

# LESSONS

## CHAPTER ONE: ROB

Rob Nickols was known for being the richest kid in the world, yet he was also known as being snotty, spoiled, selfish, and always needing attention.

Rob's father was a well-known billionaire. He worked for the government.

One summer day, Rob's father marched proudly into his huge mansion and announced, "We're going to New York!" Rob groaned and banged his head on the marble table. "Lame." Travel was not Rob's forte. "I'm DAD! I'm IMPORTANT! Yay, New York," mumbled Rob.

## CHAPTER TWO: THE PLANE RIDE

Rob sat impatiently in the airport, waiting for his flight. His father was blabbering away on this phone. His mother read some fashion magazine. Finally, his flight was ready.

Rob rushed ahead of his parents into his plane. Rob looked around his plane. Nobody was there except a fat guy with no shirt, no hair, and amber skin. His pilot was a young, skinny, bony guy who looked like he had not shaved for three days. The pilot squinted at the controls and his hand meandered between the series of buttons. Just as Rob was about to spit on to the fat guy's bald head, the lanky pilot flicked a switch and the plane came to life. They were flying. Rob was confused, his parents weren't on the plane. Rob kicked the seat in front of him and spat the saliva he was saving for the fat guy on it. Rob looked out his window to see in a plane next to his, his mother's terrified face.

## CHAPTER THREE: ARRIVAL

Hours passed. Most of them were spent snickering at the fat man. Suddenly the pilot's brainless sounding high-pitched voice squeaked out of the PA. "Ladies

and gentlemen, we have arrived in Peru.” Rob got up and kicked the door open and jumped out, surprised to find that there was no pavement beneath him, but just dirt. Rob hopped back in the plane and marched over to the cockpit and threw open the door to see the pilot lounging in his chair cracking open a beer bottle. “You darned, stupid slug! What have you done?!” The pilot studied him for a moment and then said “You better go with your father.” The pilot pointed to the window with the bottom of his beer bottle to the fat man, who was getting in a tiny jeep. “You idiot! He’s not my dad!” cried Rob.

He got out of the plane again, spotting a bird. “You stupid avian! What are you looking at?” Rob threw a rock at it. He missed and the bird flew away.

#### CHAPTER FOUR: SHELTER

Rob was only walking for ten minutes but all the trees and overgrowth that started to appear made it seem like hours.

Rob spotted some berries. Now Rob, as you know, Rob was the spoiled rich kid, always making others do *his* work. He didn’t know how to survive. Rob picked the berries, popped them in his mouth and cried, “That all you got you stupid jungle? I’m no vegetarian!” Rob remembered in the movies, where the survival guys built their shelters and- a shelter. That’s what Rob needed. He set to work.

#### CHAPTER FIVE: MEAT

Rob was really angry. He’d worked hours on his one, stupid shelter. Probably because he didn’t know how to make one. Rob was way too focused on the furniture than the actual shelter. By the time it was dusk, Rob had nothing. That night Rob slept in the cold, wet mud.

Rob woke up in the middle of the night and screamed, “This is my parents’ fault! All theirs!” He went back to bed. In the morning Rob saw the same bird from the day before. The bird whistled his tune. Rob mimicked him, saying, “Squa! Squa!” But right then a thought crossed his mind: meat. Rob threw a rock at the

bird, aiming this time. This time it hit the bird, and it fell to the ground. Rob ran to it. He had no fire, so Rob simply raised it to his mouth. But suddenly the bird squawked and flew away. It was *not* dead.

Rob laid back down on the mud.

## CHAPTER SIX: HOME

A few days pass, all the same. No food, no bed, no nothing. Rob was starving. Rob was lost, the taste of feathers from the bird was stuck in his mouth. Rob, over the last few days, had went to where his plane landed. Nothing was there. Today was different. Rob was heading towards where his plane landed. He heard voices. He crept closer and saw two figures. His parents. His father arguing with the same, lanky pilot, his mother on her toes with her hand over her eyes, searching for him, Rob. Rob ran to them, his parents were filled with joy. Rob hugged them both and cried. They got back into the plane. Rob's father opened the door for him. "Thank you," said Rob. And he walked into the plane.