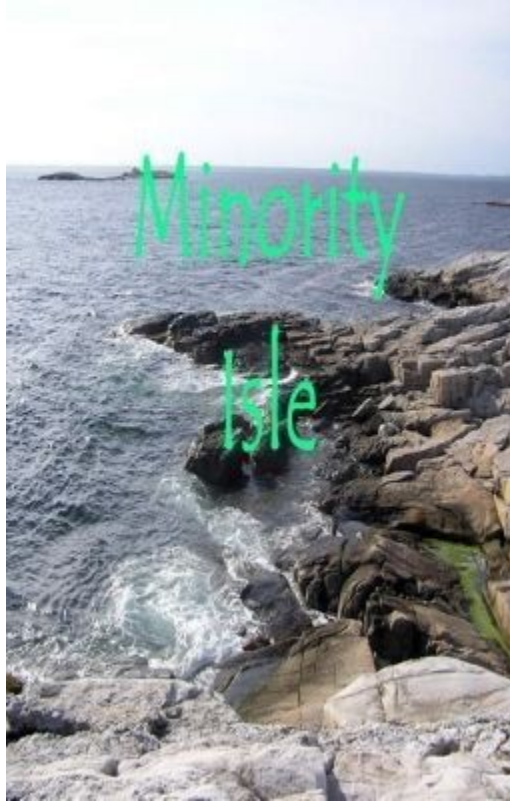


Minority Isle

by Hunter



Originally Published on June 11, 2014
PDF made on July 15, 2020

This was first written when I was only 12 years old! This story is a great reflection of my imagination in a time I had much fewer worries. For those curious about the title, my 12 year old self had came up with “Minority Isle” in the sense “Minority” meant minors. It was only years after coming up with this title that I realized what a racial minority was, so please keep in mind there were no ill intentions with this. The story was inspired by Lord of the Flies, though I had never watched the movie nor read the book, only heard about it. At the time I was fascinated with technological organization and territories. For example, at school I would divide the playground into multiple territories. I do the same in this story.

The book itself has errors, but I left the entire text unedited for the sake of my own history. This is my *Eye of Argon* but I love it. I was very passionate with what I wrote at the time and I want to remember it forever and for anything I decide to write or do in the future.

Please enjoy!

The Beginning

It was a nice, early Spring morning here at Clayland Academy, and I was about to enter the small private academy. I already got dropped off at school. Today was a field trip. I headed into the building as always, had my lunch money in my pocket, and thought of how boring this trip would be, seriously, who the heck goes on a marine biologist's boat? Ah well, it's unique, and plus, I have never been to the Gulf in a long time. After I walked in, I was in the lobby, then in the classroom. Noises from loud classmates began to ring my ears. When suddenly from the left inside the classroom a figure pops up. "Hey hey hey, *David*, I thought yesterday you said you'll gain some weight, got anorexia bro?" Of course, it was one of the bullies. Bobby, to be exact. Bobby wasn't strong, and he always picked on everyone with bad insults. He usually hung around with Zach, another bully that is pretty strong, but not very smart. Both of them are in the 6th grade with me.

I walked over to the group of guys I hung out with, my best of friends. Parker, Steven, Michael, and Tanner. All of them I would die for, and they probably would do the same with me. We all were like brothers. Parker was the muscle, Steven and Michael were twins, and both good religious friends, and Tanner was the extra muscle and the class clown, I kind of was too, the teachers constantly had to get on to us, but it didn't really stop us to get a laugh. I just joined into the conversation. We were talking about, you know, just men business. Finally, it was time to leave. We all loaded up on the bus. We were going to a boat that marine biologists use out in the water to study all that "Marine" stuff. It was because we were on a marine biology chapter in our science class. Only 6th and 5th were able to go, since the boat was small. Finally, an hour and a half later at 8:36, we made it.

I stepped out of the bus and we had to go in a single file line through the harbor until we reached the boats dock. We met with the biologists who were going to be on the boat, and set sail! The boat really was small, it was a shiny, black boat, I'm not sure why they made it black, I thought it was kind of cool though. Most of the boat was an inside laboratory. There was a hallway that led to 2 cabins where the small amount of biologists slept. The lab was full of boring stuff like microscopes and other weird objects. After about 12 minutes on

the boat, we were far out in the water, and outside, it was getting really cloudy. It was no longer sunny, and the clouds looked dark. We could hear thunder, but the adults couldn't. Every now and then lightning would flash from the clouds. It started to get windy and wavy. Soon afterwards, the captain of the vessel instructed everyone to get in the hallway, located in the very back of the boat. We did as he said, a lot of people had scared looks on their faces. I kind of did, and my group of friends did too, but it wasn't as expressed as the others. About 7 minutes sitting in the hallway, waves got worse and worse, and we could hear very loud rumbles of thunder, and then water pounding on the boat's outer shell. It sounded like pebbles pounding, but it was just extremely thick rainwater like whenever it hasn't rained in a while. Soon the captain came and said that there was no good trying to drive the ship. It was very quiet, and if we said anything the teachers yelled at us to be quiet. Me and the gang of friends discussed a plan. We knew something bad was going to happen, but wasn't sure. "What in the world do we do guys? This ship is likely to sink! These waves are way too high for such a tiny little boat!" Michael loudly whispered. I thought of something.. And had an idea. "I know this boat will probably flip due to the high waves, after that, it will sink. What we do is, on my go, we dash to the door leading outside, unlock it, and escape. I know it sounds crazy, but trust me, it's better than drowning."

I put my hand out and looked to them, Parker put his hand in first, then Steven, Tanner was after him, then Michael. We were all in it together. Suddenly, I heard a huge slush outside of water that sounded like it was coming straight for the boat, and it was loud. I knew what it was. "GO!" I yelled and we all hopped up and sprinted out, the teachers and biologists didn't even notice it from their fear and how quick it was, finally they noticed and looked at us like we were crazy when I looked back, but they didn't get up, they were all too afraid to move. Quickly we made it to the door, it was locked. I picked up the doorlock that was on the top and slid it unlocked. We pushed open the door. Suddenly, a force from behind pushed the boat's back up! We all fell to our feet, and struggled to get up and a second later, we were all floating underwater. I struggled trying not to breathe, the water was very cold. I thrust my hands and pushed myself through the water. So did everyone else, I went towards the air above, and eventually made it. I gasped for air, suddenly I felt a bob under me. I moved out

of the way and out came Steven, but he was unconscious! I grabbed him trying to keep his unconscious head from going under again. I could hear bobs, but my vision was blinded. The pounding of thick, cold rain hitting my head and hitting the water around me. I struggled to try and swim, but my body refused. My vision grew darker and darker, I finally passed out.

Chapter 01

I could hear the rustling of leaves, a few chirping insects, and waves of water. I felt sand covering my face and feet, and water constantly pushing against me, I also had a horrible headache, maybe because of the horrible crash. I had no idea where I was. I picked my newly awoken face up, and discovered that I was on a beach. In front of me was a few yards of shoreline, and then bunches of palm trees and other plant life, it was a thick jungle. I picked myself up. On my feet I was dizzy, maybe because of the sudden incident earlier. It looked dark, and I feared it was becoming nighttime. I looked to the sky, it was clear. I looked at the sun while protecting my eyes. The sun was clearly not going down, but going up. It had to be around 5:00 AM, or 4:50 AM. I must've been out all night carried by the ocean! I looked around for anybody. I suddenly felt something grab my leg! I looked down, under me was Steven. He didn't look to good. He groaned and fell back to the sand. "Are you okay?" I asked him. "Not really.. My nose hurts, so does my legs." he replied. I felt bad for him, he passed out under the water, he was even lucky to have floated to the top with me. I picked him up like a fireman over my shoulder, I knew he was comfortable because he's never complained anywhere he has laid down. I decided to walk on the shoreline to search for more survivors who washed up here. As I walked, I suddenly noticed something. Far off was some kind of object, maybe from the shipwreck. It was coming towards the island. I walked towards it and it hit ground and then followed the waves as they went out, then in, and repeated. I grabbed the object. I didn't know what it was at first, then knew. It was clearly a fire hatchet. I have no idea why it would be floating, but maybe it's because the waves were pretty strong that day. The metal ridge had a tiny streak of rust, but it would probably still work. I then looked back to the endless ocean. I saw something else coming. It was a body! I waited and it got closer slowly. I just crossed my fingers and hoped whoever it was, they weren't dead. It finally got close enough to know. It was Parker. He was floating with the water just like we did. Finally, he pushed against the sandy beach and stopped. I put Steven down, and he didn't seem to mind. I then shook Parker's shoulder. Suddenly his eyes

popped open and looked to me. He was alive! I certainly wouldn't live without Parker. He knew a lot about survival and was the muscle of our group.

"What happened.." he said. "Remember, the boat flipped, and we all swam to the surface, and we all passed out, probably because of plain fear. Steven's still alive, I just woke up. It's probably 5:00 in the morning now." He tried to get up wearily. I helped him onto his feet. "We need to start finding a place we can all stay for this night. I'm sure we will be here for a while." He said. "You're right, I can assure you that we are probably far between Florida and the Caribbean. Not too many planes or boats take a route directly through the Gulf of Mexico." I agreed. "But we can't just leave Michael behind, he must be somewhere."

"How about you look for Michael, and I can try to search for a shelter and anything useful." Parker suggested. "Sure," I said. "I'll go this way, and you go the same way, but inside the jungle. I even see a giant hill over there with a hole in it, maybe you could get to it?" "Alright. I'll try to find things on my way there too." He said, and I handed him the fire axe, and he took it, he grabbed Steven and took him on his shoulder. As I followed the shoreline, I finally was beside the giant hill with the hole in it, it was really craggy, the top was grassy and had plant life, but the rest was rocky with little plants that made it through the rock. I finally came to a diagonal turn. I turned and kept following it. I then saw something very out of place. In the sand was footprints, the prints were coming from the water, but more washed up, then they were easily visible, going towards the jungle about a yard away from the hill. Inside was a path that someone recently took. I decided to follow it. The jungle was full of tropical plants, and it was beautiful. I finally came to a small clearing, and in the middle of the clearing was 2 palm trees, and one had coconuts! I knew that coconuts grew in South America. So we must be below Western Cuba. I couldn't resist the temptation to take one, I've never even tried coconut before. I began to climb up the twisted and curvy tree. I grabbed a coconut and pulled it, I then yanked it and it came off the tree, but it fell out of my hand. As long as I had a coconut, I was happy. I always wanted to try one.

I took the coconut and walked down another path which whoever it was probably had taken. As I went, the taller and taller the trees got in the vast jungle. There were a few small

openings to see the beauty. I thought, "Maybe we would build a tree village, protect ourselves from snakes and other nighttime land critters." finally, I gave up looking for whoever it was because I was almost a mile away from the safety of the others on the giant hill. I decided to turn around, when suddenly I heard something come from a brush of bushes. I turned around and saw, and I couldn't believe it, it was Michael. He was alive, too. "I was looking for you!" he said. "I was too, I saw your footprints! Parker and your bro is still alive, there on that giant hill over there. Come on. Let's get you over there and find Tanner." I said. "Wait! Tanner was with me, but he disappeared." Michael assured. Suddenly a sound came from the other direction, I looked, it was Tanner. I can't believe it.

Tanner came out and said "There you guys are!" and he ran up to us. He was holding a stick. "Finally we found everybody except the other 5th and 6th graders, not even any of the adults," I began, "Just remember we shouldn't panic, we will make the best of living here. Let's go back to Parker and check out how tonight's shelter is doing." I said clearly. Everyone followed.

At about 7:00 we made it to Parker. We had climbed the slope that lead to the huge cavity in the hill. Inside of it, Parker had beds and everything! I tried out one of the beds made out of leaves, it was totally comfortable. Since I brought a coconut, we went back and got some more. The bad thing was, it was impossible to open them, so we just stored them until we could get better tools. At about 10:30 AM, we decided to search the island some more. We all decided to go in the opposite direction. As we walked, Tanner saw a large object coming towards the beach. I told everyone to stop and we sat there as it slowly came near with the waves. Finally I knew what it was, it was a supply crate, and we were all excited to know what lies inside. It finally crashed upon the shore. We all examined it closely. It was probably from the shipwreck, for it had inscripted, "DIVER EQUIPMENT". Sounds good. Parker grabbed a stone and handed it to me. I gave 3 good whacks at the lock on the box and broke the lock open. I opened the container, and we were confronted with useful items. Inside was indeed Diver Equipment, just not everything, there was only the air tank and attachments for the buoyancy compensator, which the buoyancy compensator wasn't there. I let Steven carry the air tank and rubber tubing, which was all that I found

useful. I walked in front of the group and everyone followed along the shore. I decided to let Parker lead us all, because I have never been on an *Island* before and had no experience on where to go. Parker took a turn on the opposite side of where the large hill was at. As we went down this side, the ground got higher and higher in the jungle area, and underneath these hills was stone facing towards the shoreline, where we were exploring at. Soon, we came to a dead end. A giant, rocky ledge was in front of us, and it connected to a giant, stony cliff. Laying in a small, flat area on the cliff was a giant eagle's nest. "Should we go around the ledge through the water?" Parker asked. "Of course, maybe survivors are on the other side, or the remains of them.." I quietly ordered.

We went through the giant, crashing waves and swam to the other side, Tanner got pushed by the waves into the thick ledge, but he was fine. We finally mashed ourselves back onto shore, on the other side of the stony wall. Passed out was a group of survivors on the shore. It was Bobby and Zach.

I instructed everyone to grab someone and we brought them back. I was toting Zach, he wasn't as heavy as I always had thought. Finally we made it back to the not-so-dark cave. I laid Zach in the corner of the cave and Michael, who was carrying Bobby, did the same. Me and Parker decided it would be a good idea to try and make a fire since it was getting dark. We searched for sticks and found two nice, dry ones in the forest. Then we grabbed a little bit of bark from a palm tree. We brought the wood back to our small campout and used the fire hatchets blade to cut a notch in one of the sticks, and placed the very small, probably 0.3 centimetres wide piece of bark in the notch. We then grabbed some dry grass by the stony part of the hill. By the time we were about to create a fire, the sky was orange and the sun was going down. I grabbed the other stick as the spindle, and placed it in the notch on top of the bark. I held tightly and began to spin my hands between the spindle as fast as I could without dropping it, smoke began to come from the bottom of the spindle, and finally we had a glowing ember! I tapped the bark to drop the ember, and then quickly grabbed the other stick with the notch then transferred the still glowing ember to our nest of tender. I put the stick inside the nest where it could fit, and began to blow at the ember inside. The ember ignited the nest and fire sparked up from it, we had a working fire. I high fived Parker.

Before the whole island was dark, we got some firewood to fuel the fire. It was perfect. It had now become dark, and we all decided to try and sleep. The stone floor was cold, but the fire was warm, and so was the palm leaves we used as blankets. It took me a long time to fall asleep because I might never see my family again, we were stranded on a uncivilized island somewhere near Cuba, but if it was known about I'm pretty sure Cubans or someone would make it a home, which is not what was here. I tried my best not to think about my family and look at this island as a paradise. For some reason throughout the night it sounded like Michael was whispering something, but I didn't pay it much attention because we were all traumatized. Finally I fell asleep.

