

Flight TK287

21.3.14

“Mum? How long is left?”

“Only 1 hour, Mitchell.”

“Mayday, mayday, could all passengers please maintain calm and prepare for emergency landing by putting on, but not inflating a life jacket.”

“What’s that mean?” Scout asked Mitchell from behind.

“QUICK! Just grab the life jacket from under your seat!” Mitchell exclaimed.

The reaction was ranging from calm to panic. The flight attendants assisted those who were panicking, while others reached for the life jackets. The plane started to lose altitude and sway. The pilot tried to land the plane in the water, near land.

“MUM!” Mitchell exclaimed as he was trying to grasp her.

“Don’t worry son, if I do not live, I will always be there, in your heart.”

“But... Mum...”

After the plane crash, Mitchell went around seeking for those who survived.

“HELP!” someone yelled. Mitchell followed the continuous screams. He found who it was, Scout, she was stuck under a fallen chair. Mitchell was struggling to lift up the chair; he successfully did.

“Do you know anyone else who is alive?” Mitchell asked.

“Yeah, Summer is over there.” Scout pointed east.

Summer was struggling to stand up, so Mitchell rushed over to assist her.

“Scout! Come over ‘ere and help me!” Mitchell yelled. Scout ran over and put Summer’s right arm over her shoulder while Mitchell did the same. They walked over to a nice tree 10 metres away and sat there. In the distance, they saw a figure crawling in their direction. Mitchell ran over to it and found Henry lying on the floor.

“Do ya mind Mitch? Just leavin’ me ‘ere to die?”

“But I jus-”

“Don’ worry ‘bout it. Look ‘ere what I found in the plane.” Henry handed Mitchell a First-Aid kit.

“I ‘aven’t had a look in it yet.” Henry explained.

“Let’s get you to some shelter and we’ll start camp.”

When they got there, Scout and Summer managed to make a fire pit.

“Look who I found.” Mitchell said.

“I was fine. You didn’ ‘ave to help me.”

Summer rolled her eyes and said, “Did you see any other survivors?”

“Nah not one.”

“We should do that tomorrow morning, when we can see more, right now, it’s pretty much suicide.” Mitchell suggested.

“Good idea, it’s getting dark.” Scout agreed.

“Yuck! What are we going to sleep on?!” Summer protested.

“The floor. Whattaya think?!” Henry shouted.

“Disgusting! It will get in my hair!”

“Just get some sleep.” Scout whispered, “It’s gettin’ dark.

The next morning, everyone woke up and they strolled over to the horrific plane crash.

“So let’s have a look inside!” Mitchell exclaimed excitedly.

“Why ya so excited Mitch? Wanna see some dead people?” Henry said.

“See if there are more people of course!” Mitchell explained, “Remember, the more the merrier!”

Henry rolled his eyes, “Okay, let’s just get in and ‘ave a look.”

“Let’s see if the pilot survived, he’d be the one who knows most.” Summer suggested.

As they walked into the cockpit, they saw the Pilot; he looked lifeless.

“Hey. What’s that on the floor?!” Mitchell exclaimed.

“Looks like a few bottles of Whiskey.” Scout suggested.

“WHAT?! SO THIS IS WHY WE ENDED UP ‘ERE?” Henry bellowed.

“Hmm... he *does* seem intoxicated; he also has a vile smell.” Mitchell explained.

“But to me, he sounded alright over the loudspeaker.” Scout said.

“Maybe he isn’t a heavy drinker. He could possibly control himself well.”

Summer suggested.

“That’s so damn annoying!” Henry shouted.

“Help.” the pilot moaned, “Help... me...”

“You’re alive?!” Summer asked.

“P-please...”

“Why should we help ya?” Henry said, “You just nearly killed us!”

“And you killed our family!” Scout added.

“Looks like ya stuck there Mr. Pilot.” Henry stated the obvious.

“Guys, come out outside for a se-”

“Please h-help me.” the Pilot moaned again.

“Scout, Henry, Summer, can you please come out for a sec.”

