

The worst christmas ever

It was in the middle of summer, and John was going to see his sister in Peru for christmas

"Bye, John. Have fun!" Rose called from upstairs.

"I will, bye Rose," John called back. He jumped in his black corvette and drove to the airport.

John walked up to a lady at the front and handed her a ticket. "Your flight leaves at Terminal A, that's up the stairs and to the right," She informed John.

"Okay, thanks," John replied.

"Flight to Peru leaves in five minutes, flight to Peru leaves in five minutes," a voice boomed from the various speakers in the airport. John hurried up the stairs and got to Terminal A.

"Just in time," He muttered under his breath as he found a seat at the tail of the Boeing 747.

"Hello, this is your captain speaking, we will take off shortly. Please buckle your seatbelts up until cruising altitude. In case of emergency, there is PFDs under your seats, and there's a pamphlet of what to do incase of a crash. Please read it for your safety," The captain advised.

John read the pamphlet every so often so that he could memorize it. He would occasionally join in conversations of other passengers, doze off, or just read a book.

"Passengers, we are having to fly into some storm clouds, so expect so turbulence," the captain announced

"What's turbulence, mommy?" A toddler in the plane asked their parents.

"Turbulence is when the plane shakes a little," The kid's mother answered.

It was a couple minutes until they reached the clouds. John actually liked storm clouds, so he wasn't very afraid. That can't be said for some though. John was just dozing off to the turbulence, until **CRASH!** The passengers of the plane heard a loud crash. Lightning had hit the plane! There was screams of fear as the plane did a nose dive towards the dark ocean, about to become its next meal. There were people putting on their PFDs, John just put his head beneath his knees. Then the plane fell into the depths.

He quickly got his PDF, and swam to try and see if anyone survived. He found the toddler and his parents inside the wreckage. The toddler was screaming, his parents crying "Help us," But they had their PDFs on, but knew that you can't take PDFs off without cutting it open, John could only let the family drown. John swam through the wreckage, trying to avert his eyes from the corpses. He got out of the

wreckage to see that there was an island amidst the roaring waves, John decided to find a safe spot around the wreckage to wait the storm out.

It took a good three hours for the storm to die out. John took his chance and briskly swam to the island in fear that there were sharks nearby. The island was fairly big, and had some clusters of vegetation. John assessed his wounds. He didn't think that he had broken or sprained anything, but he did have lots of scrapes.

"I better find food," He thought.

It took a little but he found a dragonfly, killed it with a rock, took off the head and wings, and ate it, gagging a little bit though. John went to one of the tree patches and tried to make a shelter out of some pine branches. Next he gathered some kindling to make a fire, for night was upon him.

In the next week or so, he searched the wreck for any scrap to use, made some weapons and tools by attaching some metal scrap wood with some plant fibre rope, and assessed the island, he inferred that the island was forty kilometres in diameter, along with some game. John had made a small life for himself here, although keeping some flares on him that he found on the plane in case he sees a boat or plane.

The next day he planned to make a raft to sail to land. It took him two months, but he finally made the raft. It was made of some plane scrap with unused PFDs to keep it afloat, and deer skin for the sail, the raft also had oars; He packed two flares, \$1000 from wallets in the wreck, coconuts, and oranges. He was ready to go back to land the next day; to get back to civilization or die trying, on February 4th, 1996.

John pushed the raft to the body of water he once thought would consume him in its murky depths, but now it was his only hope to get back to civilization. John sailed, ate, and slept in a constant cycle for days, but at night four days later he had yet another stroke of luck and saw the light of a large fishing boat. In a mad dash he grabbed a flare and shot it into the night sky. The people on the fishing boat saw it instantaneously and sailed to the flare immediately. Once they got there, John had a wave of relief; he was safe, he survived. He chuckled to himself as he thought,

“This really was the worst christmas ever,”

Parched

Crossing stranded roads. Alone. Silence. I am empty. Digging the cold, hard, deserted, yellow ground to find water. Parched. Thirst. I haven't tasted a drop of cold, icy water in what felt like was ages. The wind blowing on my over tanned skin like a whisper. I haven't seen or heard anyone since my life fell apart.

I was 7 at the time when they left me. I had a family. Two people who loved me with all their hearts. A mom and a dad, but they changed. Just like the seasons. My age. All of our lives were nothing except emptiness. My mom would drink. Dad would then slap her cause she didn't have a job. They both turned into monsters. Poor, angry monsters. I was scared.

Once I ran away. But not forever, if you're thinking that. I thought that. My Nana and Papa lived around the block of our house. In Arizona, it's always either hot or rainy. We lived in a run down shack that had one bedroom and a kitchen. People at school would call it "The Trash House". And they were right. I ran there, to the only people that loved me. Nana and Papa. I will never forget those names. I would scream coming into their house, which gave them such a fright. I will never forget that day, the day when I lost everything.

By the time I got back to my house, I had my ears over my head and thinking happy things. Every time I walked into that house I felt unwanted. Unloved. They would be screaming. Throwing things. Drinking, smoking. Whenever I came in, I was a spy. Trying not to get caught. I

would hear my name, over, and over, in my head. "Jona, Jona, where are you?" I would play tricks on myself.

The next morning I woke up under the couch where I had been hiding. I could smell something. The disgusting smell of smoke. My dad was sitting, talking to my mom. She was packing. A suitcase, red and black. It had my clothes in it. I crawled out from the couch and stood looking at them.

That's all I want to remember. It hurts to think. Those very last words. "Goodbye Jona. Goodbye." Now I walk. In the desert. Wearing nothing but the last thing that was in that suitcase. A pair of navy blue shorts. The hot sand clings on my feet, burning to the bone. I start to see mountains. I don't know where I'm going but it's just outside of where they left me. Where those last words were said. After the sun is at it's highest peak, is the time I am most parched. Starving. I wish I could see two more things, before my time had come. Before I lost everything.

I gaze into the blankness. Dragging my burning, dead feet. I see something. Maybe a sign of life. A rock. I follow. My body is telling me to run. My feet get ready. I sprint. Faster, and faster every push. Finally I reached the rock. Grabbing the scorching hot rock. I flip it upside down to see if there is a chance of water. A lively feeling keeps stinging me like a million bees when I saw what was there. There a fossil. I learnt about them when I had a life. Picking it up I see it shaking. I must be dreaming. It's trapped. Just like I was. In the suitcase. Shoved and abused into the red suitcase. Stranded in the desert.

I have an idea. I must free him. Taking the rock. I hold in my temptation to drop it. I am strong. I smash it to the ground. It shatters into a million pieces. I feel, a feeling I haven't felt in a long time. Happiness. It flies high in the hot air, cutting it with his amazing wings.

A dragonfly. Before I know it, this bug is leading me somewhere. I run, he flies. We sail our fears, and terrible memories away. After chasing the sun we stop. At a place I have never seen before. The mountains. I hear a sound, and smoke. It's coming from the peak of it. We stop by a nearby tree. This day made me feel alive. For once I can forget of the torture, the abuse.

I hear my name. Not in my head. "Jona!?" I turn around to see the two things I miss. My Nana and Papa. I am speechless. My family is here.

"Nana, Papa." I say under my breath. I don't say anything else, but run and wrap my arms around them. We are together now. My real family. Everything from that day one was twice as amazing as my first, torture filled life. But there is one thing that I will never know. Who is that dragonfly? The purple, shiny, small dragonfly. And how did it know where I needed to be.