Chapter 02 "Lizard Problems"

I woke up early the next morning. Just like yesterday, the sun was just now coming up. I looked over to see if the fire was still lit, and it wasn't, but atleast we slept well. After a minute of thinking before I got up, I heard something hiss right beside the cave. I quickly sprang up and looked. It was a cuban boa, and it was entering our cave. I ran and shook Parker until he finally woke up. "Dude there's a boa, get everyone up and away from it!" I said. He sprung up and went right to action. We both woke everyone up, Tanner, Michael, Steven, Bobby then Zach. "What the hell are you doing? Where are we? Get me out of here!" Zach yelled. Language, Zach. Please. I pointed at the snake and he ran to the wall and clung onto it. "Get off the wall and follow us." I said. "No!" he refused. "Fine, get choked to death by a boa for all I care." I said quietly to keep the snake calmed. He then ran and held onto me. I pushed him off and we walked out, the snake sat there curiously looking at the firepit and looking at one of the leaf-beds we had made that seemed a little bulgy. We all walked down the hill onto the beach. We weren't going to fight a snake that can powerfully choke someone with our bare hands. "So, what are we gonna do?" Tanner asked just now realizing what was going on (Even after he walked about 8 yards down a hill to get away from a snake). We sat there for a minute thinking, it was a moment of silence. "We're going inside the woods." Parker demanded. I nodded because I knew what they were thinking... *Maybe*. I got up and gestured everyone to follow. Parker handed me the fire axe he brought along from our camp. I looked into the woods up from the beach and saw a way in. I walked up to it and everyone followed. It was blocked, so I chopped away the foliage that was blocking the path. As we entered, the area was dense, so we were kind-of in a single file line since the path was barely a yard wide and at that, some of the path was kindof blocked leaving jungle obstacles everywhere. We finally walked about 2 miles into the gigantic jungle that was in the center of the island, and once we did we came across a clearing. The area was clear of the many tropical trees we saw. Patches of grass and dirt covered the clearing. "I think we should keep moving.." I said since it wasn't big enough for all of us.

Everyone seemed fine with it, so we walked across the 4 or 5 yard clearing back into the trees where we found a natural path again. I walked and everyone followed until I stopped and saw something. It was another clearing, I could hear the rushing of water over the chirping birds. I walked out of the trees and my eyes widened. The sight was beautiful. It was indeed a clearing, except to my right there was rocky hill that went all the way up to a small mountain. A waterfall rushed down from the hill into a lake. There was plenty of room to walk about the place it looked like, but in the center of the clearing was the lake. What I meant by "Clearing" here was a little different, it had trees scattered around the lake that were extremely tall. It created a canopy, too. I didn't even tell you that the place had a roof but it did, and it was made of giant tree leaves. Holes in the canopy allowed light to pass through. We were amazed at the sight. That's suddenly when Michael made it out of the trees when he told me "We've forgotten Steven!!". I looked to him now not thinking about the sight. It happened fast and my mind was thinking of 2 things, Steven still being knocked out with the.. The... The SNAKE! I screamed. "Everybody, stay here!" I said. I took the fire axe out of Parker's hand and rushed out into the path. I wasn't even thinking straight, we forgot one of my best friends and I wasn't going to let him get choked in his sleep by a boa. I ran, not even thinking about the branches that were whipping my face caused from bushes to large trees. I finally made it out, my face was red. I ran to the hill with the cavity and made it. I looked, there it was. The giant Cuban boa was there, on top of the bulge in the leaf bed. I ran to the boa and I noticed he was about to squeeze! I let out a cry and raised the axe up with 2 hands looking down at the boa's head that didn't care I was there. I then let the axe fall down and closed my eyes. I sat there a while. I opened my eyes. Steven was sitting there still unconscious, of course, but I didn't know he was alive or not. I moved the leaves off him and felt his chest. "Bump. Bump". Yep, his heart was beating. I let out a sigh of relief. I finally began hearing the noises of someone walking up the stony hill. I turned around and it was Tanner. "He's alive." I said. Tanner looked at the dead, decapitated snake. "I guess you sliced that thing, huh?" Tanner chuckled. "Yup." I said. I handed the axe to ol' Tan Tan and he took it. I picked up Steven over my shoulder like sacked potatoes. We both walked back to the lake with the semi-clearing. "He's safe and sound guys." I announced. Everyone seemed

relieved and happy. Since it was still early morning, we began making plans. I got a stick and drew plans in dirt by the lake. We were going to build a big hut. That day we worked very hard, Michael and Zach gathered straw. Me, Tanner and Parker all gathered wood by chopping trees near the beach and made the logs all evenly tall, they were about 1 and a half yard tall, then we gathered vines to wrap together all the logs. Finally at about 4:30 PM we were putting the straw Michael and Zach got around the top of the hut to make a roof. We tied the straw with more vines on the top, until suddenly, while we were working on top of the hut, something came down from the canopy. It was a snake! It landed right beside Tanner and he jumped and fell but got up. It began to slither around the tied logs that were standing up. It was coming towards me but it only seemed defensive. I grabbed the giant log and slid down it like a fireman's pole and landed on the ground. I called for Parker and he came with the fireaxe and tried to threaten the snake. The snake looked at him and hissed his tongue out, then turned around and began to slither off the log and into the surrounding forest. We continued our work and finished. We looked at the finished project. It was nice. A very large hut for all of us. That night we gathered bananas and made a fire. We ate and slept on more cozy leaf beds. We had the fire directly outside the hut and had mud covering the small separating dints between the logs to keep the place well insulated. It was warm and cozy. We all slept, until someone shook my shoulder and I woke up at midnight.

It was Steven. He was awake, apparently he had crawled to me. "My feet... Ouch.." He said. "Where am I??" He said in pain and confusion. "Steven," I began "We crashed. Remember the boat? We went on a field trip to a marine biologist expedition and ended up on an island, you were unconscious so we took you everywhere we went, we've been here for 2 days now." I explained. "And you built this?" He said looking around. "Yep." I said and smiled. "Let me see your legs if they're broken or not." I asked. I was pretty neat in nature's first aid and if his legs were broke I knew what to do. I examined his legs. "That's a nasty hit. You've bruised and broken this leg, probably when the boat flipped." I said. "We'll need a splint I think." He said. "Yep I'll make one really quick." I said. "Wait here and rest." I said. I grabbed a long stick and wrapped some fabric around the stick that I took from the diver's supply yesterday, it was the smooth fabric from the suit. I put the end of the stick in the fire

and made a torch. Since I had some light I began creating a long splint for Steven's lower leg. I made it out of sticks and twine. I came back and he was still there but asleep. I decided to do it while he was asleep and I took out long twine from my pocket and tied the splint to his lower right leg. I then got back in my leaf bed and got in a cozy position, prayed and thanked God for our lives, and fell back to sleep.

I woke up the next morning a little later than usual, everyone was asleep aswell. I got up and walked towards the door, until I suddenly heard a huge "SSSSS!". I ran to the hut's wall and peeked outside, what I saw was a great number of, at first I didn't realize it until I thought.. Komodo Dragons. These gigantic lizards were extremely poisonous, and they must have been looking for breakfast and saw our hut. They were sitting out in a sunny spot and didn't move. All they did was stick their forky tongues out every few seconds, trying to find their important meal of the day. Finally one of them turned around on it's stubby legs towards me and I hid behind the wall where it couldn't see. I didn't have to worry about making noises because I knew komodo's didn't have a good sense of hearing. I looked down and there was a rock. I picked it up and threw it at Parker, hoping he would wake up.

He didn't. I peeked outside again, heading straight for me was the short and fat dragon. I held my breath and my heart was beating so fast. I ran for the axe and grabbed it. Suddenly I heard something biting, and I thought I was dead. But no, it came farther outside. I looked out, the komodo dragon was fighting with another, they bit at each other and hopped on top of each other, they let out aggressive hissing noises, but that was it, then all of a sudden they got up on their 2 feet and began fighting like bears, one then bit the other in the neck and it let out a mourn of pain. Finally they started chasing each other out, continuing to nip at each other. God had saved us, but now we have to deal with the other komodo dragons, 2 of them were sunning, both keeping a distance from each other. I ran to shake Parker. He looked at me. "Dude, we've got 2 komodo dragons right outside. We need to get them out somehow." I said. "We'll just wait it out, they are very unlikely to come into a concealed hut." He commanded. I waited it out with Parker, and we soon woke everyone up. I told them about Steven, and finally, the 2 dragons were done sunning and continued on their day, they exited under thick brush. They were most certainly beasts, and I guess they

were going back to whatever castle or dungeon they probably came from or something. I don't know.

This day, we began working on a farm and setting up jobs. Steven was a doctor, Michael and Parker were hunter/fighters. Zach and I were the farmers, gatherers, and alternative hunters (If they need extra hunters.). Me and Parker were both leaders of our small tribe. We planned out a farm and began work. A farm would be the best thing we ever had if we were running low on livestock to hunt, unless it was winter, which here in the tropics, there is no such thing as cold winters. We got another stick and drew plans in the dirt. The fencing would be 8 yards long, and 6 yards wide. We began working on it, and we did even better since we now had some experience. We finished an hour earlier on the fencing. That same day me and Parker decided to venture out and discover. We found once another tall cliff of stone that shadowed an area, and under it was bunches of large stones. I picked one craggy one and made us a makeshift hoe to till the dirt, I got more twine from a vine-covered tree and tied the stone to a hard stick so it hopefully wouldn't break in a while. Since we were near South America and I knew alot in geography and science, I searched for any edible or medicinal plants. I discovered a wild growing peanut plant just to the east of our camp. I checked to see if the plant was an adult, and luckily it was. I took as many seeds of the plant as I could, because this is a delicious nut that we just needed. That afternoon I finished planting all of them deep in the wet soil that was near the small creek that was rushing down between the hut and the farm. I was proud of our progress that day, and I was glad that Steven was doing good also with his broken leg, it was just like he didn't have it. As it got near night, Michael and I went to the beach to find any supplies left, and any more friends we had lost. I haven't explained the lost friends still not found on the island, but they are Gage, Kenny, and the girls of our class... Maybe the teachers survived, I hope they did, but just on another isle. Oh yeah I almost forgot, the 5th graders. Me and Michael found on the western beach another crate of supplies, but these were more emotionally helpful than anything. This included a Bible, which is just what we needed, and several journals. We were really lucky to find these because without them, there was no way people would remember us. That night we all got in our leaf beds like any night by another warm fire. Michael and

Steven read some Bible verses to remind everyone that God was the only reason we were alive. We were all christians who went to a christian school.

That summed up the night, this was the night I got to write in my journal to whoever found these journal papers. Since bottles are scattered all around the island that I saw, which are left behind by citizens or even sailors far far away, I can use those to write to whoever gets these papers, not only me, but everybody. Anyways, stranger reading this, have a good night.

- *David*

Chapter 03 “Where’s Bobby?”

Hello journal, today things have changed dramatically, and it's all hard to explain. Today was the hardest day on the island so far, maybe it's because... Well, you'll get to see *why* exactly later.

I woke up the next morning in my leaf bed like before. The first thing that came in my mind was that we were sleeping on the ground, and that's dangerous. I wanted to add some supports up to our beds to keep the bugs off, because I was itching. I got up and saw that Tanner was out of bed. I walked outside up to the waterfall-creek whatever and washed my face and hands. Tanner came back and said the magic words that triggered this crazy and harsh day. "Where's Bobby?". I thought for a moment, then I was **shocked** completely. We had forgotten all about Bobby, he slept the first night and then disappeared. I knew exactly what he was doing, he didn't want to be with people he hated, which was us. I then thought again and ran to the hut, passing the extinguished fire pit, and looked inside. There was no sign of Zach either. "Zach's gone!" I yelled. "I knew it!!" Tanner said angrily. Our anger woke everyone up. "What's going on?" Michael questioned. "Zach and Bobby are gone!" I exclaimed. "Those idiots, they would give up their own parents to live together as boyfriends in their own house with their own rules, can't take any orders or they'll get mad." Parker said, being offended. "We've got to find them." I said. "They are likely up to no good. They probably will kidnap someone or something." I assured. "Alright. Today we will find where they went to, but first we must make weapons and tools we can use if they decide to attack us, you know how they are." Parker announced. That morning we worked from around 7:30 AM to 9:00 AM making weapons. Since we had no way to forge things into special shapes, most of our weapons were made from normal-large sized rocks lying about around the camp, but I used wood for some blunt weapons. I created 2 cudgels and a Rungu. Since I was the only one who enjoyed bashing weapons, Parker, Steven, Tanner and Michael were all making pointy weapons they all would use, Michael was using a bamboo spear he had harvested himself, he had said it was a perfect strip of bamboo, and it looked like it too. He sharpened a rock with a knife Parker made, which was also rock, and tied it to the end. It looked

awesome. Parker was planning on using the fire axe, but it was gone as well, Zach must've stolen it when he left, which made us even angrier. We wanted to hurry, because Zach and Bobby might have taken anyone still arriving to the island, including Kenny, Gage, and Lee. I never mentioned those three often, but I have been meaning to, but unfortunately I was so sleepy from writing all the other journal papers and forgot to mention them. They are great friends. Lee is very athletic, lightweight, has high adrenaline, and well, he was just awesome. Gage was me and Michael's best friend, I have to admit it, Gage was the perfect friend because he was always there for everyone, even though he might not even know what to do. Kenny was.. Well, he's funny, athletic, cool, and that's it. Kenny is just Kenny. Now, back to action.

We finished at around 9 in the morning. My personal choice of weaponry is a Rungu, it's a blunt, throwable wooden/stone club and was used in Africa for ceremonies or punishment, but I use it for self-defense. It has a heavy knob on the end used to bash which is what I need. To make it I got a strong stick and got a knob-shaped smooth rock and tied them together with extra twine in my pocket. It was perfect when I removed the not-so-needed bark from the strong stick. "Is everyone ready?" I yelled. "Yep!" Everyone replied. "Let's go find these suckers." I said. Steven had made some slavery twist ties from a stronger type of twine since he knew how and handed some out to all of us. "If we ever find them, just tackle them or something and tie it around their hands. It's the old-tommy version of handcuffs." He taught.

Soon enough, we all were headed out to find them. We stuck to the woods, trying to watch out for any traps Zach and Bobby might have put up, because we knew that Bobby was good at trapping. As we walked about a mile from the camp, Parker commanded "Everyone, stay put. Don't move..". He then walked up and grabbed a large piece of bark lying on the ground. He walked up to this long thread of twine I never saw and dropped the bark in it. All of a sudden a giant log fell and Parker ran out of the way. I was surprised. "That.. Was close." Parker said, panting. "How did they get such big logs up there?? I asked as I looked at the counterweight behind big log #1. The counterweight was a slightly bigger log that must've been hanging barely from the top of the tree the vines with the logs connected

were hanging to. "I have no idea, but I know Zach could nearly pick it up, and including Bobby.." Michael said. "Then this does make sense." I interrupted. I let Parker lead the way since I couldn't spot traps easy. It was a quarter of another mile when suddenly Parker gestured to get down! We all stood crouched and looked where he was facing. He looked back to us and pointed where he was facing. "Do you see that?" He whispered loud enough for us to hear. I looked closer, squinting my eyes. I saw another clearing, and with it was more of that stone hill that covered the eastern part of the forest, except in the stone hill was a big crevice, and inside we could see the reddish-orange which indicated fire. Someone was definitely in there, and we could only guess it was Bobby and Zack. Parker, Michael and I sneaked up closer to the clearing, trying to blend with the tall trees and the wide ones. As we got even closer we all could hear something from inside the crevice. I tried to make out the noise but I was hard of hearing. It sounded just like Bobby, cursing out somebody. It was a little disturbing. Finally he stopped and I heard footsteps coming closer to outside the crevice. I peeked and saw someone. It was Zach, not Bobby. He was armed with, you think, our fire axe. He was trying to make sure no one was there, so I quickly hid my head behind the tree. I eyeballed Michael and Parker to let them know, Michael already did but Parker wasn't looking. I saw that Tanner and Steven got closer like we did when we told them to stay, but they were low and out of sight. I barely even saw him because he was way under a bush. I didn't even hear leaves crunching. "I DON'T THINK THEY'VE FOUND US!... YET!" Zach yelled so loud which made me want to punch him in the face worse than I already did. I peeked and he was turning to go back inside the crevice. "Do you think they got hit by our trap?" Bobby asked Zach, and it echoed out of the crevice, like it was a decent cave inside. "Do you want me to go see, because I heard something like a log earlier." Zach suggested. "Sure." Bobby said in a low tone. Parker looked at us and told us to get down and we all did. We hid underneath some large bush-like plants that were behind where we were at. I saw Zach again. I hope he wouldn't come near us and see our large weapons or step on us. And I hoped Tanner/Steven were hidden well enough like us to Zach's senses. I was uncomfortable but didn't want to get caught. I didn't know what Zach was doing, but he sat at the crevice, blocking it for a short moment. He glanced in all directions while he sat there, then finally

