

You wake up lying on your back, staring straight up at the sky. The air is fresh and the sun bright and warm. You smile, feeling at peace. You try to sit up but can't seem to get your arms or legs to work. You rock a bit on the deck and grow concerned.

Suddenly a weathered and shabby face is above you, looking down. "Holy shit! He woke up."

"I can't move," you say.

"Here, let me help you," he says and reaches down under your armpits, lifts you up with ease and sits you upright against something. That's when you can see that you are missing your arms from the shoulder down and your legs are gone at the thighs. Where they once were are now short stumps with crudely wrapped bandages.

You look up and see the deck is filled with sailors who are all very shabby and emaciated. They are all eyeing you with desire, not lust but something close.

"We have a rather large problem, you see," the man continues to speak, "we had to leave the dock without fully loading up the ship."

You look down at your stumps in horror.

"Yeah, the rendezvous point is fifteen days travel away and we only have enough fuel for a day and a half's trip. We've been stuck out at sea for twelve days now. We can't reach anyone on the radio and we never loaded on any food. So we had to improvise." He motions at you.

"You've been eating me!"

"Yeah, but you gotta look at it from our perspective. You passed out on the deck right when we left and we haven't been able to wake you up since. You were in a coma of some kind. But we've been real safe about it. We cauterized the stumps so there's no chance of infection. We didn't think you were ever going to wake up."

"I'm awake now and now I don't have any arms or legs!" You start crying.

"Now it's OK. Since you're up we can draw straws." He