

The Lost Continent

The Lost Continent by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne is a fantasy adventure novel that tells the story of a group of explorers who discover a mysterious, submerged continent filled with strange creatures, ancient secrets, and epic battles.



Summary

1 -The lost Continent

The Coldwater, borne up by her buoyant screen, was speeding eastward. We knew what her speed in the air was, and we knew that that speed was uniform. An hour's absence would give her sixty miles of easting, and we were scarce ten minutes from her when her lofty outlines had been etched against the sky for a moment by the sinking sun.

"We must signal her," I said, and, selecting a spot close by the water, I began gathering sticks and leaves, for we had no means of making a fire without them. The three men helped me, but we had much ado to accommodate so small a fire-place with fuel for so large a fire as we designed to make. The sun had disappeared before we had discovered any means of making fire, but our needs pressed us so that we could not afford to await the rising of another sun. Finally, one of the men suggested that we attempt to attract attention by firing one of the mortars which formed a part of the armament of all our craft. I called to mind that the Coldwater carried such pieces of ordnance, and, further, I knew that they were automatic in action, and could be fired by a child. It remained, therefore, to seek a means to discharge one of them.

The three men detailed to different parts of the boat, returned with the report that all the magazines exploded apparently at the instant of the commencement of the conflagration, for the magazines were chambers dug below the water line; and as the floors were consumed, the sea, rushing through the apertures made by the flames, had drowned the powder that otherwise would have been detonated by contact with the flames; for even fasbestos, of which the powder magazines were constructed, would have been consumed in that terrific fire. It had, of course, been among our calculations that the powder magazines would be exploded when water poured into them, and the uneasy motion of the boat had warned us to leave her, that we might be blown to pieces by such an explosion--or, at least, that we might not be aboard were she to founder.

But this apparent destroyer of our hopes, in reality, proved our preserver. The magazines did not detonate, and among them were several thousand rounds of ammunition for the small-arms with which the Coldwater had been armed. To fire the mortar, it was only necessary to find one of the many tubes; but when I sent men to the magazines to report on conditions they returned to report that the steel covers to the chambers had been unhinged at the first alarm of fire, and that the seas which dashed the Coldwater until her hopelessly wrecked deck was level with the water's edge had made such inroads upon her inflammable interior that she soon would dive to the bottom.

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In Chapter 2 of "The Lost Continent," the narrator grapples with the shocking abandonment by their ship, the Coldwater, under uncertain circumstances that left Alvarez in command and posed the survival question for him and his crew stranded in the Atlantic. Convinced that land – specifically the Scilly Islands near England – offers their only chance of survival, he sets a course east, despite the crew's limited familiarity with the ancient geography. The reference to England and Europe sparks a conversation about forbidden knowledge of the world beyond their known territories, hinting at a post-apocalyptic or dystopian restriction on global awareness.

The narrator's possession of ancient maps and history books aids their navigation towards England, driven by a mix of desperation and an adventurous desire to explore forgotten lands. This personal quest underscores a broader theme of rediscovery and pushing beyond imposed boundaries, reflective of human curiosity and the perennial push against censorship or limitation of knowledge.

Upon nearing the English Channel, their excitement turns to confusion as they encounter no signs of current habitation or activity, contradicting their expectations of a populated and vibrant coast. The desolate landing points them towards Plymouth Bay, where the complete absence of people, traditional coastal defenses, and signs of life baffles them. This desolation prompts the narrator to speculate wildly about the fate of England and its people, suggesting a massive upheaval or catastrophe has occurred.

The discovery of ancient ruins beneath the overgrowth and tangible artifacts from a past battle, including a German helmet and a human skull with a bullet hole, hints at a historical conflict reaching the shores of England. These finds raise more questions than answers, particularly about the scale of conflict and its implications for England

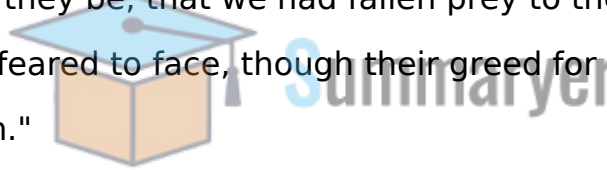
and the wider world.

