

STUCK ON AN ISLAND

"It looks so pretty out here!" I said, we were setting sail now. I was peacefully admiring the ocean and the soft breeze until the ship suddenly started sinking due to engine failure. It didn't take too long for the ship to start tearing to pieces. I started to panic, and everyone did too..

"WAAAAAH!" A kid cried.

"WE'RE SINKING!! MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!!!" The captain yelled.

"Mom! Dad! What's happening?!" I yelled.

"I don't know! Just stay safe and GET OUT OF HERE!! AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!!"
My mom yelled back.

"B-But what about you guys?"

"JUST GO WE'LL BE FINE!!"

While the ship was sinking, I tried to gather as many things as possible. I gathered a pocket knife, a life jacket, a coat, a first aid kit, and my phone. I could barely swim in the deep ocean, just then, I saw land. The problem was, it was probably really far away. I swam to the land, exhausted, and hours later, I found myself on an island. But then, a thought got to me. What happened to my parents, WHAT IF THEY DIED?! Tears rolled down my cheeks like rain slowly pouring down a windowsill as I watched the ship tear to pieces and sink deeper. Deeper into the *ocean*.

It won't be easy to go back home, and I know that for a fact. I had many questions, my mind was overflowing with questions. I sat quietly on the sand, wondering what would happen next, *what happened to the kid that stabbed the boat, what happened to the passengers, captain, and my parents, wondering if they've survived or not.*

Very descriptive,
paints a clear picture

I sat there for a while, not realizing how much time had passed. I snapped back into reality, I stood up, tired, and hungry. I looked around, as a gust of wind came by and blew the leaves of the trees for food, I was desperate. As I walked around, I saw a cave in the distance. I was hesitant, but I made my way in. This may be the worst decision I've ever made. I went in, doubting if I should've went in. Luckily, there were no animals, so I was good. For now. The cave was empty, and dark. There were footprints on the floors of the cave, animal footprints. There wasn't any food there so I headed out of the cave. I was walking out, just as I saw a figure in the distance. It looked like an animal of some sort? I went closer and saw that it was a..JAGUAR?! I ran as fast I could, faster than I ever had. Luckily, the jaguar didn't notice me, or that's what I thought..

very good
descriptive
vocabulary

Later in the day, I saw a ship, was I finally going to be free from this island? I started shouting at the top of my lungs and started waving my hands in the air so they could notice me and perhaps rescue me.

"HELP ME!! PLEASE!! I WANNA GO HOME!!!!" I cried loudly, but then, the whole island went dead silent, the birds flew away.

The ship just passed on, not noticing me. I stood there disappointed, I picked up my bag and realized my phone was in there. I dialed 911 but as expected, there was no signal. It was getting late and I started to get tired. I looked around and picked up tree branches and sticks to build a tee-pee. Once I finished making the tee-pee, I put a few palm tree leaves inside it. Now I have a shelter.

The next day, I woke up to seagulls soaring through the air, being really loud as if they were yelling at me to wake up. I rubbed my eyes and stretched out my arms before getting up. I drank some of the leftover water from my bag. I reached inside my bag and pulled out a half-eaten sandwich, which I didn't want. Then, I realized, I ate all my food earlier—which was only a bag of popcorn. I looked up at the tall palm trees and saw coconuts, the only food, but I couldn't reach it. I shook the tree in hopes that I'll get at least 1-3 coconuts. Suddenly, an *AVALANCHE* of coconuts came down.

"I wanted 1 coconut, not a hundred", I muttered as a coconut hit my head and I forgot all about my hunger.

↖ great use of dialouge

I ran my finger through the sand and wrote the words 'HELP, I WANT TO GO HOME!' in hopes that some rescue team will notice and help me. I sat down, running my fingers through the sand and listening to the palm tree leaves rustle through the wind. I was finally at peace again.

A few minutes later, I got up and got the idea to explore the forest, I picked up my bag and wandered around the forest. As I walked around the forest, I saw many animals that I've never seen before. It was really cool. I was really enjoying the surroundings and the cool sights.

"WOAHH," I gasped.

