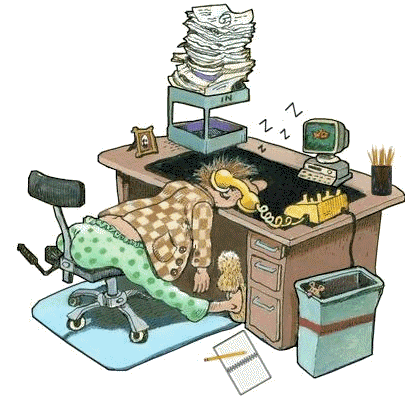
One day a man decided to retire...

  
He booked himself on a Caribbean cruise and proceeded to have the time of his life, that is, until the ship sank.   
  
  
He soon found himself on an island with no other people, no supplies, nothing, only bananas and coconuts.   
  
  
After about four months, lying on the beach, the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen rows up to the shore.

  
  
  
In disbelief, he asks, "Where did you *come* from? How did you *get* here?"

She replies, "I rowed over from the other side of the island where I landed when my cruise ship sank."

"*Amazing*," he exclaims. "You were *really lucky* to have a row boat wash up with you."

"Oh, this thing?" explains the woman. "I made the boat out of some raw material I found on the island. The oars I whittled from gum tree branches, and wove the bottom and the sides from palm tree branches. And the stern i carved from a Eucalyptus tree."  
  
"But *how*, *where* did you get the *tools*?"

"Oh, that was no problem," replied the woman. "On the south side of the island, a very unusual stratum of alluvial rock is exposed. I found that if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into ductile iron. I used that to make tools and used the tools to make the hardware."

The guy is speechless, smitten, stunned.  
  
"Let's row over to my place," she says.

So, after an hour of athletic rowing, she docks the boat at a small, home-made wharf.

As he looks to shore, the man nearly falls off the boat: before him is a long stone walk leading to a cabin and tree house.

  
  
  
While this exquisite woman ties up the rowboat with an expertly woven hemp rope, he can only stare ahead, dumbstruck. As they walk into the house, she says casually, "It's not much but I call it home. Sit down, please. Would you like a drink?"

"No! No thank you," the man blurts out, still dazed. "I can't take *another drop* of coconut juice.."

"It's not coconut juice," winks the woman. "I have a still. How would you like a Tropical Spritz?"   
  
Unable to hide his continued amazement, the man accepts, and they sit down on her couch to talk.   
After exchanging their individual survival stories, the woman announces, "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable. Would you like to take a shower and shave? There's a razor in the bathroom cabinet upstairs."  
  
No longer questioning anything, he goes upstairs into the bathroom. There in the cabinet is a razor made from a piece of tortoise bone, with two shells honed to a hollow ground edge fastened on to its end inside a swivel mechanism.  
  
"This woman is beyond amazing," he muses. "What's *next*?"   
  
He returns downstairs, to the faint smell of gardenias, where she greets him, wearing nothing but some tiny flowers strategically positioned..

She beckons him to sit beside her.

"Tell me," she begins suggestively, slithering closer, "We've both been out here so long. You must have been lonely too. When was the last time you played around?”

She stares swimmingly into his eyes.

He can't believe what he's hearing.

"You mean..." he swallows excitedly as tears start to form in his eyes,

"You've built a golf course?"   
