

# Island

The sun blinds me as I first open my eyes. I feel cold and wet but don't know why. I'm trying to sit up and remember what happened and where I am.

I am surrounded by sand and the ocean. I don't remember anything but I can see pieces of white steel scattered across the beach. As I stand I'm realizing there is a dense green jungle behind me. It's late afternoon so I'm making a tent like shelter out of some of the white steel and I'm slipping back into a deep slumber.

I'm waking up and am remembering my name, Bill, but nothing else. On the edge of the jungle, there is a tall Coconut tree. I'm trying and failing at climbing it. I'm getting lucky though and found a fallen one. After spending twenty minutes or so trying to open it, I got it open. It's great to have food when you don't have anything else. I can't count on luck out here, so I will have to find a reliable source of food and water. I have nothing worth bringing so I'm entering the jungle. I hear birds singing and mosquitoes are swarming me. It's a good thing though because mosquitoes need water to reproduce. I see a tree with low

branches so I'm climbing it to try to get a better view. I can't see the beach anymore, but I do see the island has a mountain, if you can call it that, and if there is water, it will be coming from there.

I'm circling the small mountain and hear flowing water. It's getting louder and I hope I'm not just crazy. Suddenly I'm busting out of the vegetation and plummeting twenty or so feet over the cliff into a brisk river. The vigorous current is pulling me under and it is all I can do to fight it. I'm above and the frigid river is forking soon and the one to the left looks like it gets shallow and calm.

The current is pulling me hard to the right but swimming parallel to the fork is keeping me on track. The current is too strong and I don't think I'll make it. I'm getting sucked under. I don't know if I'm going to make it.

My head is bleeding and I'm at the foot of a waterfall. I don't remember anything after I got sucked under but I do remember everything else.

Before I woke up on this island I was on a cruise around Hawaii. There was a loud bang and I was flung into the water. I remember the ship exploding but then it's a blur. I was on the cruise with my wife on our honeymoon. I hope I wasn't the only one to survive.

The sun is setting. I'm cold and alone but I can sleep.

I am realizing I haven't eaten in a long time. I'm drinking water from the finally calm river and sharpening the end of a branch into a spear. I see some small fish in the water but I doubt I could catch on of those. I am also going to build an animal trap when I'm done because I don't think I could catch anything with just a spear.

I finished the spear and a strange trap and I am in a bush waiting for an animal to fall for my poorly hidden trap. A small squirrel is jumping from a tree. He's landing and inspecting the trap with surprising intelligence. The trap falling and I'm rushing from my bush to finish the little fur ball.

I'm having no luck rubbing two sticks together to make fire and the pile of leaves is ignited in a small flame. The flame is growing and the little morsel is roasting.

There is a low drowning in the distance and food in my stomach. I'm heading in the direction of he sound and reach the beach. In the sky a plane is nearing where I stand. Now realizing I have a chance of surviving I'm grabbing a large piece of white metal and waving it in the air. My lungs bursting every time I

cried "Help!" The plane is drifting lower and is skidding on the water. It is the kind that is part boat.

"Get in!" he yells even though I'm already in. We're in the air and I see the whole Island is on fire. I forgot to put the fire out but I'm alive.