

Gulliver's fifth voyage

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I had been immobile for much too long and I was yearning to begin another great voyage when I decided that I would go due west to investigate the civilisation that dwelled there. It was mid-summer and my ship was to set out from Dover. I boarded the ship and was greeted by an old man, with a potbelly and crooked nose, accompanied by a scar from left ear to left eye. This, I assumed was my captain. I had been totally worn out by my long journey and inquired where my quarters would be, and the captain offered to show me himself.

As we went below decks, there was less light, but I could still see where I was going. The captain went to a door that opened into a quite spacious cabin, with a bunk on the far wall, and a mahogany desk beside the door. With that, the captain left saying, 'I hope everything is to your satisfaction, sir, and that you have a pleasant rest.' This was the last I saw of the man. When I awoke the next morning, as I was about to take a walk along the coastline, I could see a sheet of bags scattered for miles with the words 'Walkers', 'Tayto' printed on them and round cans with 'Coca Cola' wrote on it.

I had never seen anything like this before; it must have been a way for the people who lived here to make it more decorative looking. Although I could see people in the distance pointing and shaking their head, these people must have thought different. All I could see around me was a mass of round towering buildings, with thick, black smoke belting out of them and people coughing vigorously. It must have been their way off appreciating these works of art. I was aroused from my gaze by a deep, commanding voice, which was barking at me, 'Who the hell are you?'

And where the hell are you from? ' I turned and saw that I was surrounded by a group of men, dressed in green garments, each holding a form of musket in their arms. I told the man who had barked at me that I was travelling the world and making journals on my findings. I told him that I would like to explore his country further. He agreed to show me around parts of the country, as much as he could. He introduced himself to be Pat Kenwood. As we moved further into the city, I felt more and more alienated as everyone stopped and stared at me.

I felt depressed, as there was not a single person there like me. But then we came to this dark, dull street, quite unlike the rest of the city. As we walked on all I could see were people covered in filth, with their hands out, begging for food or money. I was astonished as people were actually giving them it. It was so jealous as these people were getting food for nothing, such an ingenious idea. I asked Pat why these people were living like this, and was told that the government has not the money to do anything for these people but instead they needed the it for the war effort.

This seemed an excellent way to spend the money. We walked on for another mile or so, when I was startled by Pat yelling and pointing at what seemed to me like a tent with huge poles pushing out from the top of it. I asked what this monstrosity was and was given the reply that it was the Millennium Dome. I could see there was another one off those homeless people being dragged away. You wouldn't think it, but it only cost i?? 800million to build. It was a way for the people to celebrate the new Millennium. Firstly I was shocked too that it only cost i?? 800million.

He explained to me that its main function was only to bring in the New Year and that after that it is virtually useless. Wow, i?? 800million on a building that is only designed for one nights entertainment, it must have been some night. Then it struck me. He said Millennium and when I asked about this he replied, 'You know, the year 2000. ' I was greatly disturbed by this, as I still believed it to be the 18th Century. When I had overcome the slight illness I began to feel, Pat offered to take me to a place called a 'Cafi??' where we would get a drink of tea.

Pat explained to me that this was no ordinary, but an Internet Cafi??. I was interested by these new contraptions called 'Computers' I think. According to Pat they were designed to make books a thing of the past. I asked him to show me how to operate one, he handed me a book saying 'Here's the manual, read it, and you'll know what to do... ' The book was quite heavy, yet colourful, but it was confusing to me as it mentioned things like 'keyboards' and 'modems' and I had no what these things were. What intelligence, designing some thing to do away with books, yet you need to read a book to know how to work the thing.

These people were even more disturbing than those from the Land of Lilliput. As we left the Cafi?? we found it hard to cross as there were so many mechanical machines known as 'cars' moving up and down at intense speeds. I thought it remarkable that these machines don't knock down people but Pat corrected me by stating that people do get knocked down by these all the time, but only twenty-four have died this year. This seemed a small price to pay for such marvellous invention but out off know where we heard a loud thud and people screaming.

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There was somebody lying on the ground face-up, all bloody and twisted. A car moved of very fast and it had loudmusiccoming out of it with young people bouncing up and down with bottles in their hands. This looked like good fun and wished I could join in. At this point I told Pat farewell and thanked him for all he had done. As I walked further in to the city, I was confronted by another group of men, this time dressed in black. I also noticed that they carried similar muskets to Pat and his gang. One of them asked 'Why were you talking to that traitor? I hen had to explain that I was an explorer investigating their country. This seemed to interest them and their leader spoke 'You had better listen to our side of the story as well. ' I agreed to this, as I did not want to appear biased, but to be fair I no longer felt intimidated by this group of men and felt I could relax while I listened to their story. But, as I began to sit, they dragged me up and told me it was not safe here and that we would have to go to their safe house, called Dubnil. He introduced himself as Peter.

He told me how a foreign power had invaded his country and that their government discriminated against the natives in favour of colonists. The natives decided to start a rebellion in order to fight for the rights, and their freedom. This made the foreign government introduce a plot called 'ethnic cleansing' to eliminate the natives. This disgusted me as I had always associated cleansing as something that was pure and glorious, yet this brutal government used it to describe the most evil thing that I had ever heard of. This foreign government shocked me more than the viciousness of the leader in Lilliput.

They described murder as cleansing which disturbed me so much that I was glad I never lived here and that none of my country's great leaders never acted in any manner that could be compared to the oppressors of this God-forsaken country. From the distance I could see this mobile cannon I asked Pete what this was. He told me that it was a 'weapon of mass destruction' called a 'nuclear bomb'. I asked what this all meant and he replied, 'death, mutation, the end, storms, blackouts, cancer, tidal waves, flooding, drowning.

I was greatly impressed by this weapon, as the weapons of my time could only kill one at a time. Pete offered to give me a view of the city and helped me scramble up a mountain of rubble. He handed me a pair of strange spectacles that enabled me to see further. I could see the entire city, demolished to rubble, and I could see five tanks patrolling the city. Adam said, 'We love our country so much, we started blowing up this city to fight for our freedom. ' This was the most intelligent and sophisticated scheme I ever came across.

I had become so caught up in my thoughts that I lost my concentration and slipped and rolled down the side of the mountain of rubble, crashing to the ground, which knocked me out cold. When I awoke I was on a bed in a long white corridor, which had quite a compelling smell of some chemicals or something. I sat up in the bed and before me was a woman in white uniform with a white hat. She apologised to me because there was a shortage of staff due to lack of government funding. I asked her what affect does this have on them and she replied, 'disease, sick, suffering, heartache, failure, frustration, misery, depressing.

Still, it seemed to make more sense if it was spent on things that made you happy like the Millennium Dome. I found myself drifting off into a deep sleep as the nurse injected something into my arm, it felt relaxing and before you know it I was at the Dover coast with no suspicion of how I got there. I found my expedition to be the most exciting I've ever been on as there were some great inventions such as nuclear bombs and magnificent structures such as the Millennium Dome. I am definitely going to come back soon as there is so much more to learn about this wonderful place again.