

# Mountain Journey



# MOUNTAIN JOURNEY

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*It was a brisk morning in town when most of the men were spending their money on things they probably didn't need. Chuck was one of the bravest, wealthiest, and smartest men in the town. He had a family of five. His wife Delia, his son Jon, his daughter Leela (who had been born with one eye), and his new baby boy Jonea.*

*"Chuck! Over here!" Tom yelled. Tom was one of Chuck's friends that he had met during childhood. As Chuck finished talking to Tom, Delila and the kids walked into a small shop. Chuck said good bye to his dear friend and went to look for his family. He went into the shop and found his kids looking at glass figurines of animals.*

*"Hey kids where is your mother?" Asked Chuck.*

*"She is over by the hats," Leela answered. Chuck nodded and went to the hats. Delila was looking at a new top hat that had been made of beaver skin.*

*"That is one mighty fine hat that is, wish I could have one." Chuck exclaimed.*

*"Sure is," she replied. She turned to see Chuck had left her side. He was at the counter asking how much that hat was.*

*"\$135 but if you want that hat you can make one. If you catch a beaver that is," the man explained.*

*Later that night, Chuck was at the library studying beavers.*

*"Going after a beaver huh?" Tom said sitting next to Chuck. "I have something that will help you." Tom pulled out a map of Independence Island.*

*"Here's us, right next to the Riparian River and there's the Roaring Rapids River. There's Feletto's forest, but you don't want to go there, people are ripping out the trees and there wouldn't be any beavers there. But you might want to go to the Mashia mountains." Tom explained*

*"I shall!!!" Chuck asherred. The next day Chuck gathered his things and set off to the mountains. It would be a long trip with little water. A week passed and he was almost to the*

*Mashia Mountains. Every night he slept in between weeds and dead animals. By his calculations, he thought he would make it to the mountains the next day. He was right. At 7:30 in the morning he spotted the mountains when he was 100 ft. away. From then on, he ran towards them.*

*Now he had to start the adventure of climbing the mountains and finding a water route and some trees. If that happened, he would set up camp and catch a beaver. The next few days, he had no such luck. He had pretty much searched every twist and turn of the mountains and didn't find a single thing. He gave up and went back at the beginning of the mountain and started to follow his footsteps. This time it was drier, and hotter, and he was living off desert bugs and lizards.*

*After an hour he realized that he wasn't following his footsteps at all. He'd been walking nowhere for who knows how long. Chuck was too exhausted to turn back. So he kept walking. Nightfall came and Chuck could barely see. He lay down and fall asleep. In the morning, he woke to being poked with a stick.*

*"I think he's dead," someone with a Indian accent remarked. Chuck got off the ground and saw two skinny Indians in front of him.*

*"I am Anonano and this is Finala and we are from the Tuka Indian tribe." Anonano introduced.*

*"I'm Chuck." Chuck replied. Anonano leaned over and whispered in Finala's ear.*

*"What a weird name... Chuck," He whispered.*

*"Come we lead you to our village." Finala offered.*

*"Thank you I am in desperate need of food and water." Chuck thanked. Anonano and Finala led Chuck to their homes.*

*"What brought you here?" Finala asked.*

*"I was on a journey to the mountains to find some beavers, and I didn't find any. I got lost heading back so I lay down and fell asleep and then you found me." Chuck explained.*

*"You say you are looking for a beaver? Go to Slender Stream, it's by Willowing Woods. There should be plenty of beavers there." Anonano said.*

*"I shall go there tomorrow. But for now, I must rest."*  
Chuck fell in to a deep sleep and in the morning he woke up to the welcoming smell of breakfast. He ate some corncakes and put a few in his pack for the trip. He was almost ready to leave.

*"Wait before you leave, take this," Finala said handing him a map for on the way.*

*"Thank you for your help," he said his last words to the Indians. He was making better progress then he had on the first trip to the mountains. In little time, he came across Slender Stream. He passed through the Willowing woods and finally he came to Hender Hill. Chuck took a deep breath in. The nature smelt fresh with a hint of animals. Dead animals. What Finala hadn't told chuck was that Hender Hill was on an Indian burial ground.*

*Chuck set up camp and put a few traps in the stream. A month passed without catching a single beaver and he had started going crazy from very little food and water. Chucks only friend was a rock with a crudely drawn face. Its name was Rocky the rock or Mr. Rock. One night Chuck started up a conversation*

*with Rocky. An old Indian spirit saw him and how you say "possessed" Rocky.*

*"What am I going to do Rocky? I haven't caught a beaver yet and my family misses me." Chuck asked. To his surprise, Rocky answered.*

*"Go home. Family is so much more important than a hat." Rocky answered.*

*"You're right, I shall!" Chuck shouted. Then chuck stormed out of his camp, blew through Willowing Woods, Slushed across Slender Stream, and crossed Drifty Desert with no food or water for he was courageous.*