The crew's exploration transitions from a hopeful search for survival to an eerie investigation of a land seemingly wiped clean of its past, setting a tone of mystery and speculation about the broader fate of civilization.



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He had not had sufficient time to cross the clearing and pass down through the horrid forest beyond the clearing; and in the second place, they would consider us as already dead, as much so as though we lay bound and bleeding before the altar of the lion god. So sure would they be, that we had fallen prey to the terrible creature which, for some reason, they feared to face, though their greed for human flesh is far greater than that of the lion."



Thus reassured, I decided to take Victory with me back to 30th Street. But how to explain my strange companion to my friends was a detail that troubled me not a little as we made our way through the Camp of the Lions, down the river bank toward the launch, and my waiting companions.

Upon the shore we met Snider. He was frantic with excitement. "The whole east coast is alive with men," he bawled into my ear, above the roar of the Atlantic. "Where have you been? I thought you were dead when I found your cap. And then we picked up Taylor, and he was as crazy as you. He said you had gone off upon a wild-goose chase after an imaginary lion. He said he heard you call my name—then some women thought they saw you later, far inland."

I managed to calm Snider, and then related my adventures. Snider listened in silence, his eyes growing wider and his face paler as I proceeded. When I had finished, he stood for a moment, as though deep in thought; then he turned toward the launch without a word and clambered in.

"Come," he said, and started the engine.

I turned to Victory, trying to frame an explanation, but she only smiled and waved her hand in a general farewell. "Goodbye," she said, as the launch moved into the stream,

"You are going back to your own people. I must stay with mine. Goodbye!"

As we moved slowly down the river, I turned to see her standing there by the ancient arch, her figure silhouetted against the moonlit sky—the queen of a vanished race, alone by the ruins of their greatness.

"We must come back for her, Delcarte," I said. "We must help her to rebuild what has been destroyed."

And as we entered the broader waters of the Thames, the great buildings of New York greeted us in the east; and Victory, the last queen of England, was left alone in the silence and the night, standing amongst the crumbling ruins of a dead civilization.

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As we ventured further into the remnants of ancient London, the traces of its former grandeur became increasingly evident. Amidst the overgrown flora, the ruins of once magnificent structures hinted at the city's past splendor. We were initially met with fewer signs of predatory animals than anticipated, though the presence of a great, black-maned lion on a shattered balcony served as a stark reminder of the dangers lurking within.

Our journey led us along the Thames, driven by a desire to witness the remnants of iconic landmarks like the London Bridge, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower. However, as we progressed, the extent of devastation only seemed to intensify, with little left of the once bustling bridge except for a disintegrating mound of masonry amidst overgrown ruins.

Intrigued by a remarkably intact building swathed in ivy, we couldn't resist exploring its interior, where time appeared to have stood still. The opulence within spoke of a civilization of immense power and prosperity, now fallen into oblivion. The sight of murals and tapestries depicting ancient technological marvels stirred a deep sense of wonder in Victory, who expressed a wish to stay amidst these remnants of a bygone era.

Our exploration took a perilous turn upon encountering a pride of lions inhabiting what seemed to be a stately chamber, possibly a royal throne room. The encounter forced a hasty retreat upstairs into a secure room that held the skeletal remains of a soldier who had diligently recorded the fall of London to an unknown calamity around August 1937. His notes hinted at the devastating impact of "the Death" and the exodus that left Britain to the wild beasts, offering insight into the origins of the contemporary faunal inhabitants.

Resolved to escape this mausoleum of humanity's former achievements, we opted for a precarious descent down the ivy-clad exterior. Our progress was nearly thwarted by a lion ambush, propelling us into a dramatic escape through the underbrush and ultimately into the Thames to elude our pursuers.

Despite the immediate threat posed by a particularly relentless lioness, Victory demonstrated remarkable courage and solidarity, refusing to abandon me despite my commands to seek safety. Together, we faced the beast, with Victory prepared to fend it off with her knife. Our combined efforts and a fortuitous stroke of luck allowed us to survive the encounter, highlighting the unpredictable harmony between human resilience and the savage beauty of this lost world.

