

The Plane

by Carl Santoro

"Did you want that with gin or vodka, sir?" the stewardess asked of the man in the three piece suit, who was squeezed between a seventy-ish woman sneezing repeatedly into an obviously saturated cocktail napkin, and a lanky, twenty-something male constantly moving his torn jean legs nervously to the staccato beats of some Tiesto cut clearly audible as the tinny vibrations emanating beyond his ear pods attested to.

"Yes, oh, gin. Please. Ah, and oh, straight up, dirty with olives please."

"No need to get so fancy, Darlin'" the senior whispered. "It's only going to arrive in a plastic cup."

Less than a minute had passed and the stewardess reappeared looking ashen and pale.

"I'm sorry, sir. The Captain has ordered us to stop serving and to go back to our stations." She gave a quick, concentrated look at the seatbelts on all three of them and turned to leave. The voice of the Captain suddenly sliced loudly into the cozy, pseudo-comfort of the cabin's atmosphere, startling everyone.

"This is your Captain. I am lowering our wheels, so if you hear noises below, do not be concerned. It is only a precautionary measure as we are about to experience an area of extreme turbulence." A sharp click then followed and the voice vanished as fast as it had come.

The man in the middle began to absorb the ashen paleness from the stewardesses's face onto his, but he couldn't see it. Nervous legs

actually missed the whole announcement too busy fiddling for the next selection to listen to. The napkin whisperer turned her gaze from the window to the man in the middle, held her napkin like a mask up over her nose leaving only her eyes in view which he could see were welling up.

"My condolences on your dirty martini," she managed to quip, the napkin fluttering out on the "m" in martini.

