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At one point when we were in the bush, I didn’t know how to treat a snake bite. Now I do. We were like kids at Christmas when we got hold of our survival kits. Bob and Mike talked us through its contents of 31 invaluable items that would all be needed if stranded.

The usual tools were there – pocket knife, survival giga and alcohol wipes. There was also a folding saw, a skisaw and a folding knife that a nurse who thought it would be useful on her resume.

Most people think getting stuck in the bush would be all right. They’d use their common sense and the quality skills they learnt from watching Miss Yo Wild and get out of there fine. But many things are not so straightforward.

I didn’t know that it would be better to drink cucumbers of water from your sole one-litre bottle in the first 24 hours rather than sip it for three days. I didn’t know which plants could be eaten and which could be used for medicine and I didn’t know how to treat a snake bite.

I hadn’t told him up with haunting stories that put you right in the middle of another person’s survival hell. He told of a man dying of dehydration just 28km away from a water hole, another who didn’t leave a note before wandering off and a woman who took nothing from her car when she could have made a semi-survival kit from its contents.

Then there were his own tales. One of the first things Bob taught us was that fear was stronger than common sense. People are scared of the dark, they’re scared of snakes and spiders,” he said.

“The tangled mess they get themselves into in the emotional side of their brain overriding the rational side. “You have to remain in control.”

Take, for instance, a situation where your car breaks down in the middle of the outback. Friday’s version of myself would have stressed out, blamed the mechanic for not fixing my car properly and probably kicked it in a fit of anger.

Today’s version of myself knows to put the car bonnet up as a sign of distress, take the mirrors with me to create a signal, write a detailed note, leave a map and plan a clearly thought-out route.

I admit I never knew how to read a map or use a compass before the weekend. Now I can. I wrote a map and use the compass to guide me to where I need to go.

A trek through the wilderness on the last day made us familiar with plants that could make tools, those which could kill us if eaten and those which could heal cuts and wounds.

My family and friends got a chuckle out of the thought of me in the bush learning how to survive. But I have emerged with more knowledge than all of them combined.

It almost makes me want to get lost with them just so I can teach them a thing or two.

Bob will be running a second wilderness survival course in Anglesea on October 30-31.

Beginners through to seasoned survivalists are welcome at the two-day camp.

To secure a place, or for more information, visit bobcoopersurvival.com.