“Okay.” they said at the same time.

Mitchell, Henry, Scout and Summer debated whether to leave the Pilot to bleed to death, or help him out.

“Well, his negligence *did* cause us to end up here” Scout pointed out.

“Yeah... but he could really help us and guide us. Remember, he is the oldest out of us with more knowledge.” Summer explained.

“He’s lost a lotta blood, I think it’s too late.” Henry said.

“Wait! Where is the First-Aid kit?” Mitchell asked.

“Erm... I think it’s back at camp.” Scout said.

“By the time we run 20 metres and back, he’ll probably be dead. PLUS, he was the one who got us in this awful situation.” Summer added.

“Okay, let’s leave Mr. Pilot.” Henry suggested.

The four of them walked back to site and scavenged through the First-Aid kit looking for other supplies.

“Gee! There are a few things in ‘ere!” Scout exclaimed.

“Look! I found a flare!” Summer exclaimed.

“Ooh! Save it, save it!” Mitchell told Summer.

“Why? Just use it and git it over and done with.” Henry murmured.

“Whattaya mean? It could possibly work! If we see an aircraft, we’ll just shoot towards it.” Scout suggested.

“Kay.” Henry said.

“Hey, hey! There’s food!” Mitchell exclaimed excitedly.

“Duh Fred.” Henry back-chatted.

“It’s dehydrated food.” Scout pointed out, “It’s still yum though.”

“Give some ‘ere.” Henry demanded.

“Guys, I’m going to go for a walk over there.” Mitchell said pointing west.

“You sure? It’s pretty dangerous out there. Should I come?” Scout asked.

“If you like.” Mitchell said, “Anyone else?”

“Okay!” Summer exclaimed.

“Whatever.” Henry mumbled.

The four of them walked about 300 metres.

“Hey! Look! There’s a lake!” Mitchell exclaimed.

“Yes! Let’s get a bucket.” Scout said.

“There was a water bottle in the First-Aid kit. It wasn’t filled though.” Summer told them.

“Henry, can you please run back and get the bottle?” Mitchell asked.

“No mate. I ain’t walkin’ back there on my own. Mate, there is like dingos out ‘ere!”

“Okay, everybody. We’re heading back.” Mitchell announced.

As they were walking back, Scout noticed something.

“Wait. Where is Summer?”

“Wha- I dunno!” Henry exclaimed.

“Okay, she’s probably back at the lake. Let’s get the water and get back.” Mitchell suggested.

Mitchell, Henry and Scout snagged the water bottle out of the First-Aid kit, and ran back.

“Summer?! Summer?!” they yelled.

“HELP ME!”

“Grab whatever weapon you can, maybe a sharp stick, some rocks or whatever you can find!” Mitchell said.

“Don’t worry Summer! We’re coming with weapons!” Scout yelled.

“QUICK! HELP ME!” Summer screamed.

“Summer. What’s the problem?” Henry asked.

“There is an earwig on my dress! Quick! Get it off!” Summer screeched.

Mitchell flicked the earwig off the back of her dress.

“What’s your problem? Just scream when you really need to!” Henry shouted,

“We thought ya were in *real* trouble! Not a stupid earwig!”

“That *was* real trouble!!” Summer yelled, “It could’ve killed me!”

Scout rolled her eyes, “C’mon, let’s get that water bottle and get some water, I am thir-sty!”

“Okay! I’ll take off the lid and get some!” Mitchell said.

As Mitchell walked off Henry asked Scout and Summer, “Do ya think Mitch is a bit bossy? Likes ta take charge all the time?”

“No, not really...” Summer said.

“Yeah, he’s just helping us.” Scout added, “If you’ve gotta problem with him, tell him, you’re 13, he’s 12.”

“Nah, don’t wanna. It’ll just create problems. Don’t want that.”

“Okay Mr. Responsible!” Scout joked.

“Shut up.” Henry replied rudely.

“Okay guys! Got some water! Henry, you first.”

“Well that’s a first.” Henry murmured.

