



# FOUND ON ISLAND NEAR REMAINS OF WHAT APPEAR TO BE HUMAN

After my leased boat went down in a storm, my backpack and I washed ashore on this island. Surviving by eating the most exotic looking animals, insects, and plants, I am now the island's master, at the top of its food chain. It now appears that no large animals or other humans live here. I have resourcefully constructed weapons sufficient to keep me safe from the animals I need to hunt; having learned the hard way, I am able to identify plants which are poisonous. Physically overall, I am in a good place. My psychological well-being is another matter, ambivalent about whether or not I want to be found and rescued.

My cell phone worked until my 15th day here. To keep my mind occupied, on the seventh day I began work on a secret language, putting all my notes on what I have affectionately named "bookshelf 7."

More later...

- call me Robin, linguistics professor and intrepid world-wide adventurer

## LOCATION COMPARTMENT NAMED "BOOKSHELF 7"