist like a stuffed can of beans or we reclaim Martin's old base camp for some room. As long as we use our numbers, what's left of our wits, we can have some breathing room and hopefully no losses to our numbers. Maybe we can exist enough for enough time that another expedition will come looking for us. Or at least LeMay, wouldn't they?

However, how would we decide who remains on the ship and who is relocated to the basecamp? I wanted to stay inside, because not only is it safer in my mind, but my fur isn't done coming in yet. I'd be cold, and trust me, I've already contemplated touching myself just to accelerate the changes to get that hide my fully transformed comrades boast about so much.

Instincts were already playing into our minds. Those who were first stuck in the brig made harsh protests about not only their treatment, but what they called "the natural order." It stunned the packed mess hall from how brash it was. When interrogated, they claimed the natural order was as such - "We stayed in your brigs, the parts of the ship. We ate there, drank there, pissed there, shat there, rubbed our furs there. We were here first. This is our 'territory!'"

Someone else shouted about how everyone's swollen slits had been leaking all along the metal ground, which meant that the ship was for everyone. I remember cupping my puffy hands against my head, trying to wrangle what in the hell we were talking about anymore. We were men, and in four days, it was this. Using the concept of animalistic borders to claim our shoddy fiefs.

In the end, even though they were a minority of 30 stubborn bears, we gave in to their demands. There was talk of those who had taken charge as the alphas of the sleuth that the decision was made because those thirty had fallen so low so quickly. It seems that we can still be intelligent with our skulls the shape of such sizable beasts. Keep the ship as an asylum for those who are dangerously unshrewd and we might be able to save them from

becoming fertilised and feralised. With us more willful out here to stand in defence of us all.

I have to believe that they won't betray us from our flank. These thirty are quite lethargic in energy. The food they eat is basic, and they're regularly engaging with various narcotics. From passing out to the regular use of morphine to drinking more alcohol than what an Irish pub regularly serves out in a day. They sleep all day, resting and lazing about. Useless means to convalescence, and they become worse than the males wanting to claim us in my mind. At least the males will do work. At least they'll help feed me, take care of me, breed me, claim me, take care of my cubs, fuck me, fuck me, fuckem kfuck me fucmke mukfjpeiofuckapwiofjpwefiwfpaweofijppawoejfeifi

I want to throw away that last page so badly. It happened so quickly, the rise, and the climax. I just thought about them for one second, then my hips grinded, my body exploding in pleasure, and then my brain bursting into what I imagine the Garden of Eden is like on a daily basis. My mind literally clouded up, and I saw nothing but white. I fell from my chair, and Benoit watched me as he said I was likened to that in a trance. Just using what was

left of my fingers to plunge them deeply into my fleshy cavern. I thought I had came while typing, but the former Frenchman, he just watched me go at myself, and then I squirted out, in his words – “a litre of milk.”

The fur there is sticky, and my hand still smells of it, but Benoit himself gave in to self-inflicted joy upon seeing me. We're all just one set of dominos waiting for the first to fall. I alerted our council about a kind of sexual stampede and they appreciated my information.

When I returned, Benoit was scraping his tongue over what I had stained onto the floor. I saw his own orgasmic fluids still where he had laid them, and I admit it, I might as well stop being so tactful. I dragged my tongue against his as well. Rosewater. That's it. That's its taste. It has the consistency of the ocean until it dries and becomes globby, like gel. But yes, rosewater. I didn't fully grasp the action I was doing until it was all gone.

I was on all fours even though I didn't need to be, and I felt his breath on my cunt. His tongue was lapping against it, and I froze. He, he was just cleaning me. He stopped once those feminine juices weren't all around and in my vagina anymore. I

didn't do the same for him, but he didn't ask me to either. I understood it, he understood it. I just moved on to type further here.

The chair I sit on has a sibling for each rear cheek, and the fabrics of the pair are soiled by the output of my crotch. The veterinarian, somehow not one of the forgotten casualties, explained it to us. Heat. The Estrus Cycle. We're female, and we're not pregnant. The males outside know this, and our bodies produce scents to attract them, by way of these fluids. We smell it too, and it's, well, it's supposed to make us want the same thing they want. Our boat is nothing but that smell, and the aura is tuning our minds into wanting polar bears to clamour up on us. Once we're impregnated, the scent will dwindle, slowly but surely.

