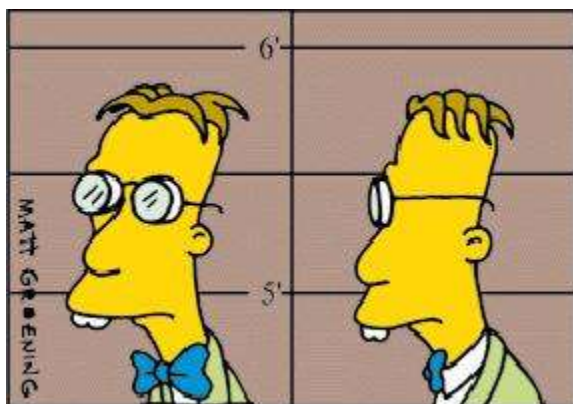




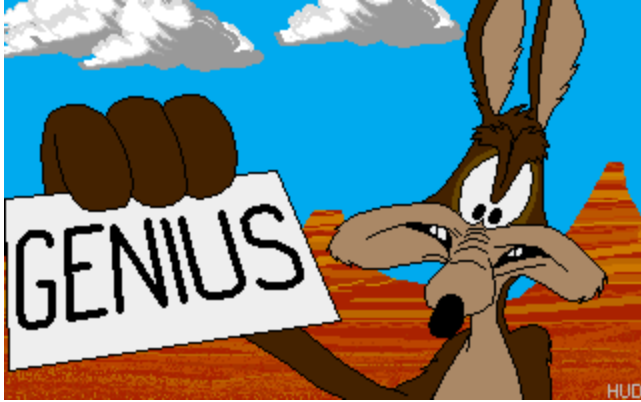
New Atkinos: Terra Incognita, Part 3

Despite the odds, 487 dazed and hungry survivors managed to clamber upon the jagged rocks on the narrow islands. Without food and without supplies, their doom seemed imminent. Many were driven to greater despair to realize that their ships did not have any feline crew or passengers, so there were not natural leaders. With no direct connection to the authority of the Supreme Wirdle, these humanoids were on their own – for the very first time. Could they survive without her?

Three nearby islets connected by shallow rocky straits housed all of the survivors. Brave ones challenged the watery pinnacles at low tide and visited all three groups – searching for food and to develop plans. The greatest dismay was that nothing edible grew on these spits of land – and no supplies had washed up on the shore from the ships. Something had to give. A few people began to look at some of the younger, juicier crew members and think unprecedented thoughts. They were probably only a bottle of sauce away from a barbecue in the true sense of the word. This kind of Donner Party situation would be a big blot on the pristine history of Schulmania. But, desperate times do call for desperate measures. Before checking survivors for tenderness, someone needed to be placed in charge and make some decisions. Jonas Grumby went down with the ship, as did most of the ships' officers. A few shiphands survived, but none of the leaders. Into this power vacuum stepped John Frink.



John Frink, the prodigy student of Professor Wile E. Coyote, Dean of Appalacciano College in Schulmanidad



Professor Wile E. Coyote

Frink is by far the smartest survivor. He has an IQ of 204 and 7 Ph.D. degrees. He has been a clever inventor, and has the potential to invent many other clever things. He may just know a way to use what salvage materials the survivors have to escape the island. Or, he may develop some great recipes for survivor stew. It could go either way.



Frink has real potential to change the future. Of course, he also could make some good steaks.





Using the last of their strength, the survivors finished assembling 41 rafts. They shoved off, heading toward the rising sun, hoping that the new day would bring them their long-awaited salvation.

Sailing for hours, the rafts seemed to have made little progress. By mid afternoon, the mountain seemed closer and the current sped them onward. Late in the afternoon, the first of the rafts reached dry land. By evening, all 41 rafts had arrived safely. The survivors, exhausted and hungry, collapsed and slept – feeling confident food and shelter were not much farther away.

