Pacific Island

It is an island within the pacific ocean, lying there, looming from the sea floor, peeping out of the blue sea water and finding none of its like. No other island about in sight. It is not quite so easy to be an island in rough sea and no hope of joining other soil in any form other than all the shapeless wet eternally wrestling the shaped.

On the island lived a tree overlooking all the sea. At least as far as it could judge and that was truly not too much. Since trees are not only short sighted but also short minded – the island type certainly is – it is understood that the tree still had a lot of fun standing on an island just peeping out of ... but I mentioned that already.

Onto that island a shipwrecked was pushed by the water. The poor fellow landed right in front of that tree that I spoke of, after having had a terrible catastrophe that I spoke not of, nor will do so. The tree was startled but did not show. Not that it could have shown, yet it did not want to anyway, since it was not in its nature to do so.

In other parts of the world millions of trees were slaughtered every day and none of these moaned or complained. The shipwrecked however got up to his feet only to find out that there was nothing but a tree and broke down again and soon died from mere exhaustion and in lack of any better idea.

The tree it must be said only noticed that it finally found a like-minded and did not bother that it started smelling unpleasant. Trees can't smell. And this one was so busy having a companion that it even forgot to drop leaves for who knows how long.

One of these stormy days however the shipwrecked was gone and the tree soon forgot about him and kept on doing what it most of the time did, which is overlooking the sea.

Maybe you will find this island and say "Hello!" to the tree. But you will certainly not stay for long if you have the choice. Even though the sea is not rougher there than anywhere else where it covers the crust.

See for yourselves and do not be late.