**Write an original short story on the following topic: ‘On board a hijacked plane.’**

**ON BOARD A HIJACKED PLANE**

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It was a month ago when I was on a vacation in the United States of America. After a long wait of two hours at the airport, we were finally boarding the flight. My family quickly settled down. I and my sister as always were updating our feeds on Instagram, Snap chat etc...

Just when the airhostess was giving us certain instructions we heard the sound of a bullet being shot. We all sprang out from our drowsiness and sat upright and looked around us. Five men with arms and ammunition hung all around them on their body came into picture. My heart went into my stomach. My mother told us not to panic at all; and told us everything was just fine. But we all knew that our plane was hijacked.

One of the five men told us to put down the window shutters. He told us that if we did not obey him, he would kill us all. All the enthusiasm I had disappeared in just a fraction of a second. We could see one of them going in the cockpit, and the other man followed him. Three of the hijackers were guarding us. They were pointing at some people and endlessly making fun of them. Meanwhile there is some argument going on in the cockpit. He drags the pilot out of the cockpit. Fuming with anger he pulls the trigger and shoots the bullet right into the pilots heart. Not one but three bullets continuously one after the other. How can someone be so inhuman? The pilots white uniform becomes red slowly. He falls on his back. A child quickly stands and screams “Dad”. Just as he comes running another bullet is shot right into the child’s forehead. This was a crime against humanity. He was just a child. Couldn’t they even have pity on children?

He threatened to kill us in the same way if we didn’t obey them. I was near the window. So with a lot of courage I opened the shutter a little and looked outside. There were many soldiers ready to attack. A few soldiers were coming upstairs. Someone just like me had opened the window. One of the hijackers saw this and asked him what he saw outside. He answered, ”Some people just like you, but with a different motto to die.”. And just in seconds the trigger was pulled and another bullet shot! The emergency exit dors were pushed open and the soldier entered inside.

The hijacker banged his head on the wall and in anger he threw the bomb. There was an enormous explosion. It was as though a fist of orange flame had decided to punch its way out of the shattered windows. Smoke and fire rushed out. There was thick smoke and everybody was suffocating. The noise of bullets and mourning was in the air. The soldier commanded us to go out. As I moved I could hear people crying. The smoke reduced. I could see dead bodies all around me. Their bodies lay like mannequins. The smell could only come from recently slaughtered animals and here the animals were these innocent humans. The blood was thickening on their waxy skin.

This was like one of my painful memories. Some are unforgettable but I still make an attempt to forget them all. All I do is take all my painful memories and place them in a box. This box is their coffin. But this; a painful memory; Can it ever be forgotten? So many innocent lives , has the world globalized to such an extent that they can quit their lives for this dull witted competition of globalization? Have they forgotten the words, peace, humanity? Well this is what the world exhibits to us.