



WELCOME TO IRELAND

By 6th Class

(Ms. Ní Fhaoláin)

1 Marooned on a Deserted Island

It was a nice day in London, Heathrow airport. Phil and Katelyn, two friends, were on their way to Fuerteventura, for a holiday. They were boarding their Ryanair flight. If they had known what was waiting for them in the Boeing 747 jumbo-jet, they never would have boarded it. Within 2 hours, they were flying over the island called Gran Canaria. Phil thought it strange that they weren't coming in to land yet. In the next 10 minutes they were well past Fuerteventura. A voice came over the intercom and it wasn't the pilot's. "There are 2 bombs on each wing. We have thrown all the parachutes out of the door; anyone who wants to jump is welcome to do so. The bombs will detonate in 5 minutes." All hell broke loose on the plane.

A timer popped up on a television screen. To my surprise, some people actually did jump, but most of us stayed on, waiting patiently for our explosive, isolated death. Somebody in an expensive looking suit stood up, quietly claiming to be from the C.I.A. Since we had no other choice, we believed him. He pulled out a G18 pistol from his shirt pocket and tiptoed up to the cockpit, closing the door behind him. 5 shots could be heard and then the C.I.A. agent walked out of the cockpit with a bloodstain on his shirt, but not of his blood, he reassured us. He bravely climbed out onto the wings to disable the bombs, with only 3 minutes left on the clock. He quickly finished with the first wing, but there seemed to be a problem on the second wing. The passengers anxiously watched the clock and said their goodbyes to their family. When the clock reached 20 seconds a child started screaming and pulled his mother's arms off of him and jumped out the door only to be sucked into the huge jet engine, his mother followed his example and disabled the engine! I closed my eyes as the clock struck zero but I opened them again a few seconds later. The agent had done it! He came back inside with a gloomy look on his face. "I seen the engine being disabled, but I can't fly a plane. Anybody who can fly a plane put your hand up." Shouted the agent. Everybody's hand stayed down. I let out a loud groan.

I looked out the window. "Judging by our trajectory we will hit that small island down there." I said. The plane dived down, picking up speed. The impact of the plane hitting the island wasn't as fiery and

explosive as I thought it would be. The sand of the island cushioned our fall a small bit. It hit the ground, the engines catching fire. "OUT!" I boomed. Everybody filed out, women and children first. I was the first of the men to get off. About a minute after I was safely away from the blazing plane it exploded in a fiery ball of metal and corpses. I awoke to find myself lying on the beach. There were 37 casualties that day, but they were all men.

The other survivors and I decided to make a life for ourselves on the island that, using a majority vote, we decided to call the Island of souls. We each got a role in the camp we built along the beach. I was one of the 6 men who collected food for the camp. When the explorers went out to get a general idea of the layout of the island they came back with news of a deserted skyscraper and a lush garden of fruits in the middle of the jungle.

My group of food collectors decided to venture into the garden of lush fruits while the explorers (who were led by the C.I.A. agent) went in with the terrorist's guns to clear up any opposing forces. Both the groups returned without harm. We returned with lots of fruit, hungry clan gobbled up immediately. The next morning some people were covered in red, inflamed-looking spots and were coughing heavily. Some of the clan members were appointed as doctors, but they couldn't figure out what was wrong with them. The day passed uneasily and it was kind of creepy going to bed.

The next morning we woke up to find several dismembered and disembowelled corpses lying like ragdolls on the beach. This utterly terrified us. The explorers, once again bringing out the ak47 fully automatic machine guns, followed the trail of blood. Within five minutes we heard high pitch screams and strange inhuman screeches in the distance. We knew immediately that they were soon to be like the bodies behind us. I turned around and the bodies were gone! Instead, there were mutants of some sort walking towards us. The lush fruit must have been poisonous! The people who were covered in spots yesterday were converted into mutants overnight and the people they kill are resurrected after a short time as mutants! We were going to have to find some weapons, fast! The whole clan ran all

the way around the island, following the beach. When we had no luck on the beach, we ventured into the jungle with relatively low hopes of finding anything. I gasped as we rounded a bush and an amazingly high-tech looking bomb shelter came into view. It didn't look big from the outside, but on the inside the whole clan could easily fit inside. When we were all in, the stronger members barricaded the door.

There were weapons and lots of 'em, the most high-tech I'd ever seen. There were swords made up of pure energy, plasma rifles, a sort of rocket launcher that, when fired releases a huge green burst of energy that explodes upon impact with any surface, including bodies and finally a rifle that releases a small sonic-boom when fired launching the target backwards. The technicians of the clan managed to make a radio beacon that sends out a distress signal every 30 seconds, so that any passing aircraft can rescue us from this hell cage of an island.

We equipped everybody with weapons, somebody gave us a pep talk and then, we came out of our hiding place and blew the living daylights out of those mutants, and they didn't even see us coming. The battle lasted less than 5 minutes but there were 6 people killed and more injured by those freaks. That night we sent out a search party to locate the remaining mutants and wipe them out for good. After that we pretty much lived in harmony for a while. The technicians built a radio where we could listen to news reports about what's happening around the world. At that time daily life was actually normal. The hunters caught wild animals for dinner, the explorers picked non-poisonous fruits for breakfast and lunch while everybody else did chores to keep the camp in shape. A few wild animals ventured curiously into our camp, oh and by the way, did I mention they were humongous? There was a giant spider, an even bigger alligator and a colossal snake. They were all warded off easily enough though.

One night, at the campfire we heard a news report through our radio. It was a warning about a new disease that was starting because of large amounts of germs in the body. It was called the

H1N1 virus (swine flu). It has already killed several people in Mexico and is a very serious disease. Scientists are working on a vaccine; they say it could take up to 2 weeks to complete. We all shared a worried look because our camp wasn't the most hygienic thing in the world. We haven't washed or changed our clothes since we got here. We haven't got any freshwater to wash ourselves with or any spare clothes (our entire luggage drifted out to sea) so it's just going to have to stay that way.

Today, everybody in the clan except for Katelyn and I woke up in fits of coughs and splutters. The term H1N1 popped into my head, wait no, that couldn't be. It could not have set in overnight. But the doctors say that it's very possible because they diagnosed themselves as well. The next few days passed with the despair of the chance of Katelyn and I catching the disease. Within the next 2 weeks everybody but us passed away. We threw their bodies into the ocean, giving them a watery burial away from this godforsaken island.

