

## **Excerpt from Journey of the Drua**

By Emory G May

Late one evening, the sun hung as a giant fireball in the sky, just beginning to sink into the water. The wind had stopped, and the craft lay still in the water, its blue sail limp with no wind. Scott noticed a large sea turtle swimming in a northerly direction. The creature of the sea was as large as his small raft, so he decided to see if he could catch a ride. He had done so with a prehistoric creature; why not a sea turtle? He quickly tried to cast another lure from his rod into the area behind its head, hoping to hook the shell. Just as the sun disappeared and a few clouds looked painted in the sky, the hook caught, his line drew tight, and his small raft followed the giant animal. Scott let out as much line as he thought he could do safely, and as darkness grew around him, he could feel his vessel moving slowly through the water. The turtle seemed not to notice him at all.

Scott curled up on his raft looking at the dark night sky above him, identifying the 'Southern Cross', but the other constellations he was not familiar with. It was a spectacular sight, to look at those points of light realizing that they were millions of miles away and billions of years old, all created by a God who desired to form a habitat for man. With those thoughts, Scott went to sleep.

Morning found him still plying through the South Seas, attached to the great sea turtle. He could always hope that the turtle was heading for land to lay eggs, or it may be on a journey of a thousand miles, but for now, the human and his craft would tag along. There was still no wind. The rain came, but it was a simple shower, enough to cool him and allow him to collect drinking water. He had been at sea for over twelve days when sea birds began to be attracted to his vessel and its occupant. They quickly became a pest, but he also realized that if there were birds, there was land somewhere close, and so he began to be even more vigilant on his lookout. The birds also became another source of food for him, as he would strike the birds killing them. He would then pluck the feathers from them and cook them on a small cook stove that he had brought from the container, thus he was able to eat meat. At least, it was better than fish all of the time.

It was late one evening, when there in the distance to his starboard was a landmass low in the water, but it was land. He quickly cut himself loose from the turtle, loosing another lure. He tried to paddle with his crude oars to turn the raft toward the land in sight. The wind slowly improved, and he was able to get the sail to move the small craft in the direction of his goal. As darkness came, all he could do was try to maintain the same course, hoping that he was still sailing toward that land, whatever it was.