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The Someday Adventure

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The Someday Adventure

**My name is Elizabeth Stout.** A couple of years ago I only wanted an adventure, little did I know how soon that day would come. I was on my way to my grandmother's house on a plane ride, all by myself. The plane was almost there when for some odd reason the plane started to dip, and then it crashed.

 As I came back to consciousness I realized that I had no way to contact anyone. As I got up and started to walk in the direction of my grandmother's house. I wondered how long it would take me to get all the way back to her home. After an hour of walking I got tired and sat down on a rock to take a drink from a river.

 I saw some berries on a bush and decided to taste them, they tasted like blueberries. I decided to keep walking and after a little while I heard a growl coming from behind a tree. When I went to take a look I saw a mom and two cubs, she was in an attack position and I had just come too close for comfort. The baby cubs charged at me right behind their mama. The cubs weren’t that scary but their mom was.

 As she charged I pulled a can of pepper spray out of my bookbag and sprayed it right in her eyes. As she roared in pain I sprinted as fast as I could in the way of my grandmother's house. I felt kind of bad for this but I reminded myself it was for self defense.

 When I finally slowed down the sun was so low in the sky that I knew I was going to have to stay the night out in the wilderness. As I looked for a place to build a lean to I saw a tree with some dead branches around it. On my way over I stopped to fill my water bottle from a small creek a few yards away. After I had built my lean-to I gathered some more berries that I had eaten earlier that day. When I woke up in the morning it was pouring rain, and I decided to wait out the storm.

 When the storm stopped around lunch I set out once again. This time I was careful to watch for bears but I wasn’t looking where I was going and I fell into a river with rapids a little way downstream. It swept me downriver about a mile back the way I had come. It took the rest of the day for me to make up the time I had lost. When I got back to the part of the river I had started at I found a bridge and crossed it. Then I made another lean-to to stay the night in. The next morning I made a fishing spear and caught a fish to eat for breakfast.

When I finished my breakfast I started walking again. I figured that I had about one and a half days left to walk at the rate I was going. When I stopped for lunch I ran into a racoon who scared me so much I almost jumped into a tree. In the next hour the skies opened up and drenched while I was in an open meadow.

 As I ran for the cover of trees in the distance I tripped and fell flat on my face. When I got up I was splattered with mud from head to toe. When I reached the cover of trees I saw a little cottage up in the trees atop a little hill. When I ran up to it I realized that it wasn’t my grandmother's cottage but the old lady that played bingo with my grandma on Friday nights. When I finally got to my grandma's cottage I walked in and said I’m here now sorry I worried you. Grandma? Where are you?

 When my grandma came out she said “what do you mean worried me I knew you could handle a little plane delay. Now sit down and tell me all about your flight.” So I sat down and told her all about the bears and the river and that I had been out in the wilderness for about three days, more than just a plane delay.  My grandma insisted though that I was just a few hours late.

That is when I started wondering, is grandma going crazy? Was I going crazy? Then this one started nagging at me, what if time had slowed down and I had been sent on this adventure on purpose? Well one day I will figure this out.