

They woke up. As the sun hit the roof of the huts and slipped through the straw, it was impossible to avert their eyes. They got up in unison and went out of their domiciles and onto the deserted beach. As the group got bigger it seemed more like a hive mind. It seemed as if all of the actions of the group were the same united in one single goal: survive. Today's to-do list: Hunt, fish, gather leaves for shade from the sun as to not be woken every morning the same way. They were off, split into two groups one hunting, one fishing. Soon the beach was emptied of the war cries as if the two groups were in perfect unison.

One woke up. He looked around and saw no one. He stretched and went to the ocean water to wash his face and splash it to wake himself up. He looked at his reflection, His once dirty blond hair was combed neatly in order just the way he liked. Now it was unruly and sandy. It may have been his imagination, but he seemed to have grown 20 years since they were there. There was no way of keeping time, except the crude sundial. How long had they been there? All he remembered from these couple of weeks was the crash, the death of half of everyone on board. So many fresh dead bodies. He suddenly felt nauseous. We had to do it, there was no choice. "you know that's not true" somewhere in his heart of hearts said to him. It was so vivid as if there were someone standing right behind him,

Could have waited till you had a method of hunting that was effective and eaten animals instead. But you all lost your humanity as soon as possible. How did their flesh taste, you animal?

He was suddenly overcome with emotions. Grief, nauseousness, hideousness. Not he, he was still human. It was everyone else that was inhumane. "but you joined them did you not?" that hideous sentence bounced in his head. The awful taste of skin was still on his tongue. The bodies had sustenance that lasted for all the weeks we have been here until we had a system of hunting. That was a utilitarian way of thinking of it

I have the least active job, guarding the houses. He thought. He sighed and picked up the crude spear that he made. Sitting all day sounds like my life at home. The sky was calm and blue, the sun shining more cheerfully than he'll ever be again.

He heard the whooping from beyond the trees. "they must have caught some other animal" He was cheered, at least a little. "sustenance for another day." After the bodies had all been eaten, we had been hunting for about a week. It had been sharpened into a sophisticated method of hunting guaranteeing a catch every time.

They returned and broke his train of thoughts. The two groups brought noisy cries of dominance. Upon their shoulders were there were three hogs. He saw his friend known as Q under one of the hogs.

"I'm so fucking sick of hogs. It's been two weeks." He sighed and ruffled his sandy hair. Q had heard that and turned to see him and they greeted each other.

"Cheer up bud, it'll get better, someday we'll be rescued." He was known as Q because as if on cue he was always the one to try and cheer people up. The sandy-haired man trusted him the most of anyone because it seemed as if he had the most semblance of humanity.

Q passed him some of the roast hogs. "M, what's the first thing you're going to do when you get back?"

Q's nickname for him had been M. No explanation was given, it's as if it was as natural as a god-given name. Actually, He known as M hadn't told anyone his real name. In his heart of hearts, he didn't trust human beings as a group.

M a bit into it. It tasted like nothing. Even as he wolfed it down as hunger overtook any manners that didn't exist, it didn't satisfy him, leaving him with an empty stone in his stomach. He looked up at the eternally dotted sky. If only he could arrange them into a giant pointer finger to the island

"I'm going to have a roast beef sandwich. From my favorite shop in Vermont. " Q smiled and looked at the sky. "Ever since I met Q," M thought "he's always been the most temperamental. I haven't seen him break down or get frustrated." His hair had as many grains of sand as the stars in the sky. " my fuckin hair is so sandy."

Q looked at him. " I've got a technique for that."

He put his hands on m's hair and brushed. He looked at Q. He was stocky, with a handsome face. His blue eyes radiated a calming effect. Q is a little gaunt but hey that's what living on an island will do to you. There was a little bit of fat on his body leftover from civilization. The rest of him was dripping with hog. I started thinking about home, and that roast beef sandwich I gushed about. It was like I could smell it. His skin was still glistening from the hunt. It seemed like an incredible body now. Almost... appetizing.

"Uh... what are you doing?"

Q was looking at him. M broke from his stupor, his mouth tasted really bad suddenly. He looked at q, who looked at him, genuinely concerned for his safety.

He noticed that his chest was as wet as if he had just been in a rainstorm.

"I'm sorry Q, I was thinking about that roast beef sandwich."

Q relaxed. "all good man, that's what the island does to you."

"What about you Q" M lay on the beach, head on his arms. "What's the first thing you're going to do?"

Q's face seemed serious all of a sudden. "I'm going to open up a food place for homeless and hungry people."

I was surprised. "that's noble of you."

Q looked at me. "wouldn't you do the same, now that you've experienced true hunger? I mean, before we had this system we had to.." he stopped as if he couldn't even describe the horror of what happened. " I mean my god, We had to" Q shuttered

Eat the bodies eat the bodies eat the bodies. M's mind raced.

M snapped "we did what we had to do alright?!"

Q was taken aback. M had never snapped at him like that. "alright man" he put up his hands defensively.

M looked at Q for a while and said, "alright I'm gonna hit the sack, another day another hog."

M lay on the beach for a while. To distract himself, he thought of things he always thought about since he landed here. My boyfriend tony will be worried about me. He's the last one who saw me alive.

M remembered that day well. It had been a couple of months until their anniversary. M bought him a book series he liked and tony bought him his favorite wine. They sat on the grass and listened to the live music in his hometown.

"Happy anniversary babe." He sighed and went to bed.

Q woke up. He had a weird feeling in his stomach, something mixed with his stomach being full and empty. It hurt a lot. Q grumbled and walked out his door. As his eyes calibrated to the light, he says only M. Hey, what's going on?

Q thrust himself onto M. Their lips touched. No stop, we mustn't, but soon he was seduced. When M closed his eyes enraptured, he began to feel a slight itch. That grew to severe pain. They parted and he gasped. The tip of his tongue was in Q's mouth. "you're fucking crazy man! What the fuck are you doing?" Q couldn't answer, it was if he reverted to a simpler creature, one fueled by hunger and its primal cousin, bloodlust.

Suddenly Q was upon him. M tried to scream, but Q had his tongue in his teeth. With a single bite, he bit through it. M let out a muffled scream and grasped for his face. He fell over and tried to backward crawl away.

Q was watching him, and slowly walking towards him, like a lion pouncing on a gazelle. He jumps on Q and starts to devour his face

Suddenly a light comes from above. M is blinded for a little and as his eyes adjust to the light, he sees it's a helicopter.

"stop what you're doing and put your hands up"

Q takes his mouth of M, bloody and savage. He looks at the helicopter light. There is an outline of a man pointing something at him.

"I'll give you one last chance, step away from the boy."

Q snarls and gives the middle finger to the helicopter. As he is about to turn and finish his meal, There is a loud noise. Q suddenly puts his hand over his shoulder and gropes in the dark. He feels moisture and sees red. Q falls over. M screams gutturally. Q's blood seeps from him onto M. M scrambles to get Q off of him. The person in the helicopter shouts something at him. M doesn't hear. He can't hear anything, except the ringing in his ears. He can't see anything except the blood on his hands.