

Survival

Journal Entry 1,

1997, Day 172. I'm munching on carrots from my garden. I don't know how long they're going to last me. Ever since I was dragged out here to the wild, my food supply has been limited. My fire is out, and I need brush and timber fast. The nights are warm, but the loneliness makes it freezing. I've been out here in these plains for about a half a of a year now. All I remember are two figures dragging me through a field. They were men, about forty, from what I could tell. I'm not going to make it much longer. I don't know even if I'll make it through winter.

Journal Entry 2,

1997, June 2. I found an old calendar in the backpack that was left out here on day one. I'm not sure if it will be much use to me besides a fire starter. That means I have six months until winter. My makeshift axe takes forever to cut down trees. It doesn't even cut. It dents the trees until they decide to crumble. The stream next to me is my water source and provides me smaller fish, but that will be hard to obtain when it freezes over. The red flowers that grow around here make good decoration in my windows. I can't distract myself. I need to get back to stocking up on wood and carrots.

Journal Entry 3,

1997, June 13. I believe in superstitions now. It's Friday and my carrots were eaten by rabbits and birds. I can't be in the garden all day and be a scarecrow. I could make one, but I would make my wood supply go down. I might recreate a garden inside by my window. The sun might not get in as well, but it will have to work if I want any food for winter.

Journal Entry 4,

1997 June 30. My farm process has slowed down, but I am still getting more food than I was outside. Crows and other birds started destroying my roof recently and letting rain get in, therefore ruining my bed. Every night it rains my bed becomes more soggy and disintegrates more into the ground. It's starting to give me a stiff neck. On the other hand, more fish are appearing in the river. Those fish are my main food source now.

Journal Entry 5,

1997 July 7. I slipped and fell off the roof and whacked my head hard. I blacked out and started to remember why I was dragged out here. My memory is fuzzy still, but I can remember the two people, what they looked like. The one on the left looked like a formal business man. The other looked like an old senior. The one in the suit said, "Hey boss, do you think that stuff will keep him out until we get him there?" Then the one with the grey hair said. "That "stuff" will keep him out until we wake him. He won't be awake

or remember unless he's immune. His coworkers said he was not." Then that's all I remember.

Journal Entry 6,

1997 August 3. I've been thinking about why I was placed out here in the wilderness all alone. Ever since I had "that" vision I can't help but wonder. I worry I'm being experimented on, to bring out the full power of a human. Or testing survival skills of a human with basic resources. Who knows. At night I can hear wolves howling. They sound hungry and ready to kill. Luckily I haven't seen any. They get louder and louder every time they howl. It's like they're searching for me and only me.

Journal Entry 7,

1997 August 7. I saw them. The wolves are here and I have been found. The strange thing is, these wolves are deadlier than any other wolf I've went up against. They look identical in the night and they jump from all sides at once, but then disappear as they hit. All that has happened to me is a ringing in my ears with a bit of fatigue when I stand back up. Are they even real? I swear to god it feels like it.

Journal Entry 8,

1997 August 18. The wolves went away. The fish in the stream look delicious, beautiful things in the water. My carrots taste bland now, I just want more fish. In the backpack, I found a Boy Scout handbook. Very handy I'm sure, for a fire starter. I looked at a few pictures of fish. One of them looked like the ones in the stream, sarpa salpa or something, found in the mediterranean parts of Spain. Maybe that's where I am. Then I couldn't find any more use for the Boy Scout handbook than a few paper airplanes going into a campfire. I hear people shouting.

Journal Entry 9,

1997 August 25. The people I heard. They left. Obviously they didn't care about me and left. I'm important. I had a family. They used loved me. They left. I had friends? They put me up for ransom. I was taken to a large building. I answered a survey. People took tests on me. They injected a substance inside my veins. They gave me a nice drink, it made me feel good, so good I went to sleep.

Journal Entry 14,

1997 October 1. I dropped my journal in the stream and lost a few pages. I'm sure they weren't important. I looked back at my ninth entry, and reread it for days. Did I have another flashback? A memory? I don't want to remember anymore. I just want to go home and see my family. If I have a family. I had to come from somewhere right? I don't know if I want to eat those fish in the stream anymore. They make me feel good, but after I hate myself for it. It's like getting drunk and having a hangover. Not that I

would know what that feels like. I found a gigantic document in the backpack. I never read it because all I saw was numbers. I'm going to take a second look. I'll insert the document on the next page with honey or something else sticky.

Subject: Charlie J. Evans

Treatment: MEBL.32

Test #: 4,273

Transported: 12 – 6 – 96

Bio: 6'1" . Male. Wife and two kids. Works in engineering. Tested to be vulnerable.