moved his foot to the ground below the low crevice. He moved one foot in front of the other and I could tell it; He was coming towards us. I held my breath. My heart was beating fast because if he was alerted, it would not take him long to get a grip on his axe and slice one of our heads off, especially with Zach's strength which was almost like Parker's. The somewhat husky guy was almost to us. He then was closer than ever. He passed the tree we had used to hide and went right beside Parker. Parker was stiffer than ever. That's suddenly when "Huh?" he said like a little 2 year-old. He had stepped on Tanner's arm. Parker reacted quicker than ever. He got up in an instant before I could and ran to Zach, Zach's eyes were wide, mouth grinning from ear to ear, he was getting his axe ready to swing because he saw Tanner right in his sights now and he felt awfully devilish and had reacted quick. By that time Parker grabbed the axe's handle right under Zach's hands and pulled it. He finally got the axe when Zach turned and looked like he was going to kill somebody but also looked like he himself was about to die. Parker smacked Zach onto the ground and twist tied him while he was squirming. He covered Zach's mouth and Zach was trying to scream but couldn't. "Go, go!" Parker demanded. We all sprung up and ran to the crevice with our crude weapons out. Steven got in front of us quicker than ever, and I felt a little afraid for a moment. That's when Steven hopped up to the crevice and went inside. I was almost there, then suddenly I saw a giant stone-age looking club crush into Steven's leg. I almost went to a full stop, but I had to stop Bobby. Steven fell to the ground and was howling in pain, which I would do the same because that had to sting. Bobby was about to do a powerful blow to his head when I grabbed him and pushed him to the ground. He wrestled me and knocked my "Rungu" out of my hand. I tried to grab onto his club to keep him from using it. That's when Michael pierced into his arm and Bobby dropped it. Michael was quick and pulled it out. He was bleeding and stunned by it so I twist tied him. Michael ran down farther into the lightened-by-torch cave. "Steven, stay here." I said. "It's not like I have a choiiiiiceee!" Steven howled. I went deeper in too and it was like a hall corridor, the cave was going in sideways instead of straight through like the average cave. I finally made it to the end of the wall and it was like a doorway to another room. Inside of the stone room was Gage and Kenny. They were alive, but had duct tape stuck to their mouths, I only guessed that Zach/Bobby found the tape somewhere on

shore. Michael tore off the duct tape from Gage's mouth and I took it off of Kenny's, I knew taking duct tape off hurt but they were probably relieved.

I could hear people going "MMMM!" down the hall and heard someone come. It was Parker. He had both Bobby and Zach on both shoulders carrying them. "Well, what do you have to say for yourselves?" He asked the two bullies. "MMMMMMMM!" Zach tried to scream an insult probably. Parker let go of both of them and they hit the stone. Both Gage and Kenny were twist tied, and we were untying it. "It's good to FINALLY see you guys again." Gage said. "Yep." Kenny said. "Thank you guys I about died. They were kicking us and cussing us and laughing at us and cussing us and everything else." Kenny continued. "Kenny, I think you're a little traumatized too traumatized." I told to Kenny. "Why wouldn't I be?" Kenny said. I shrugged and helped Kenny off the ground and Michael did the same with Gage. "Have you guys slept at all?" Parker asked. "No.. I don't even know what's happening. Where are we? All I remember was Bobby and Zach picked me up, and it was very dark. I heard water and all." Gage explained. "I did too." Kenny admitted. "Well, we crashed on an island, remember the boat?" Tanner said and asked in the same sentence. Kenny and Gage nodded. "Now we just need to find Lee, and the girls." Michael said. "What about the 5th graders..?" I asked. "Them, too." Michael said. "It's been 3 days on the island already, including today. I bet by now they woke up and have their own camp." Michael said. He had a theory right there, and I think it would almost be a fact, if it was 3 days, then surely, they would've woke up. "Guys! A little help over here? Nnnnggg!" Steven said in the cave-hallway-thing. We all walked out there. I sat down by Steven. He had a huge bruise from that club. "Your other leg bone is bruised and broke. I can conclude that." I said to Steven upon examination. "You're going to need a wheelchair or cane & splint and plenty of rest." I continued. "Cane and splint sounds just what I need, as long as I can actually do stuff, instead of sitting in a wheelchair." Steven chose wisely. It was about 12:00 PM when I finished the splint and weapon-cane I created for Steven at the crevice. "It's time to go back to camp." I announced. We all got our things, and Parker toted the restrained Zach while Tanner carried the restrained Bobby. It began to thunder, and it was cloudy. When we made it almost back to camp it began to rain then when we finally made it, it was pouring. We ran inside the hut,

while it began to flood outside. We sat the restrained Zach and Bobby on the floor, while Michael watched them and read Bible Verses that made them *really* think what they had done. Parker, Tanner, and I worked out in the rain gathering stones and things we might need if we get any crafty ideas. We finally got done and rested while the rain poured. We decided to make a smaller fire inside of the hut because the rain made it cold. We made a fire successfully a few minutes later. We decided to write in our journals and conclude this day, including myself. Afterwards we are going to sleep after it gets late, or if we don't want to we might try to craft something with the resources we got. Today was very hard because of the situation, and I wasn't ready. Maybe next time I will. Until then, I'm out. Good night, Journal.

- *David*

Chapter 04 "Jailed"

I woke up the next morning at exactly 5:00. Pure coincidence. I got up and walked outside. The island was beautiful this morning, the sky was at sunrise, leaving a nice red hue in the sky, with the clouds from yesterdays storm leaving us. I went back in the hut to check all who was there. Everyone was there asleep, and last night's campfire was extinguished, but then I quickly saw that Bobby, Zach, and Michael was gone. Michael apparently brought his bamboo spear along aswell. *Hmmm*. I grabbed my Rungu-club and ran out the entrance/exit of the hut. I looked around and saw something. Since it rained yesterday, the dirt ground in the clearing had turned mostly to mud. To the left side of the hut, somewhat faded groups of footprints I didn't notice before began to enter the woods. These were definitely Michael's, Zach's, and Bobby's. I decided to follow them. They went west a quarter mile, then to the northeast. It finally led to the cave we had been at. "Michael!" I cried. I looked at the crevice that lead to the cavern hallway to see all the torches lying around were extinguished, and the cave was pitch-**black**.

I looked around for more footprints. I finally saw some, they lead to the straight north. I followed the tracks by running, I had to avoid all the trees and bushes that were in the way of the tracks. I followed it and made it to once another clearing area. I was exhausted as I looked around the clearing. It had trees around the clearing, but it wasn't dense. I heard rustling in a bush. Suddenly a large PHOOOOO went by me. It was a whistling arrow. Someone was firing at me. My heart pumped so hard as I took cover behind a fallen log. I heard the drawback of a bow coming from that bush I heard the rustling from. It was another arrow "PHOO!" as it hit the log I was behind. I thought I was dead. A few moments later. I heard leaves rustling and then quick footsteps. Suddenly I saw someone. I got up with my club ready to swing, until I suddenly paused. It was Matthew, a fellow 5th grader. He had a bow drawn back pointing at me. I looked around while I was paused. I was surrounded by four 5th graders, including Matthew. I felt betrayed because I knew Matthew was not a bully. "Arrest this traitor." Matthew said like he had great authority. Suddenly someoen touched me and I about smacked them in the face until I remembered, it was "Do what I say or die.", it

was Patrick with a great amount of twine in his hand. He held my hands back and pushed me on the log. Like an instant all of them began fiddling with the log and my hand. It was like I was having surgery or something because I could see all of them above me. "What are you doing??" I asked furiously. They didn't answer.

I looked and saw that now, I was tied to this log. The 4 all was wearing belts with holdsters, and Matthew had a satchel.. How could they have got all this equipment so fast? Patrick had a machete made of bone which he put in his holdster, and then they all began to pick the log up and turn it over. I could see legs and the ground. They all traveled quickly. I closed my eyes and prayed that I wasn't about to be tortured. "Guys, help me." I whispered to myself. Parker, Tanner, Kenny, Gage and Steven would be the only 5 that could save me now from these advanced false-accusers. Finally about 20 minutes later we reached some kind of region where I could hear a bunch going on, I heard footsteps, small amounts of people talking, then stopping, and then once we passed, began talking again. I then heard an axe chopping wood. I then heard the noise of a falling tree. The noise then began to fade away, when suddenly. "I'll get the gate." Patrick said. One of the pair of legs moved and I was sitting still. Suddenly I heard something open. I began moving again. Then they dropped me and turned me over. I looked around. Apparently, I was in a large, rectangular cage made of bamboo. One of the walls wasn't cage, though. They began to untie me. I scrambled off the ground and looked up. The four 5th graders laughed and ran out the opened gate. They quickly closed it while I ran to it. I held onto the bamboo jail bars. "What did I ever do??" They ignored me as they laughed and ran around like little 7 year olds playing. "Ugh." I sighed. I turned around and saw a familiar shape. It was... It was Lee. "... David?" Lee said. "Lee?" I replied. "I don't know what I got put in for either." Lee explained. "I woke up on the island and got used to my surroundings. I was alone on this stone beach sorta thing and I was walking along, when suddenly a bunch of 5th graders pop out and tie me up." He continued. "That's what they did to me." I murmured. "I woke up this morning and saw that Michael was gone from our camp down south. Bobby and Zach stole Kenny and Gage so we went to rescue them. We tied the two weirdos up and took them to camp. This morning I look to find that the three are gone. I came to find them, got arrested, and now I'm here." I told angrily.

"We'll be stuck here forever. These 5th graders are too advanced and I don't even know how." I said. I was going insane. I sat down and sighed. This wasn't fair. I had so many questions. How did they get more advanced than us? How is our group going to save me? Where on earth was Michael? I sat down for a while. Lee sat down too and patted me on the back. I smiled. I needed to look on the bright side. Maybe we can find a weak point here and escape. "When did you get here?" I asked Lee. "Just yesterday night." Lee said. He shivered. "I kind of got lost and was so confused that I stayed on the beach all night, that's when I saw Patrick and them and they took me prisoner." Lee continued. That's when we both noticed 2 people coming towards us. One had a wooden spear. They got closer and I identified them as... Zach.. And Bobby. Zach had the wooden spear. "HAA! Look at you two!" Zach said. "I knew you'd come and try to find me.", I looked at him with a nasty stare. Zach was playing in the dirt with his spear when Bobby began a conversation, "By the way, Davey, thanks for restraining us. Once y'all fell asleep we both snuck out and Michael chased us afterwards. That's the only way we ended up here in this kingdom that's now part of us.". Wait a second, *Kingdom?* As in medieval knights.. Forget it. What he said made me mad. He wanted us to feel bad that we didn't have the technology they had at the time, maybe it's because of the great amount of 5th graders there were, and they all worked at the same time to make what they had now. Atleast that made sense. "Why were the 5th graders so aggressive?" I asked angrily. "Maybe it's because we told them that you planned to kill the 5th graders. Which is pretty true, you guys always hated them, so why not?" Zach answered. That made my ears blow smoke. I was ready to strangle Zach/Bobby to death. "Before you get to angry we'll be on our way, filthy *peasants*." Zach said, and they turned around and walked off in the direction where they came from, which was the only way past the 2 mossy rock hills that surrounded the area, except for the big cutout where you could enter and exit at which was straight ahead where we were facing. We just sat there, thinking, as the day went by. Soon, Matthew entered the area and came towards us to the cage. "They told me to give y'all this just as a small act of mercy. The only way people know about you now." And he handed us both pencils and some pieces of journal paper. "I'll come back tonight to take the papers and I'll send them to sea. We knew you guys probably wanted to, but this is the only thing **nice**

we're going to do to you WANTED criminals." He said, getting angrier as he spoke. He turned straight around and stomped his way out. I began to get hungry.

Someone else came shortly after that to feed us. It was a 5th grade girl known as Kayla from school, but she had too much of a self-esteem, and was way too sassy. She was the only girl I have yet to see on the island, she did not wear the belt with a holster and quiver that the other 5th graders did. She gave us bananas from a basket and left. This was really the only food I had eaten since I've gotten to the island, but I didn't care. Bananas are delicious and filled with many nutrients. Instead of an apple a day it should *really* be changed to "A banana a day keeps the doctor away!". We ate and Lee wrote but I was waiting until night. I sat in a corner and took a nap. I decided to begin writing after I woke up and it was about 6:30 PM, and that's where it comes to this. Maybe tomorrow I can escape from this chaos-hole I've gotten myself into, or someone else rescues me and Lee. I can only hope and pray I don't end up getting "Executed" or something by this 5th grade tribe, including Bobby and Zach. I might not be able to sleep tonight. Good night, Journal, and maybe tomorrow can turn out better than I am expecting.

- David

Chapter 05 "Animal Kingdom"

Day 05. Today was another hard day's work, you'll eventually see why. Oh yeah, like the new "Day" thing I decided to use?

I woke up the next morning, still in the cage. Last night my journal had been successfully delivered, atleast I hoped. Lee was still asleep, it just seems I'm always the first or second awake. I got up and looked around the cage. Everything was just like yesterday, maybe because we were away from the 5th grade villagers or whatever. I sat down again. I was worried about Michael, he had just disappeared after chasing Zach and Bobby. Since he wasn't jailed with us, I'm not sure what happened to him. I hoped he hadn't been.. *Gulp*. Killed. I shivered at the thought. I really couldn't think of anything else, but I tried to think he was okay. I sat there for a while. Soon, I saw an odd shape coming our way. I quickly saw that it was Matthew. He had another prisoner. Lee woke up and saw the scene too. The prisoner was no other than... *Michael*? He was struggling to get out of Matthew's reach and escape, until he saw us. "I have done NOTHING, but try to track and chase Bobby and Zach!" Michael tried to convince Matthew. Matthew didn't care. "Since our two witnesses you just mentioned, Bobby and Zach, said to us you fools were planning to overthrow us." Matthew said as he opened the gate and threw Michael inside, then Matthew came inside and untied Michael, then quickly ran out and shut the gate. He then continued, "Since you were planning to 'Overthrow' us, we've been hunting you. We just want a friendly society, no harm." Matthew said with a fake sheepish grin. I knew he wanted to pick fights and stuff, that was Matthew. Although, he did not know that Bobby and Zach told a lie, he completely believed those two. "What's going to happen to us??" Lee asked quickly, before Matthew could go. "What's going to happen?? What kind of question is that?" Matthew spat at Lee. "If you're going to try and do harm, then you're staying in this cage until I say otherwise, and I doubt I'm going to say anything." Matthew shot at all of us angrily. We all exchanged looks of confusion and innocence, we had done nothing wrong. We were fighting against the bad guys here, not trying to cause chaos.

