

Consequences.~

(Based off "Touching Spirit Bear" by Ben Mikaelson
Credit to him)

By Blake Kurzenberger

Smack, the sound of the gavel hitting the sound block registered Luke back to the real world. The real world where he was in court, getting sentenced by the judge for smashing a kid's head to the sidewalk. Now the judge was giving him a choice.

"The judgements are... Luke can either be sentenced to jail for 20 years, or be sent to a remote island in the middle of the ocean." The judge continued on. "He would have to build fire, a log cabin, and survive on his own. Food and water will be provided."

Luke's mother wasn't satisfied with leaving her son for a year, but she knew what her son did, and she accepted the consequences.

"Luke, have you made your decision?" The judge asked.

Luke grumbled and replied. "Yes, I am going to the remote island." He said as his anger flared, but he kept it back. The mess he was in all started when...

Riiinnngggg... called the school bell.

"Sorry I got to go," retorted Jake. "One more tardy slip and I'm dead." Jake said to Luke. Luke stayed by his locker door, not wanting to get another "to the principal's office" speech. Since the start of the eighth grade, he had been reported 13 times to the office, and it was all because of this kid named Jacob. The tattletale was roughly 5 feet tall, and snitched on every single thing that wasn't on the "Safe, Respectful, And Responsible" list. Just today, Jacob had tattled on him for stealing someone's lunch in the cafeteria. That was another office referral. Later today, Luke was thinking of showing the kid a lesson or two, using his fists.

Riinnngggg, the bell rang again. Jake and Luke sped out the door, sprinting to where Jacob was. Luke took no time to gaze for teachers, and when Jacob wasn't looking, Luke grabbed his head and threw a fist at

his face, as if his nose was a target. Jacob flung to the ground, where Luke smashed his head against the sidewalk. His face became bloody, and teachers soon came and grabbed Luke back. That's when it happened. Ever since then, Luke had been suspended and he had been accompanied by security guards, everywhere.

"All your supplies are here," said one of the guards. "We'll be back in a week with new supplies." Luke stood on the shores of the remote island, left to survive as the cold wind blew and the freezing rain pelted his dry lips. He waited until the last ripple ended from the speedboat. Then he said out loud...

"Hah they think I can't just swim." Luke yelled as he dipped a toe in the water. He yelped and rushed out of the water.

"Never mind, can't swim," he managed to say with chattering bones and "icicles" hanging off his chin. Luke needed a fire, but by the time he managed to get a fire started, the wind blew it out with a simple howl. It was going to be a long year and a bad nightmare.

Luke awoke sitting against a small tree. His supplies scattered along the island. The only way to escape the wind was to head further into the woods. As he did, he suddenly stopped. A loud roar sounded from the trees. It wasn't the wind, but it sounded like a bear. A branch snapped. Luke turned around to find a white bear, its fur swaying in the wind. Luke held up his hands as if he had a good report card, as if that would do anything. The bear suddenly attacked and swiped a furry paw across Luke's cheek. Luke's face burned. He felt his chest break open, and blood filled his mouth. His eyes closed, and he drifted away, feeling as if he was falling from the sky.

He lay on the ground, almost dead. Rain pelted his face. It may have been a week, but soon, as the guards came for supplies, he was lifted on a boat, and taken away from that ridiculous, deathly island.

Luke was in the hospital, lying in a bed recovering from the bear attack. He wished he'd never got in that fight with Jacob. He wished that bear had never attacked. He wished he could say sorry to Jacob. But the thing was, he'd have a lot of time to think about what he had done, in hospital recovery.