Katelyn and I lived with a terrible depression for a year or so, not bothering to do any chores except for collecting food. One night I heard a radio report saying that all instances of swine flu have been successfully cured. "Some good that did us" I mumbled. Going to bed I could have sworn I heard a terrible groaning coming from the ocean. I looked out to sea but could see nothing out of the ordinary. As the night progressed the groaning got louder and louder until it got so loud that I went outside to see what was making this infernal racket. I noted the unbearable stench of rotting flesh and took a peek outside... and immediately ducked back inside. I woke Katelyn up with a series of shakes. "ZOMBIES!!!" I whispered frantically. "What" she said drowsily and a bit too loud for my liking. "Zombies" I whispered again. "Oh no" she groaned. We waited until dawn, when zombies were at their weakest, and made a mad dash for the bomb shelter, bringing as much weapons as we could carry. Somehow, we made it unnoticed and safely barricaded the door behind us. "God, there must be millions out there" said Katelyn breathlessly. "Well we have to take them on or we'll be stuck in here forever" I said. "sonic-boom guns will be most effective against these hell children" said Katelyn. "Yes" I agreed. A day later we were ready for action. We

each carried 3 energy swords around our waist, a sonic-boom gun with 16 ammo clips, a plasma rifle with 10 ammo clips and had a jetpack on our back. "Let's go" I barked. We undid the barricade and rushed out, guns blazing, only to find the beach was empty and no noise of groaning reached my ears. All of a sudden the groaning came back unbearably loud and zombies rushed out from the jungle. I wasn't going to let these demons take my friends carcasses. "COME GET SOME!!!" I screamed, hurling grenades into the growing mass of zombies. We worked our way into the jungle, where we found a hut. We went inside and once again barricaded the door. I spotted a piece of shiny metal sticking up out of the ground in the middle of the hut. Katelyn and I dug around the piece for about an hour, revealing it to be a robot. I flicked a switch on its back, turning its power supply on. We explained to it that we needed its help. Its visor went red and a klaxon went off on his back, a timer appeared on his chest at 00:10. "OH MY GOD" was all I had time to say before the nuclear bomb went off, killing humans and zombies alike and wiping the island off the face of the earth forever.

2 Marooned on a Desert Island

Hi! I'm Sophie. Today is starting off great! Not. My dog Billy and I went fishing on our raft. My parents wanted me to catch some fish for our dinner. It is fun fishing - I mean when you catch fish of course but today is one of those extremely boring days when you catch nothing. Anyway I am quite tired so I'm going to take a nap and continue fishing when I awake.

We woke up shocked at what we saw. Where were we? How are we here? Are we deserted on an island?! Ah, I know what happened, a storm had come and gone while we were asleep. It also broke our raft. Drats! So... This explains why we are here I suppose? I woke Billy and found a sharp stone and cut some bark and wood for a fire as it was getting a little darker. I began to build a hut out of some leftover wood I found so we could have some shelter while we thought of an idea to get us out of this place! An hour or two later I was finished. We went to hunt for some type of food. We found a few berry bushes and coconut trees and caught two fish as well. I

carved a pot and pan out of some wood and began to cook the fish. I found a puddle and scooped the rain water up with my pot and boiled it over the fire. When the water was safe to drink I boiled the berries and made some kind of soup! We then indulged in some food

The next morning the hut was completely finished. It looked great! It even had two little windows and curtains too! Billy and I went on a walk to find some breakfast for us. We arrived back at the hut. That's when we encountered an unwanted visitor.

Another girl was in our hut. She was even asleep! What was she doing in OUR hut? She soon woke up and we asked what she was doing in OUR hut and she answered "I went fishing yesterday and fell asleep, when I woke up I was washed ashore on this island, and you?" I told her the story and soon became friends. We talked and talked until the sky turned inky. We lit a fire and slowly drifted off to sleep. The next day we discussed making a raft. As soon as we had a plan we got cracking. Soon we had completed the raft. We put two wooden seats in it and in the corner we put some leaves and sand for Billy to rest on. We set off hoping we would never have to confront this island again!

Before we knew it we were home safe and sound and living our normal lives again!

3 Marooned on a Desert Island

I could hear the gentle lapping of water in my ears. Something slipped into my ear, and I woke with a start. I was propped up against a large rock, and in front of me was a burning wreckage, acrid smoke billowing from it in clouds. The wreck seemed to be a Boeing 747 airplane. Two of the engines seemed to be embedded in the sand, while the others turned slowly, their last ounces of energy fading. I stumbled over to the destroyed fuselage, wincing in pain as I went. The door was blown open, and I crawled in through the small opening. I looked inside the cabin, and it all came flooding back to me.

I had been on a business trip to the Caribbean Islands, when the plane had hit a patch of turbulence. We were assured it was regular to encounter windy conditions on this flight path, but this turbulence was certainly NOT regular. First, three of the plane's (four) engines failed, leaving us floundering through the air. The aircraft presumably smashed into the sandy coast, and I must have been blown away by the impact. There didn't seem to be any survivors around, so I decided to search for supplies.....or weapons. You never know what could attack you when you aren't prepared! A chair was blocking the way into the cockpit. I gingerly moved it, taking care not to strain my injured muscles any further. The cockpit was empty, apart from a large cooler, which hopefully contained some FOOD! I lunged on it, tearing open the container, and nearly cried in delight when I saw the contents. There were TINS upon TINS of canned food, along with some bottled water and a flare-gun. My joy did not last long.

I heard a low, vicious growl emanate from the cabin behind me. I slowly picked up the flare-gun, taking care not to make any sudden movements. I turned quietly, my heart filled with dread. There was a tiger prowling through the cabins! Without thinking, I closed my eyes, and fired the flare-gun at the creature. There was a bright flash, and a blood-curdling howl of pain. When I re-opened my eyes, I saw the tiger, lying on the ground, unmoving. It had dropped dead with fright! Now, to turn my attention back to the supplies. I dragged the cooler out of the cockpit, throwing it on to the cool sand. I knew that I could cook some of the food that was in the cooler, so I decided there and then to search for some wood to start a fire. The forest in front of me seemed like a good start. I took a deep breath, and walked into the dark, ominous forest.

My guess was correct. The forest was filled with fallen trees, where wood could easily be salvaged. I took as much as I could carry, and staggered out of the forest with my cargo. I dropped it in a heap on the beach, exhausted. I knew that I had to go on. I pulled out my

trusty lighter, set fire to the wood, and opened a few tins of sausages. After I had eaten, I shot a distress flare into the air, hoping for a rescue. I could use the plane as shelter until my rescuer came, and the food would keep me sustained for a while. I grabbed some more material from the forest, and barricaded the door of the plane to keep out any unwanted visitors. I could finally relax for a while.

After a few days, I heard the whirring of helicopter blades from outside. Could it be? I ran outside, and above me was a huge helicopter! It was my rescuer! They landed, and I sprinted towards it, nearly sobbing with relief. It turns out no one else survived the crash. I was the only person who had escaped death. I had defied the Grim Reaper!

