Boarding the Iceberg

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DOI: <u>HTTPS://DOI.ORG/10.37536/ECOZONA.2021.12.1.3808</u>



Boarding the Iceberg Australian Antarctic Territory, midsummer

I follow a bunch of chattering penguins to the rending scrape of the widening gap and then jump off the continent. The iceberg wrenches free at last and the penguin crew waddle above to raise our flag of peace. We have screeching skuas as lookouts and whales and seals as escorts, so we set off to find Australia; it's somewhere over there and twenty million years ago.

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