



Winning Junior Division  
Scenario - 1999

**Pacific 2**  
**Jessica Shepherd**  
**Napier Intermediate School**

In the year 2500 an under sea city had been established and was thriving. The city, Pacific 2, was a scientific study base, a jet set holiday resort and home to several hundred workers. In the year 2550 there was a nuclear and chemical war. Explosions rocked the tectonic plates and fault lines triggering a series of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and tsunamis. The land was reshaped and nearly all life was destroyed. Pacific 2 escaped with minor damage. The year is 2700. Pacific 2 still exists, not as a study centre or resort but as a factory producing one quarter of the food for the steadily growing earth population. It is a huge complex of interconnecting water tunnels and airways. To meet the demands of the growing population, Pacific 2 must double its crops within three years. They need to recruit helpers. These recruits need special qualities. Those who pass the relevant exams are sent for a tour of the city and final selection.

Amber lights began flashing on the control panel. Pamra sighed, tour duty was the only part of her job she disliked. It meant she was concerned within the complex for most of the day. She preferred to help in the gardens or to assist the researchers... still duty was duty and the flashing amber meant she had three minutes to prepare for the arrival of her tour group.

She checked the sensor panel. Oh no..... just her luck, two of the ten people inside the surface to seabed pod were experiencing severe nausea and dizziness due to the motion of the craft. These two would have to go to sickbay to recover. They would never make sea-cadets and would have to be taken home by the slower sea-subs. Red lights began to flash and the recorded welcome speech was transmitted to the docking pod. Pamra activated her communicator and prepared to supervise the tour.

"That finishes the tour of the living and recreational quarters" droned the recording. "As you saw they are really quite spacious, comfortable and well equipped. Recent studies show that the gymnasium is being used more often than the virtual reality arcade. This is fantastic because you need to be fit to work in the kelp and Sargasso gardens. Speaking of which. . .please follow the green lines to the changing rooms".

Pamra sensed the fear that passed between the group members. She understood. Going outside meant being fitted with 'O-suits' (O= Outside) and eye lenses. The 'O-suits' injected a chemical into your body that enabled you to breathe liquid for up to three hours. It was painless but scary for first timers. The lenses covered the entire eye and were bright green. Pamra grinned, remembering the first time she had seen someone 'kitted out', it had been spooky!

When everyone was in the airlock, Pamra reminded them of three strict rules.

"Stay with your partner, watch your backs and if there is a mutant attack . . . FREEZE! Mutants are blind but they can sense movement so whatever you do DON'T MOVE".

For the first fifteen minutes Pamra let the group explore. Then she joined them outside. She heard their delighted squeals over her receiver. Their faces lit up when several curious and playful baby porpoises frolicked amongst them.

Then it was question time. Pamra was impressed to discover the group had done their homework. They knew that the kelp had been genetically altered and was a high protein and mineral food source. Likewise the Sargasso had been changed and from its berry-like air vessels, the oxygen for use inside was extracted.

A flicker of movement and Pamra froze. . . above her swam a mutant! One hundred feet of mutated white shark was gliding through the kelp forest like solid liquid. Although blind the shark was sensitive to movement. Pamra prayed for the group to remember the rules. Disaster! Three of the group panicked and broke away, arms and legs flailing in a desperate effort to escape the monster. Pamra heard their terrified screams.

"FREEZE, FREEZE" she yelled frantically over her transmitter, but the three paid no attention. The mutant shark pursued them effortlessly, closing in and opening its mega mouth to display rows of razor sharp teeth. The mouth opened even wider . . and from it swam a Pacific sea-lord.

"Follow me you three" he said. "I'm afraid you failed the simulation test."

Pamra congratulated the rest of the group. She reminded them that if the attack had been real the other three would be dead.

Pamra suggested the group eat at the Star Crystal room. She apologised for not being able to join them but she had work to finish in the aqua control room.

"I will leave my communicator on " said Pamra, "Please feel free to ask any questions".

One girl was unable to take her eyes of the tanks in the dining room. Each tank contained hundreds of fist sized crystals that twinkled and glowed like their namesakes.

"Gosh, they're beautiful" said the girl, "what are they?"

"We don't really know" said Pamra, relishing what was to come. "We do know that whatever we put in the tank with them is broken down completely and recycled into a useful liquid". The girl stared with horror at the glass of water in front of her.

"Oh no," she wailed, "you don't mean?"

"Yes she does" laughed the waiter. "We put everything in the tanks. We don't pollute the sea with our waste now. Terrific isn't it?"

Dinner continued merrily with the group discussing things they had seen. The Thermo-Electricity plant that supplied energy to the city had impressed them. It used the natural power of a nearby volcano. One of the boys had an idea to improve the power output; the others argued its good and bad points. It was great that they worked as a team and pleasing that the arguing was friendly with everyone getting a chance to speak.

They talked of how things were above and of how lucky it was that Pacific 2 only suffered minor damage. They asked about the communicators and Pamra explained how the ones they had been issued enabled them to 'speak' to other species. The more advanced communicators given to cadets sensed emotions too.

"People have always thought that dolphins and whales are intelligent and friendly," said Pamra, "thanks to the communicators they know they were right. The whales have an immense knowledge of the sea but before communicators were invented no-one understood their songs. I thought I knew tons about marine life but even I have learnt from them. The whales seek out new Crystal Star beds and pass on fishing information" she continued. "They move heavy machinery to parts of the city that need them. They alert the complex to any mutants in the area and help to scare them away. They don't ask for anything in return. . . a lesson we could all learn."

It was time to for the group to leave. Pamra had good feelings about this group. They had scored highly in all areas. She knew they would return, next time wearing the uniform of trainees. She directed them to the departure lounge and said her goodbyes.

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Green lights flashed on the control panel so Pamra flicked the receive switch.

"Pamra", said the captain of the pod, "I have your group with me. They were too shy to ask you earlier but they want to know. . . what kind of dolphin are you?"