4 Marooned on a Desert Island

On the 18th of October, 1991, my friend and I were going on a trip to London by ship. The night before was hailing and very cold. We were hoping that it wouldn't be like that the next day, but unfortunately the weather was even worse. We still continued with the planned trip. When we arrived, there was an announcement that the trip will be delayed. There had been no shelter so we got a bit wet. As soon as the ship arrived everybody was very happy.

Eventually everyone was on board. By 12:00am almost all the people went to sleep. At 12:50 we had woken up. We walked out of our cabin. We were all confused and didn't know what had happened. The ship was going all over the place. The captain couldn't control it. The wind got stronger. The captain announced that we had hit a rock. Everybody panicked. They thought that the ship would sink and we would all die, like the Titanic. Babies were crying, children were shouting and everybody was all over the place. They didn't know what to do. Obviously they couldn't get off the ship. There was another announcement made. The captain told us to go ashore to the island for our own safety.

As soon as we arrived at the island it was 1:10. We had no food, no clothes, no drink and most importantly no shelter! We were freezing. Even though we didn't know each other, we still got on very well. Some people went to find some wood to light up a fire. At 6:00 people went to find some coconuts.

At 4:00pm we heard a siren, it was a ship. We were all very happy and excited to go home. It was a very cold night but after all it will be a night I will never forget.

5 Marooned on a Desert Island

A girl named Mary was going on a business trip with some of her work friends to Africa; she was excited to see all the things different in Africa to Ireland. She was going in the morning at 4:00am so she had to get an early night. Mary said to her three children she would wake them up to say goodbye as she would not see them for 2 weeks. The morning came she got everything ready and said goodbye to everyone.

She got a taxi to the airport. She met up with her friends and they got onto their plane. They were 4 hours into their flight when there was an announcement a terrifying announcement. The pilot announced they were going to crash in a half a hour and if they wanted to call their loved ones then do it now". Everyone screamed everyone was shocked Mary was terrified. She looked out the plane window and all she could see was the plane tilting a little bit.

Mary rang her husband and kids, her kids answered the phone Mary was crying and panicking. Her kids were getting worried because they didn't know what was happening. Mary explained what was going to happen and cried she wanted to say goodbye to her husband she said her goodbyes to everyone. The kids were devastated. When she was finished on the phone she looked at her friend beside her they both looked horrible. They were now about 5 min till crashing. She didn't want to worry about it that much so she just started talking

to her friend. They were just talking about work and magazines when their chattering was abruptly interrupted

BANG BANG BANG everyone was dead or very badly wounded

.....
.....They landed in a marooned desert island everyone was dead now as the sunset went down .

6 Marooned on a Desert Island

On a hot Summer's day, three good friends headed off on a cruise. They rented a boat for a week and planned to land in India but things went horribly wrong, the boat crashed on a desert island. They were still in shock and couldn't believe what had just happened. They were so upset they started fighting. John the oldest was trying to find some way to get out of there. Sarah (John's sister) started to cry and so did her friend Julie (who was the only one thinking positively!)

They were all parched and trying whatever they could to find some water. They started to look for some coconuts and berries, which were the only things on the island! Luckily Julie thought ahead and suggested they should put a message in a bottle. "I know it sounds stupid but it could work" she muttered.

They all agreed, it was there only idea anyway! So they got a leaf and a stick and carved a message on the leaf and put it a plastic water bottle. Their hearts lit up when they saw the lights in the stormy sky. They were saved. They arrived home in no time and were extremely pleased to see their family again and hugged them as if they hadn't seen them in years!

7 Marooned on a Desert Island

BOOM! Suddenly the plane crashed, bodies were thrown around the plane like ragdolls. Luckily I was sitting on my own at the back of the plane so I didn't collide with anyone. The plane set on fire. I slowly crawled and took the revolver that was used to kill the pilot and crawled through a small hole in the wall. I landed softly on the sand and it was quite hot from the embers of the plane. I stood up and scanned the island. It was an island in the middle of nowhere. I saw a black shape on a hill and I thought it was a human. I ran towards it shouting. When I got to it I found out it was a zombie. It swiped furiously at me and it managed to scratch my arm. Blood oozed out of the deep and painful gash in my arm. I then took the revolver and shot him right in the face. Blood exploded like a water balloon from his head and stained my t-shirt. The zombie slumped down dead and rolled down a hill. I turned around and looked at the plane which was now engulfed in flames. I saw a survivor stumbling towards me. He had bad injuries so I helped him. He also had a gun. I was going to ask him where he got it but I didn't. We wandered into the forest and found a good place to start a fire. I went and gathered wood and knocked some coconuts down from trees with some rocks. We slept there that night. The next day questions were bouncing around in my head such as, 'where did that zombie come from? Later on we came across more zombies when we were hunting. We both shot them. Their dead bodies were sprawled across the ground. We found out that they were dead old soldiers so I took a radio from one of the zombie's jacket and tried calling for help, no luck. A couple of weeks later Steve got killed by a bunch of zombies. I slowly and gradually got used to life on the island on my own.

The next day I saw a plane crashing down on this island. I checked for survivors but found none. One day when I was wandering around the forest I saw a control building. I walked into it but all I found was a button that said EMP on it. Then I realised that EMP stands for electric magnetic pulse. I realised that every plane that flies over this island their engine cuts out. I did find it strange that after the terrorist shot the pilot the engines somehow cut out. I found a

proper radio and called for help. Later in the day a helicopter came and picked me up.

8 Marooned on a Desert Island

I was going to the Caribbean Islands when a raging hurricane threw me overboard; I must have passed out for about three hours. I knew I was lucky to be alive when I saw the shipwreck on the oversized rocks near the shore. After wondering what really happened I started to have a look in the ship wreck for food. I was starving. Unfortunately for me the food supply had gone rotten in the wreckage.

When I came out of the shipwreck I started to feel very lonely. I had no family or friends around. I was all alone. Despair went through my head, if I had no food I'd die. Was anyone in my family worried about me? Did they even know what had happened to me? Then I remembered "I'm a scout and scouts never give up". I decided I would just go out there and explore the island. Before I set out I made myself some weapons just in case of any danger that I might encounter.

After what felt like two hours of walking through the loneliness of the dessert island I finally found food. I found some coconuts and berries. After eating my fill of these I had enough energy to gather wood to build a hut and enough to light a fire because I knew once it got dark it would also get very cold. When I went back to the beach with just enough wood it was already starting to get dark. I was delighted with myself when I managed to build a hut that was good enough not to collapse. I lit a fire with skills I had learned at scouts and I cooked some fish I had caught on the beach. After such an exhausting day I easily fell asleep listening to the sound of the waves.

