

## The Iceberg

The 16th of January 1978 was a Monday. Somewhere in the world a deer hunter took his prize, but elsewhere in the world an iceberg had become too big and heavy for his mother to bear. He finally broke free from his glacier. He smashed peacefully into the ocean and drifted through the cold waters slowly and without much meaning. He lived for the moment and spoke freely to those who came near without fear or hesitation. His thoughts were his own and his eyes were as clear as his mind.

Birds rested upon his shoulders and seals sat upon his belly. Polar bears dozed in the sun listening to the iceberg's soothing bergie seltzer sounds. The iceberg soaked up all ancient knowledge and feelings from his animal friends. Huge waves crashed over him during the storms, but he remained unsinkable and strong. Although the cold sea supported him, and his needs were met, he knew in his icy heart they were not compatible and soon he would be leaving.

A pod of killer whales violently smashed into the iceberg with skill and precision, trying desperately to knock the seals into the water and into their jaws. But the iceberg was too big, broad and stable and the seals remained safe. The iceberg listened to the whales' cryptic clicks as they swam away.

The chinook winds took him to warmer waters. The waves eroded his sides which dripped bitterly into the sea. He searched in his frozen mind for a reason to keep drifting... and wondered if he had any choice. The seals sensed the temperature increasing and left. The iceberg was now all alone. By day he gazed defiantly into the eyes of the sun. By night he listened to the moon singing its sad song as he drifted on the dark millpond ocean.

I burn brighter in the dark  
Did my life start with a spark?  
Shamma le be be - the queen of my heart!

Where I used to watch the rabbits at  
Is now a human habitat  
Shamma le be be - the queen of my heart!

The moon song faded to black as he fell into a bottomless sleep. When he woke he found a seagull perched on his head.

"Are you lost, friend?" the seagull squawked.

"I don't know how to answer that question," the iceberg replied, trying to wake up.

"Well, do you know where you are?" the seagull snapped.

"I don't", said the iceberg. "But this doesn't frighten me... the ocean knows where I am, and this is what matters. Besides, I think know where I need to get to."

"Yet you've never been there," the seagull provoked. "If you ask me you'd be wise to turn back," he added, a small smirk playing upon his nicotine stained beak.

"I don't think that is possible," said the iceberg "I've come too far".

"Not far enough it seems," the seagull whispered to himself.

The seagull looked at the horizon, then to the waves that lapped gently at the iceberg's base, then back to the horizon. After a few moments he spoke again.

"So, you admit you're adrift, don't you iceberg? But are you able to think of a word that means the opposite of drifting?... Without this knowledge how are you able to move on?"

There followed a long pause as the iceberg considered the bird's question. He heard his cold bones creaking and squeaking. His soul ached and his mind rushed. He didn't know the answer. The bird had made him feel stupid and slow.

Finally the iceberg spoke "Well..."

But the seagull wasn't listening anymore. He had taken to the wing and was circling high above the iceberg. He laughed and shrieked down "It's cold enough to see your words iceberg, but I've no idea what you are saying!... It won't be cold for long if you continue in that direction". And he pointed with a single white and grey feather due East. "Good luck my friend... good luck!".

As the iceberg watched the seagull disappear into the morning mist something clicked deep within him... something older than dirt, something undeniable and pure. A red cog turned to the left that turned a blue cog to the right.

The iceberg moved further into warmer waters with purpose and speed now, shrinking as he went. There was nothing to fear as he cut through the waves. The ice that had become clouded by time and air now began to melt fast. He felt the old oxidised layers of white melt away to reveal a core of clear crystal. Now, upon the sea, he was giant block of a billion tiny transparent cubes, all constantly shifting into new complex shapes that were ever-changing and never-ending.

The sun set like a cathedral and the iceberg refracted and reflected the many colours that danced around him like oil flames on water. He thought about his thirty three years at sea and knew it was time. A DNA shaped column of multicoloured dots spiralled from his body up into the evening sky and penetrated the heavens. The black clouds above slowly opened and closed like a lung, and the sea pulsed green. The transformation was almost complete. Soon he would be Father Iceberg and a new chapter would begin.