

STRANDED ON AN EMPTY ISLAND

patatas0

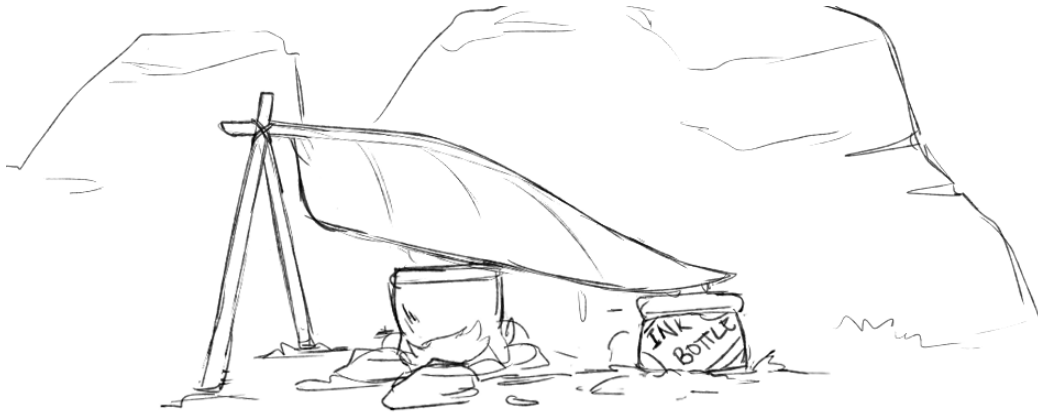


There's nothing on this island. *Nothing*. The island only has rocks and a couple of mundane coconut and banana trees around. If you think I'm panicking then yes. Yes I am. Aside from being stuck on this island because of the storm, I'm seeing signs of aggression like the claw(?) marks on stones. That can't be good... A huge beastly thing must be living or used to live nearby. But for such a tiny island with no prey living here, I doubt this creature is staying here... right?

Anyway, what do I have in my leather knapsack? a pencil, a notebook, knife (for sharpening my pencil), quill, ink bottle, tiny cauldron, hufflepuff scarf and a couple of snacks, which are mostly pastries. I think I can handle this! Maybe...

WEEK 1

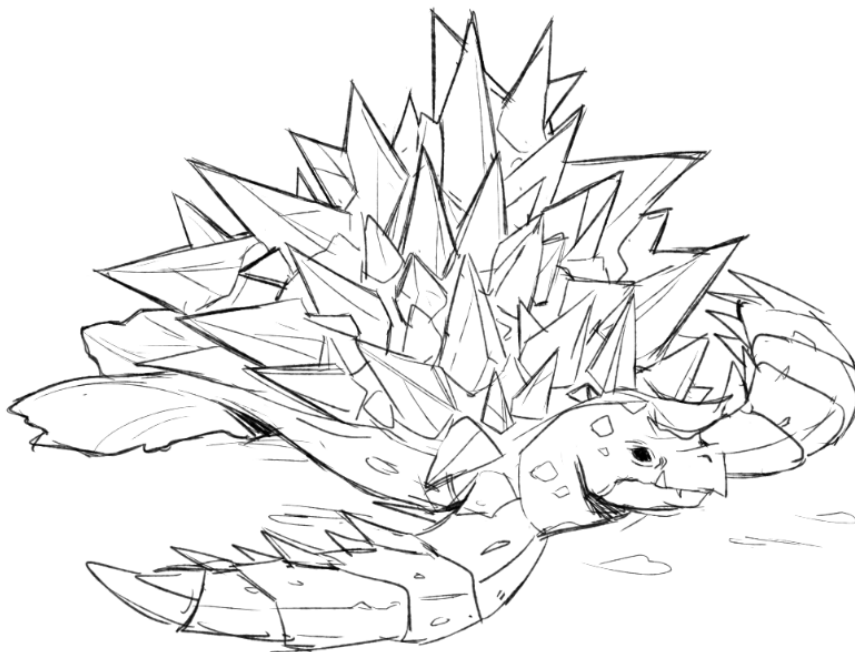
First things first, we need fresh water! There are only sea waters around here, but there's a way to purify them. With a banana leaf, sticks (from a broom), fire (I'm using the tips of a broom to start fire), two cups (cauldron and an emptied ink bottle), we could build something like this. I can get some water from baby coconuts but there are very few of them.



On the 6th day, my snacks are running out and I'm getting weak with just bananas and water as my main diet. I had to eat something else. Using strings from my hufflepuff scarf, wooden stick from broken broom and deformed metal quill, I was able to make a fishing rod. I've caught tiny fishes and weird looking seaweed so, I sun dried both so I can eat it later. Though for some reason, *these seaweeds never dry up*. I wonder why?