The next morning I woke up with an idea. I took my hut down and used the wood to build a raft so that I could try to get out of there. I found four oil drums in the wreckage and decided to use them too. I was full of anticipation as I built my brilliant raft. I was going to be glad to get off that dessert island. I soon launched my raft out to

sea. It wasn't long before I saw a passing ship. I was saved. The ship's crew dragged me up the outer wall of the ship. I was so grateful to be rescued. I had a great experience on the island but I never want to do it again. In future I think I'll stay at home.

9 Marooned on a Desert Island

One day there was a really happy man called Dave, he was on his way to the Heathrow Airport. It was four o'clock in the morning when he got his luggage on the plane. He was thinking in his head wow! Great I'm actually going to the Caribbean. It was finally time to board the plane after an hour's wait, now he would have to endure a five-hour flight.

Dave was awake for three hours of the flight because he couldn't get a wink of sleep over a baby boy crying the whole time, he got about 2 hours of shut-eye. With about thirty-five minutes to go a loud bang with a shake to it gave the whole plane a fright, the pilot made an announcement ... they would have to crash land due to an almost empty tank everyone thought Oh My Gosh we actually going to crash land, some people fainted, some people were praying and some people were saying their good-byes.

Everyone was frightened, the whole three hundred people on the jumbo-jet, the pilot had announced that they would have a chance of making it but a very little chance of making it. People were looking out their tiny windows looking for any site of an island, but no there was no site of land anywhere.

The plane made another loud bang and suddenly they were heading down towards sea Dave held hands with some random lady he was talking to during his flight, everyone was holding hands to spend their last minutes. The third and last bang came and suddenly people smashing the plane windows and opening the doors and Dave thought we could swim and survive and with a swing of the fist a smashing noise he looked and his window was broken, he had probably broke his hand but with a quick turn to the side he was squeezing out of his

window, while he was getting out everyone screamed and suddenly they were underwater Dave had swam up to the surface and he could see an Island ahead he thought YES! ,he swam and swam and swam for hours without food or drink he was so close but he thought he wasn't going to make it but finally he could stand up in the water , he had swam twelve miles . He was there for about sixteen hours and a plane had seen a signal fire he made and it came and rescued him he got to his hotel after a few hours, he checked in and he stayed the night and went home the day after

10 MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLAND

My name is Evan. I have two brothers called Jack and Tim and one sister called Ciara. We couldn't afford to go to America, France or even England. We're going to some poor country that I never even heard of. 'Oh the taxi driver had arrived!' I said. We got our bags and we headed to the airport. Tim fell asleep so I dragged him out of the taxi We were early so we had a refreshing beverage and a rasher role, we had a good family conversation and lost track of time. It was twenty past ten! We rushed to our gate with not a second to spare we were on the plane. I started to doze. I woke and said 'Phew I thought it was some sort of cosmic disaster!' , but we just hit some hard turbulence.. BOOM !!.. the left wing went everywhere, it was like it disintegrated into thin air. The pilot is struggling to guide the plane to the ground softly, CRASH!!!!!! The impact of the crash had killed everyone on the plane except me, my Dad and Jack.

Three days later we became savages, we had to live off the corpses of the dead passengers of the plane, there was one dead body left, my remaining brother and I fought for the food. My dad ran in the middle of the fight and pushed the two of us to the ground, we saved the last body for a good cause. 'We had to get our gear ready for hunting' said Jack. 'Good idea' said Dad. I got scraps of small metal that flown off the plane to make knives for Jack, my Dad and I. We came back with three small Bears and one or two birds. We used the bears fur to make clothes over our torn shirts and ripped

bottoms. It started to get dark so we gathered wood to make a hut, we also got vines to keep it steady. We managed to get asleep.

'AHHH!' my Dad went crazy and stabbed Jack in the back. I had quick reactions and slit my Dads neck from behind he bleed to death. 'AHHH HELP!' I rushed to the remains of the plane and grabbed a hand cloth from the trolley and Jack held it against his wound. We need something to get off the Island. All I could think of was a flare. Eureka!!

I ran back in the plane and ripped out the fuel tank. I then poured all the fuel on the hut and made a beacon fire. I felt drowsy, I fell asleep and hoped for the best. We woke in a hospital, I ran dazed looking for Jack, I found him. 'Are you ok' 'Yeh Yeh I feel fine' said Jack, 'but when Dad stabbed me the blade sliced half way through my back bone and fractured my spine, so 'I'm paralised' Jack said. 'when are you getting out of hospital?' in two weeks he replied enthusiastically. From then on Evan and Jack had normal life. Until

11 Help

It 8:00 no rescued boat or no helicopter we been here for five day now, our plane has crashed on an island in the middle of nowhere.

No food or drinks just salty water. We have a pregnant woman with us named Lucy .one good thing is that I'm a doctor. My name is Jack.

Why has no one found us? Charlie is with Sayid looking for food and wood for a camp fire I don't just Charlie I didn't see him on the plane, I think there are more people on this island. But one day we got food from the trolley. But there was not enough food so we have to save some. We made a shelter out of bamboo sticks we found. At night we heard strange noises from the woods it sounds like a big monster, but I know there's no such thing

as a monster. Walter is a boy we found on the plane he was still breathing so I done C.P.R but it's sad that his dad is not alive.

Walter lost his voice when the plane crashed. I'm teaching him to do sign language it hard for him but he's a quick learner. So I hope someone will find us.

12 Marooned on a Desert Island.

It was a nice bright afternoon. My father and I were packing our suitcases. I was so excited. We were heading of the Jamaica in less than an hour. My mam dropped us of at the airport and off we went. It was busy and there were some people sleeping on the chairs. It was 2:40 just 20 minutes before our flight. We were flying with British airways. We got n the plane and I took out a chewing gum so that my ears wouldn't pop.

I was just getting ready to settle down for a sleep when I heard this beeping noise. Gas masks dropped from the ceiling and y father and I started to panic. We dropped straight into the ocean. I was a professional swimmer so I could swim to shore but unfortunately it was a desert island. I froze I didn't know what to do. I bellowed for my father but no answer. I decided to mollify and just chill. Worrying never helps. I was frigid and went to search for something to eat.

I had been walking for ages. In the distance I could see a shadow, I was overjoyed. It was a boy, he looked about twenty one years of age short but smart wearing ragged clothes and shoes you wouldn't have even seen a millions years ago. I approached this cautious boy. I told him my name and how I ended up here. I asked him if he could help me build a boat to get back home. He agreed and off we went. He was shy at first but once we got to know each other it was as if we had been friends for years. It had been three weeks; my ship was ready to go. I was sad but happy. I had become such good friends with him.