Of course, everyone still here doesn't want that, but there have been talks, meetings, group masturbation sessions.

I've heard of several. They sit on their fuzzy butts and describe what they want, how they think of the male bears. They use frozen sausages to put into each other's pussies, suckling on the thawing links in their mouths. I may have done the same, but our

pork bangers are small, and I've seen the cocks of those beasts outside.

I wonder what it'd be like to hold one within my mouth.

My goodness. Anyhow, I've been "chosen" to be on the outside. I have to be close to my brothers, (sisters?) and huddle just for warmth. At least they helped make my tent first, those that still had hands like me. Although, I can't say the same for my feet, which are large, and thundersome. Planting a paw on the ground, and it's no different to how most of us leave evidence of our treads. I'm taller now, and even fitting into my tent is a chore. But at least I can type without the wind chill hurting what's still exposed of my skin. A skin turning into something darker, purplish. I'm sure if we shaved off the fur, that's the skin we'd all have now, no matter what we were before.

Maybe this is still a part of some dream, and I'm just resting deeply off the coast of Scotland. If this is a dream, then I'd just wake up as soon as I'd let a male mate me. I could do that, maybe I should. Maybe.

I discovered Mr. Naoko again. He was pretty much just another girl of our bunch. He doesn't talk too much anymore, and not because he can't. I simply think he is too proud of a person to acknowledge what's happening to him, or perhaps he doesn't want to talk after the things he did to himself. He treats me cordially with a nod of his long neck, his wide snout. Even his instincts have adapted, his black lips scraping against the hairs of my muzzle, giving the place there a lick.

I tried to talk to him, create a conversation, but he kept walking along. I looked away and ducked back into my tent before I knew where he'd walk to that day.

Him and two others. They went beyond the perimeter and we didn't see what happened, but we obviously heard it. Those rumbles in our throats came back, like the internal spirits possessing us for a brief moment to join their cacophony, as if we're telling them we'll join them soon. The way of the animal.

You don't know how hard it is to break out of that trance. Mr. Naoko was gone, but I still had a few others. I understand why he did what he did. I just had hoped he could last longer. He was my friend.

Maybe he still can be. "She" can be.

The tents were constructed, some lights too, and soon enough, it didn't seem so bad being out here. The chefs can't really make the food they did before. They're crafty men though, and so have started to make meals that'd make sense for our new forms. I eat more in an hour than what feels like I'd eat in a whole week as a human. The culinarians, in this wisdom, throw many similar ingredients into large pots full of water. Vegetables, meats, whatever makes sense. The broth of the bones remain unpurified with scum and other derivatives. It'd be disgusting to our human selves, but as bears, well, a lot of things taste better than you might imagine.

We haven't given up, but the ice is simply too thick to break out our ship. The alphas have decided in their infinite wisdom to keep consuming our food supplies and conserving our energy for rescue. We're all going to be bears by the end of the week. They assume we'll just have to forage like real bears, and keep our spirits high, our crotches sealed off from ursine cock. I don't know how they expect it to work like that, but it's better than forgetting just truly who I am, what I am.

Benoit was left inside the boat, I suppose maybe whatever straws were drawn for us, he got a longer one than mine. Or maybe he was just too bear-minded to be allowed out here. I'm not sure.

I'm also not sure how long we'll have left with the supplies. The bears on the boat shouldn't eat them all, I don't even think they can. Last time I was in there, it was just boxes, and boxes of varying supplies. It should last for sometime. It should.

The bathroom is just, anywhere. As long as you don't "go" in front of occupied tents, the changed people here are rather passive about it. We've all done it. Just arched our backs and "dumped out". Some of us don't even recognise we're doing it anymore.

But the relief? It's wonderful. I've never let out so much as a human before. Stuff that big if you get me? It feels nice, liberating, as if it was, natural. Natural to just go wherever I wanted, like an animal. Our noses seem to be saved what might usually be a rather pungent annoyance. But it's not something we care about. It just happens, we feel good, and we move on.

