LOST IN THE WILD

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May 2010

One slushy morning, Miles woke up to the fresh smell of buttermilk waffles. He stomped downstairs, poured syrup on his golden waffles, and wolfed down his favorite breakfast. That afternoon the powerful yellow sun came out and started melting the white and fresh snow. Miles went out to play with Kona, his two year old chocolate lab, when he realized she was missing from the yard that backed onto the forest mountain. Dread paralyzed Miles' heart. Kona was Miles' single dog. Because she was a pet, Kona could get into trouble in the wild.

"Mom Kona's lost!" Miles' mom walked outside to look for Kona. She saw the wide open gate where Kona must have escaped. She said, "I'll look near our tree fort and you look near the shed." But before his mom knew it Miles ran out the gate screaming "Kona!"

The wire gate of Miles' backyard opened up into the big, dark forest. Whenever the gate was opened, Kona sprinted out. Also whenever a person walked even close to the gate Kona darted up and whined with her muscles tensed and her brown nose almost touching the ground, ready to scamper into the huge forest. As soon as Miles saw the open gate, he knew that Kona was in the deep, dark, and snowy forest.

While Miles was running as fast as he could up the mountain he thought about his pet: Kona was brown and medium size, about the color of coffee. She had floppy ears and a wagging tail. She had green eyes. Her nose was wet and wrinkly and

she had black claws. Kona liked to run around eating anything that looked like food to her, which was everything in sight.

Miles ran and yelled "Kona!" going deeper into the pine and cedar forest. Miles ran the farthest he had ever gone before, past rocks, stumps and creeks. He was sprinting as fast as his little legs could go to catch up to the dog that meant almost every thing to him. As he reached higher snow level, he thought he saw a furry spot darting around, but it was just his imagination. When Miles was too tired he sat down in the cold snow, but then he actually saw a dark smudge in the distance between trees with a wagging tail, and he knew it was Kona.

When Miles reached Kona they were both so happy. Kona licked Miles so much that after about a half an hour there still was drool on Miles' face. After the celebration, Miles and Kona tried to start locating their way home. They walked twenty minutes until they realized they did not know how to get home. They looked for a trail, but they could not find one because of the snow. Kona also tried sniffing it out but it was starting to get dark. Miles knew his turquoise shingled house was down the mountain, but the mountain was big.

After Miles and Kona walked even longer it was nighttime. Miles felt scared and cold and he stopped looking. Kona cheered him up and sat and licked Miles' face. Then, when Kona ran to get food, Miles made a small fire by rubbing sticks and putting rocks around for safety.

Kona came back with a gray squirrel, bloody in her mouth. Miles skinned the squirrel with his knife that he made with some obsidian rock he found lying on the

ground. They cooked the tasty looking squirrel on a stick over the fire. Kona and Miles ate the squirrel and it tasted like chicken.

The next day they walked to find some yummy food, and they saw a brown bear in their trail. Luckily Miles tamed the bear by scaring it with his obsidian knife and yelling at it. Then the bear helped get food by snatching fish from Boyle Creek. The bear picked berries, sneaking some in his mouth. Miles named the bear Sammy. Then all three of them looked for the green house, but were unsuccessful and went back to their little camp.

Two days later Sammy, Miles, and Kona hiked searching for food, but five cougars stopped them, looking hungry. The cougars slowly circled in on them. Miles quickly swept out his knife and tried to frighten them like he did to Sammy, but it was no use. Kona growled, but failed like Miles. Then Sammy roared as loud as he could and scared four of the cougars away, but one stayed, so they circled in on him; Sammy kept roaring until the cougar gave up and joined them.

Kona and Sammy started playing with the cougar until he became their friend. Miles named it Jack. They all ran down to find their turquoise house again. But they could not find it because the snow level was so deep. So they went back to camp, a little hut made from rabbit skin and sticks.

Soon Miles, Kona, Sammy, and Jack developed daily routines. Each day Miles and Jack would go hunting for yummy food and water and Kona and Sammy guarded the campground for any raccoons or squirrels who would steal their food. If they caught a raccoon or a squirrel, they ate it. Life was very rough, but exciting. However, after too long, Miles could not stand the hard work in the forest anymore. He told his animal

friends to look for the house one more time. But instead they found a gray house. It was Miles' friend Crowe's house; Miles knew vividly where to go from there. They sprinted to Miles' turquoise house and his mom was so content she fainted. Once she woke up she got scared when she saw Sammy and Jack and fainted again.

The rest of Miles' family members came. His two brothers and father hugged Miles. His father said, "You can keep your new big friends." Miles' dad said to Kona, "thanks for keeping Miles safe. Good girl."