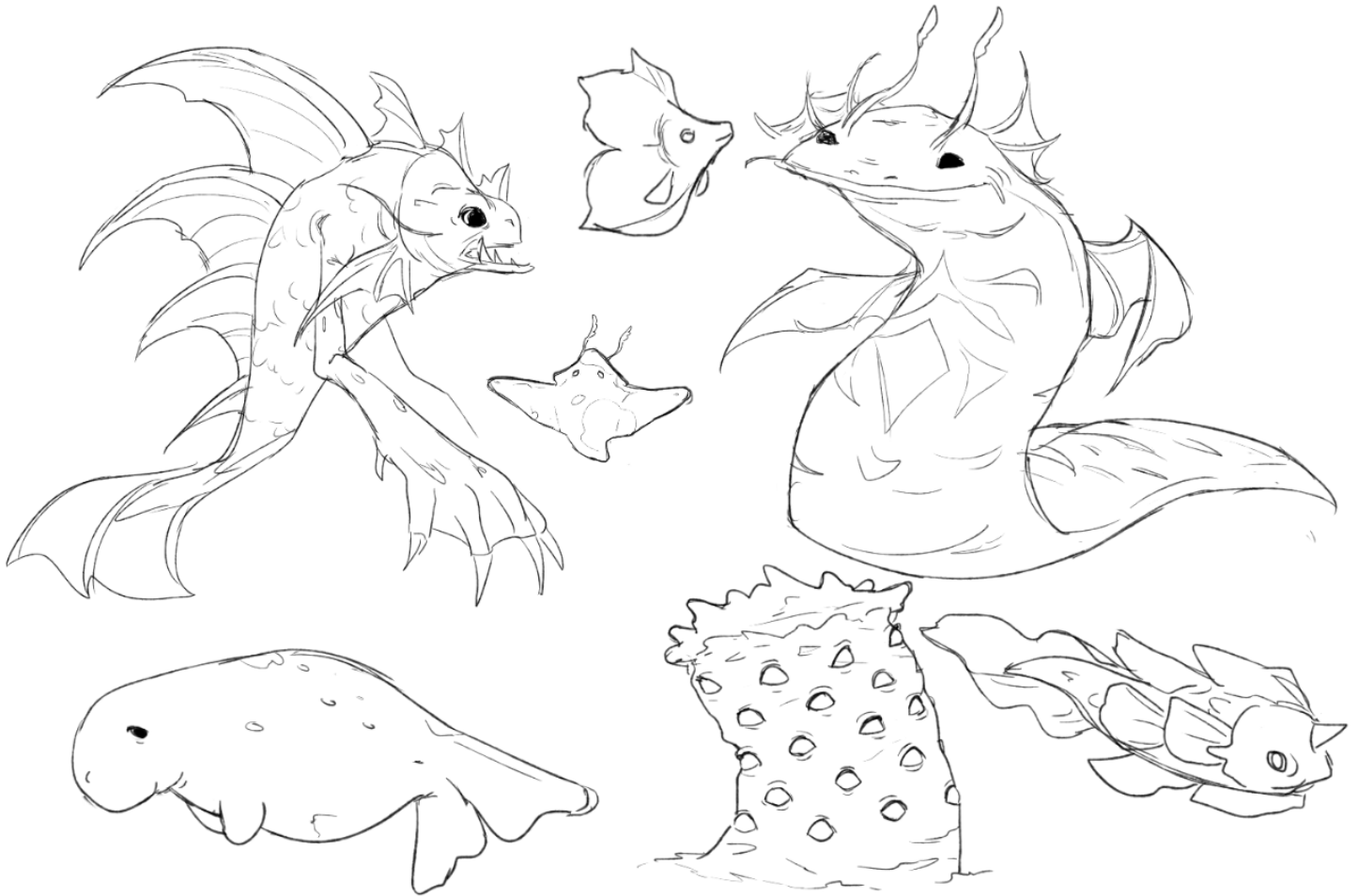
WEEK 2

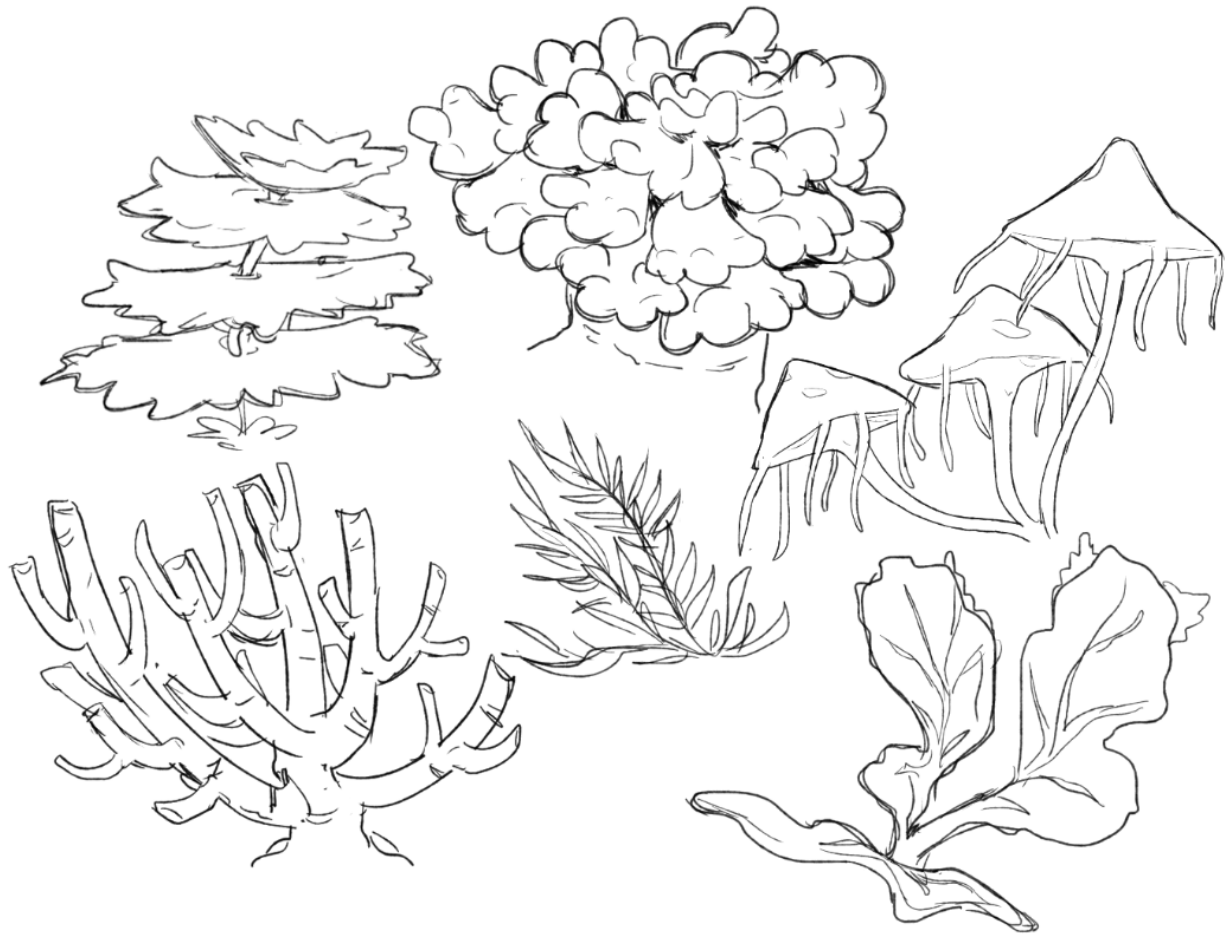
Remember the marks on stones? Just last night, *huge* turtle-like creatures I've never seen before, visited near me. They seem very docile except for their shells. It has spikes around it, hitting the rocks as they try to squeeze in through this tiny island.



Next morning, the seaweed still didn't dry up. I was hungry, and having delusions already, so I ate out of desperation. What happened next was painful. Something is forming on my feet and my neck and then... I couldn't breathe! My mind went "water!" so I drank all the water I stored in my purifier. I still couldn't breathe.

I was expecting nothing in the sea but when I turned around, I saw a lot of colorful corals, sea plants and creatures that I haven't seen!





There are fishes shaped like a heart, bright orange tube-like plants with a lot of eyes around them, hundreds of tiny glowing sea angels and so many more! What looked like an empty island is actually surrounded by a lot of sea creatures and sea plants!

WEEK 4

I can't stay on this island.

As much as I want to, I can't let my friends and family think I'm dead. The thing is, I don't know how. A lot of options I could think of seemed impossible. I can't make a boat with the lack of resources I have on this island, or ask magical sea creatures to send me a message (they think I'm crazy)

All I could think of is this one idea. A very stupid one, really... but not impossible. I'm going to ride on one of the turtle-like creatures and swim if I see land. I would have to gather as many gillyweeds as I can to make this work.

