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.

Chapter 1-The lost Continent

Chapter 1 – The Lost Continent begins with the Coldwater slicing through the sky on its eastward course, held aloft by its buoyancy screen. We knew her exact speed, steady and unwavering, and it wasn't long before we saw her silhouette briefly painted against the last light of the setting sun. She vanished quickly beyond the horizon, and with her went our immediate connection to safety, leaving us only with hope and a desperate need to signal her back.

With no conventional tools at our disposal, we searched the shoreline for sticks and leaves to build a fire, hoping to generate enough smoke or flame to catch the attention of our airborne ship. Though the idea was simple, the act proved difficult. The area was scarce in fuel, and time slipped away faster than we could gather the necessary kindling. We pressed on, determined to signal the Coldwater before she vanished completely from range. The sun had dipped below the edge of the world, and our chances grew slim. But abandoning the effort wasn’t an option, not while rescue was still possible.

In our urgency, one of the crew suggested a more direct solution: using one of the mortars mounted on the Coldwater. The ship, like others of her kind, had been equipped with automatic ordnance that even a child could fire. All that remained was

finding a way to access the remaining ammunition and trigger a launch. I recalled how the powder magazines were designed to avoid accidental detonation, placed beneath the waterline and constructed with fire-resistant fasbestos. Ironically, it was this very design—once intended for safety—that now posed a barrier, as the intense fire had forced us off the ship, cutting us off from immediate use of its weaponry.

After the fire was extinguished, the crew ventured cautiously into the lower decks. We had feared that the heat, combined with water ingress, would set off the remaining explosives. But as fate would have it, the flooding had doused the powder instead. The flames consumed most of the interior, yet the submerged powder magazines, spared by the timing of the deluge, remained intact. The deck, now level with the sea, made movement treacherous, but our persistence was rewarded. A small cache of ammunition for the ship's small-arms had survived.

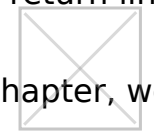
We worked swiftly to extract the necessary rounds and scavenge for a mortar tube, which could be operated manually. The Coldwater was barely afloat, her hull breached in several places, and the next wave might be her last. The steel covers of the magazines had been unhinged in the early panic, and saltwater had rushed in, soaking everything and turning the corridors below into submerged tombs. It was only a matter of time before she sank entirely. The need to act was more urgent than ever.

Amidst the chaos, a strange calm set in. The fire, though devastating, had not claimed all. That which had nearly doomed us had ironically preserved the very tools we now hoped would save us. This reversal of fortune fueled our determination. We fitted one of the mortars and primed it for discharge. With fingers crossed and breath held, we aimed skyward and fired the round, hoping it would arc high enough to be noticed by anyone watching from above.

The sound echoed across the water, a deep boom that shattered the stillness and reminded us of our fragile place in the vast unknown. Smoke billowed from the mortar, drifting into the sky as we prayed for a sign that it had been seen. Minutes passed, stretched into eternities by our anxiety. The horizon remained unchanged, but hope

held firm.

That night, huddled on the cold remnants of the ship, we watched the stars emerge one by one. No rescue came, but our resolve did not waver. We were stranded, yes, but not defeated. Somewhere to the east, the Coldwater continued her course, unaware perhaps of those she left behind. Yet with the mortar fired and a signal sent, the possibility of return lingered like the last ember in a fading fire.



In this opening chapter, we confront the duality of nature and technology—the way destruction and salvation often come hand in hand. The Coldwater, both our betrayer and our hope, leaves us suspended between ruin and rescue. As we look toward the silent sea, the journey ahead promises danger, discovery, and the enduring test of human spirit in the face of the forgotten world that lies beyond.

Chapter 2-The lost Continent

Chapter 2 – The Lost Continent begins in the aftermath of chaos. The narrator, left stranded in the Atlantic, confronts the harsh reality of being deserted by the Coldwater. Command had passed to Alvarez under obscure circumstances, and now survival is uncertain. With a shrinking crew and limited knowledge of the region, their only hope lies eastward, toward the Scilly Islands and what was once the coast of England. Despite the ancient maps and outdated history books being their only guides, the narrator feels compelled by something more than just survival—it is a deep, human drive to explore the unknown and uncover what history has hidden or forgotten. This journey, though practical in nature, also becomes symbolic, as they sail not only to land but into a world long buried in mystery and time.

