

The Battle (Excerpt)

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NARRATION
Narration 5
Having made a raft from wood taken from the giant mushroom forest, with rigging consisting of a mast made of two staves lashed together, a yard made of a third, and a sail borrowed from their stock of rugs, they set sail from the harbour - Port Grauben, named after Axel's fiancée. With a north-westerly wind propelling them along at about three miles an hour, silvery beams of light, reflected here and there by drops of spray, produced luminous points in the eddy created by the raft. Soon all land was lost to view. Five days out to sea, they witnessed a terrifying battle between two sea monsters. One having the snout of a porpoise, the head of a lizard, and teeth of a crocodile - an Ichthyosaurus. And the other, the mortal enemy of the first, a serpent with a turtle's shell, the Plesiosaurus.

Lyrics
Five days out on an infinite sea, they prayed for calm on an ocean free,
But the surface of the water was indicating some disturbance. The raft was hurled by an unseen source, two hundred feet, with
frightening force
And a dark mass rising showed to be a giant porpoise
Rising out of the angry sea, towered the creatures' enemy,
And so the two sea monsters closed for battle
Crocodile teeth, lizard's head, bloodshot eye, stained ocean red
Moving close to their raft's side, the two men prayed as one and cried
"Save me, save me, save me, save me"
The serpents' fight went on for hours, two monsters soaring up like towers
And driving down to the depths in a single motion
Suddenly, the serpent's head, shot out of the water bathed in red
And the serpentine form lay lifeless on the ocean
Crocodile teeth, lizard's head, bloodshot eye stained ocean red
Battle won, a victor's pride, the three men thanked the Lord and cried
"Praise God, praise God, praise God, praise God."

NARRATION
Narration 6
Cumulus clouds formed heavily in the south, like huge wool packs heaped up in picturesque disorder. Under the influence of the breezes they merged together, growing darker, forming a single menacing mass. The raft lay motionless on the sluggish waveless sea and in silence they waited for the storm.
Narration 7
For four days the storm had raged as they clung to the mast of their raft for safety. Finally, with their raft wrecked after being bashed against the reefs, they lay sheltered from the pouring rain beneath a few overhanging rocks where they ate and slept. The next day all trace of the storm had disappeared and what remained of their stock seemed intact. Checking the compass brought only heartbreak as it showed that a chance of wind during

the storm had returned them to just a few miles north of Port Grauben. So, deciding to try and find the original route they advanced with difficulty over granite fragments mingled with flint, quartz, and alluvial deposits, eventually reaching a plain covered with bones. like a huge cemetery. A mile further on, they reached the edge of a huge forest made up of vegetation of the

Tertiary period. Tall palms were linked by a network of inextricable creepers, a carpet of moss covering the ground and the leaves were colourless, everything having a brownish hue. Exploring the forest they discovered a heard of gigantic animals, Mastadons, which were being marshalled by a primitive human being, a Proteus. He stood over twelve foot high and brandished an enormous bough, a crook worthy of this antediluvian shepherd.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>