An hour passed as we sat in the cage. We talked some and drew things in the dirt. We were bored, and just in a bad mood. Then Matthew was marching back to our cage. Michael first saw him coming and then we all looked. He was marching fast too, like a general of the military or something. He stopped at the gate and looked to us and said in a fancy manner "Change of plans, the Tribal Chief wants an act of interrogation." That's when I noticed an armed 5th grader coming. It was Peter, just another 5th grader like any other, except he looked shamefully at us when he got near. He stopped by Matthew with a sharp sword made of bone. After he stopped, Matthew began to open the gate from the outside and open it. He gestured for me and Michael to come, but not Lee. We went to the gate and did as told since they had a swordsman here. He tied us both with our hands behind our back and we were escorted. We walked past the two natural and mossy stone walls. We walked all the way until we reached a village. It amazed me because they had the huts created perfectly sized for the many 5th graders to live in. We were in a very wide ditch, it lead to two dirt cliffs that had grass growing naturally on top and the forest continued there. They lead us along the dirt path until we reached a mud alley. It was between two of the huts with 5th graders active and talking to each other. The village had about 30 residents, which was the size of the 5th grade class, since some 4th graders were converted to 5ths when we were in school. We walked in the alley, and it lead to a right turn. The turn lead up above the ditches. We were now walking on some patches of grass until we reached above the ditches. In front of this was a bigger sized hut made of logs, mud, and straw. It was like ours, except there were 2 people guarding the entrance. I recognized them as Sam and Ian, they both used spears made of bones and blocked the entrance with the spears crossing each other. "Who are these peasants?" Ian insulted, who was guarding the entrance on the right, and made me very angry. "It's David, and Michael, two of the 6th graders who planned to end our civilization. They are here for an interrogation." Matthew said in a *Proper* tone. They moved their spears and let us go inside. Inside, there were small torches that had small dirt shields attached behind the flames to prevent them from igniting anything by mistake. Inside, we could see the tribal chief, the leader of the 5th graders. It was no other than.... Zach. And Bobby. They were both sitting on a rug made of tanned leather. There were 2 mats like their rug in front

of where they were facing, 3 feet away from them to be exact. We were sat down on the mats and our hands remained tied together. "Ah, gentlemen!" Zach greeted proudly. I sat there with a serious face. "Care for some tea?" He asked as he grabbed something to his left. It was a cup made of bamboo, the bottom of the cup was also bamboo, but they chiseled the curves going up off and tied it tightly. He showed us the brown liquid inside. Michael finally said "No thanks." Zach frowned for a second at us and drank the tea. "Ah, delicioso!" Zach said and then grinned in an evil way at us, then put the tea down. "So," Zach began, "We are going to ask you a few questions. They are no problem. Please do cooperate. Because if you refuse, or we know you're telling a story, my two amigos here," And he points to Peter and Matthew with a bold but "Haha" face, "will give you your **worst nightmare.**"

Gulp. "Got it?" Zach asked. We both nodded. "Okayyy." Bobby then ignited this quiz and had a piece of paper looking at the words on it. He then squinted his eyes at it and said "You know what, never mind." Bobby said and looked to Zach. We were both relieved. "I guess so. We do know everything about them, we just wanted some company." Zach said ironically with another one of his evil grins. I forgot. They did know about our camp. We would have to move. I looked to Michael and he looked at me and smiled. He must've not told me something because his face looked like a "I've already got a plan B" face, if that even exists. Zach began to command the guards "Send the-" but was interrupted. Another soldier ran inside the hut shoving the 2 guards out of the way rudely. "CHIEF!" "CHIEF!" The soldier panted. It was Patrick. "We have 5 raiders fighting into the village!" He said running up Zach and Bobby. Bobby turned to Matthew like he didn't care and said. "Send all the guards." He commanded, and put his arms on his head and laid against the back wall of the hut.

Michael grabbed both Me and Michael off the ground and shoved us quickly towards the doorway, while Peter said there like an idiot. That's when we saw the 2 guards were down the slope to the left turn going to the residential huts. They were shoving spears at someone. All of a sudden Ian got his right arm cut severely and was bleeding badly, he began to scream like a baby and fell to the ground, stunned. I didn't want anyone to die since we were just kids, but this was serious here on the Island. Suddenly someone bashed Sam in the head with the end of a cane. I knew it. It was Steven. Steven limped with his cane and two

splints quickly up the steps and Parker had stolen one of the bone machete's from a guard. Parker ran to us and sliced off the twist ties. We were free. I ran to Ian and picked up his bone spear. Michael picked up Sam's. The two guards slumped on the side of the curved turn and groaned and cried. We all ran and eventually made it to the other huts. The 5th grade residents were all running into their huts, barricading the entrances and all with household items. Gage, Kenny, and Tanner ran up to us, behind them was a guard with 2 big bruises on his head. Gage used a club just like mine and Kenny was using a bone sword, Tanner had a banana.. Why, I do not know. We all ran together in unity, I yelled "Follow me, Lee is still caged!". We all ran to the mossy stone walls and passed them. Lee was inside rubbing his head confusingly. I opened the outside handle of the bamboo gate and Lee ran out with us. "Okay, let's leave, before all the guards get back up to fight!" Parker commanded and we all followed him out. We passed all the fallen guards that were groaning, and then passed 2 archers and out into the foliage that hid us as we ran. I looked behind me and saw faintly Bobby and Zach running around looking. "We have a tree village now," Parker began, panting heavily. "We built it after we planned our attack, it's awesome!". I nodded. We all slowed down since we were tired and rested. No one chased us, so we walked the rest of the way. "Thanks, guys." Me and Michael both said. "No problem. We knew something wasn't right, and we're sorry that it took a day to plan this." Parker said, accepting our thanks. We made it back. Our hut and farm was still there, except now, on the tallest tree right beside the rushing creek there, was a ladder. It led up to a bunch of log planks tied together strong by vines. We went up there, and there was no buildings like huts up there, yet. We had all our leaf beds on top. When we all climbed up, Parker pulled the rope ladder up, made from even more vines and smaller logs. We told them about what happened while we were jailed. We then thought of a name for our future tree village, finally we came up with the name, "Treeville". Since it was starting to get late, we all got in our leaf beds, since we were above, fire's would be dangerous to make on a tree village, but maybe we could eventually make lanterns. This is where today's journal ends. Good night Journal, and God bless whoever sees this.

- David

Day 06. Dear Journal, I'm just going to write about today instantly since I'm tired, so let me cut to the chase.

I woke up the next morning just like any other day really. Michael was already up, and was kindof just chilling and watching over our "Tree Village" since he was hanging over the edge sitting down. He must've known I was awake because he said "Hey.". I replied with a kindof "Yo.". I was not the "Yo" person but I was just waking up and had nothing else to say. I decided to make something which was in my mind. I threw down the vine ladder and started walking down. "Where ya goin'?" Michael asked in a higher tone. "Just to make something, so I might light another fire." I explained. "Okay." Michael said. I made it down and started once another fire, we had so much experience with this fire-making now that it took less than 2 minutes for me to make it, even without help. After I made the smoke I threw the flame down onto the dry grass and made fire by the hut. I then thought of another thing I could make, I was in a very productive mood. I ran down to the beach, which took only about 3 minutes. I scanned the beach for anything washed up. I then remembered seeing an area where things crashed against the island alot, and walked to it. It was on the eastern beach where a giant boulder was buried in the sand, and the trash always hit against the boulder and got stuck there, since the boulder was naturally molded to where things get trapped against it. I looked in the small hole with water where the things were, and lucky me, there was bunches of debris inside. It was trash from boats, etc. and I searched it like it was golden. I finally found what I was looking for, and grabbed as many grocery bags as I could. I went back to the camp which took about 5 minutes going straight-west. I then dropped the grocery bags by the fire and went up the ladder. Michael was gone, I was guessing he went to do something for himself. Everyone was still aslepe, so I borrowed Parker's machete to cut some vines on trees, then I came back and put the machete back. I went to the fire and tried something. I took the vines I had, and then a grocery bag. I put the grocery bag's grips around my shoulders like a backpack with the rest of the room in the bag down my back. Since it could make noise and disturb something, I put a long vine around my blue jean belt hole-things and on the bag to keep the bag from going wild when I'm running like a cape. Since it was tight enough, I'm sure it wouldn't go loose. After that I tied the two

ends of the vine together like a rope belt. I left the other bags and vines there so they could try it. I then did what I really wanted to do. I wanted to try making a bow, and make poisonous arrows with it. I made a stone kungu club again. I tied the knob shaped stone to the end tightly, and searches for poison dart frogs. I would have to be very careful, or else the hunter would be the hunted. I know the differences, and I was searching for a black-legged dart frog, or bi-colored dart frog. These are the second most toxic frog in their species. I searched the rainforest around our camp searching around every nook and cranny. Soon, I came across a puddle with stones around it. I looked around it, hoping I could find what I'm looking for. I knew these frogs wouldn't make too much noise, so you had to see to know. It wasn't anything there, but then I soon after that found a giant rock lodging out of the ground. I saw upon it 4 poison dart frogs. I looked upon it and saw a golden one. This was a number 2 killer. I wanted its poison the most, but I would need more than one. I waited until 1 went away and left 3 close together. I then sneaked up on the 3 while they didn't notice. I raised the kungu and smashed them all on the head. I closed my eyes hoping it was over and yes it was. They were all dead. I grabbed a stick to pick up the golden one, since its poison can penetrate the skin. I wrapped twine on it I had in my other pocket without touching it and then I safely had the golden one. None of them were squashed, thankfully, but just killed because of the sudden but careful bashing. I took the rest of them by hand and hurried to the camp. I then sat all the dead frogs down and used a bone knife that we had stolen suddenly from the incident yesterday to cut part of a grocery bag. I was going to wait until Michael came back. I sat and waited a few minutes and got sleepy, that's when something got out of hand.

I sat there when I heard something growl, but was too sleepy to react. That's when out of **nowhere** a panther leaped onto me! I screamed for a second then began to fight it. "No, stop, boy! He's just like me!" Michael yelled and held the panther back by the neck. The cougar stopped and had done no harm. "What is this?" I asked. "Well, I kindof tamed a **Cougar** completely.." Michael said a little ironically. "Really?" I asked. "Yeah, I went hunting, and killed a cottontail rabbit, and apparently I was in his territory. He leaped towards the rabbit I killed and I thought I was going to be lunch. He ate it, then began to lick my face

which was a little gross after eating that.." Michael explained. I was shocked that such a big predatory animal like that would not hurt him, Michael was so lucky, God had saved him and given him a gift. I began to pet the cougar and asked Michael, "Have you given him a name yet?". "No. I've been thinking." Came the simple reply. The panther was nice, and I realized it looked alot like a florida panther. Now everyone was awake and everyone else was afraid at first of the panther but then we told them. We all made what we had wanted to do that day possible, I made poison arrows from the dart frogs, made bows, and soon Steven got something himself.

It was pure coincidence but Steven got a pet of his own that day. Me and Steven went exploring the giant rock hills and somewhat mountains. We came to a vantage point on one, and saw something to the distance. It was beautiful. It was a giant, cone-shaped mountain. It was unmeasurable since we didn't have the math-technology, but I say it was very large. Me and Steven walked to it on the coast, bringing weapons along since we went past where the other bully-tribe was. We walked up some of the mountain until we came across a cliff that lodged out of the mountain to the right of where we were. We went to it and heard the cry of... A falcon-like noise. Steven looked over the ledge on the left-side of it and there sat a giant nest, full of very young hawks. He began to go down and I whispered "Are you gonna be okay??". He nodded, put down his cane, and went down. I was worried the mother might come back. He reached for one of the hawks and took it and held it around his waist trying to come back. Suddenly I saw something flying coming this way in the distance.

It was momma bird. She was coming full speed ahead and went straight for Steven! Her wings were out and her claws looked sharp and were aiming straight at Steven, I ran to take action. He was almost back to coming up the ledge when he saw the hawk and went quicker. I ran in front of the ledge where Steven was and the hawk was now right there, I readied my club and swung at the hawk and it swooped around in a circle discoordinated for a minute. It then turned around and went towards Steven who was going down the mountain with his cane by now, still holding the baby hawk. I ran to protect Steven and swung at the bird again as a warning. The hawk let out a well-known type of scream, and circled us and then came towards me. I didn't want to kill the mother but I wanted it to leave because its

baby was in good hands. I swung around at the hawk trying to intimidate her, and it began to work. She started to stop circling and then turned around and let out another squawk, it went towards its nest. We were now at the bottom of the cone-shaped edgy mountain. "I always wanted a hawk!" Steven excitingly admitted as we ran on the beach to get back to our tree village, aka Treeville. Finally we made it, and it was almost afternoon. Steven named his hawk "Lightning". Another coincidence is after that it began to rain again after clouds covered the island. It rained very heavily and took out our fire. We decided to sleep in the hut tonight, and Michael made a vine leash for his cougar and tied him to the corner of the hut. His cougar was first to sleep. And this really sums up the day. We got more progress done, although we never worked on the tree village. Parker got lots of squirrels when he went hunting today after Michael did. It's already butchered and all, and all we need to do is make a small fire inside the hut and have roasted squirell on a stick. This is a good night to you, journal, I'm hungry and it's time to eat.

- *David*

Chapter 06 "A Friendly Trade"

Week 1 - Day 07.

I woke up the next morning by being awoken by Parker inside the hut, he's usually the early bird. I saw that Michael was awake and so was Steven. Steven had his pet hawk, Lightning, sitting on his hand. He then pointed and the falcon flew in the direction his finger pointed to. The hawk ate something and came back and landed. "Good girl." Steven said, Lightning must have been female. He was training her. "Morning, David!" Michael called behind me with his cougar when I walked outside, "Hey." I greeted. I remembered the cougar was female too. "We just went out hunting again and got some stuff." Michael said to everyone. Michael now had a backpack like mine, a plastic bag with a vine-belt to keep the bag from flapping and making noise. It looked like it had about 4 rabbits and maybe 3 squirrels. Since he got this puma, he has been doing well. "Oh yeah, and I named my puma Raja." He said afterwards. Raja. That's a cool name. Although it seemed like alot, it wouldn't feed all of us once we got Eric and Cole. Yes, sorry, Eric and Cole are another two friends I forgot about.. Hey now, it takes alot to remember people after you're traumatized by being in a horrible shipwreck. If it wasn't for Lee, then I would totally forget about Cole, and if it wasn't for Tanner's sharp memory (In which he had), then I would have forgot about Eric too.

We ate some cooked-over-an-open-fire squirrel and rabbit. It was nicer than what we've had the days before, because now we spiced it with black pepper, which we discovered that day before breakfast. Me and Tanner were bored and waiting for breakfast so we went out looking for things. Thanks to our science teacher for teaching us botany, because we were looking for plants we could start growing in the farm we had which only had peanut sprouts. I knew a bunch of plants that grow in tropical regions (Thanks to **Science** class), including black peppercorns which are a yummy spice. Finally we found what I was looking for, it was indeed a slender stem growing with bunches of leaves, and on them was no other than drapes covered in peppercorns. We had gotten to this island at the perfect time of the year: Spring. I tore off one of the drapes and stuck the drape in my makeshift backpack and

we headed back to camp. On our way there, though, something a little unfortunate happened. I began to hear a feline-growl. I thought it might be Raja, but Raja was a cougar, and this sounded like a jaguar does. Trust me you will know the difference between jaguar and cougar growls. I took my stone rungu which was about 2 and a half feet long out. Tanner had the bone sword which swordsmen-assigned 5th graders used. It was a 1 handed sword so he pulled it out with ease. I still wasn't sure where the 5th graders found all the bone, but maybe its from dead animals, but I was too worried to think about that. The growling came closer and it was to our right which was by a bunch of large trees which made the canopy above us at that time. Somewhere that a jaguar could easily hide and easily pounce, my heart was pounding as I heard the small catlike growl that it made after it made the much louder and aggressive roar. Suddenly it stopped. We sat there a minute with our weapons ready but nothing came. Finally I stuck mine back in the vine belt I was wearing and we continued back to camp. Finally we made it, luckily. Breakfast was ready and we ate. Before I ate, I crushed most of the peppercorns from the drape into grains. I put the pile of grains in a leaf and sealed it up like a cup. We ended up using the grains and it was good. Peppered rabbits and squirrels, better than nothing I guess. It was spicy too, I like it.

After that Steven and I made a shower with a wooden bucket we had made. It had tarps and stuff too from the junk pile on the eastern side. All you had to do was pull a lever and a contraption with a bucket moves and pours water down from the waterfall that went through. After that we added more and more planks to extend our "Treeville" tree village. The rest of the day was normal work, normal eating: Breakfast, dinner, supper. Normal stuff. Then that's when it happened, we were all trying to sleep except me because I was showering now. It was around **10:40** PM most likely. The island was indeed dark and cold, but the fire made it warmer while I was showering. When I got done and put my clothes back on, that's when it happened during night.

