

The Problem

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The Problem

„Comander we have a problem!“ That was the sentence I never wanted to listen to. It’s hard to believe how you feel if it happend and believe me you never want. I saw films in my life before and I always thought it will never happen but if it happen we won’t be protected.

Now it is, my collage, my friend tell me: „Comander we have a problem!“

He allready talk to me but I can’t listen to him. He is talking about something like benzine, burning, falling down and die. I see into his face, shocked, his mouth moves but I can’t understand anything. His eyes are filled with tears and he shakes me. My friend, my best friend is crying. Now I can listen to his words...

„...I’ll never see her again. My poor wife and my baby, my little baby. My wife is still pregnant I’ll never see my baby...” „Oh, shut up! You will se them both.

That’s a order!!“ Now I’m alive, I’m here. I can fight, not only fighting for me, no, for my friend, my collage, his famlily and his no-born baby. My family and me is not so imoprtent in this moment, my children are grown and have thier own families and my wife... Okay I would be happy if I’m able to see her again, but in that case it’s not so important. She will miss me but she will live without me becaise we had beautyfull 20 years together and I’ll live on in her mementos(memories).

Now my hands are moveing through the cocpit. I don’t think only do. A picture of my friends familycome into my mind. The racket is ready, now we can move out of the mashine by ejector seat. But there is another mistake, a defect para chute. I push the buttom but nothing happend, no life protectig measure. „We have to do it by a manial way, Chip. I stay here and you have to go.“ Before he can say any word, he is catapulted out of the racket. It goes striktly downward. I can’t do something. In my mind I send masgaes to my family and believe that they can hear me. But now the contact broke down. I can feel the heat and then... Then nothing...

(The racket exploded and the ruins fell into the Pazific Ocaen. Jack Mathews collage(Chip) survived and had a bright life with his wife and his little son Jack who was born at the day when the racket fell down.)