

# Survivor

1. Adjective
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I awoke to the sound of bombs detonating. I dashed downstairs to see my family loading their belongings into bags. We'd be driven to safety by a truck driver, they added. I packed a few items in my luggage to take with me (a thick blanket, an iPod, water, a basket of food, a sharp knife, and a spare set of clothes). I hopped into the truck with my family once I completed packing my luggage, and we were going. Following that, I fell asleep.

The sound of rainfall hitting the windshield awoke me. When we were travelling upward, my backpack began to fall across to the back of the truck. My backpack tumbled out of the truck when the back door swung open. My family members were extremely generous in providing me with clothing and food.

We had to get out of the truck and walk when the driver reported he had run out of gas. We were getting fatigued while walking down the road, so we had to drop some things. Someone tripped afterwards and was injured, so one of us had to carry her. We had to separate up when we finally arrived at the docks. My brother and I had to board one boat, while our sisters boarded another. My brother and I needed to pay the boat driver, but we didn't have any money, so we had to give up my most treasured possession, a rope.

My sister had handed her a phone for me before my brother and I left on the boat. Water got on the boat while we were on it, and the phone my sister gave me got short-circuited, which made me extremely upset. My brother and I were both delighted and sad when we eventually made it to a new nation since we had lost a member of our family.

We had to travel to a refugee camp when we arrived. We asked many people at the refugee camp the next day if they had seen our family, and they all answered no, so my brother and I went looking for work to get some money.

I walked around the refugee camp looking for work and was able to get one, as did my brother.

We returned to our previous employment the next day. At the end of the day, we spent our money on things. We fled the refugee camp later that night in search of a new home. We continued walking the next day. My brothers and I were both in pain, but we knew we had to continue trekking.

We finally arrived in a city in the afternoon. We talked to several individuals and then spent part of our money on things. Then we went for another stroll, this time to a forest. We decided that building a log cabin would be a wonderful idea, so we cut down trees and worked on the log cabin all night.

We were still working on it the next morning. We ran out of logs, so I added two more and went outside to chop down a tree. I was ambushed by a wolf group. I screamed as I raced for my life. I dashed over to my brother's half-finished logged cabin, where he was afraid of the wolves. He then took out a homemade torch and set it on fire. The wolves bolted. I expressed my gratitude to my brother for saving my life.

My brother and I resumed construction on the log home after I gathered additional logs. We finished the log cabin the next day and were overjoyed with the remainder of our wood. We sold it and used the proceeds towards furnishing our log cabin.

My brother said he'd take a nap in his room once we finished putting all the furniture in, so I drove to the city to get some food for myself and my brother. I finished and began going back to the woods.

I noticed a group of migrants strolling on the sidewalk as I was heading back to the jungle. I looked around to see if any of my sisters were walking by, but they weren't. I would have approached them at the time to inquire if they had accompanied our sisters, but they declined. They said they had been walking for four days in search of

place to sleep. I offered them the opportunity to spend the night at mine and my brother's log cabin. They answered yes and expressed their gratitude.

I returned to the log home and placed the food in the pantry and refrigerator. Then I told my brother that I had brought some migrants to spend the night with us. They promised to assist us in locating our sisters. The bunch of migrants ended up sleeping on the living room floor.

We had breakfast the next day. I had some Lucky Charms. My brother ate pancakes, while the rest of our refugee group ate breakfast. We proceeded to the city with a group of refugees after we had finished eating to ask people whether they had seen our sisters. We went to see whether our sisters were thereafter hearing someone say they saw some migrants arrive on the beach.

We noticed a boat on the coast and looked around the store to see whether any of our sisters were present. We came upon some tracks and decided to follow them to see where they lead us. They took us to a little cave where we discovered a photograph of our family. We questioned our sisters where they fell out of the boat, and they confirmed it, so we all returned to the log cabin to sleep.

We were out of food the next morning, so I told my sisters and brother that I was going to the city to purchase more. I thought the cashier seemed familiar as I walked through the store to the checkout. She gave me a second glance before noticing that I looked familiar. Then it dawned on me that it was my sister. We both held each other as her eyes welled up with emotions of joy. My sister and I then returned to the log home, where my brother stared at her and sobbed. He hugged her, and the rest of my sister followed suit, and we all exchanged group hugs. Then my sister told me about what occurred when she fell from the boat. The waves dragged me down

as I fell from the boat and blacked out. I awoke on the beach and realized I needed to earn some money to locate my family, so I went to work at the shop. Then, while working at the cash register, I came upon you. We went to bed when it got dark, and I promptly fell \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_.