



... the stranded survivor was staring at the wide and open sea, like he did every day just to calm and console himself. Like usual, however, the sighting of this wonderful animated picture was accompanied by that deep sigh, coming from a deep longing. The memories of the past never vanished, unlike the bottled texts released in the ocean slowly fading into the horizon, for they are precious. He had no idea why he kept sending these messages that nobody likely reads, but the ritual had become a sort of habit which would release bits and pieces of the burdens he carried each day.

He walked into the shallow water and passed forward the daily bottled message to "that" most probably absent reader. Though that day, he finally received something back... something very unexpected. Not a message, not a cargo.. no, something else. At a first glance the survivor thought a boat was approaching, and he felt a grandiose joy which filled his body like water. When he could feel it up to the chest, he jumped up and screamed for help. He shouted as loud and hard as he could. Obviously, he just shouted and shouted until he was so exhausted he nearly passed out. Coming closer and closer to that point, he slowly laid down on the ground like a shrinking balloon, tilting his head downwards then upwards to keep track of the object. He noticed that the object was heading his way. "Ha.. Haa! So my messages was of no waste after all!" he thought and smiled happily. "This is probably the end of this ridiculously boring and depressing life." That was what he had imagined, but was actually up for a different surprise.

As the object came closer and closer, he was slowly turning into a question mark. When the shape was clearly visible, he said to himself "What the hell is this? It looks like a... a house. A house floating on water? ... Am I hallucinating?" He rubbed his eyes, cooled his face with some water and slapped himself 10 times across the face, then took a further look at the floating object. Yes, a house. Nothing else other than a house. It was now about 20-30 meters away, and he concluded it's some kind of portable water house.

While waiting for it to get stranded, he started to get excited. "While this wasn't exactly what I had expected, I am sure this house will be of use..." Waves of impatience commenced and he started getting restless and began jumping up and down, up and down until it finally arrived on shore. When he approached it, the door opened by itself and some kind of recording started playing along with a melody. "Hoo hoo, coongratulaaaaaations!!! This property is hereby officially yours! You won the Spam-the-highest-amount-of-useless-message-bottles contest, and therefore you are now given your very own stranded survivor house! We hope that this will ease your life as a stranded survivor. Plz enjoy" The melody that played along was What a

Wonderful World. "O...h...m...y...go..d..." He was virtually shaking the clothes off from the body. "What IN THE?! These... these bastards.. received my messages, knew my location, had resources to rescue me... and so WHY THE HELL DIDN'T THEY COME PICK ME UP INSTEAD?!" The stranded survivor fell down on his knees due to losing all his forces from this pure idiocy. He was in despair. How stupid could humanity be?

After a while of accepting the situation, he entered the house. The door shut itself after passing through, so there's probably some kind of magical mechanism driving this house. "Sim... sala... bim." he said, half jokingly. The man started hearing from a few speakers "Syntax error. Command takes at least 1 word." Oh, so it works. Let's try... "Sim sala bim, Aladin" *Knock knock* "? Who there." He proceeded to open the door, but saw nobody... except for a carton of chocolate called "Aladin" by the entrance. "I thought I was in hell... but I take that back. I'm in heaven."

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