

Nahum - Earthquake Adventure!

"Hurry up John!" shouted Dave. John lived far from school. Dave, even further. But he had planned every day in one month advance.

"Mum! Where's my Math book? Oh! I left it at school." John had answered his own question. Dave launched to John's room.

"The school bus is leaving. Unless you want to walk, get down here this instant," said Dave, in clipped tones. Just as John tumbled down the stairs and through the front door, the school bus started its engines and drove into the distance. It was immediately replaced by a packed public bus, swarming with people. John and Dave hand from the poles on the open doored bus. Although part their bodies were outside, they were still very hot.

After at least half an hour on a boiling bus, they finally arrived at school (late by 45 minutes). Of course. The punishment was clear. It would be detention. No sneaking past the teacher and pretending they weren't late. They just had to brace for the punishment. But the word 'detention' didn't come out of his mouth. Instead, came a,

"Good morning boys." The two were confused, worried and happy at the same time. Did that mean no detention? They made their way back to their seats, right by the door. Mr Smith bit her lip and walked around the classroom nervously. Thinking. Throughout the whole lesson, teachers came in, whispered things to Mr Smith and walked back out.

But it wasn't just Mrs Jones off her game. The head teacher, Mr Stones didn't question the two on why they were late when they marked themselves inside school grounds. He just sat there and marked of John and Dave's names. Fat from their point of view, all the teachers they'd seen were off their game.

At break time, everyone was running around enjoying their break time (and maybe their last break time). But John and Dave sat on a bench, investigating the issue on this normal Monday morning. None of the students seemed worried. They were having lots of fun. But then, Mr Stones came in to the playground and rang the bell. No groans echoed through the air. Instead, murmurs of confusion. Then Mr Stones rushed to the centre of the playground and he held up his megaphone.

"Children," he started, "We have an emergency upon us. Suddenly, the majestic Tokyo Tower collapsed with a bang. Everyone screamed their tiny lungs out. Houses. Churches. Offices. Hospitals. Bridges. Schools. And now John and Dave's school were about to join those schools that have been destroyed.

"An earthquake has reached our area." Cracks formed in the earth. Buses tipped over. Trains derailed. Tokyo was in chaos.

John's heart was pounding. So was Dave's. The two would rather be anywhere else in the world.

"Dave! Think of something!" screamed John. Dave thought like he'll never think again.

"Nothing!" shouted Dave in disappointment, "How about you?"

"Hmmm...I got it!" exclaimed John, "Come on!" Now John was the leader.

So John was leading everyone to the massive Tokyo International Airport. Words couldn't describe the look of it. As they ran through the shimmering glass doors, they were forced through security,

passport control and they went to a lot of duty-free stores along the way. As they approached a gate Dave checked his ticket and looked at the number above the gate. J32. The ticket also read J32.

"There's the gate!" announced Dave. Boarding had begun only twenty minutes ago, and they were nearly late. The whole pack ran through the tunnel and into the aeroplane. They showed their silver Japan Airlines tickets for first class (which costed a fortune) and they led them to the first class cabin. But when they saw the cabin, they we're astonished.

John jumped into his seat and pressed all the buttons on the seats and messed around with the TV. Then the plane took off into the air. Dave then dozed off to sleep.

"Dave? Dave? Dave!" shouted John, "Wake up! There's something I need to show you." Dave suddenly woke up from his sleep. He had slept for quite a long time and now they were just above the American/ Mexican border. John pressed a button on the TV. It was the BBC News with breaking news from Japan. A tsunami struck. The boom of the waves echoed through the air, rainbow coloured fish, washed upon the shore bed. It was devastation.

John started to explain the other situation. But John's idea of jumping of a plane flying 30,000 feet above the American city of Texas and his life at risk wasn't what he thought would happen at such a young age. But he had to. So he pulled out the parachute. Everyone else just stared in confusion. Dave pulled open the door, releasing cabin pressure.

"Here we go," said Dave, nervously. He jumped out of the aeroplane. They were diving as fast as a meteorite about to destroy the Earth. Where were they going to land? On a mountain? In a building? There was no knowing. They just had to wish for the best.

Now the two were 800 feet in the air and the parachutes were out. They were gliding around like seagulls above the English Channel. The sight of Southern America was beautiful. Lights shone from buildings as it was around 7:16 pm. They just wanted to stay up here for as long as they could to enjoy the view. If only they could get to New York, safely. Not with that plane that was about to crash into a Delta plane.

"It was a nice view, but I'm so relived to touch ground!" exclaimed John. After at least half an hour ago he started to track the JAL flight and now they were about to start to prepare to land. That also meant that in fifteen minutes the whole of America would be hid by an earthquakes. Luckily, there was a nearby airport so they could escape. And they did.