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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Tue, 31 Jul 2012 03:36:01 GMT

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The north side of the island, around 2:30pm...

Luke, Tyler, Alex and Rommel stood on the beach near the north end of the island. "OK, guys, here's the plan. Tyler, I want you to head back the way we came, then duck into the jungle. Not too far. Find a decent hiding place and stay there." The boy nodded enthusiastically. Luke then turned to Alex. "I want you to head north along the beach for a while before heading into the jungle. Stay away from the cliffs, do you hear me?" Alex also nodded. "Rom and I will wait fifteen minutes, then go searching for Tyler. We'll then head out and try and find you. Alex, if by some chance you find a stream or puddle in the jungle, cross it. Make this hard for him." He glanced down at his watch. "OK, go!"

Both boys sprinted off, each in a different direction. Luke sat down in the sand, idly tossing a stick for Rom to fetch. A few minutes later he got to his feet and whistled to his dog. Kneeling down, he fastened Rom's orange vest on. He grabbed the dog's muzzle and looked into his eyes. "Rommel, time to get to work." The dog instantly came to attention and sat rock still at his master's side. Luke hefted his pack on his back and the two started off down the beach.

As soon as he was out of Luke's sight, Tyler trotted off into the woods. He wove through the underbrush, scouting for a good hiding spot. He spied a medium-sized tree, with plenty of low hanging branches. He quickly scrambled up, and found a decent branch near the top, then settled down to wait.

Alex wandered along the edge of the water until it started to turn rocky. He made his way to the edge of the jungle, skirting the bushes, but still staying in view of the water. He carefully watched his step. The land here dropped sharply into the ocean, the cliff edges meeting the water about forty feet below. The constant wind at this part of the island had smoothed the land, and made the rocks slick with sea mist.

He was about to turn into the bushes when something in the water caught his eye. He paused for a moment, staring out at the sea. He was rewarded a moment later when he spied a pod of whales, breaching and sounding not far from the island. He crept closer, staying well clear of the edge, trying to get a better look.

A sudden gust of wind tore his new ball cap from his head. He tried to snatch it as it flew past, but missed. The hat landed on the edge of the cliff, a few feet in front of him. He cautiously made his way forward, reaching out to grab it. Suddenly, he slipped on the wet rock and with a yelp, went plummeting off the side of the cliff.