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## **The Crash**

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“Everyone put your seatbelts on and prepare for a rough landing,” I heard over the plane's intercom. There was a distinct tremble and panic in the flight attendants voice. I look down and buckle my seatbelt. I grab on to my arm rests and prepare for a rough landing, the last thing I did before I woke up. Next thing I know I wake up and look around my seatbelt still buckled, out the window, I see that the left wing split in half. It appears that everyone is okay and not dead. I looked to my right and saw my friend Alice who was with me on our annual trip to New York city for the summer.

“Are you okay Destiny?” she asked me.

“I’m, what about you?” I said.

“I’m fine, we should look around and help anyone who got hurt,”

We get up, unbuckle our seatbelts and look around. You can see the grass of the field we landed in. I look to my left and see a man that got stuck under someone's backpack.

“Are you okay sir?” I ask lifting the bag off.

“I’m okay, I might have some bruises but nothing serious,” he said.

I reach out, grab his arm and pull him up. He walks away probably looking for someone. I look back to see Alice helping someone else out of their seat. She walks over to me. We both look at each other in silence as we look around and see that we just survived a plane crash.

“Move please,” a paramedic said, with urgency.

I look and see someone on a stretcher. It looks like they broke their wrist or arm and have some bruises.

“Are you two okay?” another paramedic asked, looking distressed.

“We are fine,” Alice and I responded.

They walked away, following with the people carrying the stecher. I look around and see Alice’s and my carry-on a few rows in front of us. I hope it didn’t hurt anyone. I grabbed mine and Alices, then walked back and took out my mini first aid kit.

“I guess you were perfectly prepared this time!” Alice said laughing.

“The only time I’ll never be over prepared,” I chuckled.

I took out a band-aid and put it over a scratch on my hand. Alice grabs one and puts it on her elbow. I see a flight attendant rushing around looking for people to make sure everyone can get the help they need.

“What happened?” I asked.

“The plane was running low on fuel, but it landed before it would have caused detrimental damage to the plane and everyone on it,” she explained.

“Wow, thank God we had a good pilot,” I exclaimed.

“It wasn't actually the pilot, it was the co-pilot. The pilot passed out when he realized the plane was about to crash, then the co-pilot took over,”

“Is the pilot okay?” Alice asked.

“Yes, probably a broken arm or leg but nothing too serious and something you need to worry about,” said the flight attendant.

Alice and I look at each other in disbelief and amazement as the flight attendant walks away. We picked up our bags and walked away from our seats looking for an exit. We saw an emergency exit door and walked outside. After we left we looked back and saw all of the damage from the crash.

“It looks like a lot of the damage was done near the front,” Alice said.

“The one time I’m happy to have sat in the back near the restrooms,” I chuckled.

I could see out of the corner of my eye where the ambulances, fire trucks, police, and news reporters were. We walk over and see all the chaos, news reporters talking about what happened and paramedics making sure everyone can get the treatment they need.

“How is everyone,” I asked a paramedic.

“About as good as you could be after something like that no one, as of right now, has died but some of the people in the front got a lot of bad injures,”

“Is that okay,” Alice asked.

“For a plane crash it’s really good and we get here so quickly that it prevented a lot of fatalities”

I paused and looked around. It looks like we landed in a small, almost village-like town, which is probably how the paramedics got here so fast, since everything looked super close together.

“Alice,” I said.

“Yeah?”

“We should probably leave and figure out what to do,”

We walked away. I think about what just happened. We walked and saw cars parked against the road and people who were from the crash getting in them.

“We should find a car,” Alice said.

We walked out past the field where there were cars picking people up. We quickly walked over until a car pulled up to us and rolled down his window.

“Are you guys from the plane?” the driver asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Alright, we are here to take everyone from the crash to the hotel until things are figured out and can get all their stuff,” he said.

We get in the car and just think about what had happened to us and what we just survived. I pulled out my phone and saw my mom and dad texted me asking if I was ok. I responded to both of them yes and said I would call them later in the hotel if I don’t fall asleep by then. They then sent me screen shots of news headlines and live broadcasts of the crash. We pulled up to the hotel and walked in.

“Are you from the plane crash,” the clerk asked.

We nodded. I was almost tired of hearing that phrase. The clerk handed us our room key and we went upstairs and opened the door to our hotel room. We sat in silence for a bit. Alice got up and turned on the television.

“The plane that was headed to New York,” played on the TV.

“Change the channel,” I yelled, making Alice jump, “Sorry, that was a bit loud,” I mumbled.

Alice changed the channel. I was so tired from the events that I could feel my eyelids closing.

“With everything that happened today I don’t think I’ll ever take my life for granted,” Alice commented.

“Me either,” I said with a sigh of relief.