A large arrow shaft shot past me coming from the right. The arrow was about 2.8 feet away, mathematically speaking. My heart pumped again because I was lucky it didn't hit me. I looked to the right. Nobody could be seen. I grabbed a stick and wrapped some rags we had gathered from the junk pile around the stick and stuck it in the fire. I looked for whoever did

it, but the glowing torch led me to nobody. I then decided to get the arrow. A letter was stuck to the arrow, which was stabbed into a tree. This arrow had 3 feathers stuck to the end to keep it steady, we didn't think of that. I grabbed the piece of paper that looked like a very old egyptian paper made of papyrus. It was craggy and unordinary like paper we used at school.

I looked onto the paper to see letters written in ink, and although ink wasn't ordinary for Zach, it could very possibly be Zach's handwriting. I began to read:

"Dear Parker or David, we would like to discuss a friendly bartering. Meet us at the western beach. Since we want to see you right now at this current time, please take a shortcut to our location to the northwest. The bartering is for a life. You'll see what I mean once you come. See you soon.

Sincerely, Zach, Tribal Chief of the Tropic Bulls Tribe."

Oh boy. This didn't look good. I took the arrow so we could possibly use it. I climbed up the ladder to the in-construction tree village and woke everyone up. I told them everything and Michael grabbed his stolen spear of bone and a bow with some of the poison arrows in his makeshift backpack, Tanner took his sword of bone, I took my stone rungu and put the other poison arrows in my backpack, Gage took a wooden rungu like mine, Lee took a sharpened stone machete, and Parker took his bone machete. Kenny and Steven decided to stay and watch camp while we left and made sure no one stole anything with the fire axe we had and Steven's cane with a shiv tied to it. Raja, Michael's puma, wouldn't wake up. He was tired of hunting and he wanted to sleep, so we left him with Kenny, Lightning sat on Stevens shoulder and it didn't bother him because she was lightweight.

Finally we made it to the western beach all the way up north. I had never been here, but I remember Lee had. It was where he landed, and the beach was stone and not sand here. The stone led all the way up to another stone mountain made of igneous rock. This was cone-shaped like the other, it made me a little uncomfortable looking at it but it was cool. Anyways once we reached the stone beach where we were told to meet, we were indeed greeted with 5th graders. They had long tiki-looking torches that had a sharp end on the

other side of it. I am guessing this sharp end was used to defend oneself. They were like a hybrid tool of a torch and spear, never heard of it myself. Although, setting away from us almost 30 yards was Zach and Bobby with some figure. The thing is, they were on a giant raft made of bamboo. This must have been something they created because it was a very large raft with walls, it looked almost like a speedboat or something familiar to it, except it was a raft and it was made of bamboo held together with vines. On top of the raft sat a thin sail made of either linen or silk, boy were they advanced. I cupped my eyes and focused whoever it was on the raft with them. Apparently there were 2 people. One was Matthew, Captain of whatever army they had, and.... Eric.. It was Eric. They had Eric with his mouth covered with more duct tape they had and he was tied to the long bamboo that was standing up to create the sail. The raft was close enough just so we could hear whatever Bobby and Zach wanted to say. Zach then announced what he wanted with an evil grin, "Okay you fools. We would like to discuss a trade. Go back to your camp, cut down the finest bamboo you have in your territory, give the bamboo to us, and give us all the bone weapons you have back. If you refuse, poor Eric here will die. You have 30 minutes to do your stuff." He then pointed a sharpened stone knife towards Eric's neck.

Uh oh. I forgot we had bamboo, and that's what we were using to make our tree village. Without it, we would have to sleep unsafe on the ground. I didn't care about the bone, we could easily make a forge in 2 days and then make better weapons. Tanner, Parker, and I all had an idea. "Okay. We accept." Parker answered back. Everyone sensed we had an idea and anyone with bone weapons dropped them. How they sensed such a thing is a little odd, but friendship is very powerful in my eyes. Parker handed me the torch and I replaced my rungu with it by putting my rungu in my backpack. Michael only had his bow and followed me, we were pretending we were going back to camp. When we got to where they couldn't see, we crouched down and sneaked around the bushes and found a perfect vantage point near the mountain, which is where we could get shots at the 5th graders. It was a wide stone that stuck out of the grass and could be stepped onto. It had plenty of room for both of us to snipe with our arrows. I had an idea, which was why I still had my torch. I assured Michael they wouldn't see it because there was plenty of green foliage in the way of us.

Michael and I both waited, hoping our archery skills would be perfected tonight. Bobby, Zach, and Matthew all got wooden rows and began to push the raft towards the shore. Matthew let go of his for a second to twist the sail, and the sail twisted with ease even though Eric, who was lightweight, was tied to it, and they made it to the stone beach where the soldiers began to guard the bully chiefs. Parker and Tanner both brought the bone weapons to the two bullies upon the raft. I hid the torch behind the stone while holding it to prevent it from burning anything and causing a disaster. Finally they got done and Bobby waved for them to move back a distance which I found disgusting, Bobby is such a nasty-evil person.. That's when we knew it was time because they had gained some trust from Tanner and Parker which calmed them down a little instead of being very defensive, and plus they were now waiting on us. I then looked to Michael and we were face to face staring and I nodded. It was show time. I then grabbed an arrow and rags from my backpack, wrapped it in the rags on the point and tied the rags to the shaft. I then ignited the rag-point with my torch and blew the torch out. My arrow was blazing in the way of where I was aiming so I had to really look beyond it which was hard. I had my target now in my sights, a white stripe on the bamboo. If you don't know what the white stripe is, and you never burned bamboo, basically the white stripe from what I've learned causes a mini-explosion, which explains the loud cracking-explosion noise, which will frighten and distract the guards. Whenever Michael shot, it would be the trigger for me to shoot. He then drew back the crude recurve bow and aimed. That's when he fired and I heard the distinct noise of the arrow shoot out and the string vibrating. Direct hit, he hit the target, which was the twine that held Eric onto the sail. Everyone looked around and was confused for a second. I had to be very quick and I pulled back my bow and fired. It was close enough. "POW!" began the first white stripe, then another, then a bunch! Everyone went crazy on the stone beach (Except for our tribe.) and ran away from the raft, including Zach and Bobby who held their butts thinking it was on fire. Eric sprang out and ran while some guards ran and screamed. Matthew had escaped and saw Eric. He put the spear he was holding into a throwing position above and the long bamboo handle behind him. That's when the back of his bamboo went "KAPOW!" with another explosion that ignited his explosion. He dropped his spear and jumped almost a yard

into the air where he turned toward the ocean and tripped into the water where he sank down in it and flopped up to the waters surface and began splashing. Eric ran to Parker, Tanner and the others. They ran back to camp and we knew to go too. We ran towards the path they took and followed behind.

Week 2 - Day 1

I could tell that it was midnight, meaning it was now the end of the first week. This was the time we made it back to camp. Steven and Kenny let us up. Some of us slept, while others worked overnight. Eric was sleeping, and he felt lucky. Me and Steven created a bridge from the tree village up to where the stone cliff with the small waterfall spewed out. After we created the bridge and was sure it was sturdy, we looked around on the top of this cliff. The top had a small lump that went above the stream which was the source of the water because it had a depression in it and the water was swallowed by the lump. I was sure there was something like a tunnel inside of it but there was no way a person could fit in it, and why would you even want to? It could be a water geyser inside that constantly gushes water from the earth up to the stream. It would remain a mystery. Michael had explored the beach some more and found a washed up crate and a drum, he came back to get my rungu and smashed it open. He said the only thing inside was sand, crayons, blacksmith tongs, and a blacksmith hammer. The blacksmith hammer would come in handy because it was specially designed for smithing... But that's a little odd to have sand and crayons in a crate. We didn't care much how weird it was, but we were excited to have a blacksmith hammer and we took the washed up metal drum. Me and Steven began working on a charcoal forge. To make charcoal, we used the metal drum and placed it upward. I cut down a tree and cut the log into individual pieces. We took the lid off of the drum and packed the drum all the way to the top with the chopped chunks of wood. We then put flammable sticks and other wood completely surrounding the drum. I ignited the bonfire with the letter we had gotten from Zach which I lit from the other fire. We let it burn for about 3 or 4 hours while we napped and then extinguished the fire and let the drum cool down. I opened the lid later and small lumps of charcoal were inside. We began making the forge. It would be very makeshift, so we placed brick shaped stones in a square and in the square center was burning charcoals, and

by the makeshift forge was a flat rock which we would use as the anvil for hammering. Steven was the blacksmith. All he had to do was place smelted metal in the coals which were very hot and wait for the metal to melt, then he could use the tongs and move it onto the rock anvil to shape the metal into a tools blade or something. After we finished, me, Steven, and Michael decided to take a nap, and that's where I end here. I'm very tired from this day and after my nap I'll put this out into the water. Goodnight... Er, I mean good day, Journal.

- *David*

Chapter 07 "Saving Private Cole"

Week 2 - Day 4 Journal Entry

I haven't made another journal in 2 days, not including Week 2 - Day 1. Something very sad happened yesterday... I will explain later. All I have to say now is.. RIP.

It was Day 2, and we now assigned everyone to new jobs in our tribe. Plus, we named our tribe officially the **Friends United Tribe**. It was pretty fancy and we all agreed on it. Michael, Parker, and Tanner were all three the tough miners and hunters of the tribe. Me and Eric were both the farmer/gatherers, but I was also the medic. I would use medicinal herbs and stuff if anybody got hurt since I knew alot of first aid, I was also an alternative hunter if someone needed to recover on the hunter team. Steven was the blacksmith, and Kenny and Gage were the camp scouts, kindof like the guards for when we left to do something away from the camp. Anyways, at about 9:00 that morning we ate a good breakfast (Cooked snapping turtles) and did some of our jobs. At about 11:00 we had already extended the tree villages walkways with alot of bamboo, Kenny, Gage, and Michael started working on the first building in our tree village. It would be like the hut we had on the ground except safer. Steven smelted light scrap metal that was in the junk pile by the coast that morning, and made metal buckets, that's when he also created the very first pickaxes that the hunter/miners could use in our tribe. They had a wooden handle and the metal that stuck out on both sides was shaped perfectly for a pickaxe, we tested the metal and it was magnetic, so it was iron. I rested a little while after I watered the peanut plants and pepper plant which were growing fast and made a wooden pole for the pepper plant to grow up on since the plant grows alot of vines. That's when Parker walked up. "Wanna go spy on the other tribe?" He proposed. "Sure." I said. Tanner and Michael both had left to find a cave that they could mine for minerals in, so we didn't have metal weaponry... Yet. Since we didn't have Parker's bone machete anymore he was going to use an extra pickaxe that Steven had made. Pickaxes make good weapons. I took my stone-knob rungu, which I had polished with some elbow grease earlier in the morning. We left to go north, where the 5th graders, with Bobby and Zach, had settled. We made it 20 minutes later and began to move stealthily

behind the brush of the area. We could hear people walking and mashing on things. We hid behind two bushes and looked. Apparently they were creating fort walls. 5th graders, both boys and girls, were all working like ants by carrying stacks of bamboo and there were about 3 wooden ladders by the bamboo they already placed into the ground. Some of the people had large stone hammers that they were using to brutally force the bamboo into the ground by each other. A few minutes later they would get off of the ladders, pick the ladders up with 2 people, and place them where they would add another giant stick of bamboo. They were very strict where they placed them. After a few minutes of spying, Parker motioned for me to follow him. He began to sneak silently past a large row of trees in the way of the 5th graders' sight. I followed. We were on the east side of the perimeter, and we came across a large dirt path they had cleared. It was a road. Two large bamboo fences were siding by the road on each side. The road entered into their camp. We could go inside from here. Parker looked for a minute inside and we could see the huts that they lived in. They were very close to the bamboo fence. That's when someone walked out and we hid behind the thick row of trees to where he couldn't see. The person was a male, supposedly a hunter, he had a bow in his right hand. I don't know all of the 5th graders' names and can't identify all of them, maybe it's because of the very large amount of people in their class. After the hunter passed, Parker began to stealthily enter the gate. I followed. He hid behind one of the huts and slid behind it which was between the bamboo fence and the hut itself. He moved so I could do the same. That's when I saw the reasoning, there were 5 people passing by on the road that went 2 ways now. 2 of them entered a hut. I could hear the crackling of a fire and the smell of roasted turkey. It made me hungry again, but we had to spy and see what they might be planning. Parker switched places with me in the tight space and looked towards a large hut that was above the ditch. I recognized it as the hut that Bobby and Zach were living inside, with the trench that led up to it above the muddy hills. It must've been for the governmental classes of the tribe. This could mean they had all their plannings and plots in that building. Parker was just about to head towards it, when all of a sudden a loud tribal horn was blown into from the north. It sounded like it was some kind of horn made by an Indian back in the 1600's or something. It was loud and caused a small echo after it was blown into. It seemed

to cause a stir-up. People began talking and walking out of their huts, we could see them. They were walking up the road going north, which was the path that took you to where Me, Michael, and Lee were all kept as prisoners. A large crowd of 5th graders was emerged. Finally everyone was gone, they were all far up the path. That's when we were interrupted from making a move by Bobby, Zach, with Ian and Patrick guarding them. They walked out of the large hut and walked down the trench and came out. We hid farther behind the hut. We could hear them walking up the dirt path. Something ceremonial was going on. "I think they might be moving a prisoner or something." Parker suggested. I thought so to. He then made a move out from behind the hut and paced past the dirt path into the trench that led to the large hut. I followed after him. We walked up the path into the large hut. It was empty of any guard. Good.

Inside was the leather mats that the 2 bully chiefs sat upon, and beside it was somewhat-crumbled parchment papers with some small ink-blots on it. I picked them up and opened one up and handed the rest to Parker. I looked onto the parchment paper and examined a drawing on it. It was a diagram of a boat. They were going to make a wooden boat. It would be 13 yards wide and 13 yards long. There would be a wooden log layer beneath the top deck to float the boat and the top would be soft straw. It seemed like a paradise boat. Parker was reading another paper and handed it to me then. The paper had a small map drawn on the bottom with two sentences on the top. It read:

Transport Boat Route. This transport boat will be used to access the island that we discovered.

