

“I’m so excited!” exclaimed Liliane McCather. “It’s not every day you move to a ship!”

“Oh!” said Rachael Young. “They just called our group.”

Liliane and Rachael walked up the gangplank with their parents onto the craft. They brought their suitcases to their rooms (which were right next to each other--the McCathers and the Youngs were very close).

The ship blew its horn and set sail. Rachael and Liliane decided to go outside.

The waves were very rocky, and Liliane was getting nervous.

“Doesn’t this seem unsafe?” she asked.

“A little,” replied Rachael. The waves got more and more unsteady.

“MAN OVERBOARD!” Rachael and Liliane heard someone yell. Everyone was running around the ship in panic. There were more and more shouts about staying away from the side rails. But it was so crowded, Liliane and Rachael couldn’t get to the middle of the vessel.

“Rachael,” said Liliane, “I’m scared.”

“Me too,” said Rachael.

There was a huge lurch of the ship, and Rachael and Liliane got thrown into the rail.

“HELP!” they screamed, but it was too late. They got thrown off the ship and plunged underwater.

“What happened?” Liliane coughed, once they washed ashore.

“We got thrown off a boat,” Rachael gasped.

“Where’s our family?”

“Someplace else,” replied Rachael.

“Let’s see if there is any food and wood scraps around here,” said Liliane. “We’ll need to make a boat.”

They explored the island. Rachael discovered an enormous shrub of strawberries; Lily found a washed-up shipwreck. They set to work constructing a boat.

“That piece,” said Rachael, pointing to a slab of wood.

“Here,” said Liliane, handing her the wood.

Before long, a small craft was built. Rachael and Liliane stocked it with strawberries, lots of them.

“Let’s go,” said Liliane, and they boarded the boat and set sail. After a few days, they saw another boat.

“MOM! DAD!” exclaimed Rachael and Liliane.

“LILIANE!” yelled Liliane’s parents.

“RACHAEL!” screamed Rachael’s parents.

Once their boats met at an island, they hugged.

“Let’s go back to Georgia,” Liliane, Rachael, and their parents all suggested.

And that is what they did.

# THE END