

SHIPWRECKED

ReadingZone



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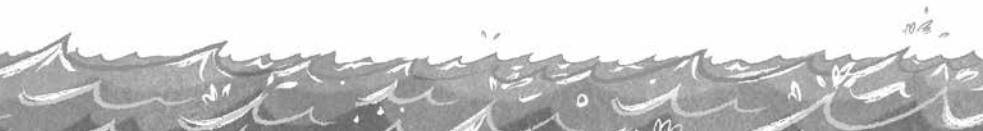
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JENNY PEARSON

Illustrated by NICK EAST



USBORNE



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BEFORE WE GO



You never know what a person is truly made of, or who they truly are, until they are tested – at least that’s what my dad thinks.

Usually, I tend to think the exact opposite of my dad – but that’s more out of habit than accuracy. And having had quite a bit of time apart, what with him being at home in Singapore and me being marooned on an island somewhere in the Pacific, I can probably admit that I *might* have had a bit of an attitude problem.

I wish I could tell him that I didn’t really disagree with him about *everything*, and while he was always *very* wrong about his aftershave being *subtle*, he was always bang on the mark about me.

I wasn’t the best I could be.

You see, now I know what I'm made of because I *have* been tested – if you don't believe me, you try being stung by **Julian Jehoshaphat**. Julian, by the way, is a jellyfish with a personal vendetta against me and, despite our history, I think I'll miss him when we leave here.

But being serious for a moment, because I can do that now, I've been tested in ways that are bigger even than Julian.

Ways that have forced me to look inside myself.

I've seen and done – and also eaten – things that I never thought I would. And I think, after everything I've been through, I might be a better person.

I'm sad that my dad might never know that.

I think he might even be proud.

I guess I'm proud.

Lina has forced me to say I am so often that I think I've actually started to believe it.

Last night for example.

We – that's me, Lina, and my other best friend and castaway, Étienne – sat round the campfire and did one of Lina's enforced bonding exercises.

When we first started these I found them uber-awkward, but now...how can I describe them? They make you catch the good and sometimes it can be the tiniest thing that keeps you going. Last night we looked out at



the black horizon and we spoke about how we were proud of each other.

Proud for still surviving.

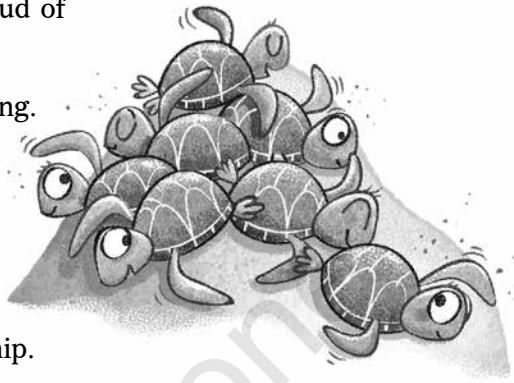
Proud that we saved Tarquin's teeny turtle babies. All one hundred odd of them.

Proud of our friendship.

And, as far as Lina is concerned, we are proud that no one has let the fire die out.

This isn't strictly true. Étienne and I have had a few minor issues, but we've kept them quiet because Lina *really* has a thing about the fire. That **Lord of the Flies** book is to blame. It's a story about a load of kids who were stuck on a desert island like us. Things did not go well for them AT ALL, which Lina blames on them for letting the fire go out. As a result, she's been fixated on keeping ours burning at all times. Étienne and I decided it's best if she doesn't know that we have, on occasion, forgotten about it.

In the spirit of catching the good, I want to tell you that things here haven't been as bleak as William Golding – the guy who wrote **Lord of the Flies** – made out. We've done much better than the kids in his story. We



didn't turn into total savages, and nobody has made any truly heartfelt attempts at killing anybody else. I think that should be noted down if we don't make it.

Because today we face another test. We are going to leave this island and hope we find our way home.

But, in case we *don't* find our way home, I've documented how we ended up as castaways and what we've done since we arrived on the island. It's also a guide of sorts. There are tips based on what I've learned about survival. And there's also a lot about what I've learned about myself and the person I want to be.

So here is the story of **the Spectacular Survival of Sebastian Sunrise** (and Lina and Étienne too).

Don't tell them I put them in brackets. It's not that they aren't equally important, they're the most **spectacular** bit really, but I was going for the whole alliterative title thing.