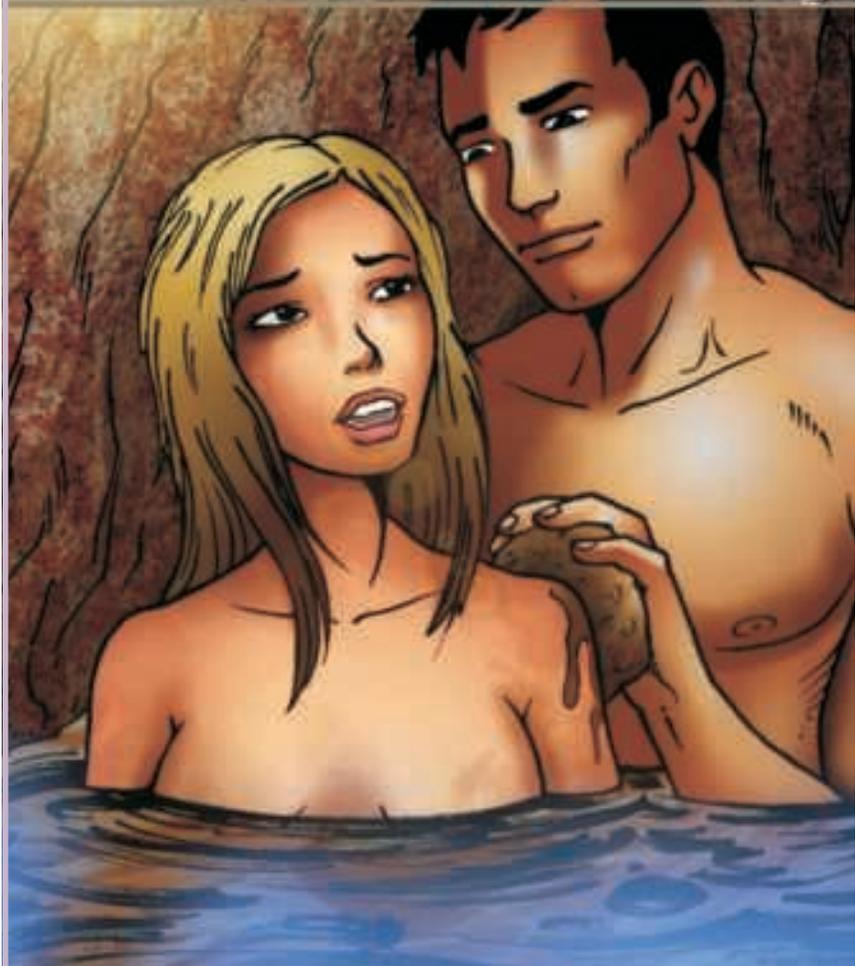


# Marooned on the Class Trip



**B C**



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# Marooned on the Class Trip

by B C

Ed Thompson had never been so excited before in his young life. Ed's 10<sup>th</sup> grade class had just won the contest the school was sponsoring to collect canned goods, clothing, toys and games for the underprivileged children in and around their town. The idea came from the students so that no child would be without food and warm clothes or a gift this Christmas in their small northern community in this upper Midwest state.

The winning class would earn a trip to the Gatlin Islands for a whole week, courtesy of the local town businesses. The trip would take place over the Christmas vacation and Mr. Tuttle of the local auto parts factory was kind enough to offer his own private company plane for the trip. It was a good sized plane and could easily accommodate 60 persons,

which worked out just fine as Ed's class only had 48 students.

The Gatlin Islands are in the South Atlantic. The Islands are in a very tropical area, where warm temperatures are present year-round. These islands were just starting to get a three-star rating and were fast becoming 'The' place to vacation. They were however still relatively undiscovered compared to many others, but, that's what was making them popular so quickly.

Ed's class only had 18 boys in it so that meant that there were 30 girls, an almost 2-to-1 ratio. Everyone was excited and most of them were all packed and ready to go days in advance. Several of the girls had been out shopping to buy new swimwear and dresses for dancing and sexy skimpy shorts, tops and outfits to flirt with the boys and hopefully some of the locals who worked this paradise retreat.

