



The  
Wilderness

By Peter

# The Wilderness

## Chapter 1: Stranded

Stranded some might say and others lost. Whichever that's what I am. I was on a hike deep in the woods, wandered off the trail a little too far, and lost my way, otherwise known as the middle of nowhere. I love the wilderness and always wanted to live there. It looks like now's my chance.

As I walk through the brush, I notice the cracking of a branch. In my backpack I have 2 days worth of food, about 5 good survival books, and 2 sets of clothes. I know a lot about the woods. I guess you could say I was prepared. For tools I brought a buck knife, a pocket knife, and a hatchet.

I looked around and found a small aspen tree. I took out my hatchet and cut it down. I took all of the small nubs off with my buck knife. Once I had a smooth and bendy stick, I made it into a bow. For a string (for now) I used one of my extra shoelaces. Sure I have 2 days worth of food. But, I just heard the scraping on a tree. I knew this was at least a five point buck. Plus this might be my only chance to get a deer.

I also needed arrows. I had brought three arrowheads, god knows why I did, but I did. I found an old oak that had about four good skinny sticks. I cut them off, took one more shoelace, and tied the arrowheads on. It took about an hour to make the bow and arrows. By then the buck had disappeared back into the woods.

Then I decided to make a small shelter. I found a tree that was low, sturdy, and very hard to chop. I started a fire with a small piece of flint and burned a hole in the tree. I made it hollow eventually. It took quite a while though. I had a shelter I could use. But I still had to animal proof it, maybe later. I left everything but my bow and arrows and my buck knife.

I was lost so deep in the woods that I thought I better find more food just in case and went out to get some food. I really didn't care what it was. The good thing is I've been hunting before and know how to gut animals. Plus, I've shot a bow before.

At 2:00, I heard a crunch and saw some scrape marks. When I turned around, about 50 yards away there's this monstrous 15 point buck. I almost gasped, but I knew I shouldn't scare it off. I quietly raised my bow with an arrow ready. I looked at the heart and saw where I wanted to hit the deer. The next thing I know, I had a dead 15 point buck on my hands. I go over to gut it and all I can think of is, "what a big buck".

When I'm finished gutting it, I drag it back to camp. That animal must have weighed at least 500 pounds. I had to make a couple of trips. Once I got it all back to camp, I cut off a leg. Then I realized, what was I going to cook it in? I kept thinking for about 15 minutes and finally came up an idea. I could put it on a stick and have two forked sticks on the sides. Then I could turn it. Half an hour later, I had a nice medium rare steak.

While I was eating, I noticed the sunset. This sunset was beautiful. It had gorgeous purple, orange, yellow, and pink streaks in it like delicate hair in the sun. I was very sad when it went away. Many people would pay money to see that.

Then I returned to the tree shelter and decided to go to sleep because I was very tired.