



Mystery under the Antarctic ice

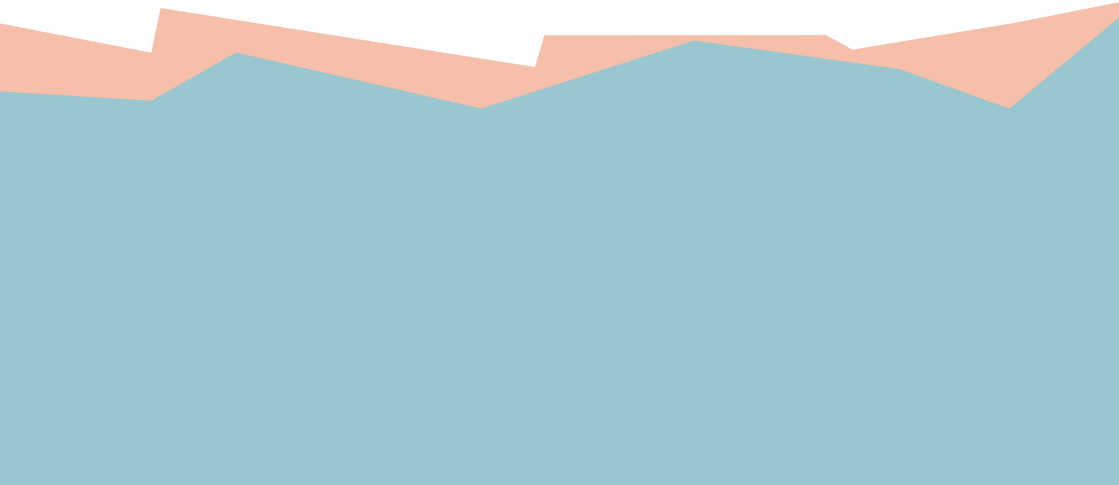
Woodbridge District School / Woodriver Elementary School

ICE E-MYSTERY



Mystery under the Antarctic ice

A story written and illustrated by pupils at Woodbridge District
School and Woodriver Elementary School





Woodriver Elementary School, Alaska, USA

Our students are Caucasian, Alaskan Native, Asian, African American, Hispanic, and American Indian so we're a diverse group. Many students walk to school from the surrounding homes but we also have busing for those who live within the school boundary (mostly from the hills to the West). We have 460 students in kindergarten to 6th grade with a staff of 50 teachers and support personnel. Classroom teachers provide instruction in language arts, math, science, social studies, health, technology, and art. We have specialists for music, physical education, library media, special education, and District art teachers that visit several times a year.

Woodriver Elementary School 2008 Class 4-6

Teacher: Leslie Dolan

Students:	Zackary Savereide
Emma Stone	Jennifer Hannah
Atticus Geiger	Peter Nyfeler
Garrett Monroe	Ethan Berkeland
Robin Chalcraft	
Summer Britton	



Woodbridge District School, Woodbridge, Tasmania, Australia

Woodbridge School is situated in the stunning environment of the Southern D'Entrecasteaux Channel, in Southern Tasmania. The School has a strong community focus, and caters for the needs of students from a wide geographical area, and from Kindergarten to Year 10. Principal, Chris Barnes and staff provide a welcoming atmosphere. Specialist teachers in music, drama, design, art, home economics, computing, physical education, landcare and science provide students with a rich educational experience.

Woodbridge District School 2008 Class 7

Teacher: Melissa Wagner

Students:	Luke Schepers	Ben Weltham-Jansen
Ellise Bishop	Boyd Bromfield	Robert Clay
Tallula Davis	Skye Schwan	Romney-A-Dixon
Danielle Luke	Jessica Lawler	Jorden Mundy-Wolf
Nadirah Clark	Kharam Sahgha	Riko Lao-Read
Dillon Davey	Chelsea Rose Hale	James Craig
Linsey Grimes	Patricia Gocon?	Dylan Cowie
Ben Kremerskothen	Mariel-Rose Vincent	

Fred Frost



Prologue:

Doctor Fred Frost, or more infamously 'Frost Bite', laughed hysterically as he conjured up his evil plans: Soon the whole of Antarctica would be his for the ruling, and NOBODY would be able to do anything about it!