The day finally came and their parents drove them to the school early that morning to catch the bus. All the students exchanged greetings and joked around, excited about the trip to this far-off tropical paradise without their parents to watch every move. They were breaking up into small groups and talking about how cool this was going to be, and how much fun they were going to have.

Finally all the baggage was loaded onto the school bus, each student said their goodbyes and hugged and kissed their families before boarding the bus to depart. It was only a short trip to the airport where the private company plane was all prepped and ready to go. Each person's name was called out in turn and they boarded the plane. Jim Dancer, a senior, was going along as a class advisor. He and the four women teachers would be chaperoning this trip.

Jim was somewhat of a legend around Maple Hill High. He was one of the most popular guys at school, a super sports jock. He lettered in all three sports for three straight years, and most everyone in the school knew him or of him and his reputation. Jim was blessed with a very masculine body and worked out a lot to keep himself in top shape. He'd grown up on a farm so he was pretty good at hunting, fishing, camping and had even been to a survival training camp just last summer. Jim was a good student as well as a great athlete. Just about everyone in Ed's 10<sup>th</sup> grade class were in awe of Jim; all of the girls, of course, thought he was a God.

Once all the baggage was loaded onto the plane, each student found his or her seat. Ed couldn't believe his luck. To his surprise and joy, he found himself sitting with Mary Barns, one of the prettiest girls in the whole class and one that he'd secretly had a major crush on for the past four years. Ed knew that she probably didn't even know that he was in her class.

Like most of the class, Ed had never flown before and was beginning to get a little nervous as they got closer to take off. Mary smiled at him and said "Hi Eddie, isn't this exciting? You look a little nervous, haven't you ever flown before?"

"No, this is my first time but I'm OK," Ed said, shocked that she actually knew his name. "I'm really looking forward to the flight as well as the week in the warmth and sun," he added.

"I'm Mary by the way," she told him.

"I know. We've been in the same class since second grade," Ed said.

Just as the stewardess finished with the flight safety instructions and they were about to taxi out into position for takeoff, one of the teachers, Mrs. Ford, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, Edward, would you let Mary out please. I'm trying to arrange students by the seating chart so it's easier to keep track of everyone."

Mrs. Ford moved Mary up a couple of rows next to Amy Burns. In Mary's place, Big Jim Dancer sat down. "Hi there, I'm Jim, Jim Dancer. I volunteered to be a class advisor on your trip," Jim said. He stuck out his big hand and taking Ed's much smaller hand, he squeezed. It felt like a vise to Ed.

Ed looked up and said meekly, "Hi, I'm Ed Thompson. it's a pleasure to meet you, Jim," taking his mashed hand back and shaking it out, trying to relieve the pain.

Ed looked Jim over and couldn't believe the size of this guy. He figured the Jim must be 18 yrs. old and he had to be 6'3" and weigh around 200 lb. easily. Jim's arms were the size of Ed's legs, and Jim was all muscle. Ed cursed his fate, as his body was the complete opposite of Jim's. Ed was small boned and shorter than most of the kids in their class, including most of the girls. His features, much to his chagrin, were anything but masculine.

Ed hated the fact that he'd inherited more of his mother's genes and features than from his father's side. It took him a long time to accept the fact that he was never going to get very big. He noticed that most all the boys in his class had long ago started their change and were mostly past puberty. His voice was still quite high and he didn't have a single hair on his body, a fact that caused him much embarrassment in the showers after gym class. He also wore his hair unusually long for a guy. His mother still fussed over

him and washed and brushed it out constantly for him. He tried to convince her he'd outgrown that but, being her only son, she wasn't ready to give up her baby, even at 16 yrs. old.

He had a sister a year younger than him, by the name of Ellen. The problem was that everyone thought that Ellen was the older child, as she'd been blessed with their father's genes and was several inches taller than Ed. Ed's soft features and fair complexion only added to the illusion that Ellen was older.

