

THE LAND AT THE BOTTOM

The land at the bottom was one that always sparked curiosity.
But along with that came some wide and vast controversy.
So one day, a courageous boy came up with a plan.
He was going to sail to it himself- but first he needed to ask his Nan.

“Sure, go!” His Nan, who was cooking a meal, ever so brightly said.
“But it’s impossible to see in the snow- so do mind your head!”
His Pop- who got up from the couch, refused and tried to put Nan into line.
“The place is beautiful- it glitters like crystals as the sun so brightly shines”

Confused, he went to his mum and her name was Tina.
She said- “It’s like a desert- couldn’t have been less greener”
His father had a different answer floating in his head.
“The place is an ice palace, an endless one.” he said.

Still flabbergasted, the boy went over to his aunt’s.
She said- “There’s no living things there- barely any plants!”
His cousin disagreed, the boy had never seen such a strife.
“The place is crowded and always bursting with life!”

So, at last, the boy hopped on his boat.
Only taking snacks and a winter coat.
And then he set off, across the great big blue.
What would he find? He had no clue.

The waves sometimes crashed, sometimes smashed, sometimes rippled.
As he got closer, the amount of icebergs had tripled.
“Dad was right!” he thought aloud.
And then, right in front of him, came a huge crowd.

Black and white shapes jumped and dived.
His cousin was also right- so much life thrived!
But as he drew nearer and nearer to the mainland,
He saw a white desert- this wasn’t planned!

How could his father and his mother both be right?
Clouds and wind started gathering, giving the boy a fright.
He put on his coat, and stood for a while.
He had to stay still- he couldn't see a mile.

As the storm cleared, the sun came back.
The ice glittered and shined with barely a crack.
But now, no life could be seen.
It was empty- all completely clean.

That's when the boy realised that all of them were right.
This place could change, just like day and night.
It could be different, like the sea and the land.
And so he went home, now needing warm sand.