

**Brandon  
McYntire**

*The future is in  
our hands!*



**Island 2289**

*The ship distanced itself from the shores of Norway and disappeared in the ocean. In the K 1000 centre a documentary was playing. The subtitles indicated the year 2289.*

# *Island 2289*

Michalovce city, Slovakia EU  
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## **Foreword**

The novel “Island 2289” is a piece that I started to write in high school. At that time it was only written in sections and I only got up to the tenth page. It wasn’t a definite story, only one about an island where it was freezing cold and people were captured there against their will. It was lost until now. I often looked for it, but wasn’t able to find it. I came across it whilst separating old documents to be recycled. One has to mature for some things. I continued to write where I had left off and it gained a final form. It’s a very significant small piece for me. Everyone has their circle of readers and through this book I’d like to thank you for including me in your reading genre and also that you included me on your bookshelf. I believe that you’ll enjoy my novels and hope that in the future I’ll write some stories that will leave some question burning inside of you. The story isn’t divided into chapters, it’s written just as it was originally. So I’ve left it on one level, as a story told by one person to another.

In the final stage of this novel one could say that it’s in a certain sense a continuation of the novel- In the city Loist. I admit the possibility of writing a third part of this commencing trilogy.

**Author: Brandon McYntire**

The infinite winter in this part of Norway transformed the island into a harsh and empty place. The noise of waves rushing to the shores of this small island drowned out even one's own screaming. Henrik sometimes tries to shout down this blistering sea water, however it's pointless. Dusk, snow and dark water surrounds the shores regardless of the time and wishes of the temporary inhabitants. The only monument in this cold hell is the station K 1000. The great dome-like object in the middle of the island that looks more like a bowl turned upside down.

Winter on the island is infinite. In practice it means that it's avoided by polar bears and other animals, since there isn't anything that would maintain the life of anyone or anything. The dark water around the island generates fear from isolation that this island provides. It's a cold hell amid the world. If one was born here, then one would think that the whole world was comprised of only this island and that everything was focused only around it. But this idea is likewise unrealistic. Here it's impossible to live and have a family. The inhabitants were sent here only for a certain time and each perceives this time differently.

A blue lighthouse began to shine at the station which is a signal to return to the station. There's a strict regime here which can't be transgressed. Simply because of the reason that it's a small piece of earth, there wouldn't be any point of transgressing the rules. It wouldn't lead to anything. Even the stocks of food and all other necessities are delivered on water. The flat silver boat, operated by means of magnetic propulsion, always appears on Friday at six in the evening.

The ship without a crew is programmed so as to stop on the southern coast and it will then release a red-coloured flare to give a signal that it's time to unload the supplies. Two employees charge out on a continuous track vehicle and unload the supplies. The ship without a single human being, slips into the distance of the deep dark waters. This repetitive process, established by the government always repeats itself on the single pier, with a singular sign on a white board- Barent's Island.

The government of the world decided that Barent's Island wouldn't be accessible by plane but merely by sea. It's not possible to assume the aim of this decision. Everything is cancelled always at the right time so that people can't assemble into a large number, and thus the establishment of groups and assemblies is prevented. Everything is under control. In case of the smallest suspicion, the system, tactic and presumption will always change. For an ordinary person it's impossible to see into the system that's been established for over a hundred years. Nobody knows if the world got to this system thanks to the infinite perfection of technologies or the infinite revolts, uprisings and wars. There are great gaps in the knowledge and history. It's not even known why they occurred. Everything in the world is directed from one centre that's controlled by people who have never been seen by anyone and their names are also unknown-that's if they even have any.

There aren't any telephones or post offices and the satellites in orbit have been destroyed, leaving only one that circulates the earth and serves the government for communication and giving out orders.

In every residence in the world there's a touch hand. It's a kind of glass or more like a mirror the size of a palm of the hand.