

The Crash

Amy felt like her head was going to explode. There was nothing to keep her whirling mind entertained that day. Outside, you could cook an egg on the sidewalk. Amy was petrified that her feet would fry off her body if she tried to go outside. Her mother, agitated and cranky because of all she had to do that day, grew sick of Amy's moping. Against Amy's will, her mom sent her out of the doors to be engulfed by the heat.

This is going to be the end of me, thought Amy as the heat picked at her every nerve, *I won't survive. It will be like Little Red Riding Hood. Dying while heading to her Grandma's house. Except, my cause of death will be completely different.* Up above, Amy saw a black flash swoop against the bright blue sky. Her face lightened. *That hawk is persevering even in this immense heat. I think that I probably can too.* Now, instead of moping about her current situation, Amy let the beauty of the outside world swirl in her head.

The dogwood trees stood tall and confidently against the baby blue background of the day as if they had just won an award. The wildflowers looked up at Amy with all of their colors and smiled at her. Amy took a deep breath, today was a beautiful day. All of a sudden, everything grew completely still and silent as if nature was holding its breath. Then there was a **boom!** The entire earth shook, knocking Amy to the ground and the breath out of her lungs. Amy's entire vision was shaking. The colors and figures were swirling everywhere. She did manage to make out a twisted pile of smoking metal on the ground. Suddenly, she realized that she was dusty and grimy. *But how did that happen?* Amy's shuddering intakes of air felt odd like she was gasping for breath. Then she realized with terror that the clear blue sky was now smoky. *Did an asteroid hit the earth or something? Maybe that's why it was so hot today. It is the only logical explanation,* Amy's mind forced her to believe.

Then even through the swirling colors and figures, Amy was able to make out the silhouette of a man beelining out of there. It seemed as if he was running at the speed of light in Amy's dazed state. It only took a minute, and the man had disappeared into the tall confident trees. Eventually, Amy came to her senses and forced herself up. With horror, she noticed that the white smoking pile of metal was actually a demolished airplane! A shrill scream escaped Amy's mouth, but she quickly forced her mouth shut in fear. *Was that man running away from this?* She could not help but wonder.

Eventually, with great strength, she heaved herself off the ground and started towards the demolished heap. *Maybe I can help them be okay*, she told herself as she walked over to the heap. When Amy approached the heap, she realized that there was not anybody to help. There were a bunch of lifeless bodies strapped to their seats and some strewn elsewhere in the airplane and even some on the ground outside. It looked like her room when she forgot to pick up her toys. It was horrifying... Amy felt the blood leave her head and she was on the ground again.

Eventually, in a daze once again, Amy opened her eyes and saw an older girl weeping into her hands. The girl had a huge cut on the shoulder of her light purple blouse and many holes in her once-perfect jeans. Amy concluded that they hadn't been bought that long ago. The girl was just barely past youth, but barely an adult. Her long brown hair lay caked, matted, and dirty against her blouse. She had a splotch of crimson on her shoulder, forehead, and knee. A surge of compassion passed through Amy and she kept her composure, tried not to let her eyes fall upon the lifeless bodies and she approached the girl. The girl's head whipped upward when Amy approached her, her cheeks tear-stained. When she saw Amy, her big brown eyes widened with fear, and she tried to run, but Amy grabbed hold of her.

“Shh, it’s alright,” Amy comforted, “Can you tell me what happened?” Instead of responding to Amy, the girl's eyes filled to the brim with tears and she grabbed hold of Amy and started sobbing convulsively, shaking with her sobs. Amy kept her eyes off of the lifeless forms, and just took the girl into her arms, and kept her there for a long time, comforting her while she cried. Eventually, Amy went back to where the Earth had thrown her when the plane collided with it, and she found her water canteen. She brought it back to the girl, and the girl drank gratefully.

“Now can you tell me what happened?” Amy asked once again. It took the girl a tiny bit of time to find confidence in talking to Amy, but to Amy, it felt like forever. Eventually, the girl let the words come out of her mouth in a quite surprisingly controlled voice, even though it would get shaky once in a while the girl poured her heart out to Amy.

“My name is Rebecca White,” she started out, “I just graduated from high school in the spring. I was going abroad with my best friend Callie Wilson. We were going to explore the world together, but Callie didn’t make it...” Rebecca stammered and motioned towards the lifeless forms. With this, a fresh burst of tears started. Amy comforted Rebecca and then Rebecca was finally ready to finish the story.

