The Island, pt. 1

Amanda and Chris

Amanda slowly woke up, lying on her back, the waves lulling back and forth gently on her legs. She stared at the blue sky above her, the sun on her face. Dazed and slightly out of it, she steadily remembered the events leading up to this:

She and her family had invited one of her neighbors’ families to join her on a charter boat tour. She used the opportunity to be close to Chris, her twenty-year-old neighbor, whom she had a crush on for quite some time. She realized her chances were diminished slightly, only being fourteen years old and still in middle school, but she would take anything that she could.

Within the first week of the charter tour, a terrible storm had begun brewing. For two straight days the boat had been battered by the storm, and the crew had asked the families to stay in their rooms since they were being tossed so violently. Hours went by as the crew’s swearing and yelling gradually dissipated, and Amanda and Chris’s fathers went topside to check on them. Amanda’s father raced back down and had Chris come up, saying the crew had been swept overboard and they were in danger of capsizing. Chris went up to help their fathers save the boat, and despite all that they tried to do, everything went black for Amanda, and she woke up, now on a beach.

She managed to get to her feet, holding her hand over her head to block away the sun. She decided to walk along the beach, hoping someone else was with her. After several minutes of walking she finally saw someone in the distance, in white shorts and a green shirt, lying half in the water, their back to her. As she neared the person, she realized who it was.

“Chris!” she shouted excitedly. She raced up to him and kneeled next to him, lifting his head as she slowly whispered.

“Chris… Chris, are you okay?” He moaned and grumbled, slowly opening his eyes.

“Mandy?” he said weakly. He looked up to see her in her pink V-neck shirt, torn at the middle, barely holding in one of her B cup breasts, as well as her small white skirt. Her curly brown hair blew gently in the breeze, and her bright blue eyes sparkled as she looked at him. He quickly got up, though stumbling a bit, and gave her a great big hug, his 6’3” frame dominating over her, at only 5’3”. “I… I guess we’re the only survivors from the boat wreck… we need to set up camp before it gets dark.” He laughed as his stomach began to growl. “We should probably find some food too.” She giggled, giving him another tight hug, not wanting to leave the embrace just yet. She looked up at Chris, his tanned face and gleaming dark brown eyes hidden slightly in the shade.

“Sounds good,” she replied with a smile, finally letting go of Chris.

“Alright, why don’t you head into the forest there and see if you can’t find anything that we can eat?” he asked, pointing towards the light shrubbery leading away from the beach. “I’ll stay here and grab some drift wood, start making camp and whatnot.”

“Okay!” she said with a smile, as she skipped off towards the forest.

“And don’t go too far!” Chris said with more seriousness in his tone. “I don’t want you getting lost!”  
 “Don’t worry, I’ll be close!” she said reassuringly, before venturing off past the shrubs and vines and out of Chris’s sight.

Amanda trekked through bushes, ducked under tree branches and vines, and hopped over large rocks in search of food. She finally came to a clearing, seeing a stream flowing down and a tree next to it with odd-looking fruits.

“Yes!” she exclaimed. “We can get fresh water here! And there’s so much fruit on this tree, Chris will be so happy!” She got on her knees and slurped up water in her cupped hands, wiping the excess off of her face and motioning towards the tree. The fruits dangled from the branches, a dark purple color in the shape of tear drops. She got on her tiptoes to grab a few, taking a bite of one of them, moaning from its amazingly delicious taste.

“This stuff is so good!” She quickly finished it and tore into another one. “I *have* to bring a ton of these back!” She noticed that the sun was slowly setting, so she picked about a dozen or so, pulling her shirt up a little to carry the fruits back with, heading back for the beach where Chris had set up a lean-to facing the ocean, as well as a nice, large fire.

“There you are!” Chris said. “You were gone for awhile, I was getting worried!”

“Sorry!” Amanda said. “I found a stream where we can get fresh water, and look!” She dropped the fruits by their makeshift shelter. “There was a tree close to the stream that had tons of these fruits on it. They’re delicious!” Chris grabbed one and tried it as Amanda dug into another one.

“Oh, wow, these things really *are* tasty! Good work, Mandy.” She smiled as he finished off his fruit, excited that he was proud of her.

“I think I’m gonna get ready for bed… I’m all tuckered out.”

“Yeah, same here. We’ll get a good night’s rest and then get back to work tomorrow.” Chris and Amanda grabbed several leaves from the close by trees and set them down under their shelter. As Amanda made her way back to the lean-to, she realized her shirt seemed smaller for some reason. She wondered… maybe it shrank? She tugged lightly at the shirt, trying to cover the open area where her breast was slightly exposed, taking up more space than normal. She shrugged it off as they laid the leaves down to make a comfy place to sleep. They both laid down and slowly drifted off under the brilliant stars, completely unaware of how tomorrow would turn out…