

Lost!

By Lily

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Deeper and deeper into the forest David went. He was so absorbed with his adventuring, he did not notice when he had strayed away from his family and the path. A sound from the nearby bushes caused David to frantically look around. A small rodent crawled out onto the grass behind him. *Just a rat*, David thought, feeling relieved. Suddenly realization hit David. "Mom? Dad?" David panicked.

He stumbled and fell. *The sun is setting*, David thought, *I've got to get back soon!* He reached for his gleaming, silvery flashlight as the last orange rays from the sun disappeared. David flicked on the flashlight and tried to retrace his steps.

After an hour of walking, David still saw no sign of the much-used path. "Keep calm," he told himself repeatedly. Finally, he gave up. *It's no use*, he thought, *there's no way I can get back now*. Extremely tired, he slowly picked up several twigs that seemed suitable for making a fire. He used flint and the steel blade of his knife to try and start the fire.

David had never made a fire before, and all the flint and steel did was cause a few sparks to fly. *I must make a fire; who knows what might be lurking in the shadows?* He thought. The very thought of wild animals lurking around

made David shudder. He felt all alone; he did not even have a map to guide him. *Even if I had a map, I wouldn't know where I was,* David thought scornfully.

Finally, David made a small fire as the last light of his flashlight flickered and died. "Batteries," he muttered while tucking his blade away. He fed the fire to make it grow. Then, he checked his watch. "9:30," he murmured, "Bedtime." David curled up beside his fire. A cold, damp breeze blew by, causing David to shiver despite the warmth from the glowing embers. An owl called, and its mate hooted in reply. After a flurry of feathers, everything became still.

The next morning David awoke, wondering where he was. But then he saw his dying fire and remembered last night's frightening ordeal. The next moment, a pang of hunger caused him to flinch. David moaned and began searching for something edible. He noticed a berry bush. Plump, red, juicy-looking berries seemed to fall right off the bush. David tore at the bush and stuffed his mouth with berries, unaware of the bitter taste in his hunger.

Satisfied by the meal of berries, David wondered aloud, "I must be finding my way back soon." He staggered along until he heard voices. "David? David! Oh! Where are you?" David recognized his mother's worried voice. "Mom!" he hollered, catching sight of his mother's long brown hair. David's mother turned around to catch her son in her arms.