“Ronald George was our captain. He was a very, I don’t know... Cynical man. There was a big politician on our flight, Carl Brown of Massachusetts. He is unpopular with some people so I suspect that is why the plane was crashed. Even though, I’m not sure if Ronald George survived-”

Amy cut in at this moment, “He did survive! I think at least, I saw a man running for his life toward the woods.”

Rebecca gasped as a sudden realization washed over her, “Ronald George did crash the plane on purpose... When I was lost in the maze that was that plane after using the restroom, my ear caught something that Ronald George was saying to his co-pilot, Hank Green. Ronald was telling Hank to be prepared for the plane crash because of a bribe he was getting from someone to end Carl Brown. I think it was from Carl Brown’s rival, Robert Hills. Thinking about it, that was only about half an hour before the plane crashed.”

Amy’s eyes narrowed, and her breath came out in a little huff. “Why would somebody do such a thing?!” She pouted out loud.

“I don’t know... The world of politics is very cruel-” Rebecca sighed and then changed the subject, “What’s your name?”

Amy’s head whirled to Rebecca, “Seriously?” she asked, somewhat disgusted.

“Well...” Rebecca hesitated, “I think I should know your name... You are the only person that can help me right now.”

Amy’s mood brightened real quickly, “Good point, I’m Amy. Now let us not stay in introductions for long. We have a fugitive to catch.” Amy and Rebecca’s eyes scanned the surrounding territory in unison.

Rebecca’s eyes turned back to Amy, “Where do we start? I literally have no idea where he could have gone...” Amy’s shoulders raised and then sagged. Her eyes on Rebecca with a confused look in them. Rebecca huffed, she was obviously getting rapidly impatient.

Other than the warbling songs of birds, and the brisk sound of the humid breeze picking up, there was silence for quite a while as Amy was pondering where the man could have gone. *Really, there was anywhere he could be in this vast, open space,* Amy debated inwardly.

Eventually, Rebecca spoke up, trying to keep her voice normal, “Do you remember where you saw him running off to?” Again, silence... Rebecca felt the agitation growing in her. She hadn’t meant to get frustrated at Amy, and she tried her best to keep her agitation inside her and prevent it from being known.

Eventually, Amy cleared her throat, and Rebecca sighed a breath of relief. “He went to the south, into those woods over there,” Amy explained as her finger hovered over to the spot which she was referring to.

Rebecca felt the fear swell up inside of her, “Is the wood safe?” she stuttered.

“Yes,” Amy answered confidently, “It’s perfectly safe. Other than the murderer who might be occupying it now, but that is our whole reason for going into those woods.” Rebecca shook her head in approval, and she and Amy stood up to their regular height, dusted the dirt off their shorts, and started making their way toward the woods.

They made their way to the woods, and everything seemed to stand still. Eventually, they came to the mouth of the woods. Amy and Rebecca glanced at one another, the fear painted in their eyes. Amy nodded her head towards the woods and gave Rebecca a reassuring smile. Rebecca soothed her nerves by taking a deep breath, and they entered the woods together hand in hand.

Rebecca gripped onto Amy’s hand even after they were emerged into the woods because the almost complete silence of the woods sent shivers down her spine. But since the trees were alive, and prospering, Rebecca was not as scared as she would have been if all life had disappeared from the woods.

A squirrel crossed their path, and Amy jumped, startled, but Rebecca reassured her and they resumed their trek. After eons of stumbling through the woods, Amy drew a long breath and sighed. There was no sign of the runaway anywhere, she was scared that they were taking their trek through the woods in vain.

Rebecca's feet fell from under her and she was on the ground. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She shook with sobs and pain.

Amy made her way over to Rebecca and kneeled down. "Rebecca, what's wrong?"

Rebecca continued to shake uncontrollably, eventually, she let out, "It hurts!!"

Amy's eyes grew wide. "What hurts?" She inquired with concern in her voice, she was worried that one of Rebecca's injuries was affecting her or that Rebecca had twisted her ankle or something. Muffled sobs came once again from Rebecca.

"Are you injured?" Amy questioned, a little baffled that Rebecca would not give her an answer.

