

# *Stranded on Eventide Isle*

“Aunt Ruby, what’s going on? Why is the boat sinking? ” I ask, looking around nervously at people dashing to and fro, screaming things I can’t make out.

“Sweet pea, hurry, the boat hit a rock that was hiding under the water, we have to make it to the lifeboats!”

“Aunt Ruby, wait for me!”

“Sweetie, you take this one, try to get to shore!” and Aunt Ruby pushes me out into the open sea.

“Aunt Rubyyyyy!”

One Hour Later....

“POP! Sssssss...”

“Oh no oh no!! The lifeboat can’t be...

“Sssssssssss”

“Punctured. Great, now I have to swim.”

5 minutes later..

“Yes! Sweet land! Finally!” I shout, as I spot a small island in the distance. After a couple dozen paddles I reach shore and shout “Yes!” like

I had just conquered the world with only my little finger. I pull myself onto the warm sand and collapse immediately.

## Day One: 4-15-25

"Where am I?" I wonder aloud as soon as I wake. *Oh yeah, I think. The cruise Aunt Ruby and I were taking hit a rock and I had to swim here because my lifeboat got punctured.*

"Owww!" I yell, "My arm!" I look down at my left arm, it has a ginormous cut down it.

"Where did that come from?" I ask, looking around for a possible cause.

"Must have been this stupid sharp rock" I remark bitterly, picking up a particularly sharp rock.

"Whoa." I whisper under my breath, taking in all my surroundings for the first time.

"Look at it all! The sand, the palm trees, this is paradise!" I attempt to get up, pushing off of my arms, momentarily forgetting about my arm in my daydream.

"Owww! I forgot about you, stinking arm!" *Well, maybe I could wrap it in something...like a palm leaf! There's one right there!* I think, grabbing a palm leaf right next to my right elbow and wrapping it around my cut arm.

"Pit, pat, pitter, patter"

"No! Not rain! anything but rain!" I run into a cave grabbing the sharp rock on my way. As well as the punctured lifeboat.

*They might be useful later.* I think.

"Brrrrr!" I say, teeth chattering.

*Well, I might as well check what I have in my pockets,* I suppose. I grab the contents of my shorts pockets and pour them out onto the sand. There isn't much, A metal keychain, two wet tissues, a quarter, a soaked dinner roll that I took from the cruise, a waterlogged airpod and... a pocket knife!!!

"Yes! Thanks Grandpa Tom!" I call even though he can't hear me.

"Brrr!" I say again getting colder by the minute. *fire!* I think, *if I strike the metal keychain against the cave floor I will be able to light a fire!* I play the scene over and over in my head, *I'll have fire, and then they'll find me here and take me home!* I was sure of it. Everything was going to be fine!

"Now to get this fire going!" I remarked happily.

First I went out into the pouring rain and looked for wood for the fire. Most of it was wet because of the rain and just as I was giving up I found some wood from a fallen tree that had leaves covering it so, luckily, it was dry.

"Come on dry wood! Time to start a fire!" I say as cheerful as if I just found out I was the new queen of the world.

I brought the wood to the cave, arranged it in a pile and got out the metal keychain. I strike the keychain onto the cave floor AND... nothing happens. Not even a spark.

"Huh. Maybe I should strike it closer to the wood?" I wonder aloud. I move closer to the neatly arranged pile of dry wood. On my second time trying I send sparks up that land on the wood, fizzle for half a second, then die like nothing ever happened.

"Um, maybe if I slice the wood with my pocket knife it'll catch easier?" I say to myself. I carefully slice the wood with my pocket knife until I have a giant pile of shaved wood.

"Now it'll work... right?" I remark more as a question than out of confidence. I strike the keychain for the third time wishing and hoping with every ounce of me. Crackle!

"Yes!" I shout as the sparks turn into flames. I stoke the fire through the night determined not to let it go out.

"Guuuurrnggle" goes my stomach when daylight breaks.

## Day Two: 4-16-25

"Oh, I was so caught up with the fire I didn't realize how hungry I was!"

"Guuuuurgggle" my stomach says again.

"Um, oh! I can start with that wet dinner roll I slipped in my pocket on the cruise when Aunt Ruby wasn't looking!" *Aunt Ruby... I think, Aunt Ruby... I hope she's alright... no, don't think about Aunt Ruby, she's probably fine...*

"Guuurrnggle!"

“Oh yeah, I forgot how hungry I am, better eat that roll.” I state, glad for a chance to get away from the thoughts about Aunt Ruby. I chew the wet roll slowly, savoring the food for as long as possible. *Wow, on a normal day at home I would never eat this but now I savor it for the most amount of time I can, it's insane what being stranded does to a person.*

My mind flashes back to the days before the crash, ..... “ Sissy, are you gonna come back soon?” My younger sister Ariana says with tears in her eyes.