Their passage through the Atlantic unfolds slowly, with every nautical mile carrying them deeper into questions of what once was. Talk among the crew touches nervously on the old nations and lost continents—places now shrouded in myth, spoken of only in whispers. The fact that the narrator possesses documents banned under modern law hints at a tightly controlled society, one where knowledge of the old world is considered dangerous or heretical. These themes of restricted truth, cultural amnesia, and the audacity to reclaim forbidden understanding build the emotional backbone of their journey. Hope flares as they draw near to the English Channel, though none can be certain what they will find—if anything remains at all.

What greets them is not a bustling coast, but an eerie silence stretching across Plymouth Bay. There are no beacons, no ships, no signs of modern life. The silence feels unnatural, as though an entire country had been erased rather than merely abandoned. The narrator steps ashore expecting confrontation or at least human contact, but finds nothing beyond wind, waves, and crumbling remnants of a forgotten world. The absence of resistance or welcome brings a strange chill, forcing the crew to

accept that whatever civilization once existed here has long since fallen. Nature has begun to reclaim everything.

Inland exploration leads to the shocking discovery of ruins, concealed beneath layers of moss and vine. What seems to be a battlefield lies in fragments—a corroded German helmet, the skeletal remains of a soldier, and a human skull marked by a single, fatal bullet hole. These artifacts offer no closure, only deeper questions about what happened to Europe. The battle's proximity to English soil suggests that war reached farther than history books ever claimed, contradicting everything the narrator believed. It is evident that whatever cataclysm befell the old world, it was widespread, violent, and final.

The deeper they move into the heart of what once was England, the more profound the silence becomes. Towns have been reduced to crumbled stone. Fields are overgrown with wild flora. Roads that once carried travelers and trade are now trodden only by beasts. The eerie tranquility is broken only by the occasional relic: shattered window glass, rusted ironwork, or fragments of once-prized possessions left to decay. Each object, each ruin, whispers a story of human greatness undone not just by time, but likely by war, plague, or neglect.

The chapter closes with a rising sense of isolation. Though they had hoped to find shelter, help, or even the remnants of a functioning society, all they have uncovered is death and decay. The question now turns from where they are to **when** they are. Have centuries passed? Was England consumed in a forgotten war, buried by time and silence? The narrator, haunted by these unanswerable questions, resolves to continue their expedition deeper into the land, seeking not just survival but truth. This new world, untouched for generations, demands to be understood—not simply for knowledge, but for the future of those left who still remember the old one.

Chapter 4-The lost Continent

Chapter 4 – The Lost Continent begins as the narrator, convinced that the pursuing tribesmen would no longer follow them, reflects on how the fear of the lion god's domain would dissuade even the hungriest cannibals from continuing the chase. He reasons that, from their perspective, anyone who enters that forbidden place is as good as dead. This provides him a measure of safety and enough confidence to bring Victory along as he makes his way back toward the launch. However, as they navigate the riverbanks through the abandoned camp of the lions, he becomes preoccupied with how to explain her sudden appearance to the rest of his team. The peculiar alliance he shares with her defies conventional explanation, yet it has grown out of necessity and survival. That bond, forged under threat, now carries emotional weight he hadn’t anticipated.

Arriving at the shoreline, they are greeted by Snider, who is visibly shaken and overwhelmed. His words tumble out in a frantic rush, describing how he feared the narrator dead after finding his cap. Snider shares that they had rescued Taylor, whose disoriented account of the events made little sense. The mention of a mysterious inland sighting only added to the confusion. Snider accuses him of chasing shadows, risking everyone’s safety for what seemed like an illusion. But as the narrator calmly recounts what had truly occurred—his encounter with Victory, their escape from the predatory cult, and the tribal myths of the lion god—Snider listens in stunned silence. By the end of the tale, his demeanor has shifted from skeptical irritation to pale-faced disbelief.