My ship had set sail at 16:25. I gave him a big hug. I couldn't keep in contact with him because the desert was his home. I didn't know how he could survive on berries and coconuts all the time. I sailed until I reached shore. I then got on a plane and of I flew back to my home town.

13. Marooned on a Desert Island

CHAPTER 1 THE WAKENING

"Ahh" shouted Andrew I got up, looked around and suddenly I saw the wreckage of an aeroplane then I remembered ..the crash .

I began to look for my friend and my girlfriend as I was walking I saw a strange looking person it looked like a zombie.

I tried to get a good look at him it was then he tried to attack me, I punched him twice in the face and then he dropped.

An hour later I found my friend and girlfriend but they were both dead, so I decided to walk into the wilderness.

CHAPTER 2 THE SHIPWRECK

When I wandered into the wilderness I stumbled across a deserted town , there was an old broken sign with the name of the town it was hard to read but I could just make it out the name of the town "SHIPWRECK" population 300.

I continued on and saw a man lying on the ground I approached him very carefully and touched on the shoulder to see if he was alive.

He moved and shouted loudly "Leave me alone" he gave me a fright so and turned and was about to leave him when he touched me on the arm and pleaded with me to wait and for me to be his friend.

I felt sorry for him and asked him was he OK he asked me to follow him that he knew a bar where we could get a drink I felt revealed at last I would be rescued.

CHAPTER 3 THE ILLUSION

We seemed to be walking forever I asked him was he sure he knew where he was going he mumbled something and continued walking. He stopped outside a crumbled down house he began to laugh and dance

"Can you hear the music" he screamed I could hear nothing I knew then it was all an illusion there was no bar or people we were doomed .He turned to me and foam started to pour from his mouth.

CHAPTER 4 THE ZOMBIE

Then I tried to run but he grabbed my leg and I kicked him in the face and then I got up and ran as fast as I could. I ran back to the plane crash and I tripped over some kind of metal thing so

I dug it out and it was a nuclear bomb so I detonated it.

I had 10 seconds then the zombie attacked me again then the bomb 5 seconds,4,3,2 then I closed my eyes and I blew up.

14 Marooned on a Dessert Island

My name is Kid Dynamite. That isn't my real name but that's what people call me. I used to be a Navy Seal but now I am retired and have moved to a cabin in the desolate woods of the island of Cocamo, beside a small river condensed with salmon. I was in a small unit in the Navy Seals, just four men, myself, The Viper, Wally and my former best friend Kevin. Kevin and I were reunited recently and this is how.

I was riding through the woods on my horse, Alfonse, trying to find a deer to feed myself when Alfonse fell and broke his leg. I knew there was no point to try to return home on foot and there was no way Alfonse could bring me back. It was getting dark so I decided to try and find a place to stay the night in. As I pushed deeper into the woods I saw a small cabin and to my surprise there were no lights on. I knew something was not quite right about it.

I slowly opened the door and was shocked at what I saw. There was Kevin, bruised heavily and bleeding. I ran to the cage, stuck my hand

in and nudged Kevin. He awoke with a fright. I looked around for something to break the lock and fortunately there was a bloody hammer resting on a nearby table. I took it up and wrapped a cloth around it to stop it from hurting my hand as I broke the lock. I uncut Kevin's grazed hands with my pocket knife. He fell to the floor and it took him a few minutes to catch his balance. As we headed out of the cabin I grabbed my gun out of its holster, in case we ran into trouble on the way, and we proceeded into the dark forest not knowing what awaited us.

It was about one o'clock judging by the position of the moon. We stopped for a minute so I could work out where we needed to go. My cabin was northwest so we headed in that direction. By now Kevin had got his senses back and was walking properly. We saw two people, who Kevin identified as the people who took him. I aimed my pistol at the man who looked the most prepared and pulled the trigger. The first bullet hit him in the chest, the second smashed him in the temple and I knew he was dead. I repeated this procedure on the other man and we headed on. Kevin picked up one of the dead men's guns but it turned out that there was more than just two men and we soon found ourselves being chased through the dense bushes of Cocamo by a third man, who split from what was a group of six men. I tripped up over the root of a nearby tree I felt a searing pain as my shoulder popped out of place.

I was now on the cold ground looking up at the night sky. Kevin dashed by, with his assailant close behind, but somehow I went unnoticed and I managed to shoot him dead. Unfortunately the gunshot had alerted the others and now there were three men around me. I thought it was the end when suddenly a massive tiger came sprinting out of the bushes and jumped on one of the men. The other two turned and ran as fast as they could away from the tiger. I pulled myself up with my good arm and did the same. I regrouped with Kevin and we kept running despite being in extreme pain. After five more excruciating minutes of running we came to a beach. We saw a cargo vessel out at sea and Kevin lit a fire to signal it. We heard its loud horn sound twice and we dived in and started to swim towards the vessel. I may have lost my house but at least I had my life.

15 Marooned on a Desert Island.

I was on a plane to Africa in 1st class. 1st class was on the top floor. Suddenly, I heard an announcement, "There has been an engine failure, and we are now flying on 3 engines." A few minutes later there was another announcement saying we were only going on 2 engines. It didn't take long before we were souring towards the sea, everyone on board was screaming (I was too). SPPLAAASSHH! We hit the water.

The only survivors were me and some other man that was also in 1st class. The only reason that we lived, was because we didn't hit the water so hard. We saw land only a few 100 meters away. We started to swim very slowly because the other man's arms were too short, and he was too heavy. We finally made to land. We lay on the sand breathing heavily. The other man was breathing even harder because he didn't exercise very much. We couldn't see the other side of the island, so we thought that this was Africa, we started to look for the closest town, but then we noticed that we were trapped on a desert island. Suddenly there was a loud rumbling sound, the ground started to shake, we both heard it at the same time. And then out of the trees came a tribe, they had clubs, spears and all other weapons that I've never heard of before.

Luckily I was a police man and had a gun in my pocket (but it was not loaded). I took it out and pointed it at the tribe. Everyone dropped their weapons and ran. I took one of their knives and thought it would be useful to get food and hunt. I went over to the other man who was lying on the ground shivering. When I asked him what was wrong, he told me he had low blood sugar. Running off with the knife in my hand I was very worried about him. He had just eaten on the plane and already he had low blood sugar. He probably had a very bad case of diabetes and needed help urgently. It took me a while to find some coconuts and I ran back to him to give him some of the sweet milk. He drank some and improved instantly.



Suddenly I heard a rumbling and thought it was the tribe returning to attack but then I realized that the sound was coming from above. I looked up and saw a news helicopter hovering above the crashed plane. We both started to wave our hands and eventually the helicopter turned around and dropped a rope ladder. We both climbed aboard and in no time we were heading home.

