

RED LAGOON I



It was a clear and beautiful night when I arrived at the resort on the edge of the sea. This was to be the trip of a lifetime for me. I had been looking forward to coming here for a long time. The island was beautiful, and there were many things to see and do here. The one thing I had not expected was the storm that was approaching from the east.

The hotel employee carried my bag to my hut and showed me the room. There was a bed, a dresser and night stand. In the bathroom a shower, sink and toilet; next to it a bucket full of water and a small scoop. I found a Gideon's Bible next to the bed on the small night stand. The room was what I had expected; nothing special, everything simple.

During the night the wind grew stronger as the storm approached. My hut was made of bamboo, so I was not sure that it could survive the onslaught of a direct hit from a storm.

I didn't sleep well that night.

When daylight finally came I left my hut and walked to the hotel to have my breakfast. The owner approached me and advised me that I should bring my things to the main building before the storm came on shore. I returned to my room, and just as I did my cellphone began to ring. I found my phone and answered, "Hello".

The voice on the phone was not familiar. The accent was strange, but the caller asked for me by my name, "Is this Mike Robinson?"

"I said, "Yes, this Mike. Who's calling me?"

The voice just said, "Beware the mystery of the Red Lagoon. You'll find many things there, but only the strong can survive." Then the call ended.

I did not know what to think about this.

I left my hut with my things and returned to the hotel. I told the manager that I had

received a call on my cellphone just a few minutes before. I told him what the caller said, and then he turned white as a ghost.

“The caller told you about the Red Lagoon? Perhaps you read some of our materials last night in your room.” The manager seemed confused as he told me this.

“No, the only thing in my room was the Gideon Bible, and it didn’t say anything about a Red Lagoon,” I responded to him.

“I don’t know about any of this then.” the manager explained, looking at me like I was crazy, or something.

I placed my bags behind the counter to keep them safe and then went to eat breakfast. I took out my phone to look at the call register again to see who had called me. The call register was empty. That had never happened before.

I ate my breakfast and went out onto the veranda to see look at the sea. The waves were tall and breaking hard against the beach. The wind was stronger, but we were in a concrete building where we should be safe. I found out that there were only two of us checked into the hotel. Most of the guests who had registered had left when they found out about the storm.

I wandered over to the table where the other guest was having her breakfast.

“Mind if I sit down?” I asked.

“No, not at all,” she replied.

“Hi, my name is Mike Robinson, what’s yours?” I asked her.

“Marie Thomas, I am from Olympia, Washington. Where are you from?”

“I’m from Rockford, Illinois. So, what brings you to this place, may I ask,” I asked in a confident tone.

“I got a call a few weeks ago from a stranger who said something that intrigued me. The caller told me to beware the Red Lagoon.” She told me.

“I looked it up on the internet and I found this place. I have never been out of my hometown before. I thought that coming here would be an adventure. With this storm coming, I think I will get my wish,” she laughed.

“That’s amazing; I just got a similar call a little while ago myself!” I responded.

“What’s the Red Lagoon?”

Marie leaned forward and explained to me, “The Red Lagoon is a somewhere on this island. It’s mysterious and thought to be the hiding place for the treasures of the pirates who attacked ships in this area during the early 1800’s. I had to follow my curiosity and find out why I got that call,” She explained. “So, why are you here?”

“I saw a special on TV about exotic islands. Then I received a flyer in the mail advertising this place. I became interested in exploring this place after seeing that documentary. I was surprised when I talked to my travel agent. She had never heard of this hotel or this island. I had to make most of the arrangements myself,” I answered her. “I’m not really sure why I’m here, actually.”

“If we survive this storm, tomorrow should be a better day,” Marie said laughing.

The rest of the morning we got to know each other. The storm was getting stronger, but the hotel building seemed to be holding together. The owner stopped by our table and offered us free refreshments. I ordered the mango smoothie and Marie ordered a coconut drink. The owner told us he was preparing rooms in the hotel at no extra charge since the hotel was empty. We thanked him and continued to talk.