A part of me wants to eat more, just to feel it all come out. I'm so ashamed of myself.

There were two different incidents today that just remind us of how life has changed so dramatically. I was about to lay down but I figured I should document them. Before I do, I've noticed my thumbs are shrinking. I'm not sure how I'll keep reporting of our situation, but I'll try.

The first situation was something that, I believe, needed to happen just to demonstrate the seriousness of our predicament now that we're forced to be outside the ship. I'm not sure how the watches are assigned, but we've adjusted now how many people will be keeping a lookout. In pairs of teams just in case. I'm not sure how much it'll help, but, I don't know.

A male had wandered into the camp. He blended in with us, the massive cloud of our scents dulling just how close he had gotten, and with us looking like him, well, first glance you might not immediately acknowledge his larger size. He found one female that he wanted, raising his leg a foot or so just to show his erection to her. I was told by witnesses that she was nervous, then

curious. After a few sniffs, she seemed relaxed. Two other females saw and moved in, trying to beat him back.

But the breeze had strolled in just the right way, and the scent wafted at them. Before any of us had registered what was going on right under our noses, the initial female was already being rutted inside of, the other two who ran to help her lining up to be used right after her.

Everyone sprinted to save them, but we were too late. For the interloper was already inseminating our fallen friend, and when we roared and clawed and screamed at the male to go, his mate left with him. The two who had been corrupted by the male's musk were questioned of how they felt, what had happened. To them, they weren't even sure. It just "did."

They were let off after no further alterations that were noticeable. An hour later, they both left, and were claimed to the bliss of our ears. It seems that even being in close quarters with a male, your mind is pretty much finished.

The second situation was of a person who decided they didn't want to be too much of a nuisance to our senses. A quick piss, that's all they said. They went to the border of the perimeter. It was

something to make us all more comfortable with the sanitary conditions. The watch that was making sure they were safe turned away their gaze for a "single" second. Looking back, the niceties were rewarded with a surprise, to be mated. She too left and followed the male like she had no choice.

We're losing our minds. And we don't know how to stop it.

Edmund Graham Smith

United Kingdom Territorial Army, 44th (I want to go home) Signal Regiment, Former Human

Why did I come here?

September 21st, 1927

In all honesty, I didn't want to write today. I still have fingers, but my thumbs are gone. Fur is all over me, and I must be somewhere around a thousand pounds. I'm typing slowly, using the long talons that are replacing my nails like pens, tapping the ends against each key. My word count is slowing rapidly, and I can tell that I'll be using up a lot of time in the future to just write.

Headcount was 108 today. I'm told not to worry too much, for the weakest will go first, and soon that number will stabilise. I'm pretty much a damned polar bear now. This buzz in my crotch wants so badly to be played with, and I know I can't. We've seen it time and time again that once your body is done changing, the mind comes next, and there's no way to bring yourself back. Even if this is a dream, I can't give in so easily.

People are terrified, on edge day in, day out. Morphine and cocaine both are being used to fight those anxieties, just to pass the time. I was offered one, but I couldn't. They don't even do it on the safety of the boat. I walked into a nearby tent, hearing snores only to discover a female who had given herself four whole shots of opioids. She'd be conked for the rest of the day, and had a male found her, it would've been so easy.

It hasn't been missed by me. I've been calling us girls, females, she's, and I know that. I'm not sure why, but it's just what we are now. I may have used to be a man, a human, and maybe I still can be that person again someday, but for now, it's what we are, what we have to deal with. On the bright side, we don't have periods. That's lucky I suppose.

We finally have strategies to fight the needless losses we've had so far, but if only we could have done it sooner. We've made large teams, squads even. Heads of squads too. We make sure to hone our noses by being aware of what scents are which, to determine the source and what we could do about an "unwanted" source. It is nice to see we keep our intellects. You feel your own organs inside changing too, the bones cracking harmlessly every once in a while.

I expect my changes to finish by the end of the day. It took what? Four days? Five days? Perhaps if I didn't cum those two times, I might've survived a bit longer. I walk on all fours now, but I haven't seen someone who still does traverse on two. We're all bears now. Just like LeMay wanted.

