

## Desert Island Essay

The bright sun pierced through my silted eyelids as I made a feeble attempt to block the burning beams of light with my shaking hand. Unsuccessful, I closed my eyes tightly, shutting out the ball of fire hanging overhead. As my senses returned in a painful blow, I raised myself up slowly, spitting out a mouthful of sand. With a quick glance, I uncovered an interesting fact. All my clothes were gone. Then it came flooding back. Back on the SS. TUNA, I had heard a low rumbling, and then the deck cracked under the force of what must have been a massive explosion. The last thing I could remember was the loud cracking of the ship's hull, and then I blacked out. The blast must have burned my clothes clean off, and threw me on to this desert island. How odd that my clothes were burned off, and I was left without a scratch. Shrugging off the many questions that my mind bombarded me with, I decided to take a tour of the island, and search for a possible means of escape. "OH SHI-!" I stopped myself short of a curse, and looked down at my aching toe. I painfully leaned over and examined the ground around my feet, discovering a 1922 Sears catalogue. Exhausted and hungry, I reached for a coconut from the only tree. I leaned against the palm tree eating the coconut and leafing through the ancient catalogue. Thinking aloud, I muttered, "Gee, I wish I had some clothes". POOF! Magically, I was in the latest fashions of 1922. Hmmmm.....could it be? I flipped through the catalogue until I found what I was looking for. POOF! "Wow, I always wanted a bread box". Curious as to what else I could find, I thoroughly searched the catalogue, finding that the sports equipment and hardware sections were torn out, along with a coupon for next years catalogue. I decided that I could use the magic catalogue to get off the island.....but how? BINGO! I wished for 20 tables, a kite with a VERY long string, a mattress, a belt, a bathtub and a towel. First, I clogged the bathtub drain with a towel, and laid the mattress on top, and floated it out to the coral. Next, I stacked the tables, so that they reached 60 ft. high. Standing on top of the stack, I flew the kite out to the coral, and snagged it tightly. Pulling the string taut, I tied it around the table leg, and looped the belt around it, forming a harness. I climbed into the harness and pushed off. I slid downwards along the string for hours, till I finally neared the 10 ft. high coral. At the last second, I slid out of the harness and landed on the mattress I had previously sailed out to sea. I bounced of the mattress 15 ft. in the air, clearing the coral and appearing in front of a helicopter which was passing by. It flew over to me, and I grabbed on to the landing gear in mid-air, and was rescued without even touching the water or having to deal with the deadly shark that swam in it's dark waters.