Of course I'll come back! The cruise is only for 5 days and you'll have fun with mom and dad. I promise that I'll bring you back a souvenir.” I respond.

“\*Sniff\* Okay...”

“Love you Ari”

“Love you sissy” .....

*Ari... my family... they must be beside themselves with worry...No! Don't think about them! I'll find a way to escape and then I'll see them again!* I argue inside my head.

“Hey! The rain stopped! Now I can go look for more food!” I exclaim, crawling toward the cave entrance. Once I make it out of the cave I look around for edible plants. On my quest I find: A giant blue mushroom, a plant that looks exactly like aloe ( I pick some just in case I get sunburn or something ), a very pointy looking prickly bush, a acorn pile with a squirrel guarding it, and a stick shaped like a duck.

“Uuuuugghhh! I’ve been out here forever and the most exciting thing I’ve found is a stick shaped like a duck!” I shout, thoughrilly discouraged. I collapse in a heap onto a bush behind me

“Squilch!”

“Ew! What was that! It’s on my neck! Ugh! It’s wet!” I shout, hopping up immediately and turning around.

“Wait a second... These are... raspberries! Yes! Finally I have food!” I yell, dancing and prancing around. I pick and eat the berries for hours, using my shirt as a basket. As night falls I head back to the cave, and fall asleep immediately, and, for the first time, with a full stomach.

## Day Three: 4-17-25

I wake once again with an angry, grumbling stomach.

“Breakfast Time!” I say cheerfully, reaching toward the pile of slightly brown raspberries and eating a few handfuls. *I should probably get something to eat other than raspberries, I can’t live on them forever, then maybe try to figure out how to escape?* I ponder.

“Yeeouch!” I screech as I walk out of the cave.

“My neck! Uggggh, it’s probably sunburn! At least I have aloe and I can bathe in the water later.” I groan, annoyed at my own ignorance of not covering my skin from the sun. After lathering my whole body in the aloe for good measure, I set out exploring. After about 20 minutes I find a lake full of cool, clear, water, about as big as an average classroom.

“Perfect, I can bathe in here, hopefully it’ll help.” I remark happily.

“Swish!”

“What was that?! Wait... FISH!” I gasp as a fish swims by. I body flop into the water attempting to grab the fish, and miss it by roughly two miles.

“Well that was a bit stupid.” I say my teeth chattering. I pull myself out of the water and crawl into a patch of grass that the sun is shining on.

“Ahhhh. That's better.” I sigh, as the sun air dries my clothes. I walk toward the cave slowly, soaking in the warm summer sun.

“Even if I am stranded on an island doesn't mean I can't enjoy it a little” I reassure myself that liking it a *little* doesn't make me a bad person. I duck to enter the cave and look around. I realise that I never put the stuff that was in my pockets back. I gather the stuff and cram it back into my shorts pockets and eat another few handfuls of raspberries

“Wait. I have some string, I can make a fishing pole! Oh... but I don't have any bait... Ooh! I can use that quarter, it's shiny, I can attach it to the end of the string and the fish will be attracted to it!” I grab the string and quarter from my pockets and find a stick that's perfect for a fishing rod, nice and bendy but not weak and flimsy. There's only one catch. It's still on a tree.

I remark “Um, I could use the pocket knife? the branch is in my reach...” I take the pocket knife and saw at the branch until...

“Crack!” The pocket knife bends back and breaks as I drop it out of surprise.

“Guess pocket knives aren't built for that.” I continue, “Maybe I can use that one rock that cut my arm, it's probably stronger.” I pull the rock out

of my pocket and instead of moving it back and forth I bring it down hard on the weak part of the branch

“Crack!” The branch comes down into a bush, making a tremendous noise.

“Yes!” I exclaim, “Now I can finish my fishing pole!” I grab the string and tie it to the end of the branch. *Now I can go to the fishing hole!* I think.

“Grrrrrrr”

“Wha.. what was that?” I whisper. I watch in horror as a giant black bear creeps out of the shadows. I freeze then slowly side-step around it, my breath shallow and shaky.

“Grrrrrr” the bear copies my movements on the opposite side. Once I make it to the side the fishing hole is on the bear walks backwards into the shadows once more. *Holy guacamole, that'll teach me not to be reckless and loud anymore!* I think.

“Oh yeah, I came here so I could use my fishing pole and finally get some food.” I say in a part whisper just in case the bear is still lurking around. I find a nice spot to fish and stick the end that the quarter is on into the cool, clear water.

“Plunk!” I hear a noise about 15ish minutes later as my pole jerks. *Could it be?* I wonder, *Could I have finally got food?* I pull the pole out of the water with all my might and when I check the end of the line... I find a foot long rainbow trout!

