

THE CRASH

Emily

I was asleep when I heard the screams. I had taken a couple of melatones due to the fact that I HATE flying. Ever since I was in a plane crash when I was a little fishy, as my dad used to call me. I don't know if it was the screams that woke me, or the fact that the back of the plane was up in flames. "What is happening?" I whisper.

"EVERYBODY OUT! NOW!" I hear Justin yell as I stir awake.

"Why is everybody yelling?" I say. I feel this pressure on my chest. I looked down, that was the moment I thought my life was over. I was crushed under a piece of metal. The sound of the screams pushed out of my brain, flooded by the all of the memories, all of the emotions, all of the pure terror of it.

"Again? Why is this happening again, what did I do? I have been a good girl. Haven't I've been?"

I began to feel so consumed by everything around me. I feel like I'm underwater. Like I'm an injured fish in the water losing control of everything around me. The walls started to close in on me. All of the sudden, I feel the loss of pressure. They lifted the sheet metal off of my body. I feel like I can breathe again before I see all the blood drain from my body. "That's a pretty bad cut," I said before everything went black.

Jules

I see Justin and Taylor go and help Emily. I was frozen. I felt frozen. "We were just on a trip."

"That's all we were doing, We only want to celebrate nationals," I say in shock. I couldn't believe

what was happening. My thoughts took over my head, I felt like I was being swallowed by my own mind. Drowned by all of the voices screaming, crying for help.

Flashback

“Pass!” I yell to Emily, “I’m open.”

“Jules!” She shouted as she passes me the ball.

As soon as I receive the ball I sprint pass all of their defenders. Step by step. Stride by stride. I can feel all of the hopeful, excited, adrenaline shot eyes, piercing into the back of my head. The world goes to slow motion, it feels like I’m in a Youtube video set to *.25 speed*. I know that if I miss this shot, I would let my team down, and I can’t let my team down. I see the goal start to come into view, this was it, it was time to take the shot. I take a deep breath and take the shot. I let that 410 gram, circumference of 27 inches take all of my fears away. The fear of me letting my team down, the fear of me not getting into collage, the fear of me failing at life, I let that shot take everything away, in hopes it would fix everything.

“Yes!” I let go of the breath I’ve been holding since I walked on the pitch. It went in. The stadium goes wild. The roar let out was like no other.

“Let’s go, Jules!”

“Yes Jules.”

“Good shot Juliette.”

“WE’RE GOING TO NATIONALS!” I scream. I didn’t let my team down. I didn’t let my family down.

Justin

I was the first to wake. I was also the closest to the back of the wing, which is where the explosion happened. I see Emily pinned under the luggage storage. I tried to wake up my best friend, Taylor, but he was always a deep sleeper. And he always said if there was an emergency to slap him as hard as I could. And that's exactly what I did. I mustered up all of the strength I found. From me getting beat by my father, the angry and confused emotions of him dying, and slapped him so hard that he popped out of his seat and hit his head on the top of the plane. He soon realized what was happening. I dragged him out of his seat and started to help the other people.

Taissa

I start to open my eyes. I was shaken by the sudden feeling of heat rushing through my body. Fire. I immediately unfasten my seat belt and quickly get out of my seat. Then I hear the pilot. "Everyone, this is the pilot of flight 457. We're currently experiencing double engine failure. I know that it's scary, but I NEED everyone to remain in their seats, fasten your seatbelts, and brace for impact. That is all I need from you, to keep you safe."

At first I thought the pilot was exaggerating, and there was absolutely nothing that was going to stop me from helping my family. Then I caught a glimpse of what was outside through the little tiny airplane window, that I swear was smaller than my head. That sight was enough to make anyone comply with anything. The sight of the very thing, the only thing keeping you 31,000 feet in the air, plummeting to the ground. Both wings being ripped apart by the wind. Already compromised with fire coursing through each metal plate, searching for more fuel, infecting the

plane with its fiery smell. Like I said, enough to make anyone comply. I, like many others, climb back to what was left of our seats and brace for impact.

Justin

That was the worst feeling of my life. The waiting. I never understood the saying ‘The silence is so loud’ until that day. At that moment I thought my head would explode with the overwhelming silence. The slight whimpering coming from Emily’s mouth, dancing through the air, searching for someone one to hear. I let go of the breath I’ve been holding since I woke. It was such a relief to know someone was as terrified as I was. “I wish it would just crash,” I plead, “Please, please just do it, Plea-” He was cut off by the earth shattering sound of the plane colliding with the earth’s hard surface.

Taissa

“Is everyone ok?” I struggle to say, as I climb out of what once was a 175,00 lbs, futuristic airplane, now a pile of ash and burning rubber. “Is everyone ok?” I say again, hearing no response the first time.

“I’m not quite sure ‘ok’ is the right word to describe our situation right now. You know, sense we just fell out of the sky in a fiery coffin of death?” Jules says with as much sarcasm as the time I broke my arm so bad you could see the bone and I said that I was fine.

“I agree with Jules, but by ‘ok’ you mean not currently dead, then yes I’m ok.” I hear Justin say, clearly in a lot of pain.

“Where are Emily and Taylor?” I announce not hearing or seeing them in the immediate wreckage site.

Emily

“UGGHHHH,” I moan, “everything hurts.”

I try to get from underneath, what I assume was a piece of the wing, and focus on finding the others, when I hear Taylor.

