

It seems like days that we have been on board this ship in search for shoreline.

It all started when a group of fishermen, which include me, set out in need to catch fish to leave us with some money in our pockets. We were only 3 weeks into our 2 month long fishing expedition when on a dark gloomy night we were struck by lightning followed by crashing waves leaving the crew in sheer fear. The boat shook side to side like leaves in the wind clinging onto the deck. We thankfully survived the storm. On waking we discovered the repetitive crashing of waves and life threatening lightning strikes. We discovered our engine unusable without serious repairs.

As captain in charge I left the crew to clean up debris on the deck as I discovered all communication systems on board were fried. In serious need to contact the coast guards as we aimlessly float 300km from the nearest shoreline.

As a crew we held a meeting in need of suggestions to get us back to help, after an hour of arguing we came up with nothing, no communication on board and no engine power to head us in a useful direction.

All hope was lost as we <sup>all</sup> wonder blank faced around the deck.

it was on about the fourth day of aimlessly floating where the deep blue ocean took us that it was my shift to sleep in sleeping quarters with half the crew all paranoid they were would be stuck out here forever. As I awoke from my dreams of getting rescued I look up at the peep hole that sits about water height. It struck me a chance of rescue that we could write a message in a bottle which we have plenty of as there isn't much to do than drink as the crew prepare a message in hope for it to reach someone quicker than us. I watch out to see a splash and a bottle face pressed right to the glass in anticipation "Splash" I see the bottle floating right in front of my face overwhelmed with hope that somehow this could work.

We find ourselves floating for days after the release of the bottle all hope lost for a stupid idea of getting help as we all are fishing for something stuck in the worst location for tuna is just something that would boost our confidence. "Beep" we all turned our heads to find help, the coast guards a big tow boat to take us back to the urban environment on our journey back to shore James one of the crew asked how they found us in hope for the answer to lay with a glass bottle the coast guard replied we found you sitting on our radar at no speed so we come to investigate. The crew turned to each other and we all just laughed.