

Emma C.

A New Life

My dad and I were on a plane. I was doodling, listening to my favorite song, *Magnify*, when I heard “BOOM”! My eyes got big faster than a lightning bolt strikes a tree. I yelled, “What’s happening, Dad?!” “I, I don’t know, Cass,” he replied. His face looked worried. A voice came on the speakers and said, “Mayday. Mayday. The plane is going down!” The people on the plane were frightened. I squeezed my dad’s hands, which were sweaty. “3, 2, 1.” “Back up access denied.” “Plane shutting down.” The lights went out and the plane was black except the few open windows in the plane.

The plane started falling to the ground. “Go to safety, Cassidy.” “What about you, dad?” “My seats locked.” Her dad gave her a red backpack that said Parachute on it. “Go without me.” “No I’m not leaving you.” “I will be with you in here, Cassidy,” he said as he put his hand over my heart. “Foo (breathe in) Foo (Breathe out).” “OK, Dad.”

I head to the emergency door. “Good-bye, Dad.” “Good-bye, Cassidy. Be safe.” Those were his last words to me.

I lost my mom when I was little, now I am losing my dad on the plane. I skydived my way down on the clouds of soft, light sand. The plane crashed, tears came down my face. I heard a crunch in the forest. What was it? An animal? A person? It came out! Aaaah! Was it going to hurt me? It was more like a he who looked odd, odder than other people. What was I supposed to say? “Hola. Um, Hi!”

He tilted his head like I’m some weird person. “Ha,” he said. “Ummmm, do you speak English?” I asked slowly. “Hmph. Yes,” he said in like some British accent. “I is in Ammeha (Ah-meh-ha) tribe.”

“Do you know grammar?” I ask.

“I?” No no no. “You, come.”

“My name is Cassidy Johnson, not You.”

“Name is Wahe.”

“Oh, cool.” I come to a giant hut filled with food and people. Some people have sharp arrows and the small kids even have wooden swords. I hear the laughter of the children.

“This your shack,” he says to me.

(30 minutes later; pm) “Rrrrr.”

“Huh? Whoa, whoa. It’s ok, buddy.” I could see gray and white fur. At first it looked like a dog, but when you see fangs...it’s a wolf! I grabbed a stick near my puffed up backpack.

“Fetch,” I whispered. I could see the poor wolf try to walk but dashing blood came down the broken leg. I put the wolf in my shack and put some medicine and bandage wrap on him. “I’m doing to name you Ranger.” He licked me slowly, in a way of saying Thank You.

In the morning, some kids came and took me fishing. One kid named Yaweia showed me hand fishing where your hands are by the water and when a fish comes, you snatch it. I felt like living in a hotel. They gave me food, drinks, and new clothes. I gave my friend Yaweia my doodling pad and taught her how to sketch. I taught many people games, movies, and songs, and I made a camp.

I finally felt like I had a family again.