When Jim first sat down next to Ed, he wasn't truly sure if Ed was a boy or a girl. He wasn't sure until Ed told him his name. Even then, after shaking hands he questioned if he had heard right. Was it Eddie or Edie?

They settled back and fastened their seat belts. The big plane's engines roared to life and the plane gathered speed quickly, then began its climb up into the bright snowy sky. Soon they were airborne. It was to be about a four-hour flight to their destination. After they'd been airborne for a while, kids were getting up and moving about the plane, going to the rest room and such. Ed was nervous and stayed glued to his seat.

"You can relax and release the death grip you have on my arm now, Eddie. We are safe and sound as can be now, it should be smooth flying from here on. I take it you don't like flying?" Jim said, smiling down at Ed.

"I really don't have an opinion yet, as this is my first time," Ed said blushing. He pulled his hand back with his face turning red as he didn't realize that he'd grabbed Jim's arm. Ed finally leaned back and fell asleep, dreaming of seeing all of these beautiful girls

in their swimwear on the beach. He just hoped that he wouldn't be the smallest person there.

After what seemed like a long time had passed, the pilot came on the speaker. "Well kids, if you'll look below, you will see Florida right under us. We are now out over the ocean. We're just a little under two hours away from our destination."

Eddie looked down and saw the long shore line and the blue sea stretching as far as he could see. He fell back into his sleep and started dreaming again.

The next thing that Ed was aware of was the plane bouncing. The plane jerked and heaved and suddenly the instruments and gauges all went crazy. The plane seemed to be blown sideways, then it dropped and turned. They'd gotten way off course and the plane appeared to be going down fast. Then an explosion took place. Another small plane had hit them from the side.

It all happened so fast there wasn't even time to think, everyone was screaming and kids flew out of the opening in the side of the plane. Now the plane nosedived towards the sea. The pilot did all he could do to pull the nose up to soften the impact but the plane smacked down hard onto the water. The back of the plane broke off immediately from the rest of the plane. Ed and Jim's seats broke off and sent them hurling through the air, away from the plane's body. (This was what actually saved their lives)

Their seats were floatation devices. They both bobbed up and down in the cold water. All of a sudden the plane just exploded. Pieces rained down out of the sky all around them.

Ed was in complete shock by now. Jim started swimming around in the debris, looking for survi-

vors. He couldn't find any signs of life anywhere. Jim finally came across several suitcases and trunks. He grabbed hold of a large trunk and pulled himself onto it to float on. Jim began trying to get hold of anything floating near him and somehow tie it to the trunk he was floating on. He had no idea where he was or where he might end up but the survival training had taught him to salvage anything he could. You never knew what you might find that might turn out to be something that you could use to stay alive.

They had no idea that a rogue hurricane had blown them some 250 miles south and east of their original destination. It could be weeks or even months before search teams would look that far out from where they were supposed to be.

Ed was clinging to his floatation seat. He was sniffling, cold, scared and in shock. He too tried to grab onto anything in reach. He couldn't see any other survivors anywhere, terrified by thinking he was the only survivor, completely alone and who knows where.

He finally found a couple of trunks and a suitcase. He pulled himself up onto the trunk and drifted off into the total darkness. At some point weariness overtook him and he fell asleep. His bobbing trunk was washed into Jim at some point during the night. In the morning light both of the boys woke when waves washed them up onto the shore of an island.

Jim woke first and pulled Ed up onto the beach. He hurried and gathered everything he could see that had also washed up along with them. They waded back out into the water once Ed was on dry land to fish out other remains still floating. He still couldn't find any other people anywhere.

Jim kept looking in all directions all over the island. He couldn't really tell how big the Island was but he could see no signs at all of life or other inhabitation. He reached over and shook Ed several times. "Hey Ed or Edie or whatever your name is. Hurry up and help me grab anything you can reach floating toward shore. We might be able to use this stuff to live until we're found," he ordered.