WEEK 6

For about 2 weeks, I've been gathering purified water, bananas, sun dried fishes and, most importantly, seawater gillyweed. Whilst gathering, I've been drawing sea creatures and plants that I've seen in my journal until my pencil's only an inch tall. I've also written down my letter, just in case.

The plan was to leave by dawn and hopefully arrive by night. I ate plenty and got a sufficient amount of sleep before leaving with the turtle-like creatures. Skipping some of the tiny islands, I finally found a huge land with very few muggle houses near the shore.

As if right on queue, the turtle-like creature sank themselves into the sea. I took a handful of “seawater gillyweed” and then swam as steady as I could. Thankfully, I was swimming *with* the tide but this is taking me hours more than expected. I knew the gillyweed wasn’t enough and I felt the effect fading.

Finally landing on the shore, I was so tired that I just lay there on the sand. I didn’t even care about reaching for my stack of food or water. My body is fighting but it also wants to give up.

Then, I felt a shuffle beside my head. An owl, a magical one. With little energy I have left, I took my journal and handed it to it. I told the owl to take it to my family, I didn’t specify which but I’m hoping it would fly the nearest. I gave what’s left of my food, thinking the owl may have a long journey ahead, then they left..

Seconds, minutes, hours have passed. I could feel myself shutting down. Little by little until my vision fades to black.