16 Marooned on an island

I woke up this morning I had to pack my bag with a knife, a camera and a water container. I can't wait for my holiday in America. My plane was going at 5 so I took Air coach to Dublin Airport.

I arrived just in time I was lucky I didn't miss the plane. I was going

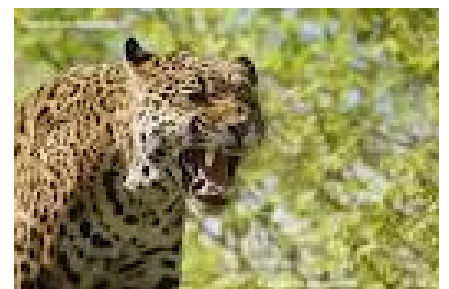


Ryanair the seats were so comfortable I fell asleep. Suddenly I woke up with a shock as the plane shook. I could feel that we were falling down at around 180 mph and we would hit water or worse land. I knew we would all die. Then the plane hit the ground with a

crash.

I woke up in a pile of rubble with my legs stinging with pain and it was like someone was sticking a knife in my leg slowly a got out of the rubble and looked around to see if anybody was alive. But there was no one but me. I was on an island with lots of trees I got to work making weapons from metal I got off the plane. I made a long sword. Then I picked up my bag and went deeper into the jungle. I must have walked for hours because my legs felt like they were going to drop off.

Suddenly I heard something. I soon found out as it leaped forward and nearly killed me was a Jaguar. Probably the most dangerous animal in the world.(My luck sucks). So I think the best thing to do is run (well wouldn't you). But its



much faster than me. But I still ran then my luck wasn't so good because I had to stop at a waterfall. The jaguar leaped out at me and I held up my sword and it went into him. I knew he was dead so I started to make a raft out of trees.

I climbed down the side of a waterfall when I got to the bottom I put the raft in the river and slowly drifted out to sea. Suddenly a great white shark leaped up out of the water and took a bite out of my raft (what did I do to deserve this) so I started to swim to the shore and made another raft and a life sized seal out of wood.

I pushed it away to distract the shark then I rode away.

I must have been rowing for two or three hours when I saw a ship in the distance. But it was wooden and that's when I knew it was a pirate ship and it was heading my way. (ok first a plane crash then a jaguar after a shark now a pirate ship what's next an atomic bomb).



Well the thing that happened next was two of these pirates took me on the ship and there were lots of them there and they really needed to take a bath and shave. The captain had a black beard and a scar down the side of his face and had a scruffy face. Then he yelled out" put him with the rest of those dirty men".

I was taken to a room down underneath the ship but the room was more like a stable with all the hay on the ground. There were lots of slaves on the ship in the same room I was in (so I guess I'm one too).

But that night I went up on deck and got on one of the row boats but then a pirate saw me. So I took out my sword and we had a fight to the death. He swung his sword but I blocked it from hitting me. I rang to the pole with a sail on it and he ran after me he lashed out his sword and got it stuck in the pole he tried to get it out. It was my chance I stabbed him in the back with my sword and made a run for the row boat. I rowed all night until i couldn't see them again. In the morning a rescue helicopter came to save me. (Finally some luck). They took me home and I knew never to fly again.

The end.



17 Marooned on a Desert Island

It was a warm Tuesday morning. My friends and I were so excited because it was only twenty minutes until our flight took off to Greece. When the plane took off Debra and Sally fell asleep, Lucy watched a movie on her portable DVD player and me being me I just read my book. We were two hours into our flight and the lights went out. People started screaming as oxygen masks fell from the roof. We were crash landing and I thought we were going to die.

I woke up in immense heat. Debra, Lucy, Sally and I were the only survivors. Weird coincidence? I don't know maybe we were just lucky. We got up and started to walk through the plants and trees. We were all silent because we were in shock. I heard strange noises and saw weird birds flying across the through the trees. We were walking for hours and all of a sudden Sally(the most dramatic one)started yelling "I'm tired, I'm hungry, I don't where we are and worst of all my brand new top is ripped so goodbye" and with that she stormed off. I tried to go after her but Debra grabbed my arm and mumbled "let her go, we didn't like her that much anyway".

We started walking again and in a split second rose from the ground and captured us. We heard music, banging and screams. It was the natives. "JUMP" I screamed. We hit the ground and heard a loud snap. Debra had broken her ankle. "leave her there, we have no time

to loose" Lucy whispered. I gave Debra a hug and told her she would be a delicious meal for the natives.

18 Marooned on a Desert Island

I was on a night out with my friends in town having one of the best times of my life. Going from pub to pub, playing snooker, pool and darts. I was beginning to feel unwell as the night got longer probably from all the beer I drank. All of a sudden every thing went white but then I felt water splashing me then I saw I was on a boat.

The sea spray was still splashing me. I was now wet from head to toe. There were two men on the boat with me. I had never seen these men before. One of them somehow knew my name and called me over. He told me to grab a bucket and begin to bailout the boat that it was going to go under the water because of the weight of the water. I bailed for my life for a half an hour until I got tired but I kept on going .After a ten minute break I was going back to do some more bailing when there was a giant thud which sent me fly across the room at high speed.

I had hit my head when I was sent sprawling across the room only to awake on a beautiful beach. .I was now stuck on a desert island. I could see bits of the boat along the beach but I could not see the two men that were on the boat. My first decision was to build a hut before it got dark. I remember bear grills building a hut in this type of economy before so I decided to build one like he did. I had finished the hut before dark and even had a fire going. My task in the morning was to get food. I jumped into my hammock tired as hell from all the work. As I began to doze off I could hear all the animals in the shrubbery behind me. I then heard a loud screech so I jumped out of my hammock at lightning speed. It was a lovely warm morning. I was starving when I got over the fright of the noise that woke me up so I went to forage for some food. I came across a dead animal corpse which was good news because there was meat for me but bad

news because that mean there were predators in the area. I got a stick and brought it back to the hut there I caved one of the tips really sharp with a knife I found along the beach from the boat to use as a harpoon for catching fish.

Later that night I was sitting around a fire eating berries, coconuts and some freshly skewered fish which I just cooked. I then went to bed to get some well earned and needed rest .when I got up I went and captured some fish for break fast. When I got back I realised I had no wood so off I went to get some wood. When I got back I noticed my fish was gone which frightened me but what I got scared of most was that I found tiger prints along the beach leading up to my hut. I went in my hut and got my sharpened stick and got out as soon as I could. I heard a growling noise behind me I turned around to see a tiger rearing me up. I took a lunge at him which narrowly missed. He ran at me I put the stick out and I had hit him in the stomach he let out a high pitch screech and ran twenty five feet down the beach. He charged as fast as he could at me I tried to make it into the forest but as son as I reached the forest I felt a searing pain in my back, I could see the blood on the ground beside me. It went white again only for me to be jumping out of a hospital gurney in a hospitals ward. I was so intoxicated the minute my feet touched the ground I feel two nurses rushed into the room and put me back on the gurney I was glad it was just a dream. The next morning I left the hospital and went home.

