

## Gavin's Minecraft Journal

### Day 1

9/21/15

I was flying over the Alaskan wilderness when I crashed. I'm twenty-two years old and I live in Anchorage, Alaska. I am a pilot and I enjoy sometimes taking scenic flights over the forests. While I was on one of these flights, one of my engines blew out and I crash landed near a small river. I am completely unhurt, but my craft is totaled. I was able to salvage a few things from the wreckage, including some matches and an axe. So far, I haven't seen a single wild animal, except for some fish in the stream. I found a small cave and I moved some brush in front of the entrance as a makeshift shelter. I plan to make a treehouse as soon as I can. I have already started to clear away some of the leaves. My most pressing concern right now is food. I have some seeds but they will take a while to grow. My best source of food is the river, and I need to construct a fishing pole first.

Although it isn't my biggest concern right now, rescue and escape is also a worry of mine. Nobody knows I'm out here and it is very rare for a pilot to fly in this area. I had a few flares in my plane but they're all busted. I plan to try to build a raft and go downstream. Usually there is some kind of civilization along a river. If I can't find anything at all, I plan to start a forest fire. I know it's not the most environmentally-friendly solution to my current dilemma but I don't want to be stuck out here forever. I want to get back to my home in Anchorage. Although I am not eager to get back to the bill for the company plane I totaled. All I know is, it's not long until the first snow. Surviving in Alaska during the winter is hard enough in a big city. I won't make it a week out here. I am also very suspicious of the lack of wildlife. I'm getting out of here as quickly as possible.

## Day 2

I swear it gets colder every second. My treehouse is complete. It's at least 15 feet off the ground. It's completely surrounded by leaves and branches and is totally invisible to the outside world. I built a makeshift ladder going up out of some sturdy branches. I actually accidentally fell while I was constructing it. I was knocked out for quite a while. I don't think it gave me a concussion because I seem to have a pretty clear memory of the events prior to my accident.

A new problem has presented itself. I have discovered the reason behind the lack of normal wildlife. A variety of nocturnal creatures creep out when the sun sets. One is a pale-looking, strange, bony...thing. It launches some sort of harmful projectile whenever anything gets near it. Another being that shows itself is a sickly greenish beast that almost looks as if it is decaying. Like the the other one, this type of creature attempts to maul me whenever I approach it. I was able to slay one with a large stick after repeated whacks. I tried tasting its meat but it was rancid and foul.

I laid out some pieces of wood and created a signal spelling out "HELP!". Hopefully that will alert any pilots passing through. I plan to try and build some torches and line my signal with them to illuminate it at night. I have collected some fallen logs to construct the raft. All that is left for that is some food and water preservations for my journey. I am still looking for an adequate food source. For now all I have is the pungent meat of that green creature. I can barely stomach it. If i could find something to act as fishing line, that would solve my problems. If I do leave my current encampment, I will leave a carving saying i have traveled upstream.

### **Day 3**

9/23/15

Everything is complete. I completed a large signal that is lined with torches.

Using some fallen logs and trees, I constructed a crude boat. Also, my food problems have been more than solved! I found an unusually large spider that spins an extremely thick web. With some of its silk, I made fishing line. I could fish if I wanted to, but that is very time-consuming. My other source of food is much easier to access however. I discovered two types of mushrooms in a small meadow. I decided that i would take a risk...and it paid off. Not only are these mushrooms not poisonous, but they are quite tasty. The best part is there are too many for me to count. I will have many provisions for my journey down stream.

I also made another discovery. I'm not the first human to have been here. I found an old glass Coca-cola bottle in some bushes. It got my hopes up for a little while that they're might be a town nearby. I searched for a few hours but then gave up. I'm sure that whoever was here left many years ago. There isn't even any traces of a shelter.

After gathering a few more mushrooms, I'll leave as soon as I can tomorrow. After five days, I'll start the forest fire. It should attract enough attention for someone to come out here. I just hope I don't get hurt in the process.

### **Day 4**

9/24/15

I left my makeshift camp this morning using the raft I constructed last night. I have many mushrooms to provide me with food along my journey. I drifted for a while, letting the current carry me downstream. I trailed my fishing line behind the boat as I

went. Sadly, I could n't catch a bite. Then, my day got a whole lot worse. I went into some rapids and my craft slammed into a rock. It was in pieces. I got off and just started walking. I went through a forest, then a large clearing. I walked so long it got dark. I was immediately worried. Although I had seen more and more wildlife as I walked, I suspected there was still some of those dreaded creatures in the area. Knowing their aversion to light and heat, I placed some torches around where I was going to sleep. When I woke up, there were no creatures near me.

So, I continued my journey. I walked and walked and walked and walked and walked. Then I walked some more. Eventually, I gave up all hope. I saw another river (or maybe it was the same one as before) with a small island in the middle. I swam out and lit one of the trees on that island on fire. It spread to the other few trees on that island. They burned for about an hour before it finally happened. A plane appeared! I waved frantically, hoping it would notice me. He seemed to not have as he flew past me. Then, he circled back around. I knew he saw me, he just had no way of landing. I gave him a thumbs-up, hoping he would understand that he I knew he had to leave. He did, and flew back the direction he came. I stayed put. About thirty minutes later, a helicopter came and let out a ladder. As soon as I reached the top. I was bombarded with questions. "What's your name? How'd you get here?" These questions went on for the entire ride back. By the time we got to the small airport, they had learned everything there was to know about me and my adventures. I went back to flying for the shipping company I did before. Turns out one of the company engineers had been working on the plane I took out. He had not taken it to the service hanger. I wasn't charged for the

damage caused to the plane. They asked me if I wanted to press charges. I said no. So concludes my tale.



Above: I constructed a small lean-to shelter out of fence posts and leaves



Above: I made an SOS signal by spelling out the word "HELP!" in wood planks and lining it with torches so it is visible at night.