

## *Bring Shlong Along*

One day I decided to join my best friend Wes and go on a brief journey on his yacht to the Indian Seas. We were passing through the rough seas and one bad night we got caught to a storm. We lost control of the yacht, the captain got knocked out by a wave and was dragged to sea, we had to bail the boat from all the water coming in and we jumped on the to life boat. Wes and I ended up on shore of a beach, we had no clue where we landed. I was exhausted from the sunlight burning my skin, at a distance we saw land, I jumped out and the waves were crashing onto me, pushing me back to land. I see Wes standing up and looking at the distance for help, to see if there is anyone to help us. I saw something shiny through a bunch of seaweed, I see my Shlong, it had been brought to shore by some kelp. We were in a mystical island, we saw wild elephants roaming freely, axis deers, chevrotains, wild boars and sloth bears. I held up my Shlong to shake off the sand, and the beads began to rattle. It was glistening under the sunlight making patterns out to the sky, reflecting back to the sun. A truly magnificent sight to see. The beads led us to a path to fresh water, where we saw rice paddy fields. Rice for dinner! After resting under a coconut tree from all the walking, we made our way deep into what looks like an a top of a peak of the mountain, we are stuck in an island Wes yelled. I shake my Shlong again and crystal ball sends a hologram of a hut. I made sure to get shelter before the sun went down. We got fire that we made by using the crystal heads bouncing from the sunlight our coconut husks. The cloak was made out of the material everlasting, it kept giving, and giving, we were never cold. Later that night, Wes and I held hands and touched the diamond crystal and prayed all night long for a quick rescue, we missed our puppies back home. Early the next morning, we heard a loud helicopter passing, Wes ran from the hut shaking the magical Shlong so the sun would reflect its shiny crystal to the helicopter. The super bright crystal reflection worked, and we saw the heli computer turning back. We jumped with joy and hugged each other. We have been rescued, finally! The Shlong helped us get rescued, it made surviving on a island a lot easier but I would never want to be in a island without a it. I owe my life to the Shlong. My Shlong has always been a good luck charm, passed down by my great grandparents for luck. They would take it on there long travels when they traveled to Africa and Europe. Before my great Nana died, she told me to make sure I keep it in my travel bag always. I made sure to always keep it in my bag, going through TSA for 3 hours just to clear it is worth it. I am looking forward to giving the Shlong to my child on his Bar Mitzvah.

**The End**