After being awoken by the sound of water crashing onto her bare feet, Kooki flickered her eyelids and looked around her. Adjusting her vision and looking round to absorb her surroundings, she soon realised she wasn't at home anymore. Even though she had felt lost inside for many years, Kooki knew one thing- she was going to have to swallow her inner bitterness, survive and attempt to get back home.

Within a few days Kooki's life had been turned upside down and put into perspective. Now she was properly lost and alone, not just metaphorically. Kooki scrabbled together some vegetation to make a bed of sorts. She apprehensively tasted the sweet juices of exotic blue 'fruit' she managed to find and developed a taste for the purple spotted creatures crawling about the island.

Using the life skills she had obtained through years of searching to find herself and inner happiness in various environments, she constructed a new raft out of various branches and leaves she had succumbed by. Without hesitation Kooki and her thoughts sailed back to the docks where she had first begun.

Kooki looked around her once again. She may not have found where 'home' is yet, but one thing she knew for sure was that having a doze when sailing in a fishing trawler was not a wise idea.