

THE CRASH

by: Anushka S.

It all happened so fast. One minute we were in the air, the next minute the pilot was shouting frantically over the intercom, “ Brace for impact! Brace for impact!” Even the flight attendants were chanting, “ Heads down! Heads down!” I immediately obeyed, resting my head on the seat in front of me, shutting my eyes tight, a whole flood of thoughts rushed through my head. What’s happening? Are we crashing? Is it going to kill us all? I hope it's a small crash. Maybe they can find a way to land safely... All of a sudden, the plane shook violently. I jerked my head away from the seat and glanced out the window. It appeared that an engine had caught on fire, just for a little bit of time, it was slowly going away, but every second, we were losing even more control. I felt something tug on my hand. I turned my head to see who or what it was, but it was only my little three-year old brother, Asher, whimpering. I could tell he was really scared. I was too. I gave him his toy giraffe, soothed him, I told him that it’s all going to be okay. But I knew that wouldn’t be the case. Out of nowhere, the plane started shaking again, more violently than before. I told Asher to put his head on the seat in front of him. He obeyed. I also pressed my head on the seat ahead of me. This time, the plane was spiraling towards the ground. In that short amount of time, it felt like we were floating in space. It almost made me forget about the situation. But I snapped back to reality just before I felt the impact.

BOOM! It felt like my brain was rattling inside my head. I nearly fell out of my seat. I heard screaming, crying, and coughing all around. I felt so dizzy, it took a long time to start focusing again. “ Mom? Dad? Asher?” I searched for them through the debris. I heard a soft mumble. I fanned away the dust with my hand. “ Asher! You’re fine!” I exclaimed. Asher rubbed his eyes and started crying. Uh-oh. I held his hand and walked with him to find our parents. I remembered that they were in the row next to us so they could keep an eye on us. I began searching in that direction, trying to focus while Asher bawled his eyes out. His crying didn’t help at all. Before I could find them, the pilot came over the intercom. “Guys, don’t panic!” He coughed harshly. “We will find a way out! Stay

calm and keep sitting in your seat!" I barely heard what he said. My mind was clouded with so many thoughts. Still, I reluctantly obeyed his orders. "Come on," I coaxed my brother. Before I knew it, he had disappeared in the dust and debris. Without warning, he let go. I frantically spun around only to bump into a crew member. "Aww... Hi little girl! You must be scared. I will help you find the exit. Okay?" She said.

"Oh, well, uh, I need to- uh, find my brother, he's lost," I said quickly and ran off into the debris. I kept running, calling for my brother, until I bumped right into someone. "Hey watch where you're going, young lady!"

"Sorry," I mumbled. I looked up, and saw Mom. "MOM!"

"Alessia!" She gasped.

"Did you find Dad and Asher?"

"Dad's right here, I thought Asher was with you!"

"Umm... the thing is... uh, he's lost... but I was trying to find him, but I-I,"

"Are you serious?" Mom asked, louder than I expected. A ginormous wave of guilt rushed through me.

"I'm really sorry. It's just tha-" Wait! A small kid just zoomed by. I ran to where I saw him go. Asher!! "Mom! I found Asher!" I called.

"Asher! Don't EVER run away from your sister ever again. And Alessia, don't you ever leave him out of your sight ever again!" She said sternly, with her finger pointing at both of us. Soon, we were out of the plane wreck. A year later, I realize the adventure that I have been through.