Without another word, Snider turns away and steps into the launch. He starts the engine and simply gestures for the others to follow, his mind clearly processing what he’s just heard. The narrator turns to Victory, searching for the right words to explain the parting that now seemed inevitable. Before he can speak, she addresses him with

a soft, composed farewell. Her tone carries neither bitterness nor sadness—only a quiet acceptance. She tells him he must return to his people while she remains with hers. Her farewell is calm, dignified, and final. As the launch pulls away, she stands poised by an ancient stone archway, her silhouette framed by the light of the rising moon.

Victory’s farewell leaves a deep impression, not merely because of her composure, but because of what she represents—a lost era, a final symbol of a civilization forgotten by time. The narrator, moved by her courage and grace, turns to Delcarte, expressing a solemn vow. They must return, not just to rescue her, but to aid her in rebuilding a society that has been reduced to ruins. This is no longer about curiosity or survival. It's now a mission to restore something noble in a world that has surrendered to chaos.

As the launch drifts further into the open waters of the Thames, the skyline of New York begins to rise against the horizon. But the narrator’s mind remains tethered to that lonely figure standing amidst the stones, holding the remnants of a once-great nation in her quiet hands. In her, he sees not only a person but a cause—one worth revisiting, worth risking for. Victory is no longer just a companion or a figure of fascination. She has become a symbol of perseverance, a reminder of what must not be left behind. The ruins she inhabits may crumble, but the spirit she carries refuses to fade.

This chapter closes with a haunting contrast: the booming rise of a modern city in the east and the silent fall of an ancient kingdom behind them. Though physically separated, the connection remains. Their time together, brief and turbulent, is now sealed by unspoken understanding and mutual respect. The lost continent may be behind them for now, but its last queen, and all she represents, remains deeply etched in the hearts of those who witnessed her strength.

Chapter 5-The lost Continent

Chapter 5 – The Lost Continent continues with a haunting yet captivating glimpse into the skeletal remains of what was once London. The deeper we ventured into this forgotten metropolis, the clearer it became that nature had slowly reclaimed what man had abandoned. Overgrown vines curled through window frames, and moss blanketed what little was left of once-grand public halls and shattered spires. But it was not complete silence that welcomed us. Every so often, a breeze would stir fragments of the past—faded fabric, rusted metal, or brittle pages from forgotten books—reminding us that this city once lived, breathed, and thrived. Beneath the rubble, it still whispered its legacy.

As we followed the Thames, our pace slowed by curiosity and caution, the presence of wildlife became harder to ignore. We first saw faint paw prints in the dust and claw marks gouged into stone, growing fresher the deeper we traveled. One sight in particular, a majestic black-maned lion perched on a broken balcony, solidified our awareness that we were far from alone. The creature’s calm poise was deceptive, for its watchful gaze never left us. Though it made no move, its presence brought a chill of ancient danger, like something primordial watching from the veil of a dream. The city, it seemed, had not been entirely abandoned—just inherited by new rulers.

Driven by a mix of awe and sorrow, we sought to uncover what remained of the London we once knew from stories and maps. But little survived. The Tower stood in fragments, its stonework cracked and choked by wild ivy. Of London Bridge, barely a broken arch remained, swallowed by the river’s steady current. The grandeur of Westminster had all but dissolved, reduced to crumbled walls echoing only with birdsong. What time had not destroyed, nature had concealed.

In the heart of this forgotten capital, one building stood apart—remarkably whole, cloaked in greenery yet upright against the odds. It drew us in with its eerie preservation. Inside, the past lingered like perfume in the air. Thick carpets still lined the floor, their colors dimmed but distinct. Portraits hung with faces whose eyes seemed to follow us, and tapestries revealed a people whose inventions and elegance far surpassed what we had imagined. Victory stood entranced, her fingers brushing against the edge of a painted map, her voice soft as she whispered that she could remain here forever, among the ghosts of greatness.

Yet our presence had not gone unnoticed. In the depths of what appeared to be a once-royal hall, we discovered not statues or scholars, but lions. An entire pride, lounging where kings once sat. The shock was instant, and our retreat was desperate. Upstairs, we barricaded ourselves in a study, where the skeletal remains of a uniformed man sat slumped over a desk. He had chronicled the city’s final days in fading ink, referencing a cataclysmic event called "the Death" and a chaotic flight that left the island to wilderness. In that moment, history came alive—not through monuments or relics, but through the quiet testament of one man’s final account.

