

Flight 11

by Michael Nebesny

He described the dim, serene cockpit to ATC: the numbers on the instrument-landing display, the lights of the city below, the zip-tied wrists of the incapacitated crew.

One of those lights was his wife, doing much more with her tennis instructor than just playing a game. But now, at the eleventh hour, it was as if he was alone on the tennis court himself, all eyes watching him.

The mechanical voice snapped him back to reality. “Pull up.”

Leaning on the stick, the 747 began to pitch down faster and faster towards the no longer distant lights.

Game, set, match.