It was the first night of Spring Break. I was on my way to Hawaii with my best friend, Juliet. We were so excited, because we have been planning it for a long time now. It was a ten hour flight from where we live. We had our whole plane ride planned out: watch movies on her DVD player, sleep, and listen to our IPods. We were on the plane for only ten minutes when I had to get up and pee because I couldn’t hold it any longer. Let’s just say that I have a really small bladder. I was just about to close the bathroom door, when some strange man frantically ran into the bathroom with me. I shouted, “GET OUT.” He didn’t listen and shut the door behind him instead. My hand reached for the door because I figured the man was just nauseas and ready to puke and didn’t really have time to say anything. Before I could grab the handle, the man reached out and grabbed my wrist and said, “Listen here, I have a highly explosive bomb strapped around my chest, and if I let go of this button in my hand the whole plane will blow up, and everyone inside will die. So here is what you have to do, hold this button down and if you let go, even for a split second, everyone on this plane will die.” I was so scared I didn’t even know what to say. This man was insane. HE WAS SUICIDAL. I knew I couldn’t trust myself with this huge task. This was the matter of life or death, and I felt like death was winning. He stood there waiting for an answer. I replied to break the long silence, “And what if I don’t take the button?” He said back to me, “Then I will let go of the button right now and we will all die. There is one other rule; you must not tell anyone else what is going on, and if you do, you might as well say goodbye to your life right now. Trust me, I will be watching you.” Now I knew for sure that we were going to die. This was going to be impossible. I finally agreed to hold the button, and thought to myself, this will never work. I already have shaky hands as it is, and sleep over half of the day because of the rare disease I have. I guess not sleeping at all the night before didn’t help either. This was going to be impossible. I slowly walked back to my seat, and started to sweat. My friend asked me what was wrong, and I said I didn’t feel well. My hand was tightly clenched around the button, impossible for anyone else to see it. I was so tired, I could barely keep my eyes open. I kept thinking in my head, don’t fall asleep, don’t fall asleep. There were so many emotions running through my head, I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t just give up and kill all these innocent people. There had to be some way this could work. I spent the next four hours reminiscing on different ideas. I couldn’t come up with anything at all; everything just became much harder though; my hand was soaked and shaking like crazy, my eyes were blood-shot from being so tired, and my heart was racing faster than I thought was possible. Suddenly I began to slowly shut my eyes. STOP, I said to myself in my head, but I couldn’t stay awake any longer. I knew I would die if I didn’t sleep soon because of my disease. But I gave up. All I could manage to say was, I’m sorry, in a whispered tone, and then I released my hand.