"Well, yes..." Rebecca sobbed, her lip quivering while she talked, "But- It's Callie! Callie did not deserve to die, and I'm afraid that this whole trip will be in vain because we cannot find Ronald George anywhere!"

Amy, still squatting, let her hand fall on Rebecca's shoulder, and soothed Rebecca. "We'll find Ronald George, and win justice for all who died in the crash, okay?" Rebecca shook her head hastily.

"Well let us take a drink of water and then move on," Amy suggested

Rebecca, and Amy both took turns gulping the contents of Amy's water canteen. They both took deep breaths and wiped the remains from their lips. Even though their legs felt like

bricks, Amy and Rebecca continued on. It was the idea of gaining justice for all who perished in the plane crash that motivated them.

The hours painfully and slowly moved on. The sun was now low on the horizon, but the day was still pretty humid and hot. Amy and Rebecca trudged on. Amy was afraid that every breath was going to be her last, but Rebecca felt confident. She had survived a plane crash, she could survive this as well.

Suddenly, a twig went *Snap!* The noise flung itself through the air and into Amy and Rebecca's ears. Their eyes rotated around the scene to spot a man disappearing into the crest of trees beyond the towering boulder.

"That's him! That's the monster!" Rebecca yelled at Amy, rage in her voice. Amy did not even nod, she was off flying after the man.

It took Rebecca a while to catch up with Amy's surprisingly quick strides, but her motivation kicked in and flung her closer to Amy. Their every being pulled them towards that man and kept them on the move. They had thankfully not lost him, though he was opening the land between them. Amy and Rebecca, with all their might, closed the gap between them.

Ronald George, thinking that he had lost Amy and Rebecca, stumbled inside an abandoned cabin and slammed the door. Amy and Rebecca toppled over the vegetation towards the front door when Amy came to a halt.

"What's wrong?" Rebecca asked, quite annoyed that Amy had stopped.

"We shouldn't do this," Amy gasped, "It's not right."

"What do you mean?" challenged Rebecca, "Of course it's right!"

“Yes, I know, it is the right thing to do, but it shouldn’t be like this. What would you do if you got into that house, Rebecca?”

“Well, I would call him out of course, and report him to the authorities.”

“But there is a very good chance he would be able to escape. We should just go to the authorities and let them know about his whereabouts and then they can barge in and arrest them.”

Rebecca let her breath go in a sigh, “Yeah, that sounds better, but we should at least block the door so he can’t get out of there.”

Amy nodded, “Sure, we can do that.”

Amy and Rebecca discovered a cumbersome ancient washing machine that was still in the woods when they went out on their adventure to find something to keep the fugitive in his prison. They shoved the washing machine in front of the door and stumbled down the steps and right through the woods.

“Can we use your phone at your house?” Rebecca panted as they ran.

“Why?” Amy questioned.

“It would be the fastest way to notify the authorities,” explained Rebecca

“Yeah, it would be, that’s fine, let’s go,” Amy commented.

Rebecca and Amy tumbled at the speed of a cheetah through the woods. They zoomed past the remains of the airplane and ran into Amy’s house. Amy’s mom was out shopping, so at least Amy would not have to explain this all to her. They rang 911 and gave them the information about the fugitive. 911 got there as fast as they possibly could and took Ronald George into their hands in custody.

A peace rushed over Rebecca and she grinned despite herself. Amy and Rebecca sauntered towards the airplane remains, the sun closing on an eventful day. Rebecca would stay in the comfort of Amy's home and the arms of her family. They were just going to retrieve Rebecca's luggage bag. They would have a long story to tell Amy's mother and father.

They indeed would have a long story, but it would just be Amy who was able to tell it.

Crash!

Amy ran straight into the boulder that she had thought had been the remains of an airplane. As she smacked onto the ground, she saw that her dolls and stuffed animals were strewn everywhere. Some were even on top of a white pillow that she had left outside which was caked in dirt. There sat a beautiful doll wearing a shiny purple dress with curly brown hair with her face in her hands.

"AMY!" Her mother shouted, "I've tried to call you for supper five times already! Come on, I'm already furious because you didn't go to your Grandma's house like you said you would."

Amy gave her word to her mother. Her legs ached terribly because of the adventure of the day, so against her mother's wishes, she just slowly teetered back home. While she was trodding back to her house, Amy groaned, she let her imagination get the best of her again. Her mother would surely be fit to be tied.

The End