“Taylor, is that you?” I yell out.

“Emily?”

“Yeah it’s me.”

“Oh thank god, I thought I was the only one alive, I can’t hear the others. Can you?”

“No, unfortunately, I can’t.”

Navy Base:

“We have to find that plane, now!”

“I know sir, but-”

“But what? They are children, we don’t even know if they are alive. Just try the transmission again.”

“What if they don’t answer, or it is damaged.”

“Well, if it isn’t damaged, track the signal and get me their coordinates.”

“Yes sir.”

On the Island

Flashforward:

It has now been a few days and we are starting to run out of water and food from the food cart on the plane.

“I’m so hungry.”

“We need to see if we can forage for anything. Maybe even kill an animal.” Taissa says.

“Kill? We can’t kill anything. *I* can’t kill anything.”

“Look, it’s obvious that no one is going to rescue us anytime. It’s been god knows how many days and we need to eat something, or we’re all going to die.”

“Taissa is right. We need to find a good source of clean water and eat literally anything.” Justin agrees.

We have now been on the island for about a week. We found a good source of water thanks to Justin and Taylor, who went on a 2 day hike to find a spring. And we have now started to forage for berries and mushrooms.

Jules

I was foraging for some berries when I heard a beeping, curious, I started searching. “Guys, I think I hear something.” I announce.

“Flight 457 do you copy? Flight 457 what are your coordinates?” I try to answer as everyone gathers around, but the button is broken.

“They can’t hear us,” Justin says, “It’s useless.”

“We’re going to die out here,” Taylor sighs.

“I can’t do this anymore.” I storm away.

I start to hyperventilate. I’m going to die out here. My parents are going to hear that I died on the news. The last thing there is going to remember us fighting. The memories of us arguing, me calling my friends to vent.

“They always help me through things. We are going to get through this together, because we are family.”

Taissa

It has now been a little over a month. Everyone is struggling and we've started to fight about little, stupid things.

“Who ate the rest of the berries?”

“I did.” Taylor says.

“This is why nobody likes you! You are a shelface, arrogant, little s-”

“Shut up!”

“What did you say?!”

“What? No-I mean stop talking.”

“You are something else, you know that?”

“The water!”

“Huh?”

“EVERYBODY COME TO THE WATER!”

I reluctantly followed everyone to the water, just so I could throw it in Taylor's face when nothing was there. But just as I was approaching the beach, I saw a boat. An amazing, beautiful, shiny boat that had NAVY printed on the side.

“We're getting saved?” I say with uncertainty, not wanting to fall into a trap, set by the universe.

I wasn't ready to believe, but as everyone jumped for joy and the boat came head to head with the shore line, I had too. “We're getting saved.” I sigh with so much hope and glee, “*We are saved.*”

Artist Statement

I was having a pretty hard time coming up with an idea for this project. After some brainstorming I came up with an idea of characters trapped in the woods that answered the Essential Question. I was inspired by a T.V show I watched about a year ago. I got affected by how their different personalities helped the group for the better. Example: Taissa, is a strong woman that usually takes the leadership role in her life. Justin is a big brother figure to the girls, and he feels like it is his responsibility to protect them. Jules is kind of a softy, she has a history of panic attacks, and you get to see the surface of that in chapter 8. Last but not least, Emily. Emily represents everyone's feeling of uncertainty, and the feeling of helplessness.

In this story, I decided to put some thoughtshots in bold. It is used to move the story along like a narrator, but in a first-person way. Other thoughtshots tended to be hand in hand with dialogue as well as after dialogue. (Chapter 5, second paragraph, Last chapter, beginning and end). I also used flashbacks to reveal what the character was thinking, much like a thoughtshot.

For a snapshot, (Chapter 1) I wanted to convey how chaotic it was in the plane, and as soon as Emily saw all the blood, her fear consumed her.

Like I previously said, dialogue went hand in hand with thoughtshots, but I also used it to reveal, not only the thought of a character, but the intentions. (Last chapter). Taissa would've never known that Taylor was telling her to stop talking because he saw the boat, if he hadn't had told

her. Again, in chapter 7, we find that Emily might be a “softy” because she doesn’t want to kill an animal.

For a motif, I choose to have water as a recurring theme. In several chapters they refer to them feeling drowned, or consumed, much like being submerged in water. They also had to go and search for water, in order to survive. Then they got saved by boat on water. I choose to do this because water can be so many things. Water has the ability to bring life, or to kill. In this story they got to experience the gift of both.

I wanted to really grasp the idea that your bio family doesn't necessarily have to be your family. That friends, that you consider family, are an important part of your life. Families can be complicated, and your relationships with family members can be even more complicated. I wanted to create a story where a group of friends from different backgrounds can come together and overcome anything. I also wanted to show that people can be bonded by a common subject, in this case it is family. Jules and Taissa have the fear of letting their family down/protecting them. (The end of Chapter 2) (Mid page Chapter 5). Justin also feels the need to protect them. Jules, in addition to wanting to protect her family, also has a tough relationship with her parents. (End of Chapter 8) and that her friends helped her through those tough times. For Emily, she loved her father and unfortunately, she lost him in the plane crash. (Chapter 1). No matter if they loved their family, or not. Had a family, or not. They all could help and support each other through anything, and that is, to me, what it means to be a family and what it means to be part of a family.