“Yes!” I exclaim and I jump up and start dancing and humming, I did it, I did it, I did it...After happy dancing for a little while, I take the sharp rock



again and smash the fish's head. I decided to fish for a little while longer and after a half hour I've caught a tiny blue fish just a little bigger than my hand and a 10 inch long brown and white spotted fish.

"Wow," I remark, "It's already mid-afternoon, I better head back." I gather up my fish and fishing pole and walk toward the cave. Once I make it to the cave, I grab a little pile of shaved wood from a few nights ago that I hadn't burned and start another fire. While I wait for it to get hot enough I use the rock to cut the eyes and guts from the fish. When the fire gets hot enough I roast them over the fire and take a bite

"Yuuuum! This is soooooo good!" I exclaim. After eating the tiny blue fish and part of the spotted fish I start thinking of how to get off the island. *Maybe, if the distance isn't too far I could swim, or uhhhh... something else?* I decide to go to the edge of the island to see how far away land is. I walk out of the cave and instead of heading west toward the fishing hole, I head north toward the sound of crashing waves. After going through deep underbrush for awhile my feet feel sand and I see glimpses of water through the trees. About thirty seconds after that, hjk I find myself on a spacious beach with the whitest sand and the clearest water.

"Wow" I say breathlessly as a sigh escapes me. I have to shake my head to bring me back to the present and away from all my memories of past beach adventures. I'm astonished to find that land isn't far away, only about three-fourths of a mile. My mind goes straight to: Swim. I find myself preparing to dive as I roll my sleeves up and pin my hair up with my shoelace. I position myself and... dive! The water isn't bad, but could definitely be warmer and less wavy. I start to pant and my hair begins to come undone. *Turn back*, I think. *Turn back!* My sleeves roll down. *Turn back!* I finally give in to my thoughts and turn around but I'm already

starting to sink. *Come on, you can do it! The island is straight ahead!* My nose goes underwater, I touch shore! Blackout.

## Day 4 : 4-18-25

I open my eyes to the same white sanded beach as the day before except this time it's sunrise not evening. *I'm alive!* Is the first thought that enters my brain. *The tide must have brought me in, luckily, unharmed.* I stand up, dust myself off and automatically head toward the cave. After a few short minutes I arrive and eat a handful of now completely brown raspberries and finish eating the rest of the spotted fish. Then I lie back to ponder other possible ways to make it to civilized land. Though I have many ideas, none of them are realistic. I sit up and see a flash of yellow.

"Huh? What's that?" ask aloud. I crawl towards it and pull it into the light. It's the punctured lifeboat! Suddenly a plan starts to form in my mind. *If I blow the lifeboat up and then ride it to shore I won't be stranded anymore!* I find the hole where it popped and blow it up like a giant balloon. Once it's completely full with air I walk back to the beach and after plopping it in the water, kick with my legs to move the boat. Almost immediately it starts to deflate and I have to turn around after a few seconds.

"Well, that was a flop." I say, disappointed. *Wait a second, I think, If an already made, punctured lifeboat didn't work, how about a handmade, not punctured raft?* After that I immediately head to a cluster of smallish fallen trees and tie them together with some extra long bamboo leaves.

"Wow," I say to myself, " Crazy how a good idea got me working!" I use the sharp rock to carve a wooden paddle. After smoothing some bits of the newly built raft out and changing a few parts I bring it back to the beach

and take a deep breath. Then I push the raft out into the ocean, hop on and start to paddle. I'm anxious at first then, after a few minutes start to relax into the pattern of, paddle left, paddle right, steer, paddle left...(etc.) I finally make it to shore, surrounded by people confused by my arrival, my dirty clothes, and just about everything else

"Need... doctor... help..." are the only words I can stutter out in the chaos of it all. Then out of both exhaustion and stress, I pass out for the third time in one week.

## Day 5: 4-19-25

"Sissy?" I hear as I open my eyes to a face I haven't seen in days.

"Ari! Wha...?! How did you get here?" I look around the room. It's a weird smelling hospital room with three other familiar faces.

"Mom? Dad? Aunt Ruby? How did you get here?" I utter, completely baffled.

"Well," Mom starts, "After Aunt Ruby pushed you out on the lifeboat rescue helicopters arrived and were able to rescue everyone. So Aunt Ruby came back home and worried her head off about you. Signs were put up on the surrounding islands showing pictures of the people who took lifeboats and they were all slowly crossed off the list except you. After you arrived you were taken to the nearest hospital and they called us. We took the earliest plane and arrived here. But what happened to you?" It takes several hours to explain and afterwards Aunt Ruby apologizes multiple times. *That sure was an adventure, I think, but I hope it never happens again!*