

The story of Jacqueline Auriol

As I got out of bed, my empty stomach felt heavy and full of butterflies -which made me consider my decision-. I have an apprehensive feeling inside me, but I am going to ignore it and carry on with my exciting day. After getting dressed, I felt more prepared than ever! I imagined swooping into the sky gliding across the soft, white clouds. Why so excited, you ask? Well today, I am going to be flying a JET!! I hear you moaning well it isn't that boring. You see, I (Jacqueline Auriol) have been breaking some of the worlds records and flying faster than the speed of sound! I broke my own record, and I would like to see anyone- who can beat my record.

The plane has metallic, silver paint as the base with a narrow strip of golden lighting. When I meandered into the large garage, I watched the mechanics work tirelessly, trying to make my plane secure and PERFECT for flying. I rest my hand onto the base and stroke it across the smooth, magnificent work of craftsmanship. It's a REAL beauty! Smiling from ear to ear, one of the mechanics, whose name is Nathaniel, walked into the garage. As scared as a mouse, I jumped to my fright as he put his hand on the shoulder. At first, I thought that he didn't know something called "personal space" but, that's until he started talking, "This plane isn't just a giant piece of metal, this plane is full of sweat, hard work and determination. The aerodynamics, the comfort, and the controls. All made so **you** can feel safe when flying your plane." His speech sounded very enthusiastic and made me want to fly and test its potential!

As the engine throttles, the strong smell of fuel drifts up into the garage, causing me to feel nauseous. I can hear the roaring sound of the plane and the propellers starting to turn. I hop into the plane and nestle my bum onto the comfortable seat with my hand hugging my brown, leather gloves. I have a daring feeling that's sitting at the bottom of me, ready to burst out like a firework! The buttons are chanting my name telling me to press them so I can deploy the plane. Uh Oh! That feeling from earlier. Its back! Its like it's haunting me, telling me not to go. 'I've got to get rid of it!' I exclaim to myself. Looking at the time, I realised that I haven't had any breakfast! I was so excited in the morning; I didn't even think about my own hunger!! Getting out of the plane, I know that today-is going to be a good day-.

Whilst the engine started to work smoothly the sky shone down onto my very pale face, I began to get higher and higher into the sky. I had this felling inside me again, but it was a different feeling. A feeling I have never felt before. It was a feeling which made me. Want to. SCREAM!! I forgot I was even in the plane; it was more like a roller coaster! I flew through the clouds to see of the tales where true (like the clouds are cotton candy or you can sit on the clouds). The tales where fake, but I didn't let stop me from having a good time. As I soared through the sky, I closed my eyes and as I opened them, the plane took control of... ITSELF!! I thought to myself, 'am I dreaming?!

I began to hear a strange sound, and it sounded like it was coming from the plane. I closed my eyes and opened them again, Oh No! The engine has broken! As I plummeted towards the earth's surface, my blood cells were running around in my head screaming as if there was a natural disaster! I tried pressing all the buttons but not one thing would change! I tried to stop panicking but that just made things worse. Closing my eyes, I wondered about pressing the giant green button, but it just gave me the shivers. It was either that button or, my life.

In my brain, there was a countdown from 30! 29...28...27... I was running out of time. It was just seconds till I fall to my death and die! My hand was edging towards the green button, so I pulled away. My hands were saying, 'PUSH IT!' but my head was saying, 'DO YOU WANT TO DIE!' I made my decision. I would rather die a hero than die as a stupid coward who couldn't make the right decision. Okay. Here we go, ...3...2...1...0... BOOP! 'AAAHHHHHH!'

Wait, what?! I'm still ALIVE! Is this heaven? There is not a single scratch on me. But how. As I look up, a giant air balloon was above me, holding the plane. When I got to the ground, I hugged all the mechanics (especially the guy who talked to me) and thanked them. 3 of the mechanics ran to the plane to check if there was no serious damage to the plane and the rest, took me to the nursing room (just to make sure I wasn't injured).

Now that, ladies and gentlemen, is the story of, ME! Jacqueline Auriol.

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