Spencer Mlodik

It was Amy Tidwell’s first day. She was starting her new career as a flight attendant and wanted everything to run smoothly.

Amy’s life had changed greatly over the past few weeks, seemingly for the better. To go along with her new career, she had recently become engaged to a great man, and the love of her life. He also had a high-paying job that he told very few people the details of. He decided to surprise her and get on the plane that Amy was working on that day.

“Okay, Jason Engler, you’re cleared to board,” said the man checking tickets. “Thanks” Jason said in reply, excited to see the look on his sweetheart’s face. Jason stowed his carry-on into the compartment above the seats. While he struggled to close the door a flight attendant assisted him. After the bag was stowed, the flight attendant gave Jason a puzzled look and began to ask a question. “Aren’t you Amy’s bo-. “Shhh!” Jason said before she could finish. He whispered, “Yeah, I’m Jason. I’m trying to surprise Amy so you never saw me, okay?” She smiled, nodded her head and moved on to the next passenger struggling to put away their bag.

He sat down and a few minutes later the plane took off. Jason had a window seat and was gazing out at the clouds when he finally heard her familiar voice. “Attention all passengers.” Amy was speaking over the intercom, her voice quivered and it was apparent that she was nervous. “We ask all of you to remain calm. We’ve just received a call from the pentagon. They informed us that before takeoff a bomb was planted on the left wing of the plane, near the turbine. We are going to attempt to make an emergency landing.” She continued on to give safety instructions to the passengers, with an anxious tone.

Although everyone was told to stay seated, Jason couldn’t just sit there and do nothing. He popped up out of his seat and headed towards the pilot’s quarters. He pounded on the door until someone opened. It was Amy. She looked frightened and relieved at the same time, but before she was able to express what she was thinking into words, Jason said, “How can I get to the bomb?” He flashed his CIA badge and the flight’s staff shuffled around to find him the equipment he would need to reach the explosives.

Once he was prepared, he started his unbelievable trek across the wing of the plane. After Jason cautiously made his way over to the bomb, he noticed how tightly it was screwed in. He tried to defuse it, but the odd combination of wires was more complex than anything he had ever seen before. As time was ticking down, he started to realize the gravity of the situation. He knew that this was it for him. He had no time to escape, and nowhere to run. So he did what he thought was best. He held his right hand over his heart and waved to the passengers with his left, hoping that Amy would see his final gesture.

The bomb exploded with the sound of thunder, and Jason was gone, along with the left wing of the plane. It came to a crash landing in a farmers field, and thanks to the safety precautions only 12 of the 157 people on the plane died, although several were injured.

Amy had survived, and only had a couple of broken bones. It was a headline news story and all over the world news stations were trying to interview any survivors of the crash. It gave Amy and many others their 15 seconds of fame, but none of them were welcoming of the attention. Amy especially hated the memories. Seeing Jason die in a feeble attempt to save everyone haunted her dreams until the day she died.