Tyler Littau

Elijah Johnson

Learning, Knowing, Being

31 March 2016

The Trip

Dave and John sat patiently in the airport awaiting the arrival of their flight. Both at the age of 55, their grey hair started settling in and they began getting small areas of balding. Both fairly tall at about six foot or so and even with areas of balding, a good amount of hair both with mustaches grey in color as well. As they got older their patience grew so sitting another hour or so wouldn’t bother them, although despite being 55, they sure didn’t act like it. They had already been at the airport for two or three hours prior for check in after all of the security.

It was a warm July day, the 15th so it was payday. Las Vegas, Nevada was home to these best friends. What better on a summer’s day then to go on a little trip with your best friend? The two met in high school and have since been close. Both unmarried with no kids. Retired and next door neighbors, both a little wealthy. They knew they wanted to go somewhere. Somewhere like no other. This trip was something that just recently became a plan between the two out of nowhere. The temperature outside was a scorching 98 degrees, but inside the airport felt close to the cooler temperatures near 50. Not a cloud visible for as far as anyone can see. The heat waves could be seen along the runway inside of the airport. Planes landing and taking off thousands of people crowding into an airport trying to get to and from where they need or want to go.

“Well John. Are you ready for this? This shit is gonna be sick!”

“Oh you better believe it buddy! Just like old days. Probably one the chilliest places we’ve been since high school don’t you think?” John asked.

Dave sort of gave a look of insult. As if he was offended by the question.

“Of course it’s gonna be the one of the chilliest places! It will be the chilliest place we have ever been. Have you heard of this place? It is one of the coolest places anyone has ever been. Probably the most relaxing place as well. That’s what we ‘old men’ are looking for right? To sit down and finally relax. Here is our chance.”

Their plane finally arrived and pulled up to their gate. A very small 10 passenger plane that only had them and the pilot. It looked odd because, it was a large airport with one small red and white plane around all of these large passenger planes that held hundreds of people. The plane had small tires attached to buoys for landing gear. That way the plane could land in water and on land. The two loaded the plane and threw their carry-on bags in the storage above their seats and their luggage near the back of the aircraft. The plane wasn’t even off of the ground and the two were already were passed out. They don’t remember anything from the flight but to them, they just arrived on the island. This island had no name, so from the story “Alice in Wonderland” they call it WonderIsland. Although it is named after the story, there is no other connection to the story. Or so they thought.

The air on the island was thick. WonderIsland is just a few hundred feet from being a mile in diameter all the way around. Being so close to the ocean on such a small island made the air not only thick but very humid. The island was pretty much just a forest with some open spots where some tents could be pitched. A very flat island covered in pine trees and aspen trees oddly enough. There were a few hills here and there with a cave or two. Not much on the island or at least they thought. An island in the middle of the ocean covered with pines and aspens is unique. But that was just the beginning.

“Well buddy were here. Let’s hit the water!” said Dave.

As was said before, the two of them act as if they were born in the 21st century. The way they talk and act. They were the only two humans on the island at the time and they could do anything they wanted. Off with their clothes and on with their swim shorts as if their wrinkly bodies weren’t achy at all, then bolted toward the water. When John and Dave reached the water, neither of them got wet. Neither of them even went into the water. They were walking on the water. They both looked at each other and had a very confused look on their faces. They thought that maybe it was that part of the water they were standing in. Maybe there was a glass dock and they just got lucky and ran onto it. They walked all the way around the island on the water. It was no fluke they were pulling a Jesus.

John glanced at Dave with the face of fear. “Hey man, what’s going on here. This is some real Jesus shit. How the fuck can we walk on water. Our feet aren’t even wet.”

Scared out of their minds, both ran back to the beach. As their feet came to the dry sand, it began sticking to their feet. Like their feet were magnets and the sand was attracted to it. Because their feet were not wet, then the sand should not stick like that.

“Let’s just go set up camp so we can cook I am fucking starving! And tired” said Dave.

As the two were walking the temperature began to drop. The outer edge of the island’s temperature was around 85 degrees and very humid. The temperature was dropping about every hundred feet. Now only about a quarter into the island the temperature was to about 65 degrees. Deeper and deeper into the island it dropped until the very venter had an opening of trees and a small circle of snow stuck to the earth. At this point of the island the temperature was near 20 degrees. The strangest part is that the island is flat and in a tropical place. In the very center of the snow circle and the exact center of the island stood a snowman. Three perfectly round snowballs in the form of a snow man. A red and green striped scarf, coal as eyes, small rocks for a mouth, a carrot as the nose and a wooden pipe hanging from the mouth. Small pine branches with two or three twigs for fingers and a top hat on him.

“Welcome to my home. No Name island. I am not the only one to live here. There are others you may meet later. What are your names?”

By this time the two men were almost crying. They had no idea what was going on. What they were actually seeing or thinking. What kind of place was this? Walking on water. All four seasons on a tropical island. Talking snowmen. What else could there be?

“Well I am John and this is my best friend Dave.” John replied. “We are just looking for a place to lay down. I am really hungry. I could use a little relaxing. I am 55 years old and although I may be in good shape for my age, I am tired. That’s what we came here for. So were gonna be on our way.”

The two managed to slip away to set up camp. They started a fire and began to cook.

“What the hell kinda island are we on John. There are some weird things here. I know this was supposed to be fun, but so far, it isn’t. It is just pure scary and I don’t think I like it at all.”

John replied. “I completely agree. Something that was supposed to be fun, but is extremely scary and not fun.”

The night on the island was cold and long. Because they chose to set up camp closer to the middle of the island it rained. When the sun came up there was frost all around on the trees and on the ground. It was still chilly and the two were already hoping to get off of the island. They were supposed to be there for at least a week. The plane was picking them up in exactly one week. But they wanted off now.

Day two for John and Dave started with sleeping in an hour or so and some bacon. Nothing completely out of the ordinary until they heard some crunching of branches behind them. As they both turned around, to their surprise there was a purple unicorn. Not one that could talk though. Were their eyes fooling them? Nope. Sure enough there was a unicorn walking toward them right next to the snowman. Both Dave and John started running toward the beach away from the unicorn and snowman. Luckily, unlike most random islands, there was cell phone service and both of them sent out a call for help. Hours passed before they finally got someone to answer.

Dave got the first answer. “H-Hello! Me and my friend John need a plane now! There are some crazy ass things going on this island we need a plane now!”

“Okay sir. There will be a small fee of 1000 dollars for picking up early but we will send someone out for you.”  
 When Dave got off of the phone both of them went back into the trees to collect their stuff. The unicorn was there still but the snowman was gone. They saw all of their belongings were already packed and just needed to be thrown onto the plane. The unicorn had packed all of their stuff as if he was saying get the hell off of my island. Or maybe he was just helping because he knew the two were going to leave.

Dave and John waited a little longer to see if the unicorn left but it didn’t. He threw everything on his back and stomped their fire out with his hoofs. When they saw this they couldn’t help it to believe that the unicorn was stealing their stuff. But they really didn’t care that much. They just wanted to be off of this island, so they started the trek back to the beach waiting for their plane. It took only 15 minutes or so walking through the woods to get to the beach. They couldn’t believe that the unbelievable happened again. Their luggage was waiting on the beach where they were going to wait for the plane. Four hours later the plane arrived and Dave and John never felt happier.

After boarding the plane and taking off they both looked out the window watching the island disappear. But not the kind of disappear as if you were gaining distance. The island was turning into ocean as if the island had never existed.

Then all of a sudden the acid had worn off, the acid was gone and the trip was over.