***Mystery Island***

***By Kieran Rubotham***

***It was a nice sunny day in 1916 when the Rising began. My name is Peter Patrickson and I’m 15 years old. My father had to go and fight for our country. And my mother was sick. She was dying of cancer. I had to work on an old farm to make enough money to keep my mother and I fed. Shortly later that month my mother died because of cancer. It was hard for me to take in. I was sent to an orphanage for a little while. One day the people who minded me said that I was going to be put on a plane and I was going to go and live with my uncle in China. I was confused because I have never heard of my uncle who lives in China? Anyway I was put on a plane to China the next day; I only have a few belongings so not much packing was done. I was on the plane and I was feeling tired so I took a little nap. I was suddenly woken up by a loud bang coming from outside I thought we had landed but when I looked outside I saw that the wing had caught fire. The captain started speaking on the microphone and told us to fasten our seat belts and that we were going to crash. So I tightened my belt and hoped I wouldn’t die. The next minute I woke up in a jungle rainforest. I was wondering where I was. I got up and looked around. I saw a broken ship behind me and remembered the plane crash. I thought I as the only survivor but I didn’t care I was more worried about food and shelter. I had learned survival skills in school. We were doing a camping thing where if you got lost in the woods you would know what to do. They taught us how to build shelters and how to find food. So I did what I had learned. By the end of the night I had made a shelter and had a supply of coconuts. The wind that night was horrendous. But I managed to get through it. The next morning I was travelling around the jungle, when suddenly I swore I heard a noise in the bushes. I went to check. But when I looked into the bushes there was nobody there. I was freaked out and went home. It was the next day when I was gathering more food when I heard the noise in the bush again. A man emerged from the bushes and was speaking some sort of language I didn’t know. I asked him where he came from. But he didn’t answer. I ran away thinking that he was an enemy. I ran back to my home and stayed there for the rest of the day. The next morning I went outside and saw a note that said something I wasn’t sure of but I think that it was Chinese? I won’t be writing anything until I find out what’s going on.***

***TEN MONTHS LATER.***

***It has been a while since I last have written in this book. Anyways I learned that the man that I found was from China and he was stranded in the same plane crash as me. I was going to ask if he knew how to build a raft and get out of here. He said that he was in the middle of building one himself.***

***P.S. he knew a little English and that’s how I talked to him. We are going to finish the raft and I will start writing when we are finished.***

***Two Months Later,***

***We have finished the raft and we are setting sail in five days. I think we are going to China? Not sure, anyway I can’t wait until we go. I’m going to skip forward to the part we set sail.***

***Five Days Later.***

***We set sail, but the one thing that worries me is that I can't sail so all I can do is sit back and let the man do all the work.***

***Three Years Later.***

***We’ve been sailing for years and no sign of land, hang on. What’s that!?!? It looks like... AN ISLAND!!! We’re sailing into the docks now. The rush of exhilaration inside of me is insane! I have been waiting for years to finally be on land! We're docking now, I am glad to be home again.***

***The End.***