

Reuben Y6

The Explorer

"They're not coming for us," Lila muttered. "We've been lost in the jungle for days and we're God knows how far away from the plane crash.

"She's right," Fred sighed, nodding. "We need to explore. We can't stay here." Beads of sweat dripped down their faces. They knew what they had to do.

Outside, it wasn't much better. The humid jungle was unbearably hot and the smell of stagnant flesh loomed nearby.

"How much longer?" Max groaned, dragging his feet across the boggy floor. Con glared at him, vexed.

"We don't know how long we have left, brat! We don't know where we're going! We're as good as dead!" Con spat.

"Hey, leave my brother alone!" The rest were silent.

Minutes turned into hours and eventually they came across an enormous, fresh river. Just what they needed! "Finally! I'm so thirsty," Lila exclaimed. She dipped her head into the water and took massive gulps. The others did too.

After a well-deserved drink, they started to figure out what to do next.

"Could we swim in the river to find out where it leads to?" Lila wondered.

"No. We could drown. Anything could happen," Con replied.

"Hmmm..." Fred looked deep in thought. "Oh! We could cross the river! Because if there's a river, there's probably civilisation near it!" he exclaimed.

"Yes! You're a genius!" They were all ecstatic. But little did they know that feeling wouldn't last for long.

"Hey, what's that?" Max asked, pointing at what looked like a lump on the ground on the other side of the river, in the distance.

"Uhhh..." Fred mumbled, staring at it. "Wait is that a ?!" His face twitched in horror.

"Well, what is it?" Con asked.

"It's....a body. A recent one."

"Which means something's on the other side." All four stepped back.

"Well, we can't just forget about this river, can we? We have a chance of getting rescued!" Con said.

“Even if there’s no danger, which there most definitely is...I-I just can’t. That’s disgusting,” Lila mumbled, feeling sick.

“Well, we’re back to step one now,” Con grumbled. Then it clicked.

“Lila, you know your idea? About swimming downstream?” Fred asked.

“Yes, why?”

“We could build a raft.” It was a risky idea but it was possible.

“Ugh, how long is this going to take?” Con groaned hacking at a tree with a flint. They had walked upstream to gather wood as the current where they were before was too strong to place the raft and mount it in time. Their idea was to gather some logs and tie them together with vines but it was incredibly hard to chop trees down with the small flints they had. They had been at it for hours. Fred, the most hardworking, was drinking out of the river while Max sat down near Lila, watching her haul a log of wood, visibly struggling. Fred realised and walked over to her, picking up the other side of the log.

“What a surprise! Con’s actually working,” he said. She scoffed and rolled her eyes at him.

“Quick, get on! I’ll hold it!” Fred yelled. They all rushed to board the raft. Lila jumped on first, holding Max, followed by Con. Fred slowly exhaled. He let go and jumped forward onto the raft. Splash! He missed. He turned around and saw it had already travelled at least a metre away from him. He dove forward, grabbing the edge, and pulled himself on. He sighed with relief. They slowly drifted down the river, rocking side to side. A few minutes went by and they reached the part of the river where the corpse was. Lila gagged. But before they could react, they hit a huge drop.