We went inside the building when the storm was at its strongest. The rain came down so hard we could no longer see the beach. The skies turned dark and the wind blew so hard the windows shook. It was both scary and fascinating at the same time.

The wind died down by dinner time. The storm had gone directly over us. The calm was strange. Then after about an hour the wind picked up again. The winds became even stronger than before. We had been in the eye of the storm.

After dinner I decided to go to up to my room and rest. Just as I was about to lay on my bed my cellphone rang again. I didn’t see a number on my screen, but I answered it anyway. The caller asked if I was Mike. I said, “Yes, this is Mike”

Then the caller said in a strange accent, “Beware the mystery of the Red Lagoon. You will find many things there, but only the strong can survive.” Then the call ended.

I sat up in surprise. What was this all about?

I checked my call register again, but it didn’t show a call.

There was not much to do in the room. Since the TV did not work and the lights would come and go, I decided to go to sleep and figure all of this out in the morning.

I met Marie for breakfast and I told her about the call. She was surprised and told me she had received a similar call. She was wondering what it all meant as well.

I told her of my plans after breakfast I wanted to explore the shore line and view the damage done by the storm. She asked if she could join me. I agreed.

After breakfast we changed into our hiking clothes and headed down the beach toward a cove of rocks. The damage was intense. My hut was gone and hers was in shambles. Good thing we hadn't stayed there.

The palm trees that used to line the edge of the beach were stripped of their leaves. The banana trees were gone. There was seaweed all over the beach and dead or dying fish everywhere. The sea was calm and the wind was gentle.

We walked on the beach discovering odd things in the sand. A bottle of beer, a can of tuna, an umbrella, a broken dingy, vegetation spread across the beach and a lot of driftwood washed ashore. We rounded a bend on the beach, and there we saw a beautiful waterfall. In the water fall was a rainbow. It was then that I realized that I had forgotten my camera. Marie took out hers and took many wonderful shots of the surrounding area.

We decided to walk toward the waterfall. The shore was full of debris from the storm so it made walking difficult. We walked and walked until we came to the base of the waterfall. I wished I had brought my swimming suit. The water in the lagoon looked warm and inviting.

The waves from the storm had broken apart many rocks. As we got closer to the waterfall we noticed that we could go behind it.

"Let's take a look back here. This looks like fun," Marie suggested.

We went behind the falling water and found what appeared to be an opening to a cave. We decided to explore the opening. We ducked inside.

I had a flashlight inside my pack so I turned it on. The opening was deeper than I thought. The walls were wet and slimy. The ground was rocky and uneven, but we both decided to take the adventure and go inside.

A few meters inside we began to find a lot of unusual items. There were shovels, and axes and other tools. There were old lanterns and torches on the ground. Someone had been here before, but it was a long time ago. I took out my lighter and lit one of the

torches. Amazingly, it worked!

We went deeper and deeper. The walls were damp and the smell was bad, but our curiosity was stronger.

We went further into the cave until we came upon a large room that opened in front of us. There were several wooden boxes stacked on each other on the floor.

Marie wanted to open one of the boxes to see what might be inside. I found another axe laying on the ground and I gave it to her. She smashed open one of the boxes. I flashed my light into the box and inside we found a large number of very old golden coins.

Marie shrieked, "I think we've found the treasure of the Red Lagoon!"

I didn't know what to say or do. I then remembered the phone call. "Beware the mystery of the Red Lagoon. You will find many things there, but only the strong can survive." The voice had said. What did that mean? I was frightened to even think about it.

"Do you remember the calls we got?" I asked her.

"Yeah, what about them?" she asked me.

"What do you think it meant. Here is the treasure, but what does it mean, 'Only the strong will survive'?" I asked.

"I don't care. Look at all of this gold!" she exclaimed.

Marie was so excited about her discovery that she was jumping from box to box opening the treasures and running her hands through the coins like it was cold water. She was laughing and giggling. I was watching her trying to think of how we could get all of this gold out of the cave without anyone seeing us. We needed to keep this a secret. If word got out that we had found the cave and the treasure, there would be a thousand treasure hunters on the island the next day.