

February 24, 2014:

Dear Journal,

I am not sure where I am. The last thing I remember happening was waking up to screaming right before our plane to Italy crashed and knocked me out again. This place in which I ended up seemed like a snowy island at first. As soon as I woke up, I was attacked by a pack of wild dogs that I had to fight with my bare hands. Unfortunately, I was not able to get any meat from the one I actually killed because the other dogs protected it. I ran away and found some cows. These would be perfect for a meal and some leather to stay warm. I thought since I had killed a wild dog with my bare hands, I could take on a cow, but boy was I wrong. Right after my first punch at it, the cow ran away. It also alerted the others, and they all started scrambling. I decided to give up on food and find a shelter. As I walked even farther into the island, I noticed the temperature getting warmer and the area becoming less icy. Soon, I was literally walking in a desert. I had thought I might freeze to death, but now I was sweating like crazy. That was probably all the water I had left in my body. There was another priority: water. I would have to worry about that later. I knew I couldn't stay alive if I didn't stay safe. In the distance, I spotted a gigantic structure made of sand and shaped like a pyramid. There was an idea for a shelter. Maybe I could dig a hole in the sand. I dug a huge crater in the ground without any tools, but as soon as I jumped inside, it began to collapse on me. I decided to go back to the colder area and look around the mountains I had seen for food, water, or shelter. I headed over there, and when I arrived, I began to explore. Just as I was about to turn back, I spotted a small hole on the side of one of the peaks. I climbed up and walked inside. I could barely see

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anything at first since the sun had dropped almost completely below the horizon. After taking a few steps forward, I spotted a light and ran towards it. *Could someone else be on this strange island too?* As that thought ran through my head, I slipped off the edge of a cliff and was sent plummeting towards lava! I got lucky. I landed in an area where the lava just barely singed my arm. However, the fall plus the burn were enough to knock me out again. When I woke up, I stood up carefully and leaped over the lava between me and the safe area with a “staircase” leading to the place from which I fell. I climbed back up, walked out of the cave, and jogged back down the mountain. It was still night time. A memory flashed through my brain. There was water behind that lava. *Is it drinkable?* I wasn’t sure. Then I had the idea to build an “SOS sign” to get someone’s attention. I looked at the frozen lake in the distance, and instantly, a plan popped into my head. I strolled over, and got to work. My idea was to break the semi-thin ice (not thin enough for me to fall through) to form the letters “SOS”. However, by the time I had finished the “O”, the “S” had already frozen over again. I was angry that my idea hadn’t worked. Well, that’s where I am now. I will probably go to the warmer area to sleep for the remainder of the night. But as of now, I have no food, no water, and no shelter. How will I live? Could that small cave in the mountain be the key to survival?

Your Friend,

Josh

February 25, 2014:

## Minecraft Survival Journal

Dear Journal,

I found food and water today, but I only got the water. Earlier I spotted a hole in the ground. It seemed suspicious, so I took a peek inside. I discovered some kind of cave. I used my hands to make the hole bigger and crawled inside. I couldn't believe my eyes (partly because it was so dark.) There was a huge lake full of what looked like fresh water! Sure enough, it was drinkable. I had finally quenched my thirst after about five minutes of scooping up the cool liquid into my hand and pouring it down my sandpaper throat. Just as I was leaving, I felt a sharp pain in my arm. I looked down to see an arrow protruding from it. I mustered up some strength and yanked it out. My eyes scanned the area for the shooter. Someone else was in this hole. I spotted a flash of movement. Then it appeared right in front of me: a creature that was all bones, a skeleton (with a bow and arrow!) I ran for my life and leaped out of that hole like a kangaroo. I sprinted away as fast as I could. After a few minutes, I realized I wasn't being chased. Then I noticed I had gotten to a new part of the island. It wasn't freezing cold or scorching hot. This area was covered in trees, and there was a small mountain with horses, cows, and sheep grazing on top. There was another chance at getting food. However, between me and that peak was a dense forest area with lots of hunting wolves in plain sight. That is my dilemma right now. I am going to just rest for now. I am dead-tired from running away from that... creature. Maybe tomorrow I will just run as fast as I can through that forest of wild dogs, but right now, I don't have the energy.

Your Friend,

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February 26, 2014:

Dear Journal,

As soon as I woke up, I sprinted through the area with the wolves. My plan worked. Nothing touched me as I flew by. The mountain was so small, it only took about ten minutes to climb. When I got to the top, I was able to kill some cows (this time they had nowhere to run), and get some meat and leather. There was no way to cook the meat, so I had to eat it raw. It was disgusting, but, at the same time, it was the best meal I had ever eaten since I was starving. Another significant thing I found was more water. At the top of the puny mountain, there is a small lake with drinkable water. This place was perfect. Now, I just needed a shelter. I look around for a sharp rock. I found one and used it to cut down a tree. It took forever, but afterward, I had a lot wood to build a small shelter out of. I found a sandy clearing with enough space to build. I began placing pieces of wood on each other, and soon, this "small" home was a towering skyscraper, big enough to see from a distance. Then my brain hatched a brilliant idea. If I just kept building up, my home would be visible from the sky, and maybe, a plane flying overhead could see it. I'll spend tomorrow making this shelter tall enough to be spotted from space.

Your Friend,

Josh

February 28, 2014:

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Dear Journal,

For the past two days, all I have really done, other than go up to the mountain for food, water, and wood, is build my house. It's coming along well. I've gone out far into the island, and I can see it from very far away. At night, I've finally had a shelter under which to sleep. Also, I am now protected from the creatures that come out at night. Yesterday, I woke up to a strange scratching noise from above me. I walked outside and was very surprised to see some kind of zombie crawling around my roof! When it spotted me, it jumped off and landed unharmed. I grabbed a spare piece of wood and threw it at the creature. As soon as the bark made contact, the zombie exploded right in front of me. I'm not sure what these creatures are, but I hope I get rescued soon. Otherwise, they might take my life before hunger and thirst do.

Your Friend,

Josh

March 3, 2014:

Dear Journal,

I think I'm going to be on this strange island for a while. I haven't heard a plane fly over yet even though it's only been a week. I was able to see the entire island from the top of my house. It doesn't look like there is any kind of civilization at all. And my shelter is basically a wooden skyscraper now. I'm sure that it is the highest point in the island by far. I decided not to build up anymore because a fall from that high could be fatal. When I was

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creating it, I made it into a sort of spiral staircase, so I could walk up as I built. Also, yesterday, while I was going up to the top of the mountain for water, I stumbled upon one of those old cameras that prints the picture right after it is taken. I took a photo of the part of my shelter where I sleep, the part that sticks out in the air, and the view of the island from the top. It's funny. When I first arrived, I thought the entire island would be a mini Antarctica. But actually, when I look at the big picture, the snowy area is just a tiny part on the edge. Well, now I pretty much have everything I need to survive, except fire. I don't need it, but if I continue to eat raw meat, there's a great chance I could get sick from worms. Also, if I had fire, I could make a torch and place it at the top of my house, where it would be visible at night. Those are ideas for tomorrow. Right now, I'm ready to pass out. My hands are splintered and covered in blisters. My arms and legs feel like spaghetti after carrying all of that wood up the "stairs." There are some items I could definitely use right now. However, I think I'm prepared to survive for a *very long time*.

Your Friend,

Josh