These chapters of "The Lost Continent" vividly depict the explorers' journey through the desolate relics of London, transforming their expedition into a harrowing fight for survival amidst the splendor and tragedy of a collapsed civilization. Their experiences serve as a testament to the enduring spirit of humanity and the profound mysteries of our collective past.

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Victory on the river Thames brings both despair and relief for the narrator, as he navigates emotions and survival in a world vastly changed. Alone and adrift, the sudden disappearance and miraculous return of Victory, his companion, offers a glimmer of hope. Together, they face the dangers lurking on the riverbanks, including a threatening lioness, which Victory bravely kills. Their relationship, built on mutual reliance and respect, deepens despite the harshness of their surroundings. The journey becomes not just a fight for survival but a profound exploration of human resilience and the bonds forged in adversity.

Their venture takes them across hostile territories, where nature has reclaimed civilizations long gone. Along the way, they encounter wild beasts, hostile environments, and the remnants of humanity that have reverted to primal ways. The introduction of Delcarte, a fellow survivor, adds to the complexity of their journey, bringing moments of hope and despair. As they navigate the challenges of this new world, the protagonist's goals shift from mere survival to a deeper understanding of what it means to be human in a world stripped of its modernity.

Amidst their travels, the dynamics within the group evolve. Victory's independence and prowess are contrasted with the contention and deceit presented by Snider, another survivor whose intentions grow increasingly suspect. This tension raises questions about trust, leadership, and the essence of civilization. The journey on the Rhine, intended as a quest for remnants of old Europe, turns into a stark realization of the depth of humanity's fall.

When betrayal strikes, leaving the narrator and his companions stranded, the narrative shifts from adventure to a quest for redemption and justice. The loss of the launch, driven by Snider's treachery, pivots the narrative towards a confrontation with the

darker aspects of human nature. The group is forced to confront not only the external dangers of their world but also the internal conflicts that threaten to undo them.

As the journey unfolds, the narrative weaves themes of survival, the resilience of the human spirit, and the pursuit of hope in a world where the familiar has been erased. The bond between the narrator and Victory, tested by the elements and the challenges they face, becomes a beacon of light in a darkened world, underscoring the enduring power of human connection and resilience.



Summaryer

7 -The lost Continent

In Chapter 7 of "The Lost Continent," the survivors face a grim reality after losing their launch, crucial for their survival in the hostile and uncharted world they find themselves in. The disappearance of the launch along with Snider and the young woman, Victory, leaves the group in despair, embodied particularly in Taylor's dejected demeanor. Despite their dire situation, the narrator, who holds a position of authority and responsibility, resolves to maintain hope and encourage his companions, proposing a plan to pursue and recover the launch by taking advantage of their knowledge of the terrain, navigating shortcuts, and relying on their maps and compasses.

Their journey downstream is driven by a mix of hope and necessity, as they debate what justice would look like for Snider, the deserter and traitor, should they recapture him. The narrator grapples with his own conflicting emotions towards Victory, unable to rationalize his concern and feelings for someone from such a starkly different world and status.

Unexpectedly, while resting after a challenging day, they spot the launch adrift on the river. The group splits, with some swimming out to reclaim the vessel, only to discover Snider dead inside, a victim of what appears to be a violent struggle and defense by Victory, indicated by a knife wound and a strand of her hair clutched in Snider's hand. Snider's demise provokes no sympathy; he is buried unceremoniously by the river, his actions deemed inexcusable and beastlike.

The survivors decide to search for Victory, motoring up the river and calling out for her in hopes of a reunion. Despite a significant effort that unveils a clue in the form of a recent campfire, Victory's whereabouts remain a mystery. As they deliberate their next move, the narrator is suddenly ambushed by unseen assailants, illustrating the

persistent dangers of this lost continent and setting the stage for further challenges.

This chapter encapsulates the bleakness of their situation, the determination to survive, the moral quandaries faced by the group, and the unpredictable nature of their environment, all while maintaining an undercurrent of hope and the complex human emotions that accompany their struggle for survival and understanding.

