My Darling

I write this letter from *Lappland*. The excruciating Antarctic climate is difficult to endure. It is currently -26.1 °C. Aggressive malnourished adult polar bears have us surrounded.

The bears destroyed our scientific plane, while killing ten people in the village. The bears tore apart many local houses and drowned the scientists through the ice. Thus, they are eating anything they find, including humans.

At least twenty more colleagues have suffered horrendous injuries. The polar bears have formed packs. A force greater than wild wolves hunting white-tailed deer to survive. They crush the bones of their prey with one mighty bite of human flesh.

Investigators sampled plankton, measuring the pollutants and observing sea-ice. Their findings concluded the polar bears are killing humans. Seals are migrating to the North and sturgeon; their other main source of natural food is dying.

We must retreat to save ourselves and our expedition or face doom. I did not come here expecting death. We must rise in our defense. Please make emergency evacuation arrangements to help us out of *Lappland*. Our survival, which we treasure, is at stake.

Bastards are what the killer polar bears are. They raided our base camp without warnings, sneaking up at night. We stand eight hours straight guarding our camp. The polar bears are sneaky and lurk around in wee hours of morning, as the scientists are nodding off asleep.

The streetlights drop off earlier than usual these days. A dawn sky, an obvious boundary complicated with the fog, becomes the place where we all may die. My view is hazy, down the cold black road but I can see the tall buildings in a far background.

The local news reported citizens killed by starving polar bears. I hope this disaster, and chaos, will soon end and the most horrific disaster to ever have existed be only a memory. Oh, love my soul; needs brought back to life. I need that one last God ask, to be a survivor of this attack.

I wipe away every tear from my eyes and wonder if death will be no more. I hope that I survive this horrible encounter and there will be no mourning, no more pain anymore.

I have seen things I wish not to recall. Scientists and villagers fight to protect our lives to an explosive climax. Still many killer polar bears are out there unaccounted for. We are hopeful that recruits from *Lappland* Defense Force can trap and capture them.

 I write on this the darkest night in Lappland. The Defense Force planes are dropping nets     and catching wild bears. My love do not mourn me if I die. For if I am gone know that we will meet again.

All the best

ME