Donated willingly by co-workers. Constantly refused injection. Given medication, later injected.

Report: MEBL is on it's 32nd test combination. 4,135 are confirmed as dead. The other 137 are extremely weak and rotting. They are not confirmed alive, but look as corpses.

They cannot move or speak. They have not been taken care of. The whole team is hoping Charlie will be the first one since the program started to work with MEBL.32.

Jones, don't forget what MEBL.32 is, if you want to pass your exam. M= ove t E= E nts
B= by L= vi ion.

The last part looked like part of a note that was torn and lost somewhere else. I still don't know what all of this means.

Journal Entry 15,

1997 October 8th. I am overjoyed that I spent the whole summer gathering resources and food. One side of my shelter looks like a lumber station, the other side looks like a supermarket that only sells carrots and never got any buyers. The last thing I need is a new bed. I don't think I'm ever going to get another one of those. The last one had disintegrated so far into the ground I just abandoned it. I prefer to sleep on the backpack now. Yesterday, there were a ton of tiny rocks, and they looked to be jumping with every step I took. I'm not that heavy, am I? If anything I'd be lighter from the food I haven't eaten.

Journal Entry 16,

1997 October 25. I found out a strange trick I can do now. When I'm outside, I can move my arms upwards, and the rocks around me float slightly. I'm feeling more nauseous recently, I hope that isn't a side effect of MEBL.32. That stuff really worries me. My "axe" broke finally, after denting hundreds of trees it eventually gave in. My shelter has really sunk into the ground. From being at least as tall as me, to the height of my shoulders. I have to duck just to get through the entrance.

Journal Entry 27,

1997 December 29. Fire keeps you warm, but it also burns books. I have to re-write what I thought about the paper. M stands for movement, E is for elements, I know B is by, and L is limbs. I tried moving my journal to me, and I whipped it too hard, so it went into the fire. Then I tried moving a log. I had to concentrate more, but it still moved. I now know, the heavier the object, the harder it is to move. I was able to lift my shelter out of the ground. It was muddy, but it was there. At least I don't get a headache everytime I walk through a doorway.

Journal Entry 28,

1998 January 3. I was inside sitting by my fireplace and a heavy military car came by and the man inside told me to get in. I was a bit startled when it came by. I really didn't think of my options or consequences, I had been alone so long I just wanted to be with another human being. So I got in without arguing. When I got inside the man threatened to take my journal away if I kept writing. So, I put it in the backpack that I grabbed earlier. I thought the man was going to ask what was in the bag too, but it seemed as if he already did. We ended up at this giant facility, you could smell the chemicals and a hint of rotting flesh. They told me to take off the backpack and go into a chamber labeled "MEBL.32 TEST LAB" I knew what was going to happen next. First I slid the journal into my pocket.

Journal Entry 29,

1998, Laboratory. I'm currently inside the test lab, I feel like I'm being watched by cameras. A loud announcer speaker came on and spoke. "Charlie, we want you to lift the tree out of the ground in front of you." I lifted up the tree right out of the ground with a little effort. Then it came to me, why am I letting them choose what I do? With this power I could just escape this place and find my family. I whipped the tree at the huge metal wall and made a hole in the wall. I jumped on the tree and out the hole. I grabbed my bag and ran. There was a group of guards that shot me with liquid in a tranquilizer. Then I fell asleep.

Journal Entry 30,

1998, ????. They put me somewhere in a room, and it's dark. The only thing I can see with is the light on my journal. There was just a loud bang, it almost sounded like a wooden door. Then a voice spoke, "Dad, where are you?". Then the lights turned on. "Dad I found you!" a little boy said. I asked who he was and why he was calling me "Dad". He gave me a puzzled look, then ran off and said, "Your turn to count!" I walked outside, the place looked like a normal neighborhood. I checked the mailbox, and there was a letter inside. It was addressed to "Charlie J. Evans". I opened the letter and it said, "Charlie, your MEBL test was successful. You have helped advance our military greatly. Thank you for your service. Sincerely, Robert." So, I guess I'm going back to normal now. I should have guessed this already, but as walked away my mailbox flew out of the ground.

Journal Entry 31,

2000, Home. Two years have passed. Life has been normal for my whole family, except for the occasional lamp flying across the room. My wife told me everything I have missed from the experiment I was in for a year. I now know my children's names, Spencer and Olivia. The company that worked on MEBL, has fallen. I am the only subject that was success. They tried to get me back in for tests, but I refused because I have an actual life and family now. Therefore, they went bankrupt and were forced to shut down. I have to stop writing in about ten seconds, because I can't let this light on my book give away my hiding spot.