

It started out just a normal day. I was a bush pilot in British Columbia. My name is Joe Stackhouse and I am 32 years old. It was my birthday yesterday. It was supposed to be my day off today but someone called in sick. I couldn't of asked for a worse day to go to work . It was the worst storm this province has ever seen. The lightning was starting fires in the forest and I was putting them out. The plane is holding out for the most part. Then.....

Lightning struck the left wing and its on fire! The plane is starting to tilt to the left and its going down! The left wing has broke off the plane and i am spinning out of control. All i can think of is " Please let me live, please let me live". I have lost control of the plane by this point AND I'M GOING DOWN FAST AND!.....

I'm alive, I am alive ! I can't believe it i survived the crash ! Now i have to figure out where I am. Okay lets see here i was putting out the fire close to Kelowna so i'm not far from civilization. For now I have to find shelter and get out of the storm as fast as I can. The forest is wet and all I see is mud. Mud to my left mud to my right. By this point i'm lucky if i don't fall in quicksand. The forest is mostly flat besides some hills here and there. If I can find a cave somewhere then I should be set for for a while until i start to get hungry. I'm starting to see some mountains in the distance i need to get there before nightfall because thats when the wolves start to come out. The mountains are getting closer now and I think I see a cave. I start to run towards it but try not to get too tired. The cave looks deserted. I better take a look inside to make sure. I started to see a shadow come up. Its large, round and mean looking its getting bigger and bigger. I don't know if I should stay to find out what it is or if i should run. I decide to stay I take cover behind a rock a wait to see what it is. I can see part of whatever it is come out. Its coming out and its..... Its.....

A squirrel. Really it had to be a squirrel not a bear or wolf a squirrel. I kinda feel relieved that it wasn't anything that would attack me on sight. I investigated the rest of the cave and found nothing. I found a place to rest and slept there for the night. The next morning I went out to search for food. "Maybe that squirrel is still running around here" I said to myself. There it is its the squirrel its sitting right beside a tree. I need to find a rock so I can make a quick kill without it having to suffer. There I see a nice sharp one by the cliff. I have the rock and I'm walking towards the squirrel I don't think he can hear or see me. I'm behind it I'm lifting my arms with rock in my hands and I bring it down fast and.... Its dead. I killed it, I really killed I can't believe it. I have never killed anything in my life until now. I need to move on, I need to survive. I bring the squirrel into my cave and go find some branches and bark to start a fire. I found everything I need to start fire. I felt something in my pocket. I reached my hand in my pocket and pulled out.....

A lighter. I can't believe it, I forgot all about it. I always had lighter everywhere I go. Ok now I can start a fire. I had enough fuel to burn the bark and there is still a little bit of fuel left.

The fire was growing and I had to go and get some more wood.

The next morning I woke up, it has been two days since I crashed. I have to find high ground and make smoke signal and hope someone sees me.

After five hours of walking around I could see a peak looking over a lake. I found a way to get up. There is a small path which will take me straight to the top. It took me longer than I thought to get to the top of the peak but I made it. The view was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life. The lake was as blue as the sky and the trees were so tall and green the

mountains were so big they could touch the sky. Part of me didn't want to leave but I knew I had to. I had my family waiting for back home, probably worried sick. I turned around and found some dry fallen leave and put them in a pile.

I took out my lighter and lite a few leaves. In seconds smoke everywhere and its going straight up " now I wait and hope someone sees it" I said to myself. It's been three hours since I start the fire and no sign of anyone. I went and found more leaves I came back and I saw something in the distance. It's a helicopter. My heart was beating so fast and I didn't care I dropped the leaves I was carrying and and started waving my hands. The helicopter looked like it was coming this way but was to far to be sure. I keep waving my arms and moments later the helicopter was just yards away from me it was turning and it came right beside the cliff and said " Jump on! ".

I ran towards the cliff and jump on the helicopter.

" how long have you been lost " the pilot asked "
about two days " I said. "

your lucky we found you before the bears did" the pilot said just before he told the other pilot to take of. I told the pilot where my plane crashed, or at least what's left of it. " I can't wait to get home" I whispered to myself.

THE END