

# Stranded on Fish Isle!

I remember one thing...a parachute. Someone, no... someTHING strapped one on me before I was brutally pushed out of the window. "W-wait! MOM! DAD! Hello? Lea? Quinton? Where are you all!" I panic.

"CRACKOOOOOOOOOM!"

Thunder crackles all over the sky as we glide on a plane through the thunderdome-like atmosphere.

"I can't believe we're *finally* going to Miami!"

I shout almost louder than the engine. We go higher and higher over the buildings that now look like ants, still flying in the dark sky full of lightning.

"Don't get your hopes too high,"

says my dad, "The weatherman said we are going to have unusual amounts of winds, strong enough to crash a plane!"

He says it almost as if he's hoping to have us all crash and plummet to our thunderful death.

"Sigh, I wanted to go to Alaska to visit my friend Erin." says my sister in a nasty voice directed at me, a natural-born Florida lover.

"Why on earth do you kids argue about everything?! Ann, you really need to consider grounding your kids. All they do is argue," says my overprotective and kind of cruel grandma!

"You know I would nev-"

CHK-CHK-CHK! I hear the loudspeaker on the plane crackle to life as I watch the wings of the plane start to slow down.

"Excuse me!" says the pilot in a so-calm-its-impossible voice just like a news guy.

"Weeeeeeee are experiencing some-uhhhhhh-MINOR turbulence here on the ahhhhmm plane!"

He sounds like a chicken having a seizure. But it's true. I look to my left and believe it or not, the plane is coming down...*fast*.

"Uh-pilot? Isn't this like a rainforest?" says my sister. -no response-

"CACHUNK-RRRR"

Next thing I know, my mom straps a red parachute and breaks the window, shattering it completely. Then she throws me out of the plane. I completely black out.

I fall, faster than a meteor, generating speed until eventually I feel like my face is burning hotter than an *actual* meteor.

Then still, in panic, I ripped the cord to the parachute and floated way up into the air and then started plummeting once again, but this time, just, slower. It gives me more time to think. To think about where my parents could have landed. The same thought kept rushing into my mind. What if they *didn't* make it out. It was a nightmare. I couldn't help but cry. Well, I couldn't help it at all, actually. Finally, after what seemed like ten years, I finally reached the ground. Safe and sound. All I could see around me was green. Like broccoli that i never ate, or a tree with just one too many leaves.

It would seem like paradise to some children. Being able to just run around, free and unbound by endless possibilities. But that's not realistic. Especially with cuts all over you. Yet again, panic rushes over me like a wave, rushing over a beach.



Finally, I feel brave enough to look up. But when I see a swarm of mosquitos, I run faster than lightning. I feel terrified. All this green, and animals calling, roaring, and bugs everywhere. I am STARVING! But of course, there is no food. Honestly, in the movies, the hero or the survivor would always just find food anywhere they look. But I don't know anything about survival. Don't know which berries to pick, how to hunt, I don't even know how to fish! Especially without a rod.

Then, out of nowhere, a whole pack of wolves dash from the trees chasing what looks like a little grey blur. But when I look closer, I notice the wolves are chasing a bunny. I didn't know if I could've done anything in the first place. I just stood there. In amazement. Amazement of how brutal the wilderness could be. I shake my head, trying to shake the bad thoughts from my mind. I need to focus on survival. A shelter. I need a shelter, or even a cave would help me get some basic shelter. I looked everywhere for a possible shelter. But first, I would need food. Fishing, *no*, Berries. I ran over to a huge oak tree. I started grabbing bushes and tearing them apart. Finally, After ripping the berries from their bushes, I scarf down the berries until there is nothing left.

"Yes! Yes!"