"My God! What the hell happened, Jim? Where is everyone? Are we the only ones that made it to land?" Ed asked

"We crashed, I don't know why. The storm was really a monster. It came up out of nowhere and it tossed the plane around like it was a little toy. Best I can tell so far you and me are the only ones to make it. I saw the whole front of the plane break off and go straight down. I swam around and hunted most of the night for any of the others and I couldn't find anyone. You and I were washed into each other in the night but you are the only other person I've seen," Jim told the frightened youth.

They pulled everything that they could find up onto the high ground. Then Jim started walking around to see if there was life on the island. Ed, being afraid to be alone, ran to catch up to Jim. It turned out that the island was about 8 miles long and 5 miles wide. Some large hills and lots of plant life covered the island. They found several small fresh water ponds inland. Jim with his keen hunter's eye noticed some wildlife tracks. He thought they might be from wild boar or deer. He found lots of bananas coconuts, and either mangos or papayas but no people, houses or buildings. "Where in the hell are we, the Twilight Zone or something?" he asked himself out loud.

It was well into the afternoon when they returned to the beach where they had washed ashore. Jim had

taken stock of the situation quickly. They were going to be here for a while, he was sure of that. He knew that the chances were very strong that no one would have a clue where to start looking for them. As best as Jim could tell, there was nothing left of the plane as evidence and he guessed that he and Ed alone had survived.

He discovered that one of the suitcases that had washed ashore with them was his very own. He had packed a hunting knife and a small survival kit. The kit included fish line, hooks, matches wrapped in plastic, antibiotic creams, bandaids, spray disinfectant, Tylenol, and aspirins. His suitcase included two hats, some warm weather clothing, a pair of rubber soled leather strapped sandals, and his shaving kit.

The three other trunks and the five suitcases they were able to fish out of the sea must have belonged to the teachers and other girls, because none contained anything but feminine articles. Everyone of them had girls clothing and items, along with makeup kits and accessories. Not one of the boys' trunks or suitcases made it ashore.

Jim decided right away that he first needed to build a shelter to stay in so he took out his big hunting knife and started cutting down bamboo poles to make a hut. Next he started cutting down vines and found a place under cover of the rock formations and trees up on the higher ground. With practiced skill, Jim began to make a shelter to live in.

Jim told Ed "You'd better watch what I do and do the same or you'll be sleeping in the open, unprotected from wild animals. Plus, this being tropical country down here, it's a good bet that it rains a lot and very hard at times," Jim told a worried looking Ed

Ed tried and tried but he was all thumbs and couldn't get two sticks to stay together, no matter how he tried. He asked Jim for help several times, but, Jim replied, "Just watch how I'm doing it and do the same thing. I can't build two huts at once. I know you can do it if you really try," Jim said and continued putting his hut together.

It took several days of hunting the right materials and hard work but Jim's hut was taking shape. It would shelter him from the rains and keep him dry and warm, off the damp ground. He made a big cot-like bed out of bamboo. Using his needle and thread, he cut up some of the women's clothing and made a good mattress and a blanket to cover up in. Making a bamboo floor up off the ground, besides keeping it dry, also helped keep it clean.

On the other side of the same trees, Ed's attempts at making a hut failed over and over no matter what he tried or how hard he worked. Over and over again, Ed's hut would fall into pieces and tumble down. He simply had no building skills at all, he wasn't handy or blessed with a mind to build anything.

A week went by and no other people were found. A couple of more girls' suitcases and another trunk belonging to one of the teachers showed up. Jim dragged them ashore and brought them up to his hut and stored them, for possible future use.

Also that first week on the island, Jim caught some fish and trapped a wild turkey. Throughout that first week he shared with Ed his food and water and even his hut a couple of nights. It did begin to get on his nerves that he had to do everything himself and Ed didn't contribute anything to this partnership they were forced into by circumstances beyond their control. He couldn't find a single task that Ed could manage to do with any level of competence.