

Blair Jacobson

Room 14

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One day as I was hunting with a  
tribe of native we came upon a  
herd of elephants. One of the natives  
throw a spear at the elephants. The  
elephant was hurt but he was well  
enough to lead the herd & attack  
us. We ran as fast as we could but  
that was not fast enough. Some of  
us got away the rest were killed.  
I was one of the lucky ones to get  
away. As I ran back to where the  
natives lived I thought of my  
friends who were killed by the  
elephants then & there I made a  
vowel never to rest till I killed  
the elephants that killed my friends.  
When I got back to the native  
village the doctor nursed me till  
I was better. as I was getting



on my step a young man stepped up  
to me & asked me if I wanted to take  
a caravan out & look for this man's  
uncle. I thought if I would take  
the caravan out it would give me  
a chance to look for the elephants.  
I was lucky the first day we started  
out I found a trace of blood. We  
followed the trace of blood to a  
cave.