19 Marooned on a Desert Island

I woke up in a lot of pain on this weird island to be honest I can't even remember how I got here ! But I was really hungry so I went to look for some food or fresh water . I was quite lucky there was plenty of nice fruit so I had plenty until I was full . After that I went looking for lots of supplies to make a little hut to sleep in until I find some way of this island . When I was gathering lots of sticks to make the hut I heard a noise coming from a bush I thought it was just an animal but when I looked there was footprints HUMAN footprints could I not be the only one stranded on this island ???

A good few days went by and there no sign of the person but I did see more foot prints and this time I will follow them ! After walking for what seemed like four hours it led to a river and in the river there was a man in it fishing with a big long stick that was very sharp at the end . I didn't know if I should go over to him I mean what if he didn't even speak English . But I still went over to him he told he was very nice he invited me into his little hut for some of the fish he had just caught he told me his name was Tim and he had been stranded here for 2 years 56 days I was amazed I thought being here 3 months is bad ! After having our fish we thought of a plan to get us of this island .

We said we should make a nice strong raft . It didn't take us long to make the raft but after that we gathered up lots of food to bring with us. Yes! We were ready to set sail and it was the perfect day small winds and cam seas. We were out at sea for ages and we were running out of food I think we only and 2 banana and 1 coconut left but we were rescued we saw land and we steered the raft over to it . Guess what ! It was Hawaii and me and Tim took a nice holiday after all we have been through and there is no better place to relax than Hawaii !!!!

20 Marooned in a Desert Island

"So, how did you find his body?" asked the doctor, he was wearing black jeans and t-shirt that made his skin paler, he was so pale you would think that a vampire drank almost all of his blood. Ha! Like vampires really exist. "I looked for him because I was really worried, I thought something bad happened, and something did. I found his body lying on the ground, head bleeding, with a fishing rod in his right hand." I answered, as the memory of my friend's death came back, I felt a stab in my chest. To see your friend dead, that is definitely terrifying, and since he's also my cousin, that made it

even more horrendous for me. "Hmm, I see..." he uttered. It's good that he said something, because the silence is slowly killing me. Like a snake just bit me and the venom is rushing through me and quietly murdering me inside. It's also killing me because the quietness made the images flashing back from when my cousin died, so vivid you would think it's real and that it's happening all over again. "Can you tell me how you two ended up in that island? I'm sure you knew there was a storm coming." He continued. I was sure he would ask that, everybody did. I was so tired of answering the same question all the time. I took a sip from my coffee, cappuccino, my favourite. I put the cup back down and traced the mouth of the cup. Even though so many people have asked the same question, I didn't know what to say because I never answered it properly, I only say sorry or please excuse me. I took a glance at him and saw that he was looking at me as well. I can perfectly see through his dark green eyes that he wanted to know more. I took a deep breath and let the dreadful memory come back again even if it made my heart ache.

Concentrate. One eleven lettered word, so simple to say but so hard to do it. "Well, my cousin Toby and I just moved to this place a couple of months ago. The school that we, no, I am going to is pretty nice. Everybody welcomed us warmly."

One day, Toby asked me if we can go out this Saturday, and since I'm free I said OK. Several days passed and Saturday came.

"Hey, Toby! Why did you want to come here?" I asked him. It was really rare for him to go out, since he's quiet and shy. "I just wanted to relax for a while. Hey, look at that! Ha ha!" I followed his gaze and saw a dog chasing after a man who looked really scared, then there was another guy chasing the dog, he must be the owner. "This place is so bizarre, in a good way." I chuckled.

"Where do you want to go now?" Toby questioned me. "Hmm, let me see..." I murmured while looking around for something interesting. "Ah! There!" I pointed towards a sign and Toby grinned. "That might

be fun." He muttered as he walked towards a guy with an eccentric mustache. "Umm, can we ride your boat?" He asked the guy, smiling. "Oh sure! It's free, I'm John by the way." He uttered, smiling back at him. "Are you on your own?" He asked and turned to face me. "Uh, no. She's with me. She's my cousin, we're both new here." He answered. "Ah, Ha ha, I see. Oh! This way." He laughed, leading us the way to his boat.

"Did you feel that?!" Toby asked. "Yeah." I answered feeling really dizzy. We've been in John's boat for about thirty minutes, everything was fine, but then the boat started shaking. The waves are gigantic, hitting the boat from left and right, leaving the boat shaking violently. "You stay here, I'll ask John if he knows why the waves had gone massive, it wasn't this big a minute or two ago. I'm sure he knows what's wrong, he's a sailor after all." I muttered. "Okay, I'll wait here for you. I feel like I'm going to be sick." He answered. I walked towards the door in front of me and slowly opened it. "What happened?" I questioned him. It took him a while to answer, he just stood there. "Did you listen to the radio or did you watch TV?" He asked me, ignoring my question. "What do you mean?" I took a few steps forward then it started raining heavily. "There's a storm coming." He turned to look at me, his eyes were so dark that I didn't recognize it. Thunders roared, lighting lit the dark sky. The boat shook rapidly again, thunders roared even louder. "Go in!" He commanded. "But-" I tried to mutter. "NOW!" He shouted, he raised his voice louder so I can hear him. He didn't have to say that. I was going in even if he hadn't told me to. I went in as fast as I can. "TOBY!" I growled as I ran anxiously towards my cousin who is sleeping soundly without any idea that our life is in terrible danger. "TO-!" before I could finish calling his name a lightning struck John's boat and broke it to half. I closed my eyes, hoping that everything will be OK. Even though I know it won't.

I woke up feeling dizzy. I can feel something rough, like a sand. "Sand?!" I roared while taking a look around. Oh God! This can't be true. I'm in an island! "Toby!" I jumped up and searched for him. I

saw a body lying flat on the sandy ground, and then I realized, it was Toby. "Toby! Are you alright?" I asked, kneeling beside him. "Yes." He moaned. "Good." I felt relief wash through me. I lied next to him, closed my eyes, and took a deep breath. We lied there for several minutes, every single muscle in my body was aching. Suddenly, Toby stood up and leaned close to me. "I'll go look for food. I'm starving." He uttered. "Huh? What?! I'll come with you. You can't go search for food by yourself! It's too dangerous!" I shouted, raising my voice more than I have to. "S-T-A-Y-H-E-R-E!" He shouted back with his super-scary-serious-face, and that look always does the work for him whenever he wants to intimidate someone. "OK..." I whispered. "Take care." I continued. "I will." He smiled.

