

# **Ijekeland**

**(59° N, 12° W)**

Description: a rocky island of indeterminate size, shape, and existence on this plane of existence. Presumed to be inhabitable, although whether humans can survive there has never been definitively established. Individuals who have come close to Ijekeland without being drawn in report that the island glows faintly yellow in darkness, releases mists of an unpleasant shape, and smells like 'spoiled ozone.' The individual who used that description could not explain what she meant by that. Still, when asked, every other survivor of a near-miss with Ijekeland has agreed with her.

Ijekeland does not show up on maps or digital recording equipment, and all psychic attempts to interact with it have ended with the psychic in catatonic shock for several weeks. The Five Eyes intelligence network, or FVEY, has found it extremely difficult to track the place more accurately than the above coordinates. It definitely moves around.

Ijekeland eats a ship roughly once every four years. That's pretty much everything that's known about the place -- even the name has been assigned to it, by somebody with a particularly dark sense of humor (geographically, it's

somewhere in the North Atlantic, halfway between Iceland and Ireland). There are no medieval or Viking legends of the place, and even unreliable reports of ships consistently being lost in that one area didn't start cropping up until the 1990s. There's a strong belief among researchers that previous ship disappearances were blamed on pirates or privateers, all the way back to the First Anglo-Dutch War in the Seventeenth Century -- but it's just a belief. Nobody can actually *ask*.

The working theory, among the special division of FVEY assigned to this one specific national security issue, is that *something* is poking its head through our reality every so often, and taking a snack. Similar incursions have happened in the past (the details are need-to-know), if never this large. The methods used to shut down those incursions haven't been working in the case of Ijekeland, but technology marches on. Particularly psionic technology, which has been steadily (if clandestinely) improving since 1998. The big brains in the labs think they've got a lead on what may actually be going on out there. More importantly: they think they know how to stop it.

So, there's a plan. FVEY has managed to keep ships out of Ijekeland's hunting grounds for the last thirteen years, and not coincidentally reports of near-misses involving

Ijekeland have increased in the last two. That's actually part of the plan. There's a ship prepared, full of the closest approximations to human thought-patterns that our psionics can manage -- and the most devastating psi-bombs they could devise, too. When Ijekeland comes for the ship... Boom.

What? Good God: of course you won't be on the *ship*! No, you and your team will be inserted onto Ijekeland itself once it's been confirmed it was immobilized by the psi-bomb. We're not sure what you'll find there, but things manifesting in this reality are bound by this reality's rules. That means that bullets can kill it. Bullets, bombs, mortars, explosives -- and, once you find or make a big enough crack in whatever that thing is using for armor, we've got a couple of nuclear devices that are almost at their use-by date anyway. That should encourage it to go somewhere else to hunt, assuming it doesn't just kill Ijekeland. Either outcome is acceptable.

Look, I won't claim that nothing will go wrong. Things can *always* go wrong. This is still a legitimate operation. FVEY isn't going to abandon you if things go pear-shaped. But at the end of the day, the nukes *are* getting dropped. So don't put yourself in a position where you can't get away in time.

Unless you decide you have to.

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