

Chapter 306 New Friend

"Well, maybe you don't need to be so anxious." Ross's tone rose slightly, which sounded very soothing. "Even if you can't see your parents, believe me, the trip to the South Pole will be one of the most exciting experiences of your life." Perhaps my skeptical expression was too direct, as Ross immediately became serious. "I'm serious. The trip to the South Pole is unlike any other trip you've ever taken! The route we're taking will cross the Antarctic Peninsula, venture into the Ross Sea, and pass the International Date Line. Along the way, you'll see landscapes you've never seen before. Enormous icebergs, ice blocks that never melt, seas filled with broken ice, and various polar wildlife like penguins, whales, and seals can only be seen in polar regions. Not to mention the Drake Passage we'll be crossing in the next couple of days. Believe me, you're in for an experience like no other." Ross babbled on.

Her tone lifted, and her eyes sparkled.

And I had to admit, I was drawn to her

enthusiasm. "Have you been to the South Pole before?"

"Of course," Ross readily admitted. "This route is a favorite among many South Pole travel enthusiasts. Most people who come here for the first time usually choose

itineraries that only include the Antarctic Peninsula or the Three Islands, without actually reaching the South Pole."

I was immediately in awe of Ross - honestly, the cost of coming to the South Pole was not cheap! My one-month vacation and the hefty bonus I received were almost entirely drained by this trip to the South Pole.

Being able to enjoy multiple South Pole trips was a privilege reserved for the wealthy or the privileged!

"Maybe you're right. Thank you, Ross, may I call you that?" My mood was soothed, and the smile returned to my face.

After all, the journey had already begun. Out at sea, everything was unknown, and there was no benefit in getting caught up in emotions.

I spent a pleasant mealtime with Ross.

During our conversation, Ross shared her past experiences.

She's a photographer and started traveling the world after graduating from the School of Visual Arts in New York. So far, she and her cameras had visited over twenty countries and regions. She showed me pictures of elephants taken on the African savannah, dunes

captured in the Sahara Desert, and a male model photographed on the streets of Tokyo.

I must say, the camera became truly enchanting in her hands. Each photo

conveyed a strong emotion and was filled with storytelling.

We hit it off during our conversation, and after leaving the restaurant, I took the

initiative to ask her for her Instagram account. However, when I opened my phone, the first thing I saw in the notification bar was an email from Kirsty.

This was the first time my mother had responded to an email so quickly - it only took two hours!

I clicked in.

"We got it. Please make sure to notify us of the specific date and time of your arrival at least one day in advance, and we will arrange for someone to pick you up at Scott Cottage. We're looking forward to your visit. The South Pole is a fascinating place. You'll fall in love with it."

I looked up at Ross with a smile on my face.

"You must be my lucky star." I showed her my mother's email, "See, I can go to McMurdo station again!"

"Congratulations." Ross hugged me warmly.

It was late at night by now, and after

exchanging Instagram accounts, Ross and I bid each other farewell.

Before leaving, Ross gave me some seasickness pills.

"Did you see the vomit bags hanging everywhere in the corridor? If you don't want to use those, you better take the pill on time."

I returned to my cabin with the pills, finished my bedtime routine, and prepared to sleep.

But when I woke up again, the sky was still gloomy. What woke me up was not my internal clock, but the violently shaking world!

I turned my head and looked through the window. Over the vast gray-blue sea, a

shallow blue wave, at least one meter high, gradually surged. As the wave reached higher, its color became closer to white.

The hazy sky merged with the sea, and I couldn't see where the horizon was. The only thing visible in my field of vision was that massive wave.

It surged toward the window, the foamy white waves crashing against the transparent glass. Then, all the waves quickly receded,

returning to the dark blue sea surface and preparing for the next wave.

I wanted to scream, but the nauseating feeling in my stomach almost made me want to vomit.

I was extremely dizzy and weak all over - this feeling was truly unbearable!

Even though I had mentally prepared myself in advance, I had underestimated the power of the notorious Roaring Forties.

As I sat up in bed, I noticed that the bag that was casually placed on the table was now lying in a corner on the floor.

That was what happened when it was not secured to the floor.

I attempted to stand on the ground,

overcoming the discomfort of the rhythmic swaying beneath my feet. I found my phone and wanted to check the time, only to realize it was just after 4 a.m.!

I had slept for less than three hours! No wonder my head hurt so much.

Just as I was about to put down my phone, I caught a glimpse of a text message lying in the notification bar.

It was from Aaron.

Aaron: It takes about two days for the

Explorer to pass through the Drake Passage. There are seasick patches in the inner pocket of your backpack. You can stick them behind your ears.

I picked up my backpack and rummaged through it, and sure enough, I found quite a few of them.

Compared to seasickness pills, I preferred these patches for external use. I replied to him with a "Thanks." Unexpectedly, Aaron immediately called me.

"Are you feeling seasick?" I heard his familiar voice coming from the phone. Aaron's voice was slightly lower than usual as if he had just woken up. His intonation had a slight rise, which felt particularly soothing in this quiet room.

I didn't know why, but just listening to his voice made me feel inexplicably at ease.

"Yeah, a little. I just used your seasickness patches. Thanks."

"You're welcome. The Explorer will probably take two days to cross the Drake Passage. During these two days, you should stay in your room, lie down as much as possible, and do not open the window - it's too dangerous," Aaron spoke slightly faster, but quite clearly, and there was a hint of concern in his voice.

Few people had ever given me instructions with such a caring tone.

It felt like... a parent nagging their child who was embarking on their first solo journey.

I had seen this kind of scene in many school dramas and among my classmates when I was younger, but I had never personally

experienced this feeling. At this moment, Aaron's words seemed to be a puzzle piece that silently filled a void in my heart.

"I'm not a child. I can take care of myself," I muttered.

There was a pause in Aaron's voice.

Then, a long sigh came from the other end of the phone.

"I'm really worried about you, Olive." He sounded upset, "I shouldn't have listened to you and just gotten off the ship!"