

The Raging River

by Stacie Adams

I knew this kid in high school who died in a plane crash. He was an amateur pilot and really passionate about it, at a time when most of his peers were busy perfecting their slack-jawed stares. He was flying one morning before school and something happened. He didn't make it. Everyone was devastated, despite the fact that just days before no one really cared about him.

One time in class he gave a speech. In the midst of it he said the phrase "trials and tributaries." He meant tribulations; a tributary is a small river flowing into a larger one. His spell check must of hung him up. At least that's what the teacher said when she corrected him. His face turned red.

Every time I think of that kid, that's what I think of: "trials and tributaries." That's a hell of a legacy to leave behind.

