

The surface of the stormy water broke as a figure rose up from the depths, a man, gasping for breath. Thoughts clouded the man's brain like a swarm of bees, attacking him relentlessly, "Where am I? Why am I here? Who am I?" At last, the he pushed the questions out of his brain for now, if only for a moment. He did remember the world, with cars, modern houses, music. Nevertheless, the man couldn't remember how he got here or who he was.

As he gazed around him, the man realized his situation was not as dire as he originally thought. In front of him was salvation in the form of a landmass. Swimming towards the sanctuary from the beast of the storm, the man wondered why he couldn't remember anything before he broke the surface of the water. Once he got to the shore, the man collapsed from exhaustion and instantly blacked out. Jolting awake, he immediately took in his surroundings. From what he could see, tropical palm trees filled up the part of the island he was on. In the distance, the man could see a small mountain with a waterfall gently flowing out of it like a stream. Strangely, the man thought he could smell smoke. Suddenly he saw it, a rising tower of smoke in the distance. The man attempted to dash toward the mysterious smoke, but he barely got one step out, when his legs started stinging. Crying out in pain, he collapsed for the second time today. The man flinched as he peered down at his left leg; it was incased in scratches and bruises. Stabilizing himself on a nearby log, the man limped towards the smoke. While he knew his attempt to reach the smoke would soon be futile since the sun was already setting, he was still determined to reach his destination.

The man was practically shaking in anticipation, yet he was a anxious of what he might find. Hostile, cannibalistic natives? A crash site? A forest fire? Or was something else out there? The man just wanted to be back home. But where was home? Where was he even now? Almost halfway to the smoke already, he realized he should rest for the night before he continued. Falling asleep, the man dreamed of the world going on without him, unaware of his struggle to survive, unaware that he was stuck on this island, unaware that he was all by his lonesome out here, unaware that he even existed at all.

Upon waking from his restless slumber, the man observed that the smoke was still there, slithering up to the sky like a snake. He realized that his shirt was soaked with sweat, or was that tears?

Starting up his expedition once again, the man ambled his way closer and closer to the smoke, eager to learn it's great mysteries. Finally, he found the source of the smoke, and what he gazed upon amazed him. A spaceship. However, it was a strange one, it was glowing blue in parts, yet it appeared to be the same shape and structure as the ships NASA released into space. Approaching the strange shuttle, the man became excited, yet fearful, of whatever was to happen next. As he peered inside the cockpit, which the door to was split apart from the wreckage, the man's eyes locked unto a peculiar object. Picking it up, he realized it was an extremely puzzling box, filled with buttons. The man irrationally tried smashing it open. When that didn't work, he resolved to start pressing buttons. However, once he pressed a button, a voice suddenly emanated from the object.

"This is pilot Danner with co-pilot Taylor here, the date is march 5<sup>th</sup>, 2065, the general told us to look for some ship that crash-landed somewhere out on this inhospitable ocean, it's rumored to be occupied by some of the greatest soldiers in the galaxy, all stuck in cryogenic sleep for now."

“I imagine it’d be best if we stuck along the non-stormy parts of this place,” Announced the co-pilot identified as Taylor.

Counteracting Taylor’s remark, the pilot mentioned as Danner replied, “It’s a little too late for that now, but this ship should hold up against a thunder-storm.”

“Well, we should still try to be careful, this ship’s not indestructible.” Obviously, both of these men were extremely tense in this moment.

The cease of discussion was broken when Danner stated, “Wait a second, why is the monitor off? Did you turn it off?”

Annoyed by Danner’s statement, Taylor replied, “Of course I didn’t, it must’ve just turned off from the storm, just put it back on.” The man heard a click as the pilot attempted to turn the monitor on.

“It’s not turning back on!” Announced Danner.

“What the-” Taylor shouted as turbulence slammed into the vessel like a train. “Were going down!” That was the last thing the man heard from the box, which seemed to be some sort of voice recording device.

As he collected his thoughts, the man realized his world had just turned upside down. So the year was actually 2065? He could swear that he was still in the year 2021. On top of that, he was a soldier, and a good one, according to the pilots. Where was his family, whoever they were? Were they dead? The man hoped that whoever these people were, that they would send more people to rescue him. He realized that all he could do now was survive until help came, if it did. The man lay down on the ground and stared into space, wondering when his deliverance from the island would come.

Director Jones was waiting for the field team’s response. He sent them out to the area in question a while ago, but no word came from them yet.

“Sir!” Came an ecstatic voice behind him. Turning around, he saw one of the scientists studying the test zone, or as common people called it, the Bermuda Triangle.

“What is it?” Jones asked the scientist, wondering why he was so excited.

“Test subject 176 found the ship,” The scientist replied.

“He did? Show me” Now the director was excited, they had sent test subject 176 into the zone just yesterday, with his memories wiped, of course. The many scientists and engineers that worked in this facility, which was close to the perimeter, had created the illusion to the test subjects that they were soldiers that had crash-landed and that the year was 2065. Once the test subjects find the ship, the scientists would be able to measure their brain wavelengths with their long-range scanner. In the past, however, it had taken test subjects a few days to even realize the smoke was there, and it took them far longer to get there. So what was so special about test subject 176?

As he neared the device which showed the vitals of the different test subjects, which were spread out on different islands in the zone, he could see that test subject 176’s results were off the chart.

Realizing what this meant, Director Jones announced, “This could be what we’ve been looking for, test subject 176 could be the one to save the world.”

“What do you propose we do, sir?” The scientist said.

“Send a team to extract test subject 176 from the zone, we may now have what we need to combat the Bermuda Triangle,” announced the director with confidence.

Laying on his back, test subject 176 wondered what fate awaited him. Would he be saved by whoever sent those two pilots and be brought into space? Or would he rot here forever, on this foreign planet, until he died? As he stared at the night sky, filled with picturesque stars, test subject 176, realized he’d rather be here than in space, even if that was his only chance of being liberated from this island.