

The Day I Jumped out of a Plane

I COULDN'T BELIEVE I WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO DO IT. I WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO JUMP OUT OF A PLANE AT 50,000 FEET IN THE AIR. AS I LOOKED OUT OF THE PLANE'S SMALL WINDOW, MY STOMACH STARTED CHURNING WHEN I REALISED I WAS NOW NEARLY THERE. BUT THEN I SAW THE BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE STRETCHING OUT IN FRONT OF ME AND REMEMBERED WHY I WAS HERE; TO RAISE MONEY FOR SICK CHILDREN, NOT FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF IT (IF IT EVEN WAS ENJOYABLE), I SNAPPED OUT OF MY TRANCE AND GOT PREPARED. THE RED BUZZER WENT OFF. THE DOOR OPENED AND I WALKED TOWARDS IT, MY LEGS TRYING TO RESIST JUMPING OUT OF THE GAPING HOLE THAT LED TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND NOTHING BUT THIN AIR. THEN BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS FALLING AND GRASPING THE STRING THAT WOULD RELEASE THE PARACHUTE AND STOP ME FROM HITTING THE GROUND WITH A VERY, VERY HARD BANG. BUT THE STRING WOULDN'T BUDGE AND I WASN'T VERY FAR FROM THE GROUND. IT WAS STUCK. I STARTED TO PANIC. WHAT COULD I DO TO SAVE MYSELF!!!

To Be Continued. . .

By Kelly Stringer