On a top secret website he had applied for assistants to make his plans a reality.

WANTED:

5 people, preferably men, for a top-secret mission!

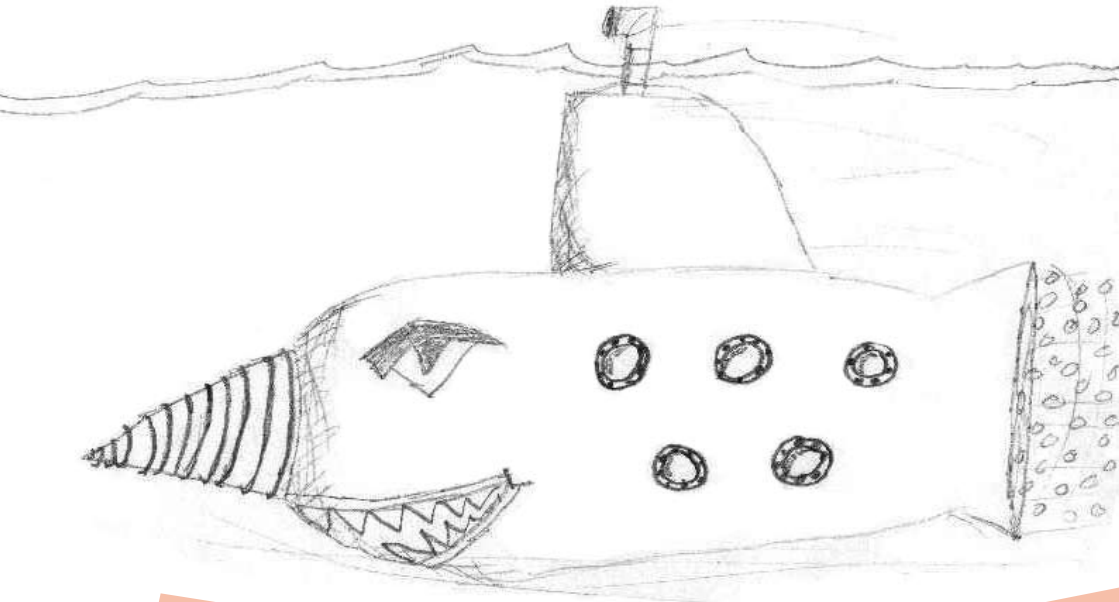
MUST:

Like the cold

Not be scared of the water

Be fit physically

Be self-sufficient



Enquiries to: Dr. Frost Bite
(04)41241298

He'd also obtained a nuclear powered submarine that he had brought from the same site Evil-Bay.com! (Like E-bay only eviler!)

FOR SALE

Ex-Military Submarine

- Complete with nuclear power
- Air conditioning and heat
- Plasma screen TV and executive lounge
- Ice crushing drill

Any offers over \$2,000,000 considered
(04)54728349

Not only would Fred Frost mine all the minerals and oil from the Antarctic territory—he planned to do it without the rest of the world knowing.

It didn't take long for responses, and despite advertising for five assistants he found four minions that were suitable:

Billy: who had a black belt in ninjutsu and a Ph.D. in Chemistry.

Junior: a computer expert who had spent the last 5 years in jail after hacking into the World Bank.

Joe: who is a buff airhead. Hired for muscle and protection (Frost Bites personal body guard)

And lastly Shirley: an engineering student with an obsession for penguins.



Chapter 1

The submarine crew, Doctor Frost and his new minions were winding their way into the Southern Ocean, feeling safe and undetectable beneath the Polar ice.

Dr. Frost had spent months planning for this but little did he know that Junior was a secret undercover agent from the newly formed, and secret, AAA (Antarctic Agents Association) who had been assigned on the case of Doctor Frost.

