

Lost

By Graham Jones

GREAT
DESCRIPTIVE
WORD.

The Range Rover's creaky old V8 engine came to a stop, suddenly and abruptly, as if all of its ancient cylinders had, at the exact same moment, lost the will to keep moving. As Matt Monrow hopped out of the driver's seat to inspect the engine, whatever power it had left in it, left the Land Rover in a cloud of smoke. Cursing with the knowledge that his only way of getting back to civilization was now useless and slightly on fire, Matt sat down on the hard, rocky ground and tried to think of what to do next. After pondering for some time, Matt decided that he should see what supplies was left in the cargo net atop his 4X4. To his dismay, when Matt climbed the rusted ladder onto the roof of the old truck, he did not find a cargo rack full of life saving boxes of food, water, and camping materials, but four bolts. Unfortunately for Matt, these four steel bolts had failed their one job - keeping the roof rack on the truck. It was then that the gravity of his situation was finally apparent to Matt. He was stranded in the jungle of South America without food or water. "And I came here for a vacation!" exclaimed Matt.

After searching his Land Rover more thoroughly, Matt discovered he had a Kit Kat bar, an empty Fanta bottle, two tubes of toothpaste, half a jerry can of gas, and a box of water-proof matches. "This stuff won't help me survive more than a day!" complained Matt. "What am I going to do?" he wondered. After much deliberation, Matt finally decided that he would leave his beloved Land Rover here and walk to the closest village which, according to his map, was a tiring 38 kilometers away. Matt then collected his things and started his long walk. A few hours and thousands of footsteps later, Matt arrived at a

murky swamp. He bent down to the putrid smelling, mosquito infested water and filled the Fanta bottle. After it was full, he held it up to eye level exclaiming it. "I'd be better off drinking the fuel in my jerry can" said Matt dumping the 'water' and continued on.

As the sun set over the horizon, Matt curled up under an old red blanket (which he had pulled off the back seat of the Land Rover before he left). Munching on his Kit Kat, he decided that tomorrow he would complete the trek to the village. As Matt drifted slowly off to sleep, he dreamt of going home. He imagined the first thing he would do when he got back home was see his friends and, even better, his girlfriend, Kory.

The next morning, Matt awoke to a loud noise that seemed to be coming from above him. As he staggered sleepily to his feet, he noticed a strange strand of colour seemingly hanging down from the heavens. Upon stepping out from the canvas of the huge trees that he had been dozing under, he realized that the strand hanging from the sky was a ladder. Looking up he saw that the ladder was attached to a hovering helicopter. And that there was a man, fully clad in search and rescue equipment, climbing down it.

As the red Maverick flew through the sky, Matt contemplated the last few days. He knew he was *very* lucky to be alive, or at least that's what his rescuers (some guys that were part of the South American search and rescue team) had told him. As Matt thought of getting back to his homeland of Canada, he realized there was a bright amber light flashing on the helicopter's dash. Then, the familiar sound of the helicopter's giant rotors spinning was suddenly gone. And the Maverick began to drop. As this happened, a single word crossed the mind of everyone aboard the aircraft, FUEL.