

# Marooned

By: Prithvi Shetty

## **Day 1:**

I have been stranded here for over 14 days but this is the first that I have come to find a pen to write with. This journal being the bulk of what I managed to salvage from the wreck, you would assume that this would be a struggle to survive. On the contrary, the island has plenty of vegetation to keep me sustained, however I have no idea whether it is poisonous or otherwise dangerous. The fact that I have made this long is a miracle in itself, the supply of fresh water is sparse and I'm quickly running out as I wither in this almost desert-like heat. Funny, it was only just winter in England at the time of my departure. I can almost imagine what they would say if they found me. I mean they will find me, that's almost certain. There are no ifs about it.

## **Day 16:**

I had largely lost track of my journal as I have had enough on my hands keeping the fire alive. It appears to be rainy season here; it's quite like a monsoon. I fear I'll soon grow ill, having been forced to drink rain water as a last resort. I have been bed-ridden for the past week owing to the fact that it appears the majority of the plant life on this island is poisonous. I begin to doubt my earlier assurance that rescue will arrive. Considering the nature of my arrival on the island I now highly doubt that any aboard the ship managed to send any form of signal. It had seemed that the sea was calm that night, almost too calm. And then it began to rain, just a light drizzle. And suddenly it was a downpour, a torrent beating on our heads forcing us to get beneath cover. And the water rose and surged onto the deck and the boat rocked as if it were only a toy. Then a loud grinding penetrated the air, a sudden silence washed over us. And then for a moment the world stood still. Then a loud clank pierced the silence. It was just a singular noise, unremarkable in all aspects but for a moment my heart caught in my throat. And that was when the world caught fire. An explosion rocked the boat and the light danced before me and for a second it looked beautiful and then a blast of heat threw me like a ragdoll across the deck. And all I felt was pain, all I saw was terror, and all I heard was a loud piercing cry. Then we went under. I pushed my way through to the lifeboats shoving aside mothers, fathers and children, ignorant of all but my own well being. It was a struggle just to get away, twisted and frothed pulling down the others while I sat there, forced to watch, in my small, rickety wooden boat which I had so callously taken. I sat there for what seemed an eternity, gazing at the starless sky. All I could hear was screaming, and I prayed to God that it would end and then to my horror, it did.

## **Day 20:**

Today I saw a plane overhead, just the contrail stretching over me like an endless wave. It was too high to help me in the slightest. I yelled and screamed all the same, I just waved my arms as it left me there and it must have looked pathetic. Just a man in a T-shirt and pajama bottoms sitting on a desolate rock screaming like a five-year-old trying to get his mother's attention. *How far we have come.* A couple of weeks ago I might have laughed at the very condition I find myself in now. For all I know, this is my personal torment, I'm already dead, and somewhere in the universe, God is laughing at me. When I first came here, I thought it was all a joke, that everyone would just jump out from behind the trees and we'd all have a good laugh. But there's no hidden camera and I'm not laughing.

## **Day 82:**

I used to be a doctor, did you know that. I had it pretty good, and now look at me. Stuck here. Stranded, trapped, cut off, abandoned, left high and dry, marooned. They called me the "human dictionary" in high school. And now I'm stuck on this island, if you would call it that.

**Day ??** Today is the day they rescue me. I'll just count to one hundred and close my eyes and everything will be okay. You just watch, they'll come, you see, they wouldn't just leave me here, I'm important.

You just see, they'll come, I'm sure of it. 1,2,3.....

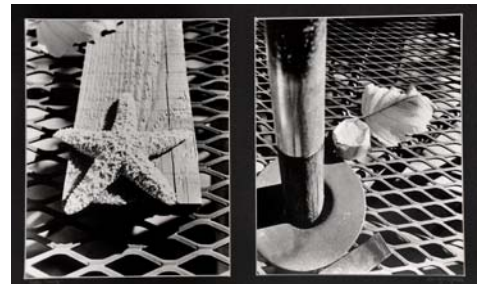


Table By: Emily Kujawa