

Chapter 20

Ten years later.....

Brian is now 23, and it has been 10 years since the accident and he was left to fend for himself in the wilderness. Since then Brian has made use of his experiences by training others in survival for the Defence Force as a Commando. He was asked to give a presentation on his experience to new recruits to explain how to use what you have on you and how to help yourself when you are lost. Also, waiting for help to arrive which could be any amount of days.

“Young recruits my name is Commando Brian Robeson, I am here to help teach you all about survival in the wilderness, and help you all learn what I had to learn at the age of 13, when the plane I was in crashed, the pilot was dead and I had to fend for myself. I was stranded in the bush for 47 days, if it wasn't for the hatchet my mother gave me before I boarded the plane, I probably wouldn't be here right now. At first I felt hope that someone would come for me and rescue me, I told myself I only need to have enough food to survive three or four days, it wasn't till about 30 days I gave up hoping, since I had things to do every day to survive. Being busy is what stopped me from feeling sorry for myself and becoming an emotional wreck.”

“I tried catching fish with my hands for food then realised that was not going to work. I eventually made a spear. I honestly thought that if I make one there would be no problem catching food, but of course it was harder. Luckily I remembered something from science class, that water refracts and bends light, which meant the fish were not where they appeared to be. They were lower, just below the surface, which meant I had to aim under them.”

When Brian gave his presentations he could see the shock on the faces of both the young and older recruits who have a lot of life experience. I am so use to sharing my story with people that it doesn't bother me that much anymore, but it does haunt me at times of weakness about the pilot dying on me and the pilot being trapped in the plane, he thought to himself.

“Okay, now being stuck in the wilderness for 47 days was scary at the start. I thought something might kill me. For example, I came face to face with a bear when I was picking berries to eat that the bear was eating as well. Once she noticed me she stood up. The bear was huge and I thought she was going to kill me. I thought I was dead for sure. To my surprise she got back down on all four legs and walked off. I knew not to make any sudden movements so I didn't startle and aggravate the bear. Out in the wilderness there is more than just bears and wolves that will cause you harm. Now this will sound funny but, I had a moose attack me. It kept running at me

knocking me deeper into the water. Every time I tried to get out of the water it would run out and shove me back into the water. After a while I kept trying to crawl out of the water but each time the moose would push me back in. My ribs started to hurt and I was stuck hunched over in pain. I slowly crept out of the water and up behind a tree and stood slowly. Soon enough the moose came out of the deeper water and left as soon as quickly as she had come. That night I woke up to a noise, it took me a second to figure out what it was. It was the sound of a tornado. I was struck in the back by some mad force, driven into the shelter on my face and slammed down into the pine branches of my bed. At the same time the wind tore at the fire and sprayed red coals and sparks in a cloud around me. Then it backed out, seemed to hesitate momentarily, and returned with a massive roar; a roar that took my ears and mind and body. I was whipped against the front wall of the shelter like a rag, felt a ripping pain in my ribs again, then was hammered back down into the sand once more. The wind took the whole wall, my bed, the fire, my tools - all of it - and threw it out into the lake, gone out of sight, gone for ever."

Brian always felt a little sadness in his heart when he talked about his experiences, but he knew how to hide it well or at least well enough from people who don't know him that well, that he was hurting inside. It was always the realisation that killed him, knowing his parents gave up looking for him two months before he was rescued. Knowing that they weren't looking for him anymore, that he hoped for nothing and that it was just luck that he was found.

"I had to rebuild everything and I was lucky to have my hatchet on me. I was rescued a couple days later and that's when I found out that my parents gave up looking two months before I was found. So always remember that no matter how long you are lost and waiting, never get your hopes up for something that might never happen. I know that sounds harsh, and it will be hard to do but it will help you get through that time that you are there. If you are found you are found, if not then you need to use what you have on you and do what you have to do to survive. Thank you all for listening and attending, we will continue this lesson tomorrow and go further into depth with survival strategies. Thank you once again see you all tomorrow".

Brian continued his teaching and serving in the Defence Force, later he got married and had two beautiful baby girls, who he named Julia and Skylar. He enjoyed the rest of his life living in Australia where he raised his family and could get away from the Canadian wilderness.

THE END

Written by Brontie Gibbs-Jones, Term 4

29/11/2016