

Pain.

Pain.

*Pain.*

That's all I can feel.

*But I'm...alive, I think, Im not dead.*

I somehow manage to sit up. *Heat. Fire.*

I turn around to see every row behind me in flames. I hyperventilate, realizing how horrible the air is. I choke on the smoke, coughing and spitting up...blood.

*I am dying, I think, Im not going to survive after all.*

A pair of strong arms grabs me from behind just before I black out.

“Is she awake?”

“She's one of five survivors, I hope she's still alive.”

“Quick, she's waking up! Get her some medicine.”

I groan loudly as I open my eyes. “Too bright,” I mumble.

“Ssshhh,” a lady's voice says, then she winces slightly as she seemingly grabs something. Then water trickles down my throat, and I cough again.

“Shart,” the lady says. “I need help, this girl is coughing up blood.”

Someone else rushes to my side. “Here, let me help her,” the voice says. It's the captain.

“How many people died?” I ask immediately, coughing more.

The captain hesitates. “All but four, not including the two captains.”

I groan as I try to sit up again. “How bad am I?” I manage to choke out through ragged breaths. “When do we get help?”

“Help should be here in about twenty minutes,” he says, “just hold on.”

“Answer me,” I cough.

He sighs. “Are you sure you want to know?”

“Yes,” I reply, coughing even more, splattering the ground with my dark red blood.

He motions to a pond, helping me to it. I cough up more along the way.

The reflection I see in it is what used to be me. Now, its just a figure covered in blood. A figure that’s missing half of its arm, and I bleeding out through a gash on its leg. I faint.