

## On the Rocks

Your hand clamps around the rolled-up paper, fingers white from the pressure. Nearby, the shattered bottle juts up between several rocks, leaving you with nothing but the worn page it once held.

You don't want to open the letter, don't want to expose its secrets or the missive you know it carries.

This craggy beach is your home now and has been for eighteen days. The salt coats your sunburned skin and tangled hair, and that message, that plea, was a lifeline you didn't realize you were counting on.

Finally, you unclench your fist and reveal your own shaky scrawl.

[100 words]