Apparently, they had their own island that they discovered not far from the one we were on. Who would've known we were part of a group of islands perhaps? The other parchment papers gave more detailed information. The island, observed from on the mountain by the stone beach, had several caves that the "Tropic Bull Tribe" would use for smithing. After we got this info, we decided to leave the papers there since they would notice that they were gone. Parker put them back in the place that we got them and we walked to the door. That's when we heard footsteps. Someone was coming. We hid on the two sides of

the doorway. It was a 5th grade swordsman. He must've been on patrol. He entered right past us and I sensed he thought he saw something. He began to turn around, with a sharp bone sword in his hand. Parker then put the pickaxe he had in his makeshift vine belt quickly but tightly and ran up to him and grabbed him in a sleeper hold . The swordsman dropped his sword, then passed out in Parker's grip. Parker dragged the body outside and I took the sword, following and helping Parker with the chubby boys body. He then dropped the body in a bush behind the hut. I dropped the sword by the unconcious body. "Well, better than nothing." Parker said while wiping his hands together. "Yep." I acknowledged. Parker began to sneak up the hill and I followed him stiffly. He was going towards where the crowd had gone. We made it to the large stone wall to the left that surrounded the circle-shaped barren opening where the jail was at. We hid behind the stone and saw that the crowd was still there. They were all whispering things to each other. I looked up. Matthew was in the center of the area, holding Cole, while the crowd kept a distance away. Cole was taken as prisoner. They found Cole before we did. Cole was fighting him while he was twist tied. "Stop it!" Matthew demanded to Cole. He then pushed Cole on the ground and grabbed his spear made of a wooden stick and sharp bone. He pointed it right towards his neck. "Stop it unless you want to die now." Matthew said. Cole was suppressed and stiff on the ground. 2 guards came out of the crowd and pulled Cole up violently. The three soldiers marched while escorting Cole towards the dirt path out. We followed them on top of the mossy hill while hiding behind bushes and some trees. The crowd followed from behind then stopped at the rows of huts. The soldiers continued so we both followed swiftly and silently. Everything they were announcing was already over, we had missed it by reading the papers. Whatever they were doing though, it was important. I continued to follow the crowd with Parker. The guards came to a halt by the path that exited the village. They then turned and left the village. Me and Parker weren't going to be seen by running past the dirt road where the crowd had stopped at. I looked back to the crowd. They were now doing things like normal. Some were cooking, some were walking in and out of their huts, and others were talking to neighbors or bartering. Part of the crowd walked on the path to where the other huts were and began to do the same. Me and Parker had to follow this escorting of our friend Cole. Parker took the

chance and ran swiftly past and out of the village. I jumped off the mossy hill into the wide ditch and did the same. We followed down the path that they had created. Parker then detoured and went on the side of the road that was beginning to rise, creating a hill of grass and trees. I followed into the trees too. He was taking a stealthy shortcut. We finally caught up with the escort. The 2 guards, Matthew, and Cole were still following the path that turned to the north. "Why are you moving me there?" Cole asked angrily after a few minutes later. The guards didn't answer, but Matthew did a minute later. "We're taking you to the other island because we've already got a settlement. The other 6th graders won't find you there. This remains a secret." Matthew explained slowly. They finally came to a clearing. We were reaching the beach, the trees began to disappear and the escort walked out onto the sand. We hid among the trees and watched. The boat we had seen earlier on paper was now real. It was large and sitting on the shore. 3 more guards were waiting by the boat. Matthew, Cole, and the 2 guards all boarded the boat. The 3 other guards boarded too. They didn't have their weapons out and all 6 guards went on the sides of the boat, picked up large, crude, wooden oars and began to paddle in a rhythm. They were now disembarking. Parker scanned the ocean. He then pointed out towards a big bulge in the horizon. It was another island in the distance. The island was barely 1 half football field and 1 full one away. We could see small details from where we were, the beach had lots of stones on it, and there was another forest that covered it too. Me and Parker were now done spying this New World. We walked away from the enemy camp and went back home. We made it by afternoon. We ate lunch and supper, explaining about what we learned from spying. We slept the night off inside of a brand new hut that we had in the tree village.

Week 2 - Day 3

We all woke up early the next morning to begin making plans to save Cole. Steven began working at 4:00 that morning to create metal weapons. The other day, Michael and Tanner did find a cave not far from camp that we could only access easily. Although the only problem was it had mostly copper instead of iron, so we were using bronze age weaponry. The good thing is that the Tropic Bulls Tribe didn't even have iron yet. Steven made a Bronze Age styled machete that was made of copper for Parker. The fire axe we had broke that

morning too, so he made a bronze axe, and made me a copper mace with a wooden handle. It was a blunt weapon with special ridges made to stun people. He made a bronze spear for Michael and made a new bronze shiv that he tied to his cane. He then made a bronze sword for Gage, Tanner, Lee, and Kenny. After that, the hunters went and killed their first wild cow and skinned it and got leather. They tanned the leather and then we all made holsters for our weapons. Gage, Tanner, Lee, and Kenny made sword holsters, I made a leather mace holster, Parker made a holster that fit his machete, but Steven didn't make one since he had his weapon tied to his cane. He was doing well with his broken legs. They were healing fast since he was well fed usually. After that we ate some yummy steak on a stick that we all grilled over our campfire for breakfast. We made our own cups out of wood now so we didn't have to eat by the river/waterfall. Some of us got showers and then we were ready at about 8:00 that morning. Our plan was to wait until the boat came in, hijack it, and then head to the island where they were holding Cole.

Kenny and Gage both came along with us instead of staying at base since Eric proposed to watch the camp today. We began to head out. We made it to the beach 25 minutes later where we got into positions. Today was mid-cloudy. The day was bright. We waited while Steven scoped the area with a telescope he created. "They're coming." He told to everyone. I could see several guards boarding the boat that was staked into the shoreline to keep it from moving. They then removed the stake and grabbed the oars and began to row over towards our shore. They made it about 3 minutes later since today was windy. They started to get off the boat when Parker yelled, "ATTACK!!" we ran out. They all turned around at us shocked with wide-eyes. I took my mace out and knocked a guard out of the boat into the water. Everyone else did the same. Michael was poking someone in their butt to get out. They were all stunned and began to run away. "Everybody, row!" Parker commanded. We grabbed the oars and got into positions on the boat to row ourselves towards the island. It was hard because the waves were very high and pushing us everywhere. We made it near the island 5 minutes later. I saw people coming to the shore. They knew we were here because they were watching the boat. They were archers watching over the shore of the island, I could see bamboo towers on the side of the island now where

they watched over, these towers were hidden. Some of the archers stayed while others sprang into action and climbed ladders up to the top of these towers. I could see them quickly pull out wooden arrows from their quiver and put them in their perfectly-crafted recurves. They pulled back the bows and aimed a little upwards at us as we rowed. They then fired. I saw a swarm of arrows going in the air and coming down to rain on us. "Move!" I said and scrambled to dodge the arrows. They all fell and bounced around on the shaky boat. "I'll try to keep them off!" Michael said. He ran up and got his bow out and began to fire at them. They tried dodging the arrows that he was shooting. He even used some of the arrows still in the boat. We had to use extreme elbow grease to pull ourselves now, the wind was kicking in harder and we were dodging arrows. They were still reloading and then did the same. They aimed and fired another swarm of arrows at us. There were about 6 archers in all. We finally got close enough to walk out. Everyone dropped their oars and hopped out into the shallow water. Me and Parker jumped out and pulled the boat up onto the shore. The archers began to run away except one, he sat there stupidly looking. Parker ran up to him and knocked him onto the sand and aimed his machete in his face. The archer looked very scared and began to crawl back. I began to run into the forest like everyone. The forest was dense, then we came across a smaller stone mountain with a cave in it. There were two 5th grade miners. They looked at us and dropped their pickaxes, they fled into the cave. We ignored them and continued into the woods. Finally, we all came across a very large opening. It was a grass field with some boulders. The field led up to a hill where another group of huts were. There were some people building a bamboo fortification around the place, some of them stared down at us running towards it and stopped working. They began to run away. That's when a group of soldiers began to run towards us. It was about 6 swordsmen. They ran up to melee range and began swinging. One swung at me and everything turned black, I was about to faint, I began to fight back and dodged his incoming swings. I then picked up two hands on the mace and hit the swordsman on the head. His head was bleeding and he fell onto the ground, he was unconscious. I was shaking like crazy, so was everyone else except Parker. He was just now getting here and began fighting instantly. We finally knocked down the group of swordsmen and continued into the town. The village was deserted. Some people were still

in their huts. They were hiding, but we could easily see them inside. Apparently, by this morning, a bunch of people had moved into this new village, maybe it was to escape from us. Although we weren't evil, we were the good guys.. Maybe they just had a different perspective. From what Bobby and Zach told the 5th graders, that we were trying to kill them. All we were doing was saving our friend Cole. We ran down in the village where huts were beginning to fade away from civilization. I knew that they liked to keep the prisoners away from the people so we were going the right way. Suddenly an archer jumped from out of some trees ready to fire. He then shot Kenny in the foot and made him fall. I turned around. The archer was smiling at the sight. I ran up to him and hit him right across the face and nose and made his mouth bleed alot. He fell to the ground and passed out while bleeding greatly. I looked at Kenny. He was hurt. The arrow had went almost completely through his leg. We had to make an emergency stop. Parker, Lee, and Tanner left to go find Cole. I ran up to the unconcious archer behind Kenny and ripped his shirt into small cotton-fabric rags. I put some in my pocket and ran to Kenny. "This might hurt, but it will be quick. Take deep breaths and close your eyes." I instructed. I then cautiously but quickly pulled the arrow out of his lower right leg. It began to bleed more since I pulled it out, but it would keep him mobile. I then put the rag on his leg and grabbed most of the twine in my pocket and tied all of it around his leg where the rag was to keep it on. The rag was mostly soaked with blood now. "Okay. We can slowly begin to move." I said while me and Michael picked Kenny up off the ground onto his feet. Steven followed behind and watched our backs. 2 swordsmen were now chasing up the dirt road and Steven saw them. He picked his cane up and fought the two. He shanked one in the arm and knocked him down, then kicked the 2nd off his feet and pointed the shank at him. The 2nd swordsman dropped his sword, got up and ran away. We continued up the path. Lee, Tanner, and Parker came back with Cole in Parker's arms. We all ran back the way we came. When we got to the forest, we could hear other people running with us. "YOU WILL NOT SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY EVER AGAIN AFTER THIS!" Yelled someone from my far right. We ran towards the boat and hopped on. Parker put Cole down who was now concious, for some reason he wasn't earlier. "Where am I?" Cole asked. He got up. Suddenly two archers came out. One fired an arrow towards us.

The arrow shot up and fired down towards Cole. He was about to turn around when.. The arrow landed sharply into his head. He collapsed onto the side of the boat with an arrow through his head. He fell off. I looked at his body, horrified. Some others did too. We began to row away quickly from the island. Cole was dead. He had died from an archer's arrow.

We began to get away from the island. An overcast had come over the island. We could hear thunder. It began to rain. We all rowed the boat as hard as possible towards our island. We finally made it near the island, that's when... An archer from our island was on the mountain. There was another person who might have just been a villager, he was holding a torch. He lit a rag-covered arrow that the archer had and the archer pulled the bow back. Me and Michael saw him. He fired towards our boat. Some of us could barely see in the rain. The arrow then landed and everyone looked for it. The arrow caught the straw-covered boat on fire. The fire grew furiously towards us. We sprang up. Steven had his cane up. The fire came closer, and closer, surrounding us. It got so close that the embers burnt some of my face and I could smell the fire. We had to jump. Parker jumped out, then Steven, then Michael, then *Everyone!* I fell into the cold water and held my breath. I looked around, Kenny was sinking to the bottom, I remembered: He couldn't swim with a leg wound like that. Steven was capable of doing it since his legs were almost healed. I ran under Kenny and picked him up with the water. We all bobbed up for air. We were almost to the island. I swam with Kenny still trying to breath towards the island. He was heavy for me but I could make it still. Finally we all made it to the shoreside. We rested for a few seconds. Then we remembered, the Archer. I looked up to see if he was there. He wasn't. I began to pick Kenny up. That's when I heard the vibration of a bow string. I looked up and an arrow was wailing towards us. Kenny was now awake and got out of my hands. The arrow fell and hit him again...

He had died too. The arrow hit him in the head. I picked up his body and began to run with everyone else. I began to cry some. We had lost a great friend... We had lost two great friends..

We made it back to the tree village 30 minutes later. It was slower than usual. I fell onto my knees and dropped Kenny. I began to cry more. "Why. Why did they do this to us!!!"

I asked angrily at nothing. These were tears of anger, tears of loss, tears of losing two friends to two bullies. "Why did Bobby and Zach make these FOOLS DO THIS!!?" I yelled. Parker came behind me and patted me on the back. "Listen, Kenny might still be alive.." Parker said. "How?" I asked still angry. "He didn't hit him in the head. He shot him in the ear." Parker said. I looked at Kenny's body. He was right. I pulled the arrow out since it wouldn't do too much damage. "But Cole.." I said. "Cole is no longer with us, that is a fact." I continued. Everyone had a moment of silence. That's when Kenny's body began to move. "Ugh..." He groaned. "Kenny?" I asked the body. "Where am I?" Kenny asked. He looked around. "You're in a big mess right now." I said. I picked him up. "What did you say?" He asked. I had forgotten. His ear. "Well. You will soon remember, pal. For now, I'll need to see you later. You got shot in the ear and lower leg by an arrow." I told Kenny. "Unfortunately, we did lose Cole.." I said. The rain began to stop, and so did the thunder. Eric was asleep in our tree village but woke up because of the comotion. "I heard everything." He said. He then pulled down the vine ladder for everyone to go up.

That summed up the day. One of the people who will be mourning the death of our great friend would be Lee. They were best bro's. God has a better place for Cole now though, he won't have to deal with what we did. He left this island quick instead of slowly and painfully like us. This ends to now, we are in our leaf beds writing our journals. It's about 9:00 at night, nothing interesting happened the rest of the day. I checked Kenny's leg and ear, they both will heal soon like Steven's legs will. I'm glad that God spared Kenny. He went through the pain of getting shot in the leg AND ear, but he will heal soon, I also tended the farm after the rain stopped and our plants are doing fine. Steven took a good rest after all that blacksmithing this morning and we ate extra cow meat that was still on the cow for supper. Atleast we tried to save Cole, and tomorrow we will need to get better prepared. Good night, Journal.

- David

Rest In Peace, Cole Stacy.

When you go to war against your enemies and see horses and chariots and an army greater than yours, do not be afraid of them, because the LORD your God, who brought you up out of Egypt, will be with you.

Deuteronomy 20:1

Chapter 08 "Boldodor Prison"

Week 2 - Day 6 Journal Entry

Hello, Journal... Today.. Well last night, I've been jailed and will be facing... *Gulp*. Capital Punishment, soon.. I will explain. I'm writing this at like 2:00 in the morning. I can't sleep.

We all woke up early the next day, I had established 4 hygienic rules for our tribe described on paper that was hammered into a tree.

These 4 terms were very important to avoid tropical diseases like Malaria, which could be transmitted from any mosquito and caused 1.2 million deaths to the population of Africa, mostly children. Anyhow, we continued to do jobs until about 11:10 AM after breakfast. Parker seemed to sense something was wrong.

"I know that they're coming.." Parker said in the tree village, sharpening his machete with a rock. "What makes you think that?" I asked. "They are going to want revenge, no matter if they kinda won that raid or not." Parker plainly explained. Me and him were sitting on the edge of the tree village's walkway, with our feet dangling down. I looked out into the forest with the largest trees I've ever seen. He then got up, threw the rock down, and sheathed his machete. He then picked up a pickaxe on the ground. "Well, I'm going mining." Parker said. "Okay, good luck." I entreated. He then went down the ladder and left toward the cave. Gage then walked up from the forge. "What was that about?" He asked and sat beside me. "Parker senses that the bullies might be coming soon." I said. "Why does he think that?" Gage asked curiously. "Maybe it's because of yesterday, even though we lost that raid, they will still be wanting to punish us. They have prisons, you know." I explained. "Yeah." Gage regarded. I picked my mace up and acted like I was swinging at someone. "If they do come, they'll have to take me down first." I boldly claimed. I stopped swinging. Steven then walked up. "Hey guys, check this out!" He said. "I made a bronze rounded shield." I looked to him. He was holding a large rounded shield like he said. It was wooden but had copper lining around the edges. This would be perfect for combat. "Can I have it?" I requested in an innocent way. "Sure," He said. "But everyone will eventually have one." He handed it to me.

It looked awesome, it was something that people like the romans used during war. I held onto the handle. "I want one!" Gage exclaimed to Steven. "Alright." Steven said patiently going back to the forge. Michael came from out of the forest. "Have you seen Raja today??" Michael asked up to us looking everywhere. He had been looking for Raja since yesterday, that's why he didn't take Raja on the operation. "No." I called back. "Do you think that the bullies did anything?" I asked Michael. "Maybe.." Michael regarded. Steven still had Lightning with him, but poor Lightning was too young and still learning than to come along with Steven on our adventures. Steven had Lightning on his shoulder as he worked on top of the stone cliff. That's when Parker and Tanner came with their pickaxes out of the forest they went into earlier today. "Guys!" Parker shouted to us. "They're coming! Get in the tree village!" Michael, Tanner, Parker, and Eric, who were all on the ground started up on the ladder very quickly. Eric came last and pulled the vine ladder all the way up. Parker quickly dropped his pickaxe and picked up a bow by the hut we had. He got some arrows lying around, and then everyone, including me, did the same, but I dropped the shield I had. By now I could hear people running and bushes rustling. I looked over the ledge of our tree village and saw an archer taking cover behind our shower. He had another perfect recurve bow with some odd looking arrow. This arrow had an odd head, the head was a flat, wooden knob. Parker was beside me and said, "These arrows are their own invention probably. I'm supposing they use it to knock people down without harming them potentially." The archer then pulled back the string and peeked at us. He then fired and I dodged behind the ledge. The odd arrow hit into the canopy and disappeared. I looked back down, another archer was aimed straight towards me, but I was too. He then fired and I did too, the incident happened slowly.