“What’s that?” Mitchell asked.

“Nothin’”

“Okay, drink up.”

After everyone had a drink, they decided to get back to camp, it was getting dark.

“So, what are we going to do tomorrow?” Scout asked.

“We could start huntin’ fa food!” Henry suggested.

“That’s a good idea!” Mitchell agreed.

“Yeah! I can’t stand always eating that disgusting dehydrated food!” Summer said grossed out.

“It ain’t *that* bad.” Scout said, “But chicken or whatever *is* better.”

“Well, another sleepless night again.” Summer announced.

“Why’s that?” Mitchell asked.

“Whattaya think?! We sleep on the disgusting dirt!” Summer protested.

“Okay, we’re here, let’s get some sleep!” Mitchell announced.

“Man, whatta day!” Henry exclaimed.

“Good night everyone.” Scout whispered.

“Good night!” they all said.

“Yawn! Guys ready for a big day?” Mitchell asked.

“Why not?” Scout said.

“First we’ve gotta make spears, or whatever.” Henry stated.

“So... does anyone know how to make some?” Scout asked.

Everyone went silent.

“OKAY! Let’s just get a stick, and sharpen it with something.” Mitchell said.

“Oh! We could see if there is a knife or something in the kit!” Summer suggested.

Henry pulled the kit over to him.

“Look! There is a pocket knife! It’s got scissors, nail file for Summer...”

“HEY! SHUT IT!” Summer shouted.

“Haha! Good one Henry!” Mitchell remarked.

“I am the oldest here, so don’t mess with me!” Summer warned.

Instead of the reaction Summer expected, they all laughed again.

“Okay. Let’s go find some tough sticks!” Mitchell exclaimed!

“Hey! There are heaps around ‘ere! We should just stay around camp, it’s probably more safe ‘ere.” Henry suggested.

“I dibs this one!” Scout exclaimed, “Pass the knife ‘ere!”

After 30 minutes of crafting, they all had a ‘dagger’.

“Ya ladies all ready?” Henry asked.

“Let’s go!” Scout said.

“Shhh.... Look. There is a pig.” Mitchell whispered.

“Let’s get it, if it sees us and runs, we can easily catch it.” Summer said.

“I know eh! Look at the fat on that thing!” Henry added, “It’ll last us ‘bout four nights I reckon.”

As they snuck up on it, Henry stepped on a twig when they were five metres away from it.

“Damn it! It’s getting away!” Henry shouted.

“I got it!” Mitchell yelled.

Mitchell was the fastest out of the four, he was first in 100m sprints.

“Got it!” Mitchell exclaimed as he was still sinking his stick into its neck.

“No! You just killed an animal! That’s mean!” Summer yelled.

“Summer, I don’t know about you, but I am actually plannin’ to live for a while.” Henry told her.

“Scout! Can you be our ‘food holder’?” Mitchell asked.

“Sure!”

“Okay. Hold this pig!”

When Mitchell handed Scout the pig she collapsed under the weight.

“GET IT OFF!!” Scout screamed.

“Okay... scratch that idea.” Mitchell said, “Try draggin’ it. We’ll just wash it in that lake when we get back.”

“Shhh! There is a dingo!” Henry whispered.

“Should we go for it?” Scout asked.

“Not sure. Remember it is him or us. It looks like he’s spotted us. Get your sticks ready.” Mitchell whispered.

“HELP!” Scout cried from behind them.

“Quick! Stab it!” Mitchell screamed.

There was another dingo that came from behind them.

“Got it!” Henry announced.

Henry sunk his stick into the dingo’s stomach.

“There is still the other dingo to worry about-” Scout said, “Where is it?”

“Dunno... don’t worry about it, at least he’s gone. Let’s get back... we’ll try to make a spit over our fire pit and cook that pig!” Mitchell said.

“I can’t carry this thing anymore, Henry, can you please carry or drag the pig?”

“Whatever.” Henry mumbled.

When they got back to camp, it was still bright.

“It’s noon.” Mitchell announced.

