

Antarctica

Suddenly a gust of strong wind blew when I was in mid-air, carrying me away. It was like a father carrying a helpless little child not wanting nap time. We had gone on a skydiving trip with my class. The wind was freezing. I was struggling to stay within the landing area. But fighting was just hopeless. If I tried to fight it would be like a giant versus a tiny little ant. The winds pinned me down. I couldn't move to deploy my parachute. I felt like the chilliness of the winds entered my body and froze my muscles. I was paralyzed.

But then, just at that moment when I was about to quit, I got flashbacks, memories, and remembered my dreams and friends. I couldn't die. Suddenly I got a sudden burst of energy, warmth spread through my muscles. I screamed. It was like being handcuffed. The string to deploy the parachute was too far back to reach with these winds. I took a deep breath looking at the sun above. It was just about to set. That means the sun is to my west, and the opposite side is to my east. That means I could be going north or south, but the west side is where my right hand is and my east is where my left hand is. Knowing this means I'm going south. This news meant that I was going to Antarctica since ^{we} went skydiving in Ushuaia, South America. Antarctica has a lot of snow. I could actually survive this fall. This fact later got reassured by seeing water, because if I went north, I would see land. I later landed on soft snow 10 feet deep and passed out.

I was lucky I woke up fast since I would have frozen to death. I tried to remember what happened, but the memories just weren't coming at that time. It was cold, the snow below me was even colder. It was dark. I looked around and saw a huge sheet of snow. My only thought was, where am I? What I did know was that it was really cold, and I could not survive in conditions like this. I had to move and quickly. I learned when I was younger how to survive in harsh conditions. Step one gather inventory. All I had was the parachute. This was bad. I could definitely use the string from the parachute though. I started moving. The only what-so-ever dangerous animal in Antarctica is the leopard seal. But they are the most dangerous animal in Antarctica, so they are only awake in the morning since they don't have to hide from predators. I knew that there were over 3,000 scientists in Antarctica, so I had to find a base camp fast. But

then I remembered, I was not the only one skydiving, other people have to be here to, unless..., NO, NO WAY! I had to find my class.

I began to walk but the snow crunch was loud. No REALLY loud. Then, suddenly more and more crunches came but I wasn't moving. That's when I knew it was not me. I looked behind me and saw a huge avalanche. I knew there was no way to escape. I would get crushed in seconds. To make matters worse there was a huge blizzard coming towards me. I know I couldn't run. The only way I could go to live is UP. I quickly found a rock. I screamed a small part of the avalanche fell on foot. It probably broke. I got the parachute and cut off the string. I needed to get unstuck. "Ahhhhh!" I screamed. The blizzard is getting closer. I thought of my classmates. I yelled and grunted continuously. The blizzard got to me. I closed my eyes, as I was getting buried alive. "So this is the end hunh?" I said. "I'm sorry." I mumbled. I had failed everybody.

"Am I dead?" I thought. I had seen a faint light on the mountain before I got buried. That is the reason I'm still alive and breathing. There were people on that mountain. I had created an air pocket with my arms, so I can live for several hours. I used my feet to try to dig out. It was hardly packed. I couldn't move. I took a deep breath. I still had the rock. I looked around. There was another rock attached to the wall of snow! I sighed. I used all my force to pull the rock out of the wall. I grabbed the other rock lying next to me. I started rubbing them together. Eventually there were fire sparks. "Thank God for friction!" I sighed in relief I grabbed the parachute that was still on me. I brought the parachute to the fire sparks on the rocks.

The temperature went from like -20 degrees to 600 degrees. I brought the parachute to the roof. It little by little started to melt. When the snow was almost gone, I stuck the parachute in the snow to distinguish the flames. I got out. The brightness shocked me. It was morning. I dusted my pants. The lights on the mountain ~~was~~ ^{were} no longer there. I grabbed the string from the

parachute and wrapped it around my waist. I threw the string on a rock's pointy part. It took a couple tries but it latched on eventually. I started to climb. I got pretty far but the string came off the rock. Part of the mountain below me was crumbling, and I could tell there that there was going to be another avalanche. I was holding for dear life. My hands were bleeding. I reached my right hand to the top of the mountain. Then suddenly a loud sound came. I look^{ed} over. A huge part of the mountain was falling. I put my left hand on the top of the mountain. More and more pieces start to fall. I knew eventually this whole mountain would come down. I eventually reached to top. I ran with all my strength to the base camp. I came to a halt at the door. I knocked.

A young man answered the door. He looked like he was in his 20s. He seemed a little surprised to see a young kid. I told him what had happened. "Why don't you come inside." He said. I agreed and walked in. I was surprised but the rest of class was here. The sight of them all ok gave me a sigh of relief. I smiled as my friend embraced me with a hug. I laughed, "It was an eventful field trip hunh?" Everyone laughed. Suddenly I remembered, the whole mountain was coming down. "WE HAVE TO LEAVE NOW!" I yelled. Everyone looked me. "THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN IS COMING DOWN!" Everyone looked worried. "GET IN THE HELICOPTERS!" yelled the man. Everyone ran. There were three of them. My friends and classmates looked at me. I hadn't moved. "What are you thinking are you INSANE?" "I'm going to find all the skydivers I replied." "NO!" my friend yelled. The research team didn't notice that I wasn't on the helicopters. The room shook. "READY EVERYONE?" yelled the research team. "THEN LET'S GO!" The three helicopters left one after another.

I thought I was alone, and I was about to leave, but an arm stopped me. I looked over it was the man. "We're going to do this together." He said firmly. "By the way my name is Troy." Troy said. My only response was, "Nice to meet you Troy." I could tell from his eyes and his actions; he was like me. He puts people before him and He and he wants to help to make sure

everyone is safe. I could tell we had basically the same personalities. "Follow me." he said. "Sure." I responded. We used a zipline to get off the mountain.

5 MONTHS LATER

I think I'm ready to talk again. We were trying to save everyone, but an avalanche killed Troy. I.. I tried to g..get h...h..i..mm unstuck, but I couldn't. He told me that he got a report that everyone was saved, and I needed to escape. He was smiling. There was blood everywhere that I thought snow was supposed to be red. I left Antarctica as more avalanches came. I left on a leaving helicopter. That is why I'm with my class at Troy's funeral. I learned that nature can help you survive, but I felt like I lost everything. These are probably the last words I will speak. I don't deserve a voice. Goodbye.