I still can't believe I think about him. I wonder what he's, she's doing out there now. Along with all the rest of them. Just going to spend their days getting fat from seal lard, their wombs swollen and bellies large. Snuggle, and fuck all day long?

I make it sound alluring, but there must be negatives to being an animal other than just losing your mind. We could be hunted by humans! Lose what we know that makes humanity so dangerous.

Though, I must say, my body is gigantic. It is something one must experience to truly understand. Thighs as wide as a torpedo, twice the height of the average Brit. And this fat, along with little trickles of milk from my teats. All of these new bodily functions. I don't know how I haven't lost my composure yet.

I was unfortunately correct. As of nighttime, on the 21'st day, my transformation is complete. A polar bear through and through, my hand mirror, paw mirror(?), now showing me the same face I'd seen from my time at the zoo. A wild polar bear looking back at me. My eyes still show human emotion, and my eyebrows work the same, but fur utterly covers my frame. There are no differences between me, and my companions. I don't know how I truly feel. I just want all of this to stop.

I think that's it then? We've all turned in one way or another. Headcount at the end was 105. Three just left somehow, but we still have a lot more than I expected. 105 polar bears. We have our numbers, we just have to keep our morale to the clouds. We can make it, we can do it. I believe in us.

The daily reports are going to be over. My tasks go beyond writing as a communications officer so I'll write when I can. Communications. How can we even communicate? As I mentioned before our language is a mixture of English and bearish grunts, snorts, and whatever else we provide. It all gets acknowledged somehow.

I'll write as things notable happen, or of how I feel, or our conditions. I hope if God exists, he will save us soon.

Edmund Graham Smith

United Kingdom Territorial Army Signal Regiment from
the something something or other

September 25th, 1927

It's been a few days. I type exactly how I thought I might with my hands fully mutated. My big claws against the little letters. It's weird to see the typewriter so much smaller than me. I have to crunch over it like some massive author in a writing room made for a gnome. I've already used up so much paper throwing away minor spelling errors that I just don't care anymore. I hope if someone makes these writings into a memoir, they'll edit them out. Typing for long periods of time hurts as well, so I think I might just make things shorter. They need me. The girls need me.

So, I'm an animal now. My mind is still my own, but this body is very new. Everyone is a bear now. Even those who swore they never climaxed were changed within a week. Headcount this morning was 99. Who knows where they keep going. I stay in my tent until they need me. With us all changed, we've lost our nationalities, our personhood. We can smell each other, and those scents are distinguishable, but that's only for others I've been around.

Everythign is a blur but I still smell Beonit, Benoit. He visits me from time to time.

Last time we spoke, I asked him to calm his nerves and not talk about the last topic we discussed. He went on and on about his former exotic hunts, telling me if only he could go back and change what he did. If he becomes a human again, he'll get the practice outlawed globally.

It wasn't that, which made me need space from him. It was the fact he kept reiterating how he should just give in. That polra bears are hunted similarly to rhinocerosdes, rhinos. And that if he can make cubs with what his body is now, then he can give back to what he took.

Well I was never a bastrad. I don't need to let naimals fuck me to make my guilt go awya. I don't need some big bbeast to claim me, pierce my cunt with his cock, fill me up, fiill me up.

It's so hard. I'm erect but without a penis. I don't know how to illstrate the feeling.

I shouldn't be too hard on Beonit. Maybe I could call him over and we can lay in my tent together?

Food is okay. We're going through a lot everyday, and it's not really always cooked properly, but the veterinarian tells us our guts can handle it. Foods that wouldn't be normally safe for us. I could tell. Yesterday my dinner was three uncooked porterhouses. Gamey when its uncooked, but the taste is, "better."

The malses. Their scents. It's so hard. It's so haard. I want to cum. Does it really matter if we cum when our pussies are always leaking?

My head hurst. I'm going to sleep longer today. Sot ired.

Edmund Graham Smith

United Kingdom Territorial Army, 44th Regiment Human.

I'm human. I'm human.

October 3rd, 1927

I walked on the ship today. It's similar to a drug den. Bears laze about quarterly coheretn. Their minds are dazed and they just giev themselves whatever to make the experience of all this go by as quickly as possible. I've tried the morphine myself, and it did make all this seem more palatable. The whole day passed without much incident, adn they let me stay inside the ship while I did it. Can't do it ousdtie since someone was easy to bee fucked while they were drrugged. We learned from experiecne.

