

“How old were we? Oh gosh, we were probably, like, 8 or so,” I say thoughtfully. The older lady on the plane next to me smiles.

“That’s nice, dearie,” she says to me, “now, what’s her name again?”

“Josephine,” I reply, “but I call her Josie.” I smile. Josie and I are like sisters—that’s how close we are. I fidget my hands nervously...but why? Something feels...off.

The lady next to me leans her head against her headrest.

“Well, I’m going to take a nap during this flight, what about you?”

“Oh, I don’t sleep on flights,” I reply casually, though, for some reason, my voice quivers, “I like watching the clouds.” With that, the lady beside me falls asleep instantly. I chuckle to myself. *Old people.*

I look out the window, squinting slightly to try and make out Josie’s figure through the airport glass. I’m in the plane already, but my favorite pink jacket is with her. I don’t know why I gave it to her...I never leave it anywhere. But just like how I can’t explain the nervous feeling in the pit of my stomach, I can’t explain that.

“Good morning, my fellow flight companions!” the much-too-cheery flight attendant says, “before we take off for New York, there’s a few things we need to go over.”

The flight attendant talks for a few minutes, but I’m not listening. I just can’t seem to focus.

“Alright, well, I think that’s all I have to say,” she says, smiling with her stereotypical flight attendant hairstyle and red lipstick, “Im going to hand this over to our captain.”

She hangs up the little phone thoughtfully, sitting down on one of those special flight attendant chairs.

“Good morning, this is your captain speaking,” a deep male voice says over the speakers, “thank you for flying with Sarasota Airlines. We will be taking off in about five minutes, so hold tight and remember your safety precautions: wear your seatbelts and do not smoke.”

His voice clicks off, and the noise that remains is just the simple chatter of the other airplane passengers. I sigh, looking back at the old lady next to me. *What if, I think, the plane really did crash?*