"Where is he?!" I whispered to myself. I was getting really worried and impatient waiting for him. It's been an hour since he left and he's not back yet. I stoop up and looked around and went to search for him. I searched for him everywhere but I couldn't find him. While trying to figure out where he could've went. I saw something like a body. I took a few steps forward and leaned to have a closer look. It was blue, black and red. Huh? Oh no! It can't be. "Toby! Toby? Toby?!" I kneeled down and flipped his body to see if it was really him. It was. There were so many blood oozing out from his head. He was holding a rusty stick like a fishing rod. I felt my cheeks go wet because of my tears. I can't stop crying. I tried to pull my tears back, like that's possible. How can I be thinking of such unnecessary things like that?! Then I heard voices coming from behind me. At first I couldn't hear it properly but as it got closer, it got clearer. "Toby Shey and Stacie Shey! We're here to rescue you. If you can here us, come out now." I hesitated for a moment, but this isn't the time to fool around. I stood up and glanced down at Toby's body, wishing he's still alive. "Help! We're here!" I screamed.

"So that's what happened." I ended my story. I felt like punching him, the doctor I mean. Then, the weirdest thing happened. He got up from his seat and hugged me tightly. "You don't have to hide your true feelings when you're with me. It's OK to cry Stacie Shey." I

clenched my hands and turned them into fists, but instead of knocking him down, I hugged him back. I had a meltdown and started crying. I felt him giggle, but I didn't care. He just helped me, didn't he? "Thank you." I murmured. I tried to smile, but I failed, but at least now I feel calmer. "John must've asked for help, right?" He asked. "Mmm-hmm." I answered. I tried to smile again but this time, I was able to do it. The door from my right opened and I saw my sister walk in. "Err, Stacey, we have to go." She glanced at me and at the doctor. "Oh, right. I didn't realize it was this late. See you doctor" I waved at him and walked towards the door. When I got out of his house, I looked back and waved at him once again.

21 Marooned on a Desert Island

I pull myself out of bed gasping for breath. I clench the door handle and scream "James! Where are you?" after that sentence I could barely breathe. I heard some screams, cars crashing and my brother James yelling "help." I rapidly run downstairs open the door and sprint. The boiling sun blazing the sand my feet are now afire. I don't care, I just keep running looking around corners for James. I hear his scream again I see him cornered up to a wall with several people around him. He shouts to me don't come any closer these aren't people they are zombies. I pause for a minute... my mouth drops. I actually never thought about a zombie attack.

James gets really impatient; I see the look in his face. He is scared so would anybody that's cornered up to a wall with zombies I pick up a can and throw it into the crowd of zombies but only one or two actually look around. Then I see a paddle it must have been left behind from people that were trying to escape. I go over and squeeze into the wall to where James was cornered. I do whatever I can to protect James. Both of us squeeze out the hole I got through. We run uphill with any zombies following us I see something at the side of my eye. I go over and quickly grab it. We keep running up and find ourselves in a laboratory I stop and say I found a box it looks like a cure we read the back of the box and it

said cure we gave the cure to any zombie we saw and it worked soon the world was back to normal.

22 MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLAND

It was a hot sunny day and I, Klaus Chambers, was marooned on a desert island. I had been jet skiing close to the Seychelles when I ran out of fuel. I swam to a desert island. What was I going to do? I was a long way from my home in Yorkshire and was 16. Everything was going wrong; I couldn't light a fire and was coughing every five seconds. I wanted Lemsip, but I knew there were more important things right now.

I was thinking of exploring the island but I didn't feel too confident about that so I looked for food in the sea. When I dived into the icy water it felt extremely cold and got back out.

I needed water. I drank from the sea and threw up immediately. On the sandy part of the island I gathered sticks and made camp. When I finished making camp, I started to draw shapes on the sand. Suddenly I heard voices. The voices got louder and louder and suddenly an army of men were standing behind me. They started talking a foreign language and then pointed their guns at me. I threw a stick at them and somehow they all took flight. Then even better news I saw a boat approaching in the distance. The people in the boat saw me. They collected me and gave me dry towels. It all turned out to be my dad's uncle Tom. He fed me a dry piece of bread and fruit with water on the side. Tom dropped me home and we all had a great chat. I was so happy to see my mum and dad. I had four showers that day. I was so relieved.

I am now twenty-four working as a scientist.



23 Marooned on a Desert Island.

Tired, dirty, and hungry. It has been an hour since the plane crashed. Only four people had survived, my two friends, Jon, Peter a man who looks like he is in his late twenties and myself. He seemed very calm while Peter was panicking. We asked him his name to which he announced Snake. He sounded confused as if wondering why we would care about his name. Snake started collecting bamboo, leaves and sticks. We didn't even comment, just let him do what made him feel better. Around an hour later he'd constructed a mini hut and looked like this kind of thing happened often to him. Snake started catching fish for food and also made a fire. We might as well not have been there. He did everything that that we needed to.

We had no beds, which I decided not to mention aloud, after all Snake had done. We all went asleep after what had been a truly terrible day.

When we woke up to our dismay there was no sign of Snake. We decided to look further outside. However there was no sign of him. We figured maybe he was on the plane, maybe he's with the dead bodies, Peter said. 'let's go and look for him there', 'no way am I going on that plane!' 'ok so, John and I will go in, Peter ran back to the hut.

John and I were near the end of the plane when John tripped over a bag. Anxiously I opened it, 'guns!' 'what did you just say?' 'guns!' what type is there? is there more than one? He fired the questions at me, 'calm down I will check what there is', rifle pistol, two machine guns and ..a rocket launcher. Do we even need the guns? John wondered nervously? 'yes', I replied cautiously, just in case of any..... I don't know.. but can we take them incase?' 'ok but be careful, lets go and tell Snake, John sang joyfully.

When we went out I heard a scream so me and picked up an machine gun each and ran true the trees Peter was hanging dead on a tree. I whispered 'reload your gun, let's go warn Snake' we got back to the hut and a creature was popping the eye balls out of Snake. 'Snake! I

screamed, we're coming. We shot the creature several times before it died, not without leaving an atrocious stench however!

Bang! Boom! 'What was that?' the trees were shaking twenty, thirty no forty zombies staggered out towards us. We both pulled our triggers simultaneously. Finally they were dead. John sat down exhausted. Suddenly a zombie jumped out, scraped him, I shot as quickly as I could. It fell to the ground with a dull thud. John was spitting out blood, he started to transform into one of the zombies, bit me on the neck, I started falling backwards, I hit the ground hard just before I died I saw army choppers fly down. I was immediately flown to hospital.

Five weeks later and I am almost back to normal with my family.