But then, I realized that exploring deep into the forest was a bad idea. I didn't know where to go, where I was. I didn't mark the places from where I was going. I tried to remember where I came from but I ended up walking in circles the whole time. I was in the middle of nowhere, the trees looked the same, in fact, EVERYTHING looked the same.

"HELPPPP!!" I yelled at the top of my lungs, "WHY WON'T ANYONE NOTICE ME!!"

I decided to quit yelling so I don't lose my voice and tried to find my way back to the shores. I walked around still trying to retrace my steps and go back to the shore but everything looked the same. As I tried to find my way to shore, I saw many different creatures, a chameleon, poisonous frogs, and more. It was starting to get late and I really had to get to the tee-pee before sundown. But then, I heard a loud, familiar,

"ROAAARRRR!!!!!"

It couldn't have been the *JAGUAR* from before! Just then, I saw a figure in the distance, the same one I saw yesterday. It was the same jaguar about to attack me. I tried to chase it away with my pocket knife while making myself look bigger with my jacket. The jaguar took a few steps closer which made me anxious and wonder what to do. But there was no time, the jaguar let out another roar and I had to think fast. But then, I saw some sort of..bird? The jaguar suddenly pounced on it so I took the opportunity to

RUN! I didn't care where I would end up, what would happen, I just ran as fast as my legs could go. Once I stopped running, I lost the jaguar, or that's just what I thought..

I finally found my tee-pee so I grabbed a stick and a rock to make my own spear. I went to the shore and tried fishing, they make it look SO easy in films and TV shows, in reality, trust me, it isn't. After countless attempts, I caught my first fish.

"Yes! Finally!!" I said.

I gathered some logs and put my newly caught fish through a stick then set it down and tried to start a fire. It took many tries but I eventually started my fire. Movies make it look so easy! In reality, I'm struggling. It's not everyday a 9 year old gets stuck on an island alone. I gathered some logs to add more to my fire and cooked my fish. After eating my fish, it wasn't the best. But it was okay enough to eat as a meal. I finished eating my fish then tried to think of ways I could go home. I tried to see if there were any ships, planes, or helicopters coming so I could get attention from them and go home—I saw none. I looked around and saw something in the distance, I leaned forward and squinted to see it closer, then I saw another sort of figure. If that's another jaguar with the one that targeted me before, I will scream, but it's probably my imagination. As I was looking around, I flinched when heard a loud

“ROARR!!”

I quickly looked around to see what caused that sound and remembered those two figures in the distance, maybe it wasn't my imagination..

I quickly hid behind a bush while watching the jaguars run after something that I didn't bother to look at. Once the jaguar went to a distance I ran further. My legs started to get sore from all that running so I took a break and sat down. After a few minutes, I got up and took a deep breath and thought to myself, *'I don't know what to do! I'm lost and I literally keep seeing the same jaguar over and over again!'* I groaned as I started heading to the shore. Once I found the shore, I noticed my tee-pee was destroyed by the wind so I went to get some wood to make a new one. After making another tee-pee (and getting a few cuts on myself from the sticks), I decided to walk around the shores since I had nothing better to do at the moment.

As I walked around the shores, I noticed that some annoying seagulls were soaring through the sky, squawking as loud as possible. I also saw some turtles wandering around and I started to think to myself that *'maybe this place isn't so bad, after all, it's quite peaceful—aside from the jaguars and seagulls, but, maybe I could adapt to this place?'* I thought about the possibility of adapting to this place and maybe calling it home. Once I got the thought about seeing my family again, some of my thoughts quickly changed. My questions started to lead to more questions and started to wonder where my family is, if my parents are looking for me, what they could possibly be thinking now that we're separated from each other, and a lot more.

A FEW HOURS LATER..

I was finally at peace again and felt..oddly good about the island. At least no animal has destroyed me already, phew! As I sat on shore, I heard something in the distance coming towards me. It was a...

HELICOPTER!!

I waved my hands like I was a lunatic for the helicopter to notice me and I could go home. I squinted my eyes and saw my parents on the plane. Was I finally going *home*?

"ERIKA!!! I MISSED YOU!!!" My mom said,

"ME TOOOOO!!!" I responded.

I got on the helicopter and flew home with the rescue team and my parents. I was finally going home, wondering what will happen for my next adventure.