

Stranded

[Snapshot](#)

The sun is hot, oppressive and scorching. When he wakes he finds his skin red; blistered, as if it was some sort of liquid that had been paused mid-boil. The salt spray collected on his lashes has to be scrubbed off before he can crack his eyes open to blinding light.

When he sits up, he finds himself on a beach. What beach? He has no idea; but it is a beach. The ocean ahead spans for miles, as far as the eye can see. To the back, there's palm trees and barbed shrubs that offer him a modest amount of shade.

His legs feel like jelly, but he manages to crawl on all fours into the underbrush where his body simply gives up.

And that was only day one.

On day two, he gets himself in gear. He avoids the sun, sticking to the trees and even fashioning himself an umbrella from an oversized palm leaf. He finds bananas dangling tantalizingly from a tree above and his mouth immediately waters.

The first few climbs, he falls onto his ass when he shimmies halfway up. The fifth time, his hands are covered in splinters. The tenth time however, he makes it juuust high enough to slap one of the bananas before he loses his grip and comes crashing back down. A single banana lands square on his nose seconds later.

On the third day, he upgraded his palm-leaf-umbrella into something more permanent. After all, despite being stuck on an island, Meyrath was royalty after all. He would live like a king if he damned well pleased to.

So, with a shelter in place, and many more bananas courtesy of the very long banana smacking stick he found, he's set.

On day four, the bugs start talking to him. Unintelligible whispers at first, but since then he's gone, "kriff it". He talks back. They have pleasant conversations, and he's quite positive his brain has melted inside of his skull from the heat.

He's also running out of water. The first day rained and he got lucky drinking from the pitcher plants that had collected the water, but now they're all bone dry and he's resorting to throwing rocks at coconut trees because his banana smacking stick is too short for those and he's pretty sure he'll break his leg if he climbs up.

On day five, he breaks his leg trying to climb for coconuts. The bugs are laughing at him. It's hot. He swears off any other scouting missions, because he knows he'll survive. Kathka's looking for him. She'll find him soon enough.

...Right?

On day six, it rains. Glorious glorious rain. He's certain the clouds are flavoured here - why else would water taste this good?

He spends the day flat on his back with his mouth open, because really, what else is he going to do? He's already exhausted his own force energy trying to put his leg back in place, and while his shin bone is no longer sticking out, it's still unusable.

On day seven, he wakes up to a slap to his face and angry swearing coming from a toothy maw inches away from his face. At first he thinks it's a predator here to finish him off, but when his vision clears and he catches a glimpse of the 'predator's' punk-rock outfit, he laughs.

"Oh you have no idea how glad I am to see you, Kath."

The Shistavanen crosses her arms. "How. How did 'go to this island and check for the enemy mcguffin' turn into *this*, Meyrath?"

"Well, you see... I got off on the wrong island."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. By the time I realized, the pilot was long gone."

Kathka pinches her snout, making a noise of frustration.

"Were you worried?" Meyrath asks her.

"No shut up."

He laughs. "Yeah you were."

