Lauren Sepich

Lost

“There was a time when I was alone. Nowhere to go no place to call home.”

This is a lyric in “Lost Boy” by Ruth B. It reminded me of a time when I was alone, lost, and had no place to go. Except I was lost… in a cornfield… in my backyard.

I remember that I was playing outside like usual and all of the sudden I spotted a adorable baby rabbit by the cornfield. Like any other five year old would, I chased after it like Simba running from the herd of wildebeest. I was running for awhile until I realized I was far into a cornfield. At first, I didn’t even try to find my way out. Instead, I decided that I was to build a fort to live in. My fort was made of corn stalk walls and ceiling, and my baby blanket that I took everywhere was the floor. I believed that I was going to be out there for a long time, so I also started to gather corn to make a food stash. It didn’t bug me to eat corn straight of the cob without cooking it, and I still wonder myself these days why.

Most of the time while I was out there I played “coon,” as I called it. What I would do is pretend to be a racoon that would eat all the corn. My family would always complain about how the raccoons would eat the corn, so I decided to changed my lifestyle for a brief time period and be like the ravenous raging raccoon that always eats all the corn. I would walk around on all fours and pretend to warn off predators by hissing and swatting things. I also would try to dig holes to bury corn in and then in a couple minutes after burying it, I would dig it back up. I never ate that corn though. For some reason I was completely fine being lost in the cornfield by myself for about forty-five minutes. After about forty-five minutes or so, I heard a noise!

“Ruff! Ruff!,” something barked.

I saw some of the corn stalks be trampled over, so I quickly ran into my fort trembling in fear. Soon I figured out that there was nothing to be afraid of because it was only our dog named Zeke! He was my best friend, and I was so happy to see him! I think he felt the same way. After a couple minutes of him being there, he started to wander off in the direction he came from. So once again, I followed the animal, hoping that this time Zeke wouldn’t get me into another situation like the rabbit did. Thankfully, Zeke ended up leading me out of the corn field and back to the house. The first thing I saw besides the house was my mom and grandpa out wandering around calling my name.

“Lauren, come out! Dinner is ready! I also made cupcakes!” yelled my mom.

Once I ran to her and explained everything that happened, she understood and didn’t punish me for running into the cornfield. Instead, she gave me a cupcake that she baked while I was lost, for being very brave while I was alone.

After dinner I realized that I had left my baby blanket out in the cornfield. I was screaming and crying so much because my mom wouldn’t let me go out and get it. My grandpa went out into the cornfield looking for it. Everyone knew that I wouldn’t sleep, let alone go to bed, without my baby blanket. Once he retrieved my blanket, he came back to the house and threw it in the wash to make sure it was nice and clean! By the time my blanket was clean and dry, I was exhausted from the journey I had that day and went straight to bed.

I will always remember the time when I was lost in a cornfield, and I proved to myself that I was brave and smart enough to find my way out, with the help of Zeke of course. That experience help me learn that if you're ever lost, just wait until Zeke comes and finds you!