

The sun bathed the boy's body, as the waves carefully crashed against the sand. Jin was barely awake, but slowly regaining consciousness.

With tiny bits grains of sand attached to his face, he slowly got up, dazed and confused.

It was only after seeing the ship debris all scattered around the beach that he came into realization

"The crash!" He let out in panic as his eyes widened in panic and distress. "The others!" He added as he quickly got up without brushing the sand attached to his now wet body.

After carefully searching around Jin's hope was starting to fade away, no signs of life or death, just empty planks of wood laid down amidst the rocks. Thankfully some of his fishing equipment was laid down there, it would certainly be useful if he were to survive on a stranded island.

"Am i... the only one around?" He asked himself, saddened. Remembering all of his fishing partners.

The island was seemingly quite small, besides the beach, the terrain was mostly filled with a dense jungle that would only take less than an hour to cross to the other end.

With no one else to help or talk, Jin had set his mind on surviving for now, maybe he'd be lucky enough to get rescued by someone eventually. The first steps would be to make some sort of shelter, with a nearby fire.

A day later and Jin had already built a small comfy bed made out of leaves from palm trees, near a badly put out campfire. Being out in the wilds wasn't something too alien to him. Jin had been connected with nature since young after all.

A week would pass and Jin would already know every possible route in the back of his head, where each rock was located, types of fauna and where the waves would reach when the tide was high

He would start to remember his days with his friends, and how much he missed them. It was hard to maintain a positive mindset with the current situation.

A month would pass and Jin had grown a fine beard. His fishing skills were now better than ever, having used to survive only by catching fish. Jin wasn't sure if he was going insane or not, but he was sure he'd see some of his tattoos move across his body.

A year would pass and Jin had already made some names for his tattoos. He'd talk to them and tell them stories about his past friends. The tattoos seemed to move as if they were alive. Jin was now sure that they were his only friends.

Two years passed, and Jin's mind was growing more and more desperate. No signs of life, nobody to reach out to. Jin hope had faded long ago. He had decided that if he were to die, it would be in the high seas, like his fishing companions.

After some days of work, he had built a makeshift raft, made out of planks and leaves from the trees. He was sure this wouldn't last more than an hour in the seas, but he would die trying. With his fishing rod on his hand, Jin set course to the sea, with no destination or goal in mind, he had decided he would die there.

But perhaps, fate was smiling on that day. Not long after setting sail, the raft had already started to break, Jin could see a bit far away a small boat with someone inside. His eyes widened and tears of joy slowly fell down through his cheeks, Jin quickly stood up and started to wave around his rather skinny arms like a madman. If it wasn't now, it would never be.

Luckily, the boat seemed to easily spot him and eventually catch up to him. Inside was a woman. She was absolutely beautiful, with long graceful blonde hair and a silk smooth white dress. Something about her was charming and bewitching. Jin noticed something was off however. She seemed to be bruised and in a bit of a hurry, he decided to not overthink anything though, in this situation, anyone would do. Jin quickly hopped on to the small boat as the woman gladly offered him a place and food.

It was after seeing someone after so long that Jin realized he had completely lost his touch with people. His mouth was completely frozen, words wanted to come out but he couldn't say anything. All that Jin wanted to do was to thank her and express his gratitude, but his lips wouldn't move.

"It's fine really, i understand." She said as she carefully adjusted her hair. "Name's Cassandra"