

Tina's Erotic Friend Fiction Presents:

# TINA'S ISLAND

JUST SIT  
RIGHT BACK AND  
YOU'LL HEAR A TALE,  
A TALE OF A FATEFUL  
TRIP. OR STAND,  
WHATEVER WORKS  
FOR YOU.

IT'S ABOUT A  
SHIP THAT SAILED  
REALLY FAR. THEN IT  
CRASHED INTO AN ISLAND  
AND THE PASSENGERS  
AND CREW HAVE BEEN  
STRANDED HERE  
EVER SINCE.

S.S. TADPOLE

THE SKIPPER OF THE SHIP  
WAS CALLED THE SKIPPER,  
WHICH MADE SENSE.  
HER FIRST MATE WAS GENE. THAT  
WAS JUST HIS FIRST NAME.  
IT WASN'T LIKE A TITLE OR ANYTHING.  
THE PASSENGERS INCLUDED A  
HOLLYWOOD ACTRESS NAMED JOCELYN...  
TWO RICH PEOPLE - A MARRIED  
COUPLE NAMED ZEKE AND  
TAMMY HOWELL. WHAT GOOD DID  
THEIR MONEY DO THEM ON A DESERT  
ISLE, RIGHT? OH, THE IRONY.  
A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST CALLED  
THE PROFESSOR. WE CALLED HIM  
JUST PROFESSOR BECAUSE  
IT WAS SHORTER THAN CALLING HIM  
BRILLIANT SCIENTIST.  
AND THEN THERE WAS ME.  
A FARM GIRL FROM FARMINGTON.  
MY NAME IS TINA-ANN.



SKIPPER



GENE



JOCELYN



ZEKE



TAMMY



PROFESSOR





WE'D BEEN TRYING EVERYTHING WE COULD THINK OF TO GET OFF THE ISLAND. WELL, NOT EVERYTHING. FOR SOME REASON WE DIDN'T TRY TO FIX UP THE BOAT- WE WERE MOSTLY FOCUSED ON MAKING RADIOS.



AND THAT SHOULD DO IT!

WOW. A DANCE-POWERED RADIO. I KNOW THE PAST FEW RADIO-BASED INVENTIONS DIDN'T WORK, LIKE THE COCONUT-POWERED RADIO.

AND THE PALM TREE-POWERED RADIO.

AND THE RADIO-POWERED RADIO.

BUT I BET THIS ONE WILL WORK FOR SURE.

HOW'S IT LOOKIN', PROFESSOR?

IS IT DONE? I WANNA GO HOME! I FINISHED MY BACKUP-BACKUP STASH OF CANDY LAST WEEK!

WAIT, NO I DIDN'T.

OH BOO. NOW I DID.

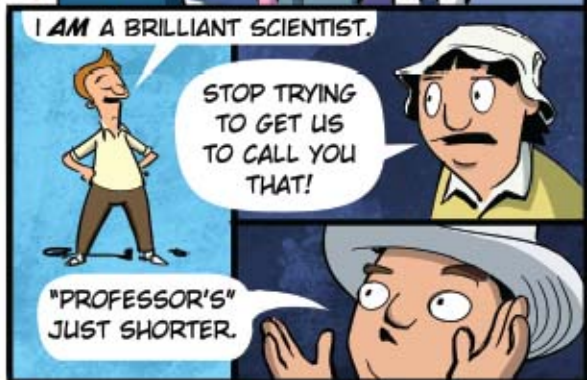
TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE BUDDY. THE PROFESSOR'S BEEN HARD AT WORK ON THIS TOWER. I'M SURE IT'LL WORK. BETTER THAN... ALL THE OTHERS...

WHAT?

NOTHING. NOTHING.

OH GOD WE'RE STUCK HERE!







OH MAN, THIS IS OUR LAST NIGHT ON THE ISLAND!

GOOD, 'CAUSE I CAN'T SLEEP IN A HAMMOCK ANYMORE. I FALL OUT OF IT EVERY NIGHT. LIKE EVERY FIVE MINUTES.

THAT'S WHY I KEEP TELLING YOU TO GO COT. ONCE YOU GO COT, YOU NEVER GO NOT...COT.

MAN, IT'S CRAZY THAT WE COULD BE RESCUED TOMORROW.

YEAH, SUPER CRAZY.

UH HUH. BUT...WE'LL ALL KEEP IN TOUCH, THOUGH, RIGHT?

EH, MAYBE.

AND WE'LL ALL GO BACK TO OUR NORMAL LIVES.

OH.

