

You walk up to the tree, and look up into the branches of the massive tree. They seem to go on and on forever. You grip the bark of the lowest branches with your uncalloused hands, and slowly pull up the rest of your body. You do this again for the next branch, and the next, and the next...

On the forty-second branch, you find that you can go no further. The branches above you become thin, and you fear they would not support your weight. Luckily, you are still incredibly high up, and you can see for miles in every direction, to the edges of the island you've found yourself stranded upon. To the west, you see the crash site of the plane. You were the only survivor.

Wiping the mixture of blood and sweat from your brow, you begin the climb back down.

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Once your feet are firmly on the ground once more, you decide to go back to the wreck, now that it's day, see what you can find.

When you arrive...

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