I finally knew I missed. His knob-arrow hit me in my foot while I was crouching. I then lost my balance, and tried to grab onto the tree village. I then fell down! Everything grew dark as I collapsed and then hit the cold ground, my back was stinging with pain. "David!!" Michael called looking down from the tree village. He aimed behind me, and fired. I heard someone fire behind me with an arrow and saw the arrow fly by towards Michael. He jumped back. I then saw someone, I was injured and couldn't move. I tried to grab the arrow

from my bow, but the archer kicked the arrow away and tied my hands. "No!" I screamed and pushed the archer. He kicked me over and continued to twist-tie my hands behind my back. He then continued to fight. I kicked myself back over and looked around. The archer was now in front of me and ignoring me. I crawled up to a tree and picked myself up off the ground, then I went towards the sharp arrow beside my bow that was broken from the impact. I picked it up with my tied-together hands and moved it around. I then began to cut the twist tie slowly. The archer then fired and ran to a bush away from me. I then walked behind another bush to hide myself. I continued to cut away at the twist tie. I finally cut it in half and my hands were free. I dropped the arrow and stealthily ran under the brush towards the archer. I took out my mace that was in my holster. I picked it up with 2 hands behind the archer and swung towards his head. I hit him in the back of the head and he collapsed to the ground. I picked up his bow and took the cover that he had. I aimed the knob at a bow that an archer was holding, because Tanner was aiming towards this archer, too. I fired and knocked the bow out of his hands. He was dazed for a minute and Tanner fired. It hit the 12 year old archer in the arm. He screamed and fell. Suddenly I felt my mace hit me in the back of the head and it stung. A black shadowy curtain blurred my vision as I fell to the ground. I had passed out.

I woke up. It was night. I looked around and noticed I was in a boat. This boat was made of wood and straw like the other. 5th graders were rowing the boat towards the other island. "Whe-" I asked, but then quickly noticed that my mouth was covered with duct tape. I was tied to a log that went upright. I looked up, it was another sail made of silk or linen, still couldn't tell. The sail was closed. I looked around and saw that it was a mid-cloudy night. The moon was covered with a cloud, making it darker. I saw the island ahead. We were already almost there. They had me prisoner. We finally made it to the shore. One of them put their oar down and picked up a stake that was tied to the boat by a tough looking vine. He hopped out and stabbed it deep into the sand. "Come on, guys." He commanded. Everyone else dropped their oars and then swarmed me. One untied me to the sail. My hands were free after this and I tried to escape. Everyone grabbed me and I couldn't move. One tied the twist tie to just my hands. "Follow him." One commanded. I pushed them out of the way with my

shoulders and followed the one guard in front of all. The others followed from behind. I saw that Cole's dead body in the water was gone. The one guard in front of all went inside past a bamboo tower they had constructed with vines. I hated having this duct tape on my mouth, I wanted to say something, but couldn't. We walked half a mile until we came across the opening we had the day before, and the cave with the miners. He walked towards the huts above a grassy hill. By now, I noticed that the guard was actually a girl. She had a pony tail hidden inside a bamboo helmet that was shaped for a head, and you could see the pony tail poke out by her face. We made it up to the huts. No one was active, but several huts had fires going in their tiny yards by the dirt path. We went down on the path and reached where Kenny had gotten shot in the leg. We past there and reached 2 different paths. The female guard took the right path. About another half mile, we reached another grassy opening. This opening was extremely wide. It was like a battlefield.. And sitting right in the center of this battlefield was a giant fort. The fort had a tall fence made of timber logs that looked like those Lincoln Logs, except on top they had logs as cover for archers and stuff. I saw an archer sitting on top of this base, scouting the area. There was one way inside, it was a drawbridge made of bamboo. There was also a moat around the fort that was empty. This moat had wooden spikes stuck in the dirt as it went down into the deep moat. "Welcome to Boldodor Prison!" exclaimed one of the guards behind me. We were now near the drawbridge and the archer above saw us and had navigated down. The female guard paused with her spear and I paused as well. I waited, suddenly the bridge started to move down. The drawbridge was pulled up and down by two ropes. They sure did make this fort in the nick of time, and the fort was perfectly secured. The girl continued to move inside. I followed inside too onto the drawbridge and inside the base. The archer sat to the side with his bow in hand, saluting. Inside was brightened by tiki torches. There were 2 log buildings inside the fort. There was also one large building made of cobblestones. The cobblestone was put together with sticky looking mud. The girl took me into the stone building. Inside was wall mounted torches and there were bamboo cages. There were 2 people inside of 2 of the cages. One was punching the wall, then screamed. The other was trying to sleep. The girl opened one of the bamboo cage gates and put me inside. She then tore the duct tape off of my mouth and untied me.

She ran out and closed the gate. I pushed at the gate but it wouldn't open. She laughed like an evil person and walked away. The bamboo gate I was in was larger than the others. My feet hurt from all the walking so I stayed on the ground. I stayed in there for about 2 hours trying to sleep, which was very near this time I'm writing. I then heard footsteps on the stone. I looked and saw Patrick, one of the few guards I actually knew. He was holding no other than Steven. Steven still had the splints on. "Let go of me!" He yelled. "Never." Came the simple reply. He walked up to my cage and opened the gate. I ran up to exit but he pushed me back. I fought him then he threw Steven inside and wrestled me. I tackled him and almost stole the bone spear he had when the girl came back in. "Stop now!" She screamed and got her spear out and ran to me. I stopped wrestling Patrick and put my hands up. "Get. Back. In. THE CAGE!" She yelled angrily. I walked back in and she then untied Steven and closed the gate. Her and Patrick both walked out but Patrick looked at me like he was going to kill me until he exited the building. Ugh.

After that, the archer I saw earlier came inside. He had some parchment paper in one hand and a glass of ink in the other, he also had a feather. He put his hands through our cage and dropped the papers, ink, and the feather. "I think you like using these." He said and left. That escalated quickly. And that's where it ends here. Soon, I'll probably be facing capital punishment (Death) unless I escape. I'll try to get some sleep and let Steven write if he wants... Nevermind, he's fast asleep.

- David

Chapter 09 "Dead Leader"

Week 2 - Day 7

I woke up the next morning. Steven had already awoken and was writing something on one row of cobblestones. It was tally marks, he stroke a second mark and stopped. Then he began to draw on the wall because he was bored I guess. I yawned and just layed down. I noticed that our vine belts and our backpacks were gone. Dangit, why would they want what we had in our plastic backpacks? "Hey, you scumbag, stop that!" Demanded Matthew who was staring at Steven while walking down the corridor of cells. He walked to our cage and stopped. "So you two woke up. What a suprise. It's already dinner time you two, you skipped breakfast. It's yard time so come on." He said. He grabbed a shiny spear with a sling that was on his back. It was made of iron or silver, most likely iron, the blade was the only metal part of it. "I have a question." Steve said with a delay. "What would that be, scumbag?" "Why the heck is this place called Boldodor Prison like it's some kind of medieval trash?" He asked. I had the same question, this place had one weird name, but it wasn't the most important question in my mind. Matthew didn't answer his question. He shot a offended look at both of us and opened the cage. "Get out here, you first David, Steven you wait." Matthew commanded. He got a twist tie out of his pocket and tied my hands tightly. I was turned towards the cages. I noticed that the 2 other prisoners were now gone from their cells, I'm supposing they were already at this so-called "Yard" time (Prison logic). He moved me out of the way and Steven came out. He got tied the same way too, super tight just because Matthew knows how we are. He was treating us like maximum security inmates or something like that. "Follow me." Matthew said with a "eyes-on-you" look. We followed behind him with me first. He led out the widened exit of the stone and mud building. We walked on the grass across the entire fortress. He led us to a large bamboo gate in the very corner of the perimeter. He removed a large wooden log from 3 pegs that were used to lock prisoners in. He opened the gate. "Enjoy your stupid selves." He snarled at us and pushed us both inside. The gate closed quickly behind him. There were more prisoners than there were yesterday, apparently. Bobby and Zach must have made "Laws" in their territories. There were now 7

other inmates here. I scanned the entire Yard. The place was nothing but grass. There was one area in the right corner that was a porch made of bamboo, I'm guessing it was a hangout area. There were 4 inmates sitting there. They were like us, normal battered clothes, nothing fancy like those orange jumpsuits. The other 3 were exercising and running around the course. 2 of those exercisers were pretty heavyweight and were running, while the other one was pretty fast and was beating the two others. Eventually the 2 chubby guys began to get faster as me and Steven walked towards the bamboo patio. There were leather mats to sit on there and talk. Somewhat nice. "Welcome to hell." Greeted one of the inmates. "What's happening?" I asked and sat down on the patio with the others. "Nothing much, we got here only this morning at about 3:00. I hate this jail already." He said. "What are you jailed for?" Steven asked. "What am *I* in for? Oh nothing, just defending myself." He answered. "It's pure bull crap, a guard accused me of stealing when I was roasting meat on a fire. He came up and kicked my fire out and then put me on the ground. I kicked him in the face and he arrested me. I have a girlfriend I have to take care of, but I was taken to jail, I know she isn't doing so well without me. Only men are allowed out of the villages so she can't go hunt for food or do work other than inside our hut." "Then why is there a female guard?" I asked. "There is??" He asked furiously. He looked angry and put his hands on his face. "So what are you two in for?" He asked from under his palms. "We're from the other tribe, the 6th graders. I got knocked unconscious during a raid from your tribe and now I'm here." I told. "The same happened to me not too long afterwards." Steven renewed. "Uh-huh." The guy said. "My name is Jimmy." He told. "I'm Steven." said well, you know who said that. "I'm David." I said after Steven. "How about we break out of this dump?" Jimmy asked with a devilish grin. "Good idea." Me and Steven said at the same time.

Me and Jimmy went to where guards could see us and began yelling at each other and arguing. "Hey, HEY!" Yelled an archer guard from above. "Cut that out, now!" He continued to scold. "Gunther! Go stop them!" He commanded to a spearman. He scrambled down a ladder. Soon the door began to open. A spearmen charged at us after the door completely opened. He pointed the spear at us. Steven sneaked behind the spearman with his wooden splint in his hand. He then knocked the guard out with a blunt end of it and put the splint

back on. Steven grabbed the spear and took a stone-bladed dagger out of a holster on the spearman's leather belt. He threw it to me and I caught it. All the inmates including us took the chance to escape. An archer ran up to a bronze drum that was hanging on 2 bamboo sticks. He grabbed a large wooden hammer and began to bang on the drum while yelling "ESCAPING PRISONERS!", it was their fortress alarm system. Soon enough guards began to run out of some of the wooden buildings. Some were swordsmen, others were spearmen. I noticed a new looking guard on the fort wall. He was holding a javelin. I knew exactly what to call him, a skirmisher, or light infantry, who back in the iron-ages and even middle ages, usually took javelins. He aimed the sharpened javelin far above Steven's head and threw it with brutal force, which was what you're supposed to do with a javelin. It came fast. Steven reacted quickly and took cover behind a wooden building to the right as the javelin hit the ground. The guards began to swarm the direction all of us were heading. We were nearly outnumbered. "Archers, you are permitted to free fire!" Commanded the female officer who was apparently somewhere in the swarm. There were archers above us, most of them were using long bows but some even had recurves that the tips were curving away from the person holding them. Several fired. Two of them went straight for the 2 chubby kiddo's and hit one of them in the head. Blood spewed everywhere as he staggered backwards and hit the wall while his corpse shriveled together, he was indeed, well... Dead. Soon things began to turn from a normal fight to a brutal massacre. Many people got severely bruised and cut because prisoners were unarmed and punching while the guards had sharp swords and spears to cut and pierce with. Steven rammed through the crowd of guards into the back of them. I went back into the fight after taking cover from an archer. 2 of the spearmen blocked and rammed into the other prisoners, excluding Jimmy, me, and Steven, they hit the wall with hard force which caused them to exit the fight, the 2 heavyweight kids were dead while the other ones surrendered to the law enforcement here in the Tropical Bull Tribe territory. Me, Jimmy, and Steven continued to fight. Jimmy had stolen a sword and began to slice at the guards, some of the guards lost complete morality and began to run away desperately crying, while others were braver and fought to the death, or got chopped up in severe injury. We weren't going to stay trapped inside this prison full of guards who work for two extremely evil tyrants. Steven

was behind the spearmen, trapping most of them in. The huge crowd of guards began to disappear, and the only 3 left were no other than Patrick, Matthew, and the other, well, female captain person. The girl ran, and so did Patrick. "Where do you two think your going? Get back here and help me fight these fools!" Matthew demanded, but it did no good. Matthew sat there stunned, he had the most frightful expression on his face. "We can work this out.. I'm only a poor commander of a whole entire group of kids who are used to guard our territories and keep laws in tact, am I right?" He asked innocently while backing up. He dropped his spear. I wasn't going to let him go, in fact I was going to do something that must be done, there's nothing else to do, I would feel bad, but it would be one less problem to worry about, the Tropical Bull Tribe Offense-Defense Division, which I later learned was what it was called. They were responsible for raids and guarding of the territories, and their one and only leader was Matthew himself, he was responsible for every raid, he would listen to what Bobby and Zach told him to do and he would obey even the most evil commands. I grabbed Matthew by his neck and began to walk up the steps to the top of the walls where the archers guarded. "I am very sorry, my friend." I said sincerely, I felt bad for doing what was about to be done, but it just **had** to be done. Jimmy said there was a large hole where a mine was right beside the fortress. I looked down and saw it. I said. I let go of my grasp on Matthew beside the hole and he fell down the hole screaming. Soon, the screaming suddenly stopped. Matthew was gone. I could tell that it was now afternoon, and I was hungry. "Let's leave." I commanded. We began to leave through the gate and hurried down the dirt path. "Take the path past the village, it's a shortcut." Jimmy told. Instead of taking the path that went through the village, we continued down the path past the other one. It reached a dead end. "Come on, hurry!" Jimmy rushed. I looked back, and down behind us reinforcements were going to the prison. Gladly, we escaped. We hid in the trees and I followed Jimmy. Soon enough we did reach the coast of this island. We ran towards the large boat. We all 3 grabbed oars as we got on the boat and sat down. We rowed quickly away from the island. Suddenly, I heard a "Huh? What?" Coming from the ground. An archer was sleeping on the boat but had awoken. I picked him up quickly, grabbed his arrows and pushed him out of the boat into the water. "But I CAN'T SWIIIIIIIM!" The archer screamed at us trying to chase the

boat. Not a good idea. Suddenly an arrow hit our boat and bounced out. I looked around. A boat was following us very nearby. The other boat was exactly like ours, I can't believe they made another that quickly, either that or they made it early in the morning. The archer who couldn't swim tried to get in their boat and they pulled him inside. 2 archers were posted in the front of the boat. They were trying to fire at us. "Stop your raft, now!" Commanded a guard. I grabbed the bow and placed all the arrows beside me, they followed the waves and the raft by sliding to one end and back. I grabbed one quickly and loaded my longbow. I peeked above and saw that they were aiming. Steven and Jimmy were both pushing the oars with so much effort that they were nearly sweating blood. "Don't worry, Steven and Jimmy, they'll be taken care of." I assured. Soon one of the arrows hit the boat and bounced again. Then the other. I knew I could fire now. I looked up and aimed at one of the archer's hands. I fired. Direct hit! It hit the archer on the left in his hand. He screamed and dropped his bow in the water. Soon enough he had fallen and was trying to pull it out. I loaded and quickly fired at the other. It missed but bounced on the boat. He was firing at me now and missed while I was under the small wooden barriers around the entire raft. I loaded with another arrow that came towards me and aimed towards the other archer's foot. I shot and hit him straight in the thigh while he tried to take cover. He fell as well. Those two were taken care of. I had an idea. I grabbed three arrows and loaded them all and aimed the bow sideways. I pulled back with great force and fired the 3 arrows. 2 of them hit 2 guards that were using oars and the other bounced. It slowed them down and they soon came to a full halt. I dropped the bow and began to paddle with Steven and Jimmy again. We made it to the shore safely. The other boat had given up and turned around. We disembarked on the boat and I took the remaining arrows and the bow. The arrows I held in my left hand and the bow in my right. We went on the path and came to the turn that went to the enemy territory. "Well, I guess I'll see you two later.." Jimmy said. "Where are you going?" Steven asked. "Remember, I have a girlfriend to watch. I'll act like I never even went to jail." Jimmy reminded. "I might see you two again someday. But for now, farewell friends." He waved as he walked back on the path. We both said goodbye as Jimmy left. "Good luck!" I called to Jimmy. Soon he was gone, and me and Steven were now in the forest going towards our land. We finally reached

home. Michael was the first person I saw. He didn't know it was us for a second but then realized. "You made it!!" He said. Indeed we had. That night we were now comfortable with our belongings as we had before except made brand new. We both explained the day, while Michael and Parker said how they were planning to save us. Many improvements were added to our camp since we were imprisoned, but I'm too tired to explain right now. In the morning, I will tell everyone how we killed Matthew, but for now, he should R.I.P. Take care.