“How do ya know?” Henry asked.

“The sun is right in the middle of the sky when you look up.” Mitchell explained.

“Let’s se- GAHH!! IT HURTS!” Henry screeched.

“Well whattaya think? Of course it’s bright!”

“Anyway, let’s get a big, long stick.” Scout suggested.

“Found one!” Summer exclaimed excitedly.

“Okay, we need two more middle sized sticks.” Scout explained, “So we can stick them on the side so the big one will stay on top.”

“Okay, I’ll go out and look for some.” Henry said.

“Got any gravy?” Mitchell joked.

“Haha!” Scout and Summer said.

“Got some! They weren’t too far!” Henry announced.

“Okay! Nice job! Give them ‘ere.” Scout said.

Scout wedged the two stick on both sides of the fire pit in between the rocks.

“So how will it cook both sides?” Summer asked.

“Someone will just have to spin the top stick around.” Scout explained, “We’ll take shifts of about 1.5 hours each.”

“After that it should be done?” Mitchell asked.

“Yeah, should be. It’s usually 5-6 hours.” Scout answered.

“Let’s start! It’ll be ready to eat by 5 or 6 o’clock.” Summer suggested.

“So someone will not be able to rotate the pig?” Henry wailed, “What if I don’t miss out?!”

“Oh stop your crying you wuss.” Summer exclaimed.

“Summer, you wanna take first shift?” Mitchell asked.

“Okay!”

After 5 hours, Mitchell asked, “Henry? How’s the piggie lookin’?”

“Good.” Henry murmured.

“What’s your problem? You’ve only done it for half an hour!” Scout yelled.

“So? Still hard work!”

“Whatever.” Scout mumbled.

“Hey! That looks nice and crispy!” Summer exclaimed.

“Okay. Take it off the stick and let’s eat!” Henry exclaimed happily.

“Wait, wait, wait. What will we eat with?” Summer exclaimed.

“Hands.”

“But what will we sit it down on?” Summer asked.

“Our lap. It won’t matter. We’ll just go into the lake and wash it off us later.”

Scout suggested.

“Okay...”

“Let’s dig in!” Mitchell said.

In the middle of their meal, Summer started to cry.

“What’s the problem Summer?” Scout asked concerned.

“I just miss my Mum...”

“My heart is broken too; we’ve had to put our feelings aside to concentrate on surviving these last two days.” Mitchell explained, “Let’s get a good nights sleep and hope we get some good news tomorrow. Surely there’ll be a search party out.”

“Yeah. Let’s finish dinner, and get some sleep.” Henry added, “We have to be alert in the mornin’.”

“Scout, Scout. Wake up!” Henry yelled, “Where’s the flare?! I hear an aeroplane in the distance!”

“Wah? Oh! It’s in the First-Aid kit!”

“Quick! Shoot it up!” Summer exclaimed!

“No! We have to wait ’til we can see it!” Mitchell yelled, “It might be heading the opposite way!”

“No mate! I am shootin’ it now!”

“But it migh-.”

PSSSSSHHHH, the flare went up...

2 Months Later...

“Scout?! The phone is ringing!”

“Okay! Thanks Mum!”

“Hey Scout!” Mitchell says over the phone.

“Heya Mitch!”

“I’ve just gotten a call from The Federal Bureau of Investigation. They told me something about the Pilot.” Mitchell explained sounding worried, “Y’know how we thought he was drunk.”

“Mhmm.”

“It turned out there was a mechanical malfunction of which the Pilot wouldn’t have been able to avoid even if he was sober.”

“Oh...”

“But he *was* drinking. They’re going to acknowledge it when they report to the public tomorrow.”

“Did you tell Henry and Summer?”

“Yeah, I’ve told Henry, but not Summer, I’m calling her next.”

“How did Henry take it?”

“He still believes that no matter what, ‘Mr. Pilot’ shouldn’t have been drinking anyway.”

“Thanks for calling me! We’ll all catch up next week. See ya!”

“Okay! G’bye!”

Nic.