Some people have given themselves new names because we woudln't recognize them. I don't like that. The names they chose are too animal soudning. Spot. Dandelion. Rusker. Toffee. More have decided this than before. Even Benoit has asked that I refer to him as Tess, for that was the name of a female Elephant he bagged.

He held me down, his heavy paw on my skull as he roared in our created dialect that I obey his word. He is not Benoit, he is Tess.

I imagined him to be a male on top of me, keeping me trapped like that. My cunt puffed as I agreed to the request. Tess.

Should I choose a new name? If I had to pick one, Cherry. I've always liked cherries. Naoko, he kept saying the word "Yuki" towards the end. Could be his name if he were still here.

Some people have chosen markings or scraps of clothing to wear just to set themselves apart. Put a piece of charcoal in your mouth and draw a cross on your friend's head. Now we know who they are.

Headcount is good. It's been, how long since I last wrote? 89 bears here. I was given a whole cow's leg yesterday to feast on. My teeth are so sharp, and my claws rend the fat and skin seamlessly. I'm so strong. Powerful.

We're able to keep the male bears out. Doesn't really stop them too often and sometimes they get one of us. Those cunts, they're really getting sneaky. It's good to mark your body so you look

different from a male. Too many stupid incidents happen with how they sneak in during the night. Why don't just claim me and get over with it?

Those who watch the perimeter, sorry sods. It's a void. You stare long enough out there, and you lose yourself even if you don't touch your vulva. There was one bear who just, stared, at a male. Watched him walk all the way up to her, their muzzles connected, and they kissed. He forced her onto her back, and fucked her right then and there.

It happened right in front of me. I wanted to join in. I wanted to sniff the male. He was so close. Someone recognized my look, my glare, and they saved me. Damn them. I could've finally given in. Finally ended this nightmare.

Anyway, the perimeter that the claimed bear was supposed to have was too busy high off their mind and abandoned their post. We don't have a prison system, but someone joked that we should've given the idiot to the bears.

That'd be fun. Watch her get fucked. Finally cum. Finally cum.

Edmund Cherry Smith

London. London where are you?

I can't be female. I'm not a girl. I don't want men. I don't want men.

October 22nd, 1927

Where is help? Why hasn't someone come yet? We're all becoming animals and no one is coming. I don't even remember the last time I spoke English. The grunts, the roars, the growls, the murr, they just make "sense."

Benoit, or Tess, told me to pick a new name. I said Cherry. They won't stop calling me that now. It's surprising that our alphas are still keeping us afloat. We've been able to create holes in the ice. Fish come to it sometime. Others in a group of twenty go out to find the seals we smell. We smell them from so far away, and the hunters come back, and we eat the dead animal. Its fat is delicious. We still have plenty of food, but we're trying to save what we have.

I feel, dumber. Sometimes I look at this typewriter and I don't know what I'm supposed to do with it. 80 of us left. Still over half from where we started.

I wasn't born here was I? I was human at one point? Don't I live somewhere? At least with all this fur, the cold means nothing. My teats are so heavy. Plesase, someone help me.

Cherry

Snow, so much snow. So much wihte

I want to know what its like to have a full womb

November 3rd, 1927

The camp is a mess. There was a break in and we lost about ten bears. Poor girls. I wish I was one of them. DOn't even know why I havne't left yet. Only 68 people now.

Tobacco's all gone, chococlata gone. I'd love a cigeratee. The chefs aren't here anymore. The vet too. Some leaders get replaced during the week. I don't want to be a leader, I just want to be led.

Lead me to the males, let them fuck me, just let this dream end. The face I see in the mirorr is the only one I know. It's me. My hands. It's me. My feet. It's me. My bresats. It's me.

Can't be me. I rmember different me. Head really hurts. Pussy so sore. Havne't cum in almost a month. How are we holding on?

I really am loisng myself. We've run out of normal food. Now we just eat from the canned stuff. Put it on the ground, apply

pressure with a paw, food pops out, lick it up off the floor.

