

When I come to, I'm in a sort of daze.

I feel...weak. And detached. "Josie," I gasp out, suddenly remembering the only person I can think of.

"Oh, god, she's alive!" Someone yells out. "I thought she was surely dead."

"Josie," I repeat, still feeling detached and quite wispy-washy, "I need to talk to Josie."

"Ma'am, there's nothing we can do. You need to relax." It's the captain again. "Two of our survivors died already... they're injuries were too much. *We need* you to hold on." I shake my head, though it hurts every little part of me. "I have to talk to Josie," I say, tears making their way into my eyes.

"Help is almost there," I hear his walk-in-talkie say, "we're five minutes out."

"Aw, god," the captain says, and another lady rushes up to help.

"We lost the other survivor," she chokes out under her breath.

"We can't let this girl die."

I go scatter-brained. *Im the only survivor other than these two*, I think.

"Help is five minutes out," the captain mumbles back to her, "I think this girl can make it. Wait, girl, what's your name?"

"Leila," I gasp out, coughing up more blood, "am I gonna die?"

The captain ignore my question as he and the lady, who I now assume is the copilot, work on what's left of my leg. I

thought it had been just a gash, but a huge chunk had been cut out of it by the plane's debris.

"Please, Leila, hold on," the copilot says, wincing through the pain of what I think is her arm...it's probably broken.

Through my blurry, hazy vision, I notice that the pilot has a few scratches on his face, and a gash on his arm that's been wrapped in fabric.

"I...I feel like I'm dying," I whisper, tears stinging my eyes.

"No," the pilot says, "don't die. You're the only one left."

Tears stream down the copilot's face as they continue to try and prevent the blood loss.

Just then, a booming sound crosses the sky. A helicopter comes into view. The rescue team is here.