With no time to lose, we planned our escape down the building’s ivy-wrapped façade. The climb was perilous, but even more so was the jungle below. A lioness caught our scent and surged from the shadows. We fled, leaping through a ruined garden and plunging into the cool safety of the Thames. The river offered no peace, but it distanced us from our hunters.

In the water, exhausted and breathless, I urged Victory to swim for shore and leave me behind. She refused. Her defiance, so simple and fierce, defied every survival instinct and underscored something more powerful: loyalty. When the lioness returned, eyes burning and claws slicing the riverbank, we stood our ground. Victory raised her knife, poised and unwavering. But fate gave us an opening, and we took it—escaping not only with our lives, but with our unity forged anew.

This chapter reveals not only the collapse of civilization but the tenacity that still survives in those who endure its aftermath. The remnants of London speak in ruins

and roars, in memories sealed in dust and pages. But amid all that was lost, there still flickers the hope of what can be found: courage, resolve, and the refusal to surrender in the face of a world that has turned wild.

Chapter 6-The lost Continent

Chapter 6 – The Lost Continent begins with an atmosphere thick with uncertainty as the narrator and Victory continue their journey across a landscape stripped of all modern familiarity. Their progress along the Thames brings with it both relief and quiet dread. Each bend in the river holds the potential for danger, and every passing hour tests not just their survival instincts but their emotional resilience. When Victory reappears after a harrowing absence, her return reignites a sense of purpose. Her quiet strength anchors them as they push forward, and the bond between them, once formed in necessity, begins to grow deeper with shared experience and mutual respect. Their confrontation with a lioness on the riverbank, which Victory dispatches with swift action, marks a turning point—not only in their safety, but in how they view each other as equals in endurance and resolve.

The ruined landscape around them tells a silent tale of a fallen civilization reclaimed by untamed wilderness. What were once roads and cities are now cloaked in foliage, patrolled by creatures that no longer fear human presence. The collapse of man-made order has given way to nature’s dominance. Traveling through this eerie stillness, they begin to grasp the scale of humanity's disappearance. But even among the wreckage, life has adapted. Wild beasts prowl without restraint, and entire populations have reverted to ancient survival instincts. The arrival of Delcarte, another survivor, shifts the narrative. His presence injects hope—proof that not all have succumbed to the chaos. With him, they share knowledge, provisions, and stories of what once was. But his presence also complicates the dynamic, forcing the group to navigate not just the terrain, but each other.

Tensions rise as new personalities clash. Snider, once merely a companion, begins to exhibit troubling behavior. His defiance grows bolder, and his motives more difficult to trust. Victory remains wary, her instincts sharp. The narrator, caught between

diplomacy and discipline, is forced to make difficult decisions to maintain the group's cohesion. The contrast between Snider’s cunning and Victory’s integrity creates an invisible line within the group, drawing attention to the fragility of loyalty when survival is at stake. The group's journey down the Rhine, once intended as a hopeful exploration of surviving pockets of civilization, now feels more like a descent into the consequences of humanity’s pride and complacency.

As the miles pass, the narrator grows increasingly introspective. The ruins of Europe, stripped of identity, seem to whisper questions about what progress truly means. Without cities, nations, or systems, who are we? The answer is revealed not through grand speeches but in the choices each traveler makes under pressure. When betrayal comes—swift and calculated—it feels both shocking and inevitable. Snider’s theft of the launch leaves the group marooned, vulnerable to both natural dangers and human treachery. It’s not just a loss of transportation; it’s a blow to morale and a test of resolve.

The pursuit of the stolen vessel becomes more than an attempt to recover what was lost. It’s a pursuit of justice, of closure, and of a chance to reclaim a future. As they follow the clues left behind—tracks, abandoned gear, and whispers in the wilderness—the group is reminded that survival alone is not enough. There must be a reason to keep going. For the narrator, that reason is increasingly tied to Victory. Her strength, clarity, and unwavering sense of purpose reflect the very qualities he fears the world is losing. She becomes not just a companion, but a symbol of what humanity can still be.

Even in the bleakest stretches of their journey, there are moments of quiet humanity—a shared meal, a watchful gaze, an unspoken understanding beneath the stars. These simple exchanges carry profound weight in a world where kindness is rare and survival is never guaranteed. The rediscovery of lost values—honor, courage, compassion—emerges not from sermons but from action. And it is through these small moments that the narrative reminds us: civilizations may crumble, but character endures.

