

Mistaken

By Ambrosio M Tirado

The impact of the plane on the water knocked the air out of Sam's lungs. Smoke crept into the cabin as hot sparks shot from wiring broken free by the crash. The sound of rain and ocean water resonated against the aircraft's fuselage. Sam looked around the cabin as lightning shone through the aircraft windows. Emergency lights pulsed to the pounding in his head.

"What the hell happened," Sam said, rubbing his eyes to clear the haze. There was a dull groan of metal, a sudden snap, and the cabin jerked and shifted sideways. "Oh Shit!" said Sam, gripping his harness. Sam hung upside down, his face purplish red from the rush of blood to his tan skin. The aircraft swayed on the water, rising and falling with the ebb and flow of the waves. His hands trembled as he unfastened his restraints. The clasp clicked and Sam fell onto scattered debris on the adjoining seats. "Ugh, ouch that hurt," he said, uneasily standing up. "This is a hell of a Tuesday." Sam surveyed the cabin once more for other survivors.

"H-hello, is anyone there?" Sam asked. "Hello? Anybody?"

The smell of burnt wiring, smoke, and seawater made him cough. He ventured toward the cockpit. Upon reaching first class, he heard a low moan and sobbing emanating in the darkness.

"Hello?!" said Sam, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"W-who is that?" replied a mysterious voice shakily. "Where are you? I can't see you. Show yourself!"

The voice was feminine and had a southern accent to it. Sam continued onward into the cabin, stepping over debris and corpses. Emergency lighting dimmed the further into the cabin he

explored. A flash of lightning briefly reflected into the cabin catching the silhouette of a woman scurrying over a row of seats. The sound of thunder reverberated against the fuselage.

“Can you please come out?” asked Sam, lowering his voice. “I thought everyone was dead. I thought I was the only one alive.”

“O.K.,” said the mysterious voice, uneasily. “But I want to see you in the light, stand over by the window so I can see your face.”

Sam moved to the window holding himself steady in the swaying aircraft. He stood directly under the window when lightning flashed and illuminated his face momentarily blinding him. There was an audible gasp. Before he could recover, he heard scrambling and panicked breathing coming towards him. As his vision refocused, he briefly saw the panicked green eyes of a woman. She had the look of someone in a fight or flight state of mind. A sharp pain ensued. The woman hit him in the face with a cold metallic object.

“You piece of shit raghead! I know it was one of you that brought down our plane!” said the woman.

“I did no such thing!” said Sam, nursing his broken nose. “I am in the same situation as you! Why the hell did you hit me!” Sam was on his knees squinting in pain. Warm blood trickled down his throat leaving the bitter taste of iron. The woman stood over him gripping the metal object. Sam spit out blood and attempted to stand back up. She then hits him again.

“All of you people are the same. Preaching your Muslim junk, thinking that everyone has to be like you, and when they say no, you do shit like this,” said the woman.

Sam’s fear and anxiety are replaced by anger. “Ma’me, my name is Samah Amin. I was raised in the town of Temple, in the great state of Texas.”

“Bullshit,” replied the woman.

Sam cautiously stands. The woman raised her weapon again and swung it hard towards his head. Sam caught the weapon and yanked it from her grasp causing her to trip and fall backwards. Lightning flashed once more and lit the area where she fell. She appeared middle aged, weathered tan skinned and had messy dark hair.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked, between panicked breaths. “Kill me and get it over with, that’s all you animals are good at.”

“I pity your bias beliefs. But that is not who I am. Look... we can die alone and afraid on opposite ends of this plane, or we can stick together and try to live.” Sam walked toward the woman, stopped, tossed the metal weapon, and reached out his hand.

The woman eyed him cautiously, then stretched out her hand standing with his help.

“May I ask what your name is?” asked Sam.

She gives Sam a remorseful look and replied, “Abigail James.”

“Do you know what happened?”

“I am not sure,” she said. “There was a loud commotion and people were rushing to the cockpit. I think I was knocked out. I came too just before you showed up.” Abigail slumped down to the floor sobbing. “I don’t want to die here...”

Sam sits next to Abigail and wrapped an arm around her. “I don’t too, but if we do, at least we shouldn’t be alone.”

The motion of the aircraft and the sound of the water and rain rocks them to sleep. Sam awakens to sunlight shining onto his face from one of the windows. The storm is gone. There is muffled conversation outside followed by a pop and hiss. He jostles Abigail awake. “Do you hear that?”

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About 950 Words

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They followed the sound to the emergency exit. The door blew off bringing fresh air and sunlight into the cabin. Two sailors drop into the cabin carrying medical supplies.

“Abigail, I think we’re gonna be ok” said Sam.

“Thank god,” replied Abigail. “Samah, I’m sorry I hit you and thank you for staying with me.

“That’s O.K, we’re in this together.”