

The Alaskan Frontier

by

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Scene 1

GUY is telling a story to his friends at a party.

GUY

Schurman, Margot and me all cram into this tiny car with all our stuff and drive for about 7 hours to get to this place. And we literally saw no one but a few gas station attendants on that drive. We are way out in the middle of nowhere. I like camping and I'm excited to get going. I brought my new bowie knife, all my camp gear and I'm ready for an Alaskan adventure. We get to this cabin and set up easy. I felt like our first couple days we would just hike all day and then come back exhausted and drink til we passed out. Like the 3rd or 4th day we're there we planned on going sledding, so we lugged these heavy sleds to the sledding hill. Turns out in Alaska, a sledding hill is a friggin' mountain! It was a hike on par with our other hikes but we had these heavy old sleds. I go first. I fly down the mountainside and while it was a little crazy. I managed to stay on my sled 'til the end. Schurman on the other hand, throwing caution to the wind, jumped on the sled haphazardly and almost immediately flew off and rode part way down the mountain on his hands. Needless to say, argot took it easy on her way down and we decide to start drinking early. After a lot of drinking especially on my part, Schurman and Margot decide it's getting too cold in our cabin and we should close the window. This was a high window and a stubborn one too. It got stuck and the handle was broken. Schurman decides its time to finally use the bowie knife for something.; opening this window. He grabbed the knife and I get up to help. Margot holds the base of this questionable ladder. Schurman climbs up. As I get over to them, Schurman pulls the knife down over the window latch where it was stuck. But he pulled so hard on his damaged hands that his grip loosened and the knife slipped and swung back, just past my face and into Margot's hand! Schurman falls off the unsteady ladder onto me as Margot retracts into the room in a panic. We're climbing over each other, there's blood everywhere and we need a quick solution since we're easily about 7 hours from the nearest hospital. The only idea was to use superglue to seal up the huge laceration on

her hand. So we did that, had another drink, and set off for the hospital the next morning. All in all, it was a crazy and fun trip, even if Margot died from a blood infection about 30 minutes before we got the hospital.