That's dinner. Ymu.

I have a few cans in my tent. I'll eat in here now. Go to the bathroom anywhere too. No toilets, no nothing out here. Just go. Animals just go all the time. No shame. Just go. Just like a bear would.

My breaths are so heavy. Supplies are running out. I'm running out of paper.

Cherry

Help us

Help us be fucked

November 16th, 1927

A group of five bears went out on their own last night. Said they'd find help, and it was better than wsating away here. I should've gone with them. We could smell them being mated from a few miles away.

Maybe this new body is better. Maybe being a animal is better. Some bears cry, they wanna be back to their familiies. Some say they remember being a cub. Doesn't seem right. We used to be humans, but maybe they were alwasy a bear? The heat is so impossible to deal with. I just idly play with my clitoris these days. Others do it too. It's not bad, asl ong as you don't cum. Hehhhheehe whohooppsss.

56 girls. They'll get us "all" eventually. Whose to say that the girls who gave in won't try to coax us into joining them? I hope Tess is okay. I haven't seen her in ahwile. If Tess told me to get fucked by a male, I would. Male polar bears, yes. Yes, yes. Love them. I want to lick their paws, the ground they walk on.

Suck on their shafts. I want one to spray me in the face with his
cock. Mark me just like an animal, like i'm his territory. cum.
should cum.

I want to cum. I want to cum.

i should stop watching anime cum

Cherry

Human

Polar Bear

Cubs

What am I doing?

November 30th, 1927

I stopped writing for a bit after the last orgasm. I couldn't stop myself and now the girls look at me with distrust. They think my mind is tainted now.

Headcount today was 49. How do we stop people from being claimed? And how can I be claimed instead?

So many empty cans of food. Place is like a junkyard now. LeMay forgot his cat at his mansion, packed a bunch of canned cat food. We're eating it now. Tastes like nothing. I just want a good seal seal again. Its blood in my mouth. My white muzzle stained red. Tasty. Maybe I can join the next hunt. Get claimed.

Nobody panics anymore about seeing males. We just fight them off now. Can't believe we're still doing it. I don't believe it. All they want to do is help us.

Help me. Help me. Helpme.

Letting all my food come back out of mee, I love hwo it feels.

Animal, just like an animal. No shaem. Leave a mess on the
ground, and keep going. like a bear.

Cherry

Polar Bear

So horrrny

Decemaberear 155th, 19273243413613

Tess is gone. THer's only 3l of us left. I'm a gooood girl

Not a baer, not a polar bear. The mirror, stop looking at the
mirorr. three months? of this? scotland so far away

THose religgisous did a grou prayer fore savlaation. They
wantaed God to saev them. All it took was one girl to snfif and
lick the girl in front of thme and they all stopped parying and
just lapped at eh others's cunts. Males invaded, Took two ro
three wiht them.

I don't recsognise the ship. Why is it here? Who broughte it her?

Haed. ouch dlayihng down

Cherry

Janaruary 3134131nedth, 1928134312423

Hard to type. Too many erros. Slow. Go slow. We're starving. Food is gone. 23 bears left. What are we do? What Cherry do? So hungry. Cherry hungyr.

Still writing. Why? Noises hurt head.

Why is Cherry doingi this? Why ahsn't Cherry gievn in yet? girls enjoy themselves. Cherr yshould cujm. Gonna cum.

Cherry

??? don't know

Cherry typing real slow now. Important not to make mistakes. We were out of energy, starving. We were dying. 20 female bears stuck to the floor. The males came in, they brought food. Seals, fish, so much food. The group leaders told us to give in. That we owe the males. They bring food for us and cubs, we give them sex. Makes sense. Some ran to boat to resist but they're stupid. Four or five bad girls. I'm done.

