

### Ship Wrecked

An ambitious engineer finally decided to take a vacation. He booked himself on a Caribbean cruise and proceeded to have the time of his life, until the boat sank.

The man found himself on the shore of an island with no other people, no supplies ... nothing, only bananas and coconuts. After about four months, he is lying on the beach one day when the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen rows up to the shore.

In disbelief, he asks her, "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"  
She replied, "I rowed from the other side of the island. I landed there when my cruise ship sank."

"Amazing," he says. "You were really lucky to have a row boat wash up with you."

"Oh, this?" replied the woman. "I made the row boat out of some raw material I found on the island; the oars were whittled from gum tree branches; I wove the bottom from palm branches; and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree."

"But, where did you get the tools?" "Oh, that was no problem," replied the woman. "On the south side of the island, there is a very unusual strata of alluvial rock exposed. I found if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into forgeable ductile iron. I used that for tools and used the tools to make the hardware."

The guy is stunned. "Let's row over to my place, " she says. After a few minutes of rowing, she docks the boat at a small wharf. As the man looks, he nearly falls out of the boat.

Before him is a stone walk leading to an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white.

While the woman ties up the rowboat with an expertly woven hemp rope, the man is dumb struck.

As they walk into the house, she says casually, "It's not much, but I call it home. Sit down please; would you like to have a drink?" "No, err, err, no thank you," he says, still dazed. "Can't take any more coconut juice." "It's not coconut juice," the woman replies. "I have a still. How about a Pina Colada?"

Trying to hide his continued amazement, the man accepts, and they sit down on her couch to talk.

After they have exchanged their stories, the woman announces, "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable. Would you like to take a shower and a shave? There is a razor upstairs in the bathroom cabinet."

No longer questioning anything, the man goes into the bathroom. There, in the cabinet, is a razor made from two ground honed shells, fastened to a bone handle. "This woman is amazing," he muses. "What next?" When he returns, she greets him wearing nothing but vines-strategically positioned and smelling faintly of gardenias.

She beckons for him to sit down next to her. "Tell me," she begins, suggestively, slithering closer to him, "We've both been out here for a really long time. You've been lonely, yes?."

I'm sure there's something you really feel like doing right now.

Something you've been longing for all these months? You know..." She stares into his eyes.

He can't believe what he's hearing. "You mean...?", he swallows excitedly, tears start to form in his eyes,

he repeats,

"You mean...?",

".....I can check my e-mail from here?"