Junior looked up from his computer screen as Billy walked in to their shared room. Luckily Junior had already sent his email to the AAA. The motion of the submarine was still making



Bob said, 'I think Junior is going to be in trouble. Frost Bite can be menacing.'

'Yes, I agree,' Tim replied. 'I hope he survives long enough to let us know the location of the Antarctic HQ.'

Chapter 3

The submarine bumped around as Dr. Frost drilled the ice. He maniacally looked from his GPS to the controls of the sub's drill and back again. The submarines edges scraped along the ice of the tunnel. It wasn't so hard to drill because the whole area had been drilled the previously by Dr. Frost's men, but had re-frozen



in the months since then. The men had been working for just under two years setting up the site and now it was almost ready.

It was deep within the ice. Some of the ice on the Ross Shelf was almost 1 kilometre thick so there was plenty of room to build. This secret lab was under ice that had been stable for some time, and Dr. Frost's ice experts had basically guaranteed it would remain safe for as long as they needed it. It wasn't far from a crevasse – a great fissure in the ice – and that would be used to gain access to the surface when they needed it.

The Submarine's drill point nose stopped its whirring noise as it broke through the last layer of ice and popped into what looked like a small lake—though it was hard to tell too much through a periscope. Dr. Frost chortled to himself, 'Hee hee hee hee ha ha ha ha ha.' It was all as he had planned.

After being submerged for the best part of three weeks the sub pulled into a dock carved out of pure ice. Next to it was another submarine. It had frost covering it from front to back and didn't look like it was in the best condition. 'Brrr, its cold. I thought we was going on holidays,' (AIRHEAD) Joe said, as they unloaded the boxes and boxes of Dr. Frost's stuff, putting them in the small shack where Dr. Frost's lab had been set up.

There were yurt style buildings set up in a perimeter around the lake. Each had signs designating their use, but the crew of the sub were looking forward to some quiet time after the noise of the drilling, and would leave the exploring until later.

Junior sent a quick email to the AAA via his satellite phone. Even with all the technological stuff Dr. Frost had put into place, he only had one bar of signal left. Apparently it would get better later as there was a snow storm above. Some days, or even weeks, there would be no signal out.

