

An adventure i shall
never forget essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Malia and I were very excited about the trip. We had planned it for more than one and a year and a half. The radio was playing in the background. I heard something about a new rumor about cruises disappearing in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. It was like the Bermuda triangle. A new way to sell souvenirs I thought. The bags were packed and our passports were lying on the kitchen table, ready to be used for the first time. My family was somewhat poor compared to other families in our city, so we very rarely travelled.

I always had a dream about going on a big cruise from my hometown San Francisco to Japan... But while that had been my dream for more than 10 years, I never believed that it would ever happen. About six years ago my little brother, mother, my father and I went on the biggest trip we had ever taken. It was pretty amazing! We went to Yosemite National Park in a rented car. In Yosemite we stayed at a beautiful location in the middle of the National Park. We stayed there for three days, and drove down California's coast through Monterey to Los Angeles, and then we flew home.

That was an amazing trip! But still, after that trip I still longed to get out of the United States. Two years ago I almost got a heart attack, finding out by accident that my parents had planned a family cruise to Japan. I totally freaked out and ran upstairs to my parents' bedroom, screaming and really going out of my mind. My father asked what was wrong but I was short of breath so I started using my arms to explain the situation. When I was able to talk I explained what I saw in the basement. They looked at each other, in a denying fashion, but a few seconds later they gave up.

They explained that they had been saving money for the cruise since the Yosemite trip and we were taking off in less than two years. I thought that two years was a long time to wait but here I am, standing outside my door, waiting for a cab with my mother, father, little brother and best of all, my very best friend, Malia. The cab drive was long but exciting and the check-in at the cruise ship went smoothly. The size of the ship was magnificent. It was like a huge hotel floating on top of the sea. The first thing we did when we got on the ship was to explore.

There was a movie theater, mini golf, a mall, 5 different restaurants, and a water park. It was simply stunning! The ship set sail at about 7: 30 PM. I was about to go on my ultimate dream trip. A part of me didn't believe what was going on but I tried to tell myself over and over that I was going to Japan and it was with my best friend. We had sailed for about eight days when something really weird occurred. It felt like the ship slammed onto something hard, but I was pretty sure it wasn't serious. We were in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and the ship suddenly stopped. I was wondering if it was just to see dolphins or whales.

So Malia and I ran towards the window but half way there, the ship tipped slightly and the engine made a really weird, loud noise. We ran out into the hallway. There were small green lights lighting up the floor. We looked at each other and didn't know what to do. We didn't say anything but we were both pretty sure we were going to die. We started discussing what to do. We had forgotten everything about the safety drill. Malia shouted, life jackets! life jackets! We ran to the closet and grabbed our life jackets and ran

downstairs, through the lobby... There were no people. This was a huge disaster!

We looked out of the portholes and saw lots of lifeboats floating in the distance. We had a pretty big problem. We could feel that the boat was sinking fast. I was only thinking about my parents. Did they leave without me?... I was feeling dizzy... Did I eat breakfast? Do my parents love me? Did they ever love me?... I could feel my legs disappearing under me. I heard an empty bump. I found myself lying on a cold beach with a huge headache. There was a sharp smell of pigeon poop. I sat up and looked around. I was the only one on the entire beach. I was wondering if I was the only one who had survived.

I slowly got up and started walking towards something looking like a forest in the far distance. The closer I came I could start to hear some music. I thought my brain was messed up from lying on the beach, but when I entered the forest I saw a lot of houses and buildings and yes, a lot of people... including my parents and Malia. They were acting weird as if nothing had happened. My head was fuzzy. I couldn't think clearly. There were so many questions going through my head that I couldn't focus my thoughts. How did I come here from the boat? Why weren't my parents happy to see me?

What island were we on? It couldn't be Hawaii, too far south. It couldn't be the islands of Alaska, way too far north. I was trying to think of other small islands in the Pacific Ocean, but I couldn't. I really couldn't. Malia and my parents obviously didn't care about me so who did rescue me? Who cared

enough about me to save my life? I walked through the village, trying to find a logical explanation of my being here. Alive. The buildings and the architecture impressed me. I needed to find my parents and Malia so we could go home. But how could we get off this island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?

I could build a raft for the four of us to get home. But we would never make it. We would have to be out there on the ocean for more than a day. And maybe a storm would appear. I started wondering if the ship was still near the beach when I left. Well of course it was. Where else would it be? I started to doubt everything. If it was there I would probably have seen the 237 ft. ship. The days got longer and longer and soon the weeks turned into months. I only ate raw fish and drank stream water and goat milk. And sometimes I ate fruits like mangos, bananas and pineapples. The people on the island were nice to me.

It turned out they had been there for generations. Most cruises from Americas west coast to Japan hit this island. After a few months I started feeling dizzy and my stomach was very upset. My eyes were burning and my tongue was swollen. Every night I was thinking of what might have happened if we had made it all the way to Japan, and my normal life would just have carried on. But then I came back to real life and I almost got tears in my eyes by the thought of my being alone on this deserted island. I was convinced that I was going to die there. I was sure. It was an adventure that I shall never forget.