The Rescue / 964 words

It was a beautiful morning in Housten, Texas with the birds chirping and my dog (Jeff) barking insanely loud at a stupid squirrel. I swear, the last time I got to sleep in was years ago because of that stupid squirrel.

I look over at my clock. 5:00! I’m going to be late for work. I quickly rush out of bed and get on my suit. I am a pilot working at the Housten airport. It's a great job unless you get the night shifts. Luckily today, I don’t start work till 6:00. However, it's still a 30 minute drive to the airport and I haven’t even started getting ready yet.

I quickly brush my teeth and chomp down a piece of toast and chug some coffee on my drive to the airport. It's already 5:50 and I am only halfway there! This day is not starting off the best. I drive a bit faster and luckily get to the airport by 6:15

“You're late. Again!” Yells my boss from across the terminal.

“I'm sorry, but it won’t happen again.” I respond

“You said that last time and you are still late.”

“But..” I try to respond

“No buts. I don’t want to hear another word or one of your lame excuses.” Snaps my Boss.

I know I am in trouble but his way of telling me that is by putting me on the lame smaller planes like the Diamond d020. I walk outside to the small little garages where they keep the smaller faster planes. The only reason I hate these planes is because I always have to deal with some rich dude who bought a private jet and wants me to fly him somewhere. I walk by the control station when I hear a beeping sound. I look inside and see no one so I go in.

There is a beeping red button that I am pretty sure will get me fired if I touch it but I do anyway. There's a speaker right beside and the second I hit the button the speaker makes a crackling sound and then turns on.

“Hello there my name is … and I need help. I am in the middle of nowhere near a lake. My coordinates are 2.547, 27,89 I need help. My plane crashed and I have barely any food. If anyone is hearing this please help me.” The speaker crackles some more and then turns off. I can’t tell if this is a prank so I decide to look around the area for some of the other pilots hiding and waiting for my reaction

After 20 minutes of searching I can’t find anyone hiding and that's when I realize that this is serious and whoever this kid is needs help. Well I think it's a kid. I quickly hop into one of the smaller planes ignoring all the pilots and even my boss yelling at me that I need to get off this plane. This kid could be dying and may need serious help and I might be his only chance. After getting the plane started, and I start down the runway I hear the intercom buzz and then I hear my boss's voice.

“Pull the plane over now and get back here and you might not get fired!” I hear my boss yell through the intercom. I am too busy focusing on getting the plane off the ground to respond. Finally after about 3 minutes of gaining the speed to lift off I’m in the air. I’m up. The intercom crackles more and I hear more people yelling at me but I ignore them because I need to focus.

I am heading northwest towards Ohio. I know this area well and I know those exact coordinates because that was a place I used to hike out to. It was at least a 30 mile hike to there so that means whoever this kid is, he is far away from civilization.

After about a 3 hour flight I’m only 30 minutes away from the lake. I’m praying that this kid isn’t hurt or needs serious medical help because I have no experience with bleeding or CPR. I’m starting to freak out. I probably will get fired because I took a plane without permission which is against the law of pilots.

I am just starting to see the lake on the horizon and I can see that whoever is there and is lost knows what they're doing by making a fire. This is starting to get serious because I forgot to plan where I am going to land because I still have a small plane but it can’t land in a whole densely crowded forest. That's when it occurred to me that I brought a water landing plane. I am starting my descent towards the water which I have never landed on before so I don’t know how shallow or deep the lake is so I am praying that its perfect

I just landed with a smooth landing and the kid is currently swimming out to me. He looks to be about 17 and he looks starving but thrilled to be close to a real human again. He loads the plane with a smile that is so big. I quickly hand him some food as he snarfs it down like a hungry dog and then snatches a water bottle from the ground and chugs the whole thing. After he sits down and fastens the seatbelt he suddenly gets a terrified look on his face and that's when I remember that the last time he was on a plane it crashed. After comforting him we are up in the air and heading back to me losing my job.