

The Diary of
Naturalist and Adventurer
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Day One

I walked nervously into the sun-drenched desert. It became clear that I had to find shelter, otherwise I could get severe sunstroke. My old shirt was tied around my waist, so I rapidly wrapped it around my head to protect myself from the furious heat.

There were only some crumbs and one drop of water left in my trusty pack, and I knew I had to find food fast. That's when I saw the eggs.

I was reaching my hand out for the eggs, when I heard it. The sound. I knew instantly it was the awful sound of the deadly rattlesnake. My heart was pounding in fear! Quickly, I pulled my forked stick from my back pack, and with one second to spare, I stabbed it into the rough sand and pinned his thrashing head to the ground!

I didn't have much time before he escaped, so I urgently looked around me. In the distance I saw a cave in the rocky crevices. I could sleep there for the night.

This was the end of day one.

Day Two

At first I was heartily relieved to escape the heat and the rattlesnake, but it didn't take long before I started to shiver. My teeth were ch...ch...chattering. I was in the coldest cave I had ever encountered!

Looking around me, I saw dripping water on the damp walls of the cave, and towards the back I could barely see my hand in front of my face.

I had to do something about the cold or I would get hypothermia, and my precious organs would shut down. I suddenly remembered I had some flint and steel in my trusty pack to light a fire in extreme cases like this.

Hunting around, I found some wood and got a burning fire going.

As I was sitting next to the fire, I heard the unmistakable purr of the rare black jaguar. Only the fire was keeping it out of the cave. I would have to stay awake all night and guard the fire so it wouldn't attack me.

This was the end of day two.

Day Three

I survived the night in my cave without experiencing a surprise black jaguar attack. I followed the dark tunnels of the cave until I found another exit out the back. There, I found a mammoth jungle. The tree branches and leaves made such a thick covering, I didn't know if it was day or night. It was lucky I was wearing a long-sleeved t-shirt, otherwise I would have been bitten to death by the many insects. As I walked, I realised I had thousands of tiny cuts all over me from the knife-sharp grass. It came up to my waist. There was no way to get through!

I went back and found a long bamboo stick, and I held it out in front of me, horizontally, feeling scared. I walked nervously towards the grass and my stick pushed a nice pathway for me to get through.

I made it through and sat down for a rest, leaning against a fallen tree. As soon as I sat down, I saw the blink of a red, blazing eye, right next to me, in between the smooth leaves. I recognised that eye. It was the eye of the most deadly Komodo Dragon. Slowly backing away, I took a deep breath and tried not to run, otherwise it would start to chase me. I could get whacked by the Komodo Dragon's rock-solid tail, which was as hard as a baseball bat.

Moving slowly, I began to hear the rapidly rushing sound of water - that was my destiny, the river!

That was the end of day three.

Day Four

Escaping from the Komodo Dragon's red, blazing eye, I followed the sound of the deafening waterfall ahead. It was getting louder and louder, but I had to follow it so I could get to safety. Soon it was so loud, I could barely hear myself think. Scanning the river, I knew I couldn't swim through the strong currents, and I could be attacked by hippos, water snakes and crocodiles. However, what I was most afraid of was the beautiful, yet deadly Black Piranha. The teeth in its mouth were razor sharp and pointed backwards, so its prey couldn't escape.

Ahead of me, half-hidden in the undergrowth, I couldn't believe my eyes. There was an old, waterlogged canoe! Opening my trusty pack, I found a waterproof jacket that I could use to patch up the hole in the canoe. By the time I'd finished, I was drenched in sweat.

I'd been paddling for some time when I saw something in the water that made my heart freeze in fear. The dark shadow of the Black Piranha! There was a ripping sound beneath the boat, and I saw scraps of my waterproof jacket floating uselessly away down river. The water started pouring swiftly into my canoe. I had minutes before my canoe sank and I would be in trouble.

I grabbed desperately at a hanging vine above me, and swung my way across to the bank. In the distance, I saw some smoke. It must be a village! I was saved!

This was the end of the adventure.