I was screaming in joy and happiness. Yes, happiness from picking berries, and having the opportunity of eating them. After becoming full, I head out on another journey to find shelter. This time, I actually managed to find a small cave, big enough for me to fit inside of. Now that I have shelter, I must work on escaping. I mill around until eventually I find an old survivor. Well, not a survivor. He's dead. I named him Bob and started ruffling through his survival bag. That's when I remember. I have a survival bag of my own! The parachute isn't only a life-saver when it comes to plummeting out of the sky, it also has a bunch of supplies in the bag! I run quicker and faster than I ever have. *Ever*. I ran like the lightning that was crowding the sky just when we crashed. I ran like the wolves had, whooping and howling, I ran like I was one with the wild. The forest, even. There it was. The parachute. I was alone, or so I thought. I looked to my left, then to my right, then behind me. But still, even after knowing nothing was around, I couldn't shake the feeling that there was something watching me. Waiting. Stalking. Waiting for the perfect moment to strike. And when I least expected it...

"ROARR!"

It was a showdown. A bear vs. a human. Who would win? A bear, OBVIOUSLY. Who would ever think differently? I shuffle one way, then the next, with my arms outstretched just like a wrestler, ready for impact. The bear ran at me and I ducked to the right, trying to reach into my parachute bag. I dive for the bag. I managed to grab the bag just before I was hit by the bear's powerful blow. I rip open the bag, reach inside, and I pull out an army knife. A swiss army knife. It was my dad's. He always carries it around. I finally found a use for it. I grab the knife and start slashing at the air. Trying to scare the bear off. I really wasn't expecting to actually attack the bear. I had a plan. I reached into the bag and pulled out a flare. A red and pink flare. I shot it up into the air and all around. The flare had run out of flares. I had to resort to leaping to the left. I slashed at a random tree until eventually a light had emerged from the tree. It was a fire. A small yet still, a fire. I used it as a weapon and a torch. Enough to damage any animal. I managed to scare off the grizzly beast by using the burning bark and knife, trying to threaten it without words. Fortunately, for me, I found a SOS radio inside of the parachute bag. Of course it didn't work. I walked down to the creek and back again for the batteries. But they were nowhere to be



found. At least not on THIS island of the bahamas. But then just when I thought all hope was lost... There it was. Two AA+ batteries. Completely unscathed. Even after the crash. I put the batteries in the SOS radio and smashed the button. I'm guessing that it probably sends a message to some plane out there. And that is exactly what it did.

## ONE DAY LATER

After one full day of survival, The SOS plane finally came. Of course I had nightmares about the plane crash, and I'm still traumatized, but I managed to get through one whole day. The plane landed, right in the middle of the field.

"Hey sonny! You who they call, uh...Blake?" says my bad grammared savior.

"Y-yes sir!" I say, with fear in my eyes even though he is clearly harmless.

"Well, heh heh heh! Looks like you're the little rascal who pressed that button, huh kid?"

"I-I have a name." I say in a snotty voice.

"Oi! Don't be talkin' lip to me, now boy! You know, *I* have a name too, *punk*."

Okay, now that sets me off. But you can't just go around stabbing your savior/ pilot/ idiot and expect to fly *yourself* out of the bahamas. And I don't even know where I'm going! So I'll go with the flow for now. After a few minutes I was safely reunited with my family. My family scooped me up in their arms and hugged me. More than they ever have. They were so happy for me. They never even knew that I survived."Gosh! We were TERRIFIED when we saw that we were the only ones who made it out!" said my mom. "Don't you *ever* do that again son!" screamed my dad. "It wasn't his fault ryan."

replied my mom. I survived 2 days in the bahamas. Specifically in Fish Isle. I was so proud. I should be awarded a medal for surviving that long on an island. I was so happy that I actually screamed. "YAHOO!"

I had done it. I was a legend. I survived alone, completely stranded, in the wilderness, in Fish Isle. Finally, I survived without dying. More pilots flew down from the skies, and picked us up, ready to take us to our house.

WHIRRRRRRRR

The helicopter took us directly home. The second we landed I bursted out of the helicopter, ran to my house, and opened the door. I was so happy to finally be home. Out of the wilderness. No threats here at all.

## ONE DAY LATER

"Hey Blake!"

"Ughhh, let me *sleep*!"

"Pack your bags!"

"Huh? What for?"

"We're gonna get a fresh breath of air!"

"What's fresher than 2 days in the bahamas?"

"Miami!"

"..."

"...YOU MEAN THE PLACE I ALMOST DIED IN?!"

Here we go again.