From: Supersecretspy@gmail.com

To: AAA@gmail.com

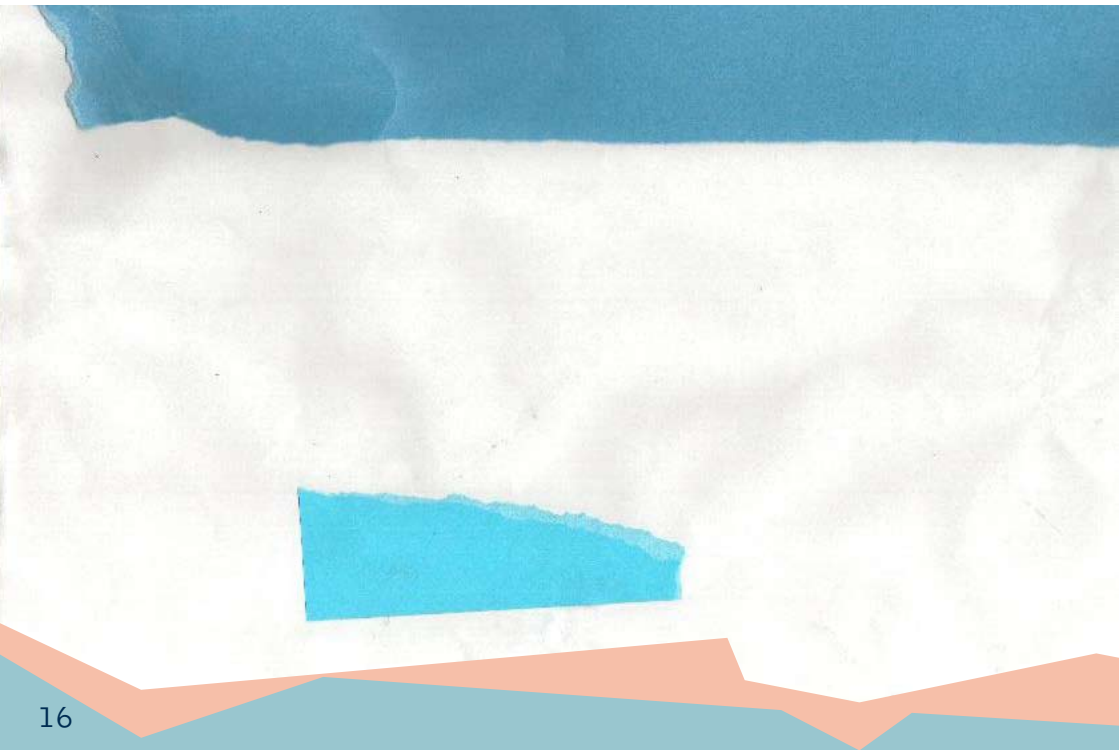
Subject: setting up

Dr. Frost's lab now at Ross Ice Shelf. I will email you as soon as I get any more evidence against him. Have taken photos of initial surroundings but we are

The three of them passed the last of the crew who had built the under water lair as they packed away their things. The build crew would leave as soon as they packed the second sub that waited by the dock. Junior offered to help one of the men with a heavy box. Billy and Shirley went in search of coffee—one of the few vices that health freak Dr. Frost would allow.

As he left the sub and it's crew Junior clipped a homing device to the sub. It would send a signal to the AAA, help them track the base, and question the men aboard.

He watched as the submarine sank beneath the icy water and went to find Shirley and Billy. He wanted coffee. A tiny red dot bleeped on his phone's GPS and he hoped that it was also showing at the AAA.





morning. Looking up, he saw something that caught his eye. The door to Junior's room was open the tiniest crack. The room was dark except for the faint glow coming from Junior and Billy's shared computer. It wouldn't hurt if I took a quick look around, he thought. Junior is out finding coffee, and I'm the man in charge here!

Dr. Frost tiptoed across the hall and carefully opened the door. He laughed quietly to himself. This was perfect! Junior had logged on to his e-mail, and then forgotten to turn his computer off. He always found that the best policy in life was never to trust anyone. Dr. Frost clicked the first e-mail on the long list of opened mail.

Bob spun his chair around. 'Ok, let's e-mail him, Tim.'

To: Dr.z@gmail.com
From: AAA@gmail.com

Hello Dr. Z,
I was wondering if you could help us track a sub in the 60th parallel with your Infrasond technologies?

Tim
AAA

To: AAA@gmail.com|
From: Dr.z@gmail.com

Tim,
My technology can't do that, but a friend of mine here at McMurdo Station can. He works with aqua-sound technology. I use infrasond to monitor nuclear testing around the world. My friend can tell you about aqua sound. He works on a seismology ship that uses sound to track the ocean floor and objects in the ocean. Maybe his technology will help you find a ship. His E-mail address is Jeff@gmail.com.

Good luck!
Dr. Z

Tim opened a new message on his computer. It began:

Jeff,
I got your name from Dr. Z at McMurdo Station...

Chapter 5

The Australian Navy had been alerted. They had also contracted with an oil company to use one of their seismic ships to map the area Dr. Frost was thought to be in. Submarines from Australia and the U.S. had been also called to the area.

Frost's sub was moving snail-like, careful to avoid icebergs in the Ross Ice Shelf. He knew that nine-tenths of an iceberg lay beneath the water and he didn't want to take the chance to hit one of these big fellows. Dr. Frost had told Joe, his bodyguard, to kill Junior as soon as possible. He had been betrayed and he was seething with revenge. It would only be about an hour before the sub would hit the open seas and then it would be near impossible to find it. He wanted Junior dead, so that there would be no chance of more communication. He wasn't sure what else Junior might have up his sleeve.

'Where is that Junior?' grunted Dr. Frost to himself.

'Um... I don't know, Dr. Frost,' said Joe in an uncertain voice.

