

# THE ISLAND

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It had already been five days since Michael and Thomas Jeffries had been shipwrecked on the island. Their lips were dry and their stomachs were empty. They had been sailing with their family on a massive cruise ship that was made of the same metal that *The Titanic*. The island that they were stranded on was massive. The trees on the island were a dark green colour and, in those five days that they were stuck there, seemed to be devoid of any sign of life, except themselves.

Too scared to go into the deep lush forest, they stayed on the shore line of the island.

"We can't just stay here and die. We have to look for food," Michael finally said.

"But we might die in there as well," replied Thomas.

"I'll take my chances," Michel said bravely.

They both pulled each other up and slowly trudged through the forest. On their way they saw exotic birds, strange looking monkeys and even some venomous spiders crawling along the forest floor. The two brothers built a small trap made of sticks that they

had learned to make from a TV show called The Turtleman. They used to watch it with their father everyday. Trying not to think about what had happened to their family, they waited for their prey to walk into their trap, but it never happened.

The following day they woke up to find a large pine marten in their trap. A pine marten is a small animal. It looked as if it had the head of a cat and the body of a raccoon. Not caring how it looked, the brothers both sat at each end of the trap so the animal wouldn't escape. Michael pulled it out and held it firmly to the floor. Not having any knife or gun, Thomas picked up a large rock and smashed it onto the head of the animal a few times. The squeal of the marten was dreadful to hear but the brothers were too hungry to stop. With one more big hit to the head the pine marten had past. Although it was dead, the nerves in the animal made its tail and legs move. Without even thinking about cooking the animal, the boys both bit in to it and chewed its meat with the fur still on it, taking out any bones as they feasted on the creature.

"Oh my god. I've never felt this hungry in my life," said Thomas.

"Don't worry, you won't be anymore. We will probably be eating this every day," laughed Michael.

After their meal, the boys dozed off into a deep sleep.

Suddenly, both Michael and Thomas were woken up by loud noises that sounded like people screaming. Both their eyes were half open and could see the colours yellow and red surrounding them. A large man with white markings on his body approached them

with a a staff. The man held the staff high up in the air and whacked Michael with it. Thomas saw Michael fall to the floor.

"No!" Thomas screamed.

The man walked up to Thomas and hit him right in the forehead. Thomas's eyes closed shut and he fell to the floor. When the brothers woke up, they found themselves tied to a large tree. Thomas looked behind him because the rope they were tied with felt weird. They were actually tied with dead anacondas. Their eyes were squinting because they were both facing the direction of the sun. In front of them a tall dark coloured man also with white markings on his body was sitting on what seemed to be a large throne made of humungous boulders and had banana leaves covering him from the sun at the top of his throne. The brothers were surrounded by tall men holding spears.

The man spoke and said, "What has brought you here?"

"We.....were sh-sh shipwrecked on th th this island," said Thomas.

"What do you want from us?" hollered Michael.

One of the men with the spear came and slapped Michael across the face.

"No one speaks to the King in that way!" shouted the man.

"Calm yourself down t'kunga. They are frightened. Let's comfort them before the sacrifice starts. Put them in cage."

Two out of the ten men surrounding them walked towards them and cut the

anacondas that they were tied to from the brothers' arms. The brothers were pushed along the deep forest until they came to a small rectangular cage made of strong bamboo sticks. The men pushed Michael and Thomas inside the cage and tied up the entrance with five dead snakes of different colours.

Trying to lighten the mood for his scared brother Michael said, "What's with these people and snakes?"

Thomas chuckled, but only for a second.

Michael was trying to devise a plan to escape the cage. But the only thing that came to mind was to break the cage with their legs. But the cage wasn't made of just any bamboo; it was made of Cali Bamboo, which can be stronger than many mixtures of concrete. But they had to try and break free. When there was no one around they kicked one side of the cage and broke free. They jumped and took the cage with them so they could build a raft. After running and and tripping over broken tree branches for an hour they finally arrived at the shore of the island. Thomas quickly started to build the raft. He knew how to build one because he used to watch Bear Grylls. Michael was on the lookout for any search parties the King might have sent. Suddenly, out of the dark green forest, the King and t'kunga emerged. The King had a sword in his hand and said

"If you cooperate, I won't have use this on you."

The boys knelt down on the grainy sand of the island while t'kunga came by to take them in. He had a dagger in his hand. The boys both looked at each other and when

t'kunga stood in front of them Thomas hit the side of t'kunga's knee and Michael grabbed the dagger and pushed it right the middle of t'kunga's body.

The King screamed, "No! My son!"

The King came running towards them and swung his sword in all different directions. Michael was cut straight along his chest. The blood pouring out, Thomas took hold of the dagger, jumped high into the air and shoved the miniature sword into the head of the King. Breathless, Thomas went straight back to building his raft before anyone else came. Thomas dragged Michael onto the raft and set sail. They drifted in the cold water for a few hours until Thomas heard a loud noise in the sky.