- David

Chapter 10 "Disturbed Update"

Week 3 - Day 2

I forgot to do a journal yesterday, but I was tired. I'm still extremely tired from the giant fight. I'll explain some small things and start with the actual "Journals" tomorrow.

After the death of Matthew, panic has began to happen in the tribal land of the Tropical Bulls. It won't be long until the tribes split again. I sure hope it won't be on my birthday which is on April 12th, and the day we crashed was on March 11th. I would be 13. I can most likely try and calculate that in the moral condition the T.B.T's land is currently in, it will be no more than **1 week** when the tribes split. By then, a certain amount of 5th graders will have the things they need to rebel and escape from Bobby and Zach's rule. This is only unless they get a new captain of their 5th-grader army. Bobby was always an organized person, so there is a possibility everything will remain the same, unless something distracts him from fixing the disruption in his tribe. I'm not even sure if they are concerned or not after the death of Matthew, because Matthew was just a cast-away bully from the most known ones in the whole upper elementary, which were both Zach and Bobby themselves, and those two don't really care about anyone else. The only reason they had that tribe was so they could be their so-called "Cool.". Me, Parker, Michael, and Steven have all been thinking of how we can get ourselves saved and get off the island yesterday morning. We would build a very large raft for all of us and put up a bamboo post in the middle and top it off with a sail made of leather. It would of course crack from dry winds, but we had no other choice. In less than a week we are all planning on leaving the island. The 5th graders we have made friends with have met with us when we sneaked into the T.B.T's village on our island. We had a secret meeting just beside the village walls. The 5th graders are doing the same thing now. They're going to escape captivity and build a refugee camp. After that they will make the same kind of raft as ours, most likely since we won't be totally accurate of where we are going, we and the 5th grade rebels will both probably land in different areas. We may be able to regroup, or we may not. Then, once that's done, we'll find a police station and get

ourselves back home to Mississippi... Hopefully..... Uh, wait one second guys... Michael just said something like a meteor is falling!... Wait no, two, three.. Guys I'll be right back to write.

(Week 3 - Day 3, about 2:00 in the morning.)

Sorry about that awkwardly disturbed update. It's already about 2:00 in the morning. We all were watching something extremely bizarre occur. Michael came up the vine-ladder panting. He was checking snares he had set up a little later than usual. And don't worry, he was carrying a torch with him to see the way. He told us all that there was a giant meteor shower that we should see! We all went to go check out the sight in the sky quickly. We followed Michael to where he was when he saw it. There was no canopy in this area so you could see the sky easily. Michael was right, in front of us were many blazing meteors. It was blazing down towards the north. It was absolutely beautiful.

We will begin building in the morning, and then have our final match with the Tropical Bulls Tribe before we leave the day after that unless things get delayed. A good night, well I mean morning, to you journal.

- *David* (P.S My birthday will probably be when we leave!)

Chapter 11 "The Exodus"

Week 3 - Day 4. The Finale.

I barely got any sleep last night because I was up till 2 yesterday. I will not spoil what's going on until you start reading below, but this will be my **Last Journal**. I will explain what happened yesterday *and* today... Er, well, this morning. I'm yet again sleepy and up at about 3 in the morning. Hopefully I can hurry up and write this thing so I can get some rest.

Yesterday, I woke up a few hours later that morning since I had been up at 2. Raja was licking my face and slobbering all over it. That was one sucky alarm to wake up to in the morning. It was now show time, and everyone else woke up early as well to get the day started. We ate slow-cooked turtle which I cooked turtle. I always wanted to try slow-cooking, and turtle was something you can slow-cook. I never tried turtle before, but it tasted kind-of bitter from being in the mud banks. The way I did it was bury the turtle under the firepit and then light the fire and the turtle will slowly cook overnight. Anyways, food aside, we began work right after our last shower until we get back home. We walked down to the shore and began to construct our raft for all 9 of us.

If you're wondering what happened to the girls of our class, we may never know. The only thing we all could conclude was that they passed the island, but hopefully landed somewhere safely, they certainly was not on the island with us. Good thing, because most of them are drama queens who are extra stomachs to feed for no extra tip. Okay, I'm getting off-course, so I'll cut back to where I was. The 5th graders decided to stay on the island a little longer since they liked it, but soon enough they would leave after us, atleast that was our plan. Their rebel-leader was Jimmy himself and I knew he was the type of guy who gets attached to things easily. We chopped down trees with copper axes and gathered vines and other fibers to tie together our raft slowly. We took a break at about 3 that afternoon and continued to work. We weren't worried about Bobby and Zach since they were now busy keeping their people from escaping their rule and trying to find a new leader of the bully army. At about 5, Tanner and I were carrying another log to the construction sight when all of a sudden the ground began to shake. "Wait, drop it." I said. The ground was shaking even

harder now. "It's an earthquake!" I called to everyone. Good thing me and Tanner were near the stone beach where a ditch was, actually, almost all of us was near one. Me and Tanner went to it and got inside. Steven, Michael, Gage, and Parker were underneath it. The ground was shaking so hard now that rocks were beginning to fall down into the ditch with us. One hit me in the head and nearly knocked me out, but good thing the others were here too or else I would've lost my consciousness. "When is it gonna be over??" Gage asked while peeking out. "Have no idea." I answered blindly and dizzily. Rocks continued to tumble around and down into the ditch that we had to dodge a few times. Suddenly we all heard a large explosion coming from the distant northeast. "What was that?!?" I'm sure we all really thought. I peeked out and smoke was coming out of the cone-shaped mountain on the east side of the island.

It was a volcano. I looked for any lava spewing out but there appeared to be none. All I saw was large mud chunks and other debris coming out of it. It really scared us. I said to everyone that it was a volcano, and we all better hurry up and build this raft once the earthquake is over. I suppose that the volcano was having a debris flow, which we learned in science of course, because we're students. The only thing I could suppose was that this volcano would probably erupt actual lava soon. If there is already mud chunks and volcanic rocks falling down to the bottom of it then that's probably a warning to us. Another 10 minutes later of dodging rocks that are bouncing around, the earthquake halted. We all sprang back up to build the raft again. We now had to really hurry. We found Eric and the others who weren't in the ditch and immediately continued construction. A few hours later, our raft was complete. All we had to do now was gather food to take with us. Eric had been doing most of that, he would come to help with the construction a few times, but most of the time he was gathering food and other things we could use, including a signalling torch for any passing-by boats or aircraft. We all began foraging for preservable foods like honey, we also cured some of the meat with ashes from fire so it would remain edible for a while. We made rucksacks from hides to take all the black pepper spices along too. After that, we pushed the raft down to the south so it would be concealed from Bobby and Zach. We were now done with it all, and we were extremely tired. We all headed back to the tree village

with sore and sweaty hands and knees from working so hard that we strained. Since we were extremely suspicious of the volcano, someone was going to have to stay on the lookout. We made a plan. Throughout our last night on the island, we would take turns watching for the volcano. Steven made the last weapons to get ready for tomorrow, for our payback. These were made of shining iron and wooden handles. We were ready. We enjoyed a great feast that night. "Cheers." We all said with bamboo-cut cups of bark tea to relieve the pains and cramps we had (Willow bark tea is a pain and fever reducer). We all ate steak-on-a-stick that night, all thanks to Michael, Parker, and the other hunters for finding a group of wild cattle late that evening. After that, Parker was the first person to volunteer to lookout for an hour or two. Everyone else fell asleep including me, and I was the next person to get up and be the lookout. Soon enough, I woke up. Parker was shaking me awake. "It's your turn now." He whispered and crawled into his leaf bed. Alrighty then. I sat down and watched the giant volcano, which we used to think was just a mountain, on the island's eastern side. After about 30 minutes of just dazing at the volcano, something caused a wake-up call. All of a sudden, a flying "Phooooo!!" noise whisked past my head coming from the ground. I pushed myself back nearer to the center of the bamboo boardwalk to where I had cover. Now my perception was extremely sharp and my adrenaline was rushing, that nearly killed me. I crouched and advanced towards the weapon stash. I grabbed a self-bow (A bow made of one piece of wood) and dropped a handful of crude arrows into my bag-backpack. I grabbed another arrow to use now. I peeked out just to where I was hard to hit and scanned for the intruders. I could now hear footsteps crackling the leaves and stomping across the dirt. I finally saw who was attacking, it was archers from Zach and Bobby's rule. They must have some new leader now, probably either Zach or Bobby themselves.

I drew back my bow and aimed for one running. It was a direct hit to the shoulder and he took off running back into the forest screaming. It woke up Parker again. "What's goin' on?" He called. "Archer attack!" I answered back. I drew back the bow again to fire and shot at an archer behind a bush. It stabbed into the bush but didn't hit the archer. More archers came as we defended our grounds. Swordsmen were now coming and so were skirmishers. The skirmishers instantly began firing javelins at us. We were outnumbered. All of the

sudden a noise banged the ground, and the fight froze. It was like time stopped. The giant earthy bang woke up everyone asleep. Suddenly there was another bang. I saw a glow coming from the *volcano*. Hot, glowing lava was spewing out of the volcano deep into the air and falling down onto the volcano's sides. The volcano was erupting.

It was time to leave. The lava was going fast. Suddenly the island roared again and lava was gushing out this time like the volcano was a fountain! The lava was covering the entire volcano. The fight now continued. First, an archer let out a giant battle cry and everyone was roused up. Now, since everyone was awake, we began to all get bows to fire from a defensive position. We all were taking turns firing with large groups, first the archers fired their bows and the skirmishers launched their javelins towards us, then we fired our bows. This went on for about 6 laps around doing the same exact thing, firing, and firing, until suddenly, I noticed in the corner of my eye, the forest was burning. The lava had reached the forest! Smoke clouds were coming towards us. The enemy continued to fight, but we stopped for a moment. This smoke could be our advantage. Suddenly someone began screaming angrily with mixed emotions from below. "HOLD your FIRE, soldiers. This is the end of the *LINE*, David... and you other fools!" Said the nerdish Bobby-voice from below. We all looked down and there stood Zach and Bobby superbly.

"Fools, we all know you and the rebels of our superiority have rafts to try and escape from our island. Here's a deal. Give both of them to all of US and you will live." Zach offered naughtily. "But we won't live for long on this island, just take a look behind you!" Parker said practically. "Atleast we have the common sense not to fall for your stupid tricks." Bobby said, not even looking behind him, nor did Zach. The fire was now raging and coming even closer. The big cloud of smoke was almost about to hit us. "Alright. You better give up that raft, now, we give you only a minute to decide." Zach said with that stupid grin of his. We all noticed the cloud of smoke, but they didn't, nor the fire. The smoke got closer, and closer, while we all just sat there silently waiting while Zach and Bobby were getting impatient. "Alright, you screwups. Times up. You're all dead." Zach grabbed an extremely long vine from behind a tree and used it like a lasso. He then released the lasso-vine and grabbed a hold onto the end of one of the bamboo planks. They could now access the tree village. The

soldiers yelled and screamed and piled onto the vine rope. We all scrambled to grab melee weapons. The soldiers made it to the top in an instant. We were now fighting face-to-face. Suddenly, a cloud of smoke surrounded everyone. The soldiers, including Bobby and Zach, looked around confusingly and began to cough, sneeze, and weeze. They dropped their weapons and began to try to shoo away the smoke but couldn't. We all were holding our breaths. Michael ran to Zach who was stunned and did a final blow. He pushed Zach off the platform, but Zach's pants got stuck on the bamboo. Michael then gave him a look of "Goodbye" and stabbed him in the throat and let him fall instead of hanging. Zach was a man-down. Next was Bobby. Parker and Steven both went up to Bobby and grabbed both of Bobby's arms. They both kicked him in the boy zone at the same time and Bobby screamed like a little girl. Then they let him fall down onto a big stone rock and into the bottom of the creek below. Bobby was gone too. Our bullies were taken care of. The soldiers of Bobby and Zach, on the other hand, were now running away from the smoke, little did they know that they were heading straight for a raging forest fire. Suddenly, Steven threw his cane into the forest and tore off his splint. "FREEDOOOOMMM!!!" He cried out, as we all got back into action.

We quickly let the rope ladder down and skid down it like firemen. The fire was now extremely near, we could even see it from below! We all were sweating and smoke was everywhere. Suddenly, Michael saw Raja and Steven saw Lightning flying towards him away from the fire. Raja was now following Michael and Lightning was on Steven's shoulder. We weren't leaving our wild and furry friends behind. The fire chased us. We all ran through the forest together as one while the fire was trying to race us to our raft. We eventually made it to the beach after several collisions with trees like off of George of the Jungle. We sped to the raft after we noticed it and then we all hopped inside, and Tanner was already letting the linen sail fly up so we could leave the island much faster than with old, crude, and wooden oars. We left the island in less than a few minutes. I looked back, and could see the 5th graders. They were now doing the same, they were raising a leather sail up. I looked back at the island. It looked different now, it was all burnt and glowing with fire. Although it looked extremely depressing now, forest fires would always afterwards cause all new kinds of life,

the island was basically just creating a new generation of plant and wildlife. We all waved the island a final goodbye.

It's now about 4 in the morning and the sky is purple. It's beautiful, but I really need to sleep, of course I know I could just stay up, but I need the sleep. You really do learn a lot after being deserted on an island, you learn that you should always stick together with your friends that you care about, and even though you hate someone, it doesn't mean you always have to harm them in any way, you just have to teach them a lesson that friendship is the most important thing that not even gold or anything valuable could buy. I think I'm losing my mind from this shipwrecking, but at least now we can begin to feel like we really accomplished something. Good night, Journal, and I might see you again someday.

- *David*

Be sure to read the sequel, Minors in Apoc. It is out now! - Hunter

The End.

For those curious, *Minors in Apoc* was the original sequel to this. It followed David and his friends coming back to the southern US to find that the meteor showers they saw had resulted in an apocalyptic wasteland. While in the middle of writing it, I became more interested in making it about island survival again rather than an apocalyptic survival and so I deleted it and made *Minority Isle II* in early 2015, a very ill-fitted and rushed drop-in sequel because by the middle of writing it, much like the middle of *Minors in Apoc*, I became interested in turning the series into a scifi, which resulted in the third installment *Minority Future*. *Minority Isle II* and *Minority Future* were very rushed, unfinished, and poorly written in a time I was homeschooled and away from the same friends that drove me to make it, so I took the liberty of removing them in favor of my original work. Thank you for reading it!