'I wasn't asking you—you airhead,' growled Frost.

'I'm sorry Dr. Frost,' Joe mumbled. Dr. Frost didn't reply he just walked away in an angry motion to his laboratory and stared into his computer screens with anger in his eyes and Googled how to assassinate an agent without anyone finding out.

Whilst Dr. Frost was on the computer ...

Chapter 6

Nothing much more was going on inside the HQ. The only action was Joe giving Billy and Shirley hand wrestles. Of course, Joe

'Okay, should I confront him? No I shouldn't. Maybe I should?' mumbled Junior. 'Maybe I should just talk to the others about it? I know I'll talk to Joe he's stupid enough to tell all.' Junior was feeling extremely smart. 'Oh, he's asleep, I'll do it later.' So Junior went to spy on Dr. Frost.

Junior's special training was not enough to sense someone following him. Dressed in all white and pulling a hood over his head – Joe crept along the ice corridor following Junior.

Deep in the Southern Ocean: The sub was still moving carefully to avoid icebergs in the Ross Ice Shelf. Captain Wilco didn't want to take the chance to hit one of these big fellows. They carried all the people who'd built the base – Frost would take no chances in getting caught and who would believe them if they told their story back on dry land? The crew wondered about the devices they had built. Those strange machines that tracked meteorites and carried them back in their bellies. The drills and pumps leached oil out of the Antarctic territory. They had been working for months and huge stockpiles were building up. The machines were self-sufficient. The crew just weren't sure why Frost needed to be there himself.

Junior was on his way back to his room when the first bullet whizzed by his head. He grabbed his concealed weapon and fired back. He saw someone in white clothing dive behind an ice partition. 'Oh, no! I've been found out!' He grabbed his pistol and hid behind the ice.

Junior shouted, 'Give up. There is no escape!' In spy school they had taught him to never apologize, never admit you are wrong, and to take control of every situation. Looking at his

surroundings he noticed icicles above Joe's head. Thinking fast, Junior shot the ceiling and icicles and knocked Joe unconscious.

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The arrival of armed men from the AAA caught the minions and workers unexpectedly.

Within minutes they had captured them all, including Bill and Shirley. They then began the process of restraining them and taking some back to McMurdo. Dr. Frost was not among the prisoners. Junior had tranquilized him just before he had been able to detonate the bomb. His ice building and all its equipment were now in the possession of the AAA.

Junior became a hero and received a medal from presidents' of Australia and the U.S. He never talked about what Dr. Frost had told him before he became immobilized. He would carry that secret with him forever.

THE END

Ice E-Mystery

This book is one of a series of e-books resulting from a collaborative writing project between Australian and Alaskan school classes based around polar science. The ICE E-MYSTERY: Global student Polar e-books project ran through 2008/9 and involved over 400 students in 24 classes from these two countries.

The Ice e-Mystery Project explored polar science through an innovative approach to science, art and literacy education. Students from throughout Australia and North America worked together (paired classes across the hemispheres) to write and illustrate on-line e-books in a predominately mystery genre focused around the themes of polar science. Students were guided by Teacher Associates trained in Antarctic science, classroom teachers trained in the project methodology and polar sciences and resources from national research organisations such as the Australian Antarctic Division, Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation (CSIRO), the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery and Antarctic related Cooperative Research Centres. Classroom activities were augmented by visits to museums, science organisations and contact with researchers in Antarctica.

A key outcome of the project was the development of an international learning community of school students, teachers, postgraduate students and scientists.

The project workspace can be viewed at www.iem.tmag.tas.gov.au where students drafted their collaborations and posted comments to each other on developmental ideas. The full range of e-books in the series is also viewable at this site.

The project was coordinated by the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

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Joel Pedro	Post Graduate Teacher Associate
Jacqui Foster	Post Graduate Teacher Associate
Alex Fraser	Post Graduate Teacher Associate
Coral Tulloch	Editor
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Brian Martin	Web Designer

Tasmanian Museum & Art Gallery



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