I MEAN, WE COULD TRY, BUT WE'RE ALL BUSY PEOPLE, YOU KNOW?

RIGHT. RIGHT. RIGHT.

ANYWAY, I'M GONNA HIT THE HAY. I'VE BEEN SLEEPING ON ACTUAL HAY. SEEYA.

GOODNIGHT. GOOD JOB ON THE...

OH, HE'S GONE.

UHHH. I'M JUST GETTING TO KNOW THE PROFESSOR! I MEAN SURE, WE ALL WANT TO LEAVE THE ISLAND, BUT I JUST WISH... I WISH WE HAD A LITTLE MORE TIME BEFORE WE'RE RESCUED. LIKE, A MORE COUPLE YEARS... OR FOREVER.



THE NEXT MORNING...

OW!!

PROFESSOR!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

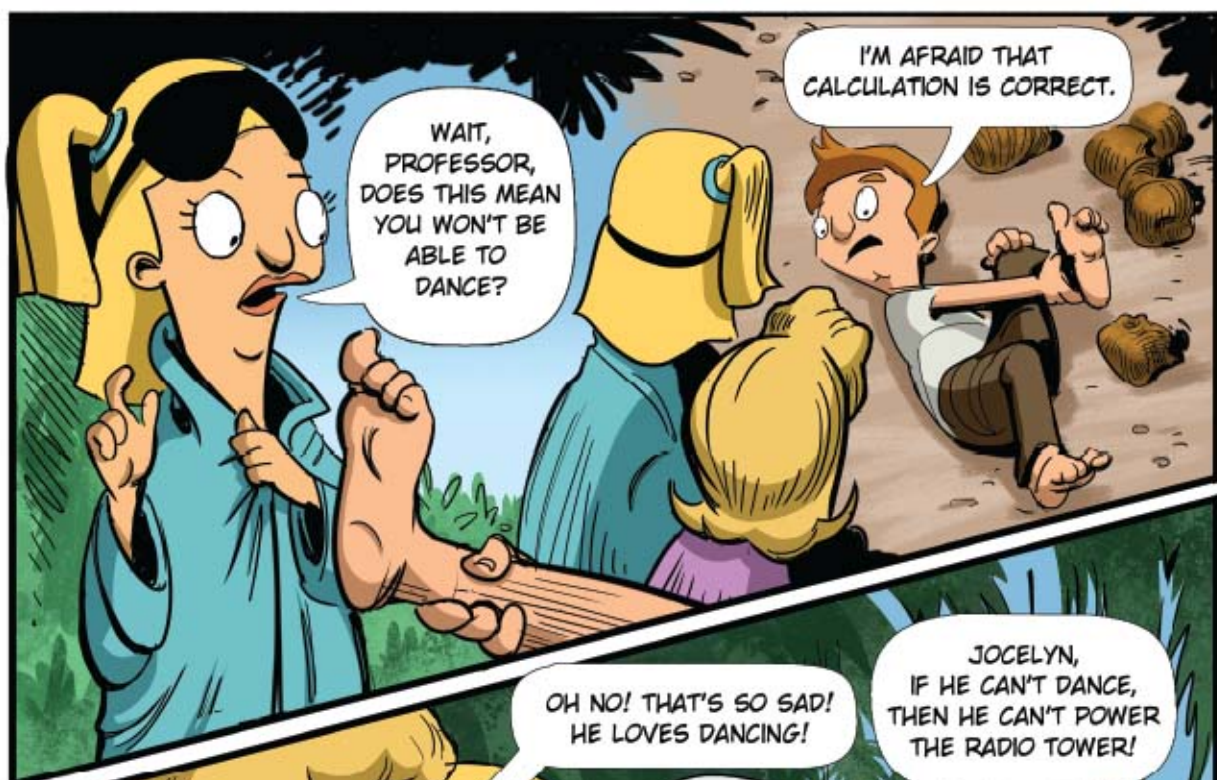
I TRIPPED ON A  
FUNNY SHAPED  
PILE OF COCONUTS  
AND TWISTED  
MY ANKLE.

MY FUNNY SHAPED  
COCONUT COLLECTION!

I TOLD YOU TO STORE  
THAT IN YOUR HUT!

I RAN OUT OF ROOM.













**LATER...**







**SO, WE MISSED THE BOAT, LITERALLY.**



BUT THERE WOULD BE OTHERS. AND MORE,  
BETTER WAYS TO POWER A RADIO. ALSO,  
WE USED OUR DANCE-BASED ELECTRICITY  
TO MAKE SMOOTHIES. REASONABLY GOOD  
COCONUT SMOOTHIES.