Such big boys. They sniffed at me face to face. They smell so good. I kissed them. They kissed me. Thick tongues. One of them climbed up my front and put his cock into my mouth. The tasteatetestes. It's prestigious. Filled up my muzzle with his meat, and I drank his cum. Salty, so salty, so salty. What more want more want to lick want to cum. declisius

Another male mounted my rear. Finally, it make so much sense to be fucked. That ubzz is gone now. He inseminated me. Finally finally finally finally. I still feel his cum in me as I write. Don't know how I can think. I love polar bears. I can't wait to give birth. I can't wait to be a mother. must be a dream dreams dont' feele so goooooood. wkae uppp chrerry

So big, his thrusts almost hurt. Everything felt numb but
pleasuarble at the same time. I came again and again. I'm a polar
bear. yes i am

cherry is a good girl, a good polar bear

Bear came IN! baare sniffinffinfnifnif hes goign to fuckmeeeee
agiann stop writinga cherydryr stop sdtop stop sotpo

Sergeant Sir Edmund Graham Smith

United Kingdom Territorial Army, 44th (Home Counties)

Signal Regiment, Telecommunications Engineer and

Advisor

Ronald "Lancer" LeMay's Northern Pole Expedition

February 4th, 1928

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James T. Robert.

Private First Class, United States Army, 153rd Infantry
Regiment

The Search for Ronald LeMay's Last Known Location

March 20th, 1928

My commanding officer told me to use this spare typewriter and my spare hands and my spare time to write reports of what we find from this lost expedition. Some bigwig named Ronald LeMay led a bunch of idiots into the cold north, and now it's our job to find them. Colonel Thomas Tucker was a good friend of this LeMay. So it was him who volunteered us and this outfit of 700 jolly boys to go find them.

Hogwash I say. I don't care if I get reprimanded for this, I'm the one forced to write these damned reports. They can chew my ass out later. We're using up an insane amount of resources for this mission, all because this guy's just another rich man in a world run by rich men. Now I'm cold, a long way from Arkansas, and I need a smoke.

I don't understand it. If these people want to get themselves killed, why is it our job to worry about that?

Finally, some fucking interesting news. Sergeant wanted me to write these reports the moment we saw some evidence of the lost expedition. Guess it makes sense that we'd find them sooner or later. I just didn't expect it to be on the same day I started writing.

We saw their former ship completely covered in ice. It's unusable. Looks like the former wildlife was all over it. Don't even wanna describe the trash and animal crap everywhere.

One of our boys got a little too trigger happy. Looks like there were three or four polar bears just watching us. They approached our ship, most likely seeing us as their next meal. Calhoon took a shot at them, and hit something in one of the tents that caused a fire to spark out, a bigger boom than we were expecting. He got the rest of the day in the brig while topside we were able to shoo off the rest of the filthy beasts with better aimed warning shots.

Saw them run off. Their roars were so odd. Like they were scared. Guess they were girl bears or something, because soon enough, we

watched as some males came over. It was pretty quick. Something I've seen my dogs back home do, and then they all ran off together. Crazy things animals are.

This is what happens when we leave our presence in nature. Its creatures get used to it, and then we have to tell them to git. Just glad nothing had to die for us to do what we came here for.

Fire died down eventually, but some stuff is still salvageable. Since our transport ship was closest, we were chosen to investigate, and I was volunteered to be one of the men who inspected what burned down.

Found a bunch of charred papers in one tent. Burnt, blackened typewriter, completely destroyed. The papers are illegible, hell it looks like on one of the blazed papers some bear got ahold of the machine. Walked all over the keys or something Just complete gibberish. Whatever story it told, well, it's gone now.

Nothing much else other than a bunch of trash and you know what. Lots of needles here too from morphine cartridges. Must not be anybody home in their heads. Too busy getting an edge and they were most likely eaten while dull in their own highs.

I just wanna get back to Little Rock is all. Place gives me the creeps. Feels like I hear spirits in the wind, screams of what came before. I don't like it. I wanna go now.

James T. Robert.

Private First Class, United States Army, 153rd Infantry
Regiment

The Search for Ronald LeMay's Last Known Location

March 21st, 1928

Apparently someone from the U.S.S. Diego found some cave out in the snow. Something unspeakable or other. Whatever that nut was on about. According to what I heard, the guy couldn't even speak properly, eyes bugged out and everything.

Colonel Tucker told us everyone's going to that cave later today. Important business he said. Very important. Guess we'll all get to see what was so "kooky."

Hopefully this'll all be over soon. If I have to stay out in this Antarctic bullshit any longer, I'm going to go crazy.