As Chapter 6 closes, the party’s fate remains uncertain, but the direction is clear. They move forward not just in search of shelter or safety, but in pursuit of meaning in a world undone. The ruined continent they traverse is more than a setting; it is a reflection of lost ideals and a test of what it means to rebuild—not with stone and steel, but with trust, love, and resilience. The journey, though treacherous, is no longer just about survival. It is a rediscovery of what it means to be human when everything familiar is gone.

Chapter 7-The lost Continent

Chapter 7 – The Lost Continent throws the group of explorers into a deeper spiral of uncertainty as they confront the devastating loss of their launch. This vessel was more than just a boat—it was their link to safety, to retreat, to the last vestige of control they held over their dangerous journey. Its absence not only weakens their logistical advantage but also sends a sharp blow to morale, especially for Taylor, who embodies silent resignation more with each passing hour. Among the remaining crew, shock slowly gives way to scattered frustration and the desire for action. The narrator, burdened with leadership and inward conflict, recognizes that despair must be fought with resolve. Instead of allowing the group to splinter emotionally, he proposes a calculated pursuit, aiming to track the launch using their understanding of the river's twists, aided by their compass and the maps they've managed to preserve.

The group's path forward becomes a blend of rugged perseverance and emotional endurance. Traveling on foot, with only their makeshift gear and wits to guide them, each man battles his own internal demons alongside the physical hardships. The conversations shift to Snider—the man now believed to have stolen the launch and abducted Victory. What began as anger soon evolves into philosophical reflection: if they capture him, what then? Is justice still a priority when law and order feel like distant memories? The narrator tries to remain neutral, though his personal feelings grow harder to suppress. He cannot ignore the tangle of fear, admiration, and guilt that Victory's memory stirs within him. She comes from a world wholly unlike his own, yet he cannot detach the emotional weight she now holds in his thoughts.

One afternoon, when fatigue nearly claims them all, the unexpected happens. The river's slow bend reveals a familiar shape drifting aimlessly—it's the launch, seemingly abandoned. Two of the strongest swimmers are sent out, clinging to hope that Victory may be onboard. What they find instead is a grim tableau: Snider's lifeless body

sprawled inside, marked by a deep stab wound. Clenched in his stiffened fist is a strand of long, dark hair. No further questions are needed. Whatever had occurred, it’s clear that Victory had defended herself, and did not wait around after doing so. Snider, viewed already as a coward and traitor, receives no fanfare in death. A shallow grave by the water's edge is all the honor his fate allows.

Now reunited with their launch but not their companion, the group recalibrates. With renewed urgency, they set off upriver, steering the recovered vessel slowly, calling Victory’s name at intervals. Hopes remain cautiously alive, buoyed only by a smoldering campfire found nestled beneath thick foliage—a silent signal that someone had passed recently, someone who perhaps hoped not to be found. Time, however, is no friend in this wild terrain. Just as the mood flickers between anticipation and fear, the narrator strays slightly from the group to scout ahead. In an instant, he is struck down, ambushed by hidden figures whose presence had gone unnoticed in the dense wilderness. The world spins, and with it, the fragile balance they’ve tried to maintain teeters toward chaos once again.

What began as a hopeful recovery ends in violence and renewed separation. The terrain, unforgiving and alive with unseen threats, reasserts its dominance over the fragile security they’d briefly reclaimed. The chapter’s events underscore the volatile nature of survival—not just in physical terms, but in the emotional and moral battles each character quietly endures. As they bury one of their own and continue their search for another, they are forced to reconcile what kind of world they have entered. This is no longer just an expedition; it’s a test of humanity’s resilience, adaptability, and ability to cling to values in a place where old rules no longer apply.

The journey down this lost continent is reshaping them, stripping them of assumptions, and forging a deeper understanding of who they are when stripped of society’s frameworks. Every mile forward is earned not just through sweat, but through soul. Victory’s fate remains uncertain, but her spirit—unbroken, resourceful, and fierce—now serves as a compass just as much as any navigational tool. She may be out there, hiding or watching, and they must press on not only to find her but to

protect whatever remains of their shared humanity.