Daniel #19

English

February 16, 2017

Minecraft Project Journal Day 1 (Thursday)

Dear Journal,

   Today, I woke up in a tree. As I struggled to free myself, I looked up and quickly

deduced what must have happened as I surveyed the burning wreckage. The moments

leading up to the plane crash came back to me. I remembered the captain announcing

engine failure and my fellow passengers bracing for impact. I recalled seeing the plane

crashing through the trees, torn apart by thick branches just before plunging into a pool

of lava fed by a boiling stream from a volcano. I must have been lucky enough to have

been thrown out by the inertia from the impact. With the exception of a storage crate,

three bottles, a door, and some wood and metal scraps that I salvaged, it appeared that

the entire plane, along with its contents and riders, had slid into the fiery lake.

   As I worked my way down the tree, I quickly scanned my surroundings. The area

had a wide river and was hilly and filled to the brim with oak trees. I saw a massive

herd of horses and a much smaller pack of wolves along with pigs and chickens dotting

the landscape. However, the most interesting sight was what appeared to be a native. I

grabbed a slender piece of wood and hastily sharpened the edge on a rock, creating a

crude sword just in case. As I approached the native, it suddenly turned and began

shooting at me with a bow! I sprinted away from him and escaped by hiding behind

some boulders.

   My next action was to find some shelter: a shallow cave in the side of a hill. I started

a fire, killed a pig and a chicken, and cooked and ate the meat. Tomorrow, I will begin

stacking recovered wood planks and put some torches on top for a rescue beacon. For now, I will rest.

Daniel #19
English
                                        February 17, 2017

<center>Minecraft Project Journal Day 2 (Friday)</center>

Dear Journal,

   Three months have passed since my arrival. I have built the beacon in this time; however, it unfortunately has not attracted the attention of any potential rescuers. In addition, there have been no more incidents involving the natives of this land.

   I have also begun to collect seeds and grow them near my shelter. The resulting plants appear to be close relatives to wheat as they grow, but juicy berries grow in thick clumps along their branches. I have already gathered three harvests. While waiting for the plants to grow, I have slain some of the local pigs and chickens for their meat.

   I have also explored the region a little and have discovered nothing but more trees, hills, and a few mountains. Only shallow caves exist. I have spent the days watching the air and listening for the sound of planes while digging out my shelter a little more. Although I almost always have a signal fire burning in anticipation, I know that the chances of being found now are slim.

Daniel #19
English
                                                                February 21,
2017

                        Minecraft Journal Project Day 3 (Tuesday)

Dear Journal,

   It has been two years since I have come to this land. I have given up hope of being rescued during this time, although I still keep my beacon and torches burning.

   I have adapted to life here quite well; I created a "bed" for myself by putting a mound of soft grass blades on top of wood and can fell trees with an axe (which was also taken from the wreck) if I need more wood. I stitched together leather taken from nearby dead cows and horses to form a tunic and boots for when the weather gets cold or when precipitation begins to fall.

   I experienced a few more unpleasant encounters with the hostile natives but have always escaped each time. These dangerous incidents have made me quite wary of the forest, which has many potential hiding spots. While I would like to write in this journal more often, I unfortunately have limited amounts of paper, and this will likely be my final log. I would not mind staying the rest of my life here and have come to accept my fate. Still, I miss the many comforts and luxuries of civilization.

   After finding an old camera at the crash site, I took photographs of the interior and exterior of my house and my beacon and have enclosed the pictures in the order in which I listed them at the bottom of this entry.