

50% chance?! I think, Oh my goodness, Im gonna die.

Everyone around me is freaking out. I try to pull my phone out, but one of the flight attendants stops me. “This is no time for your phone, young lady,” she tells me.

“Ma’am, I need to text my friend if I’m about to die,” I shoot back.

She looks mortified that I talked back to her. “Nice try, brat,” she says. *Since when are flight attendants like this?*

She grabs my phone and puts it in her pocket. “Right now, you need to be focused on the people around you. Are they okay? Do they need anything? We have a 50% of living, and you aren’t helping by being on your phone.”

I glare as tears sting my eyes. “Fine, but if we live, I’m gonna punch you.” I mutter under my breath. Somehow, she doesn’t hear me. I check around as she said, making sure everyone is safe and wishing I had my phone so I could text Josie.

“Josie, I might die. Our plane is crashing. I love you more than you’ll ever know. See you up above.”

That’s what I’d say. Tears stream down my cheeks, but they aren’t for me. “Are you alright dearie?” The old lady asks amidst the chaos.

I look at her through my tear-stained eyes, shaking my head. “No,” I admit, “if I die, Josie’s gonna die, too.” The lady looks at me funny.

“She’s gonna...” she says, implying *“kill herself?”*

“No, no,” I choke out, looking out the window at the ground rushing to us way too quickly. “She’s gonna die mentally. She’ll never forgive herself, even though Im the one who boarded the flight. She did nothing for this.”

The lady somehow understands what I'm saying between sobs.

"Darling, if you die, if I die, its just how it was meant to be."
She says oh-so-calmly. "You just need to face it."

I look her in the eyes again, but all I can think of is Josie.

The pilot speaks one final time. "Passengers, prepare for an extremely rough landing."