

# The Rescue

The snow falls around me, covering the entire clearing in white. It looks pretty, as if the trees are putting on their blankets to go to sleep. I shiver. A blanket sounds really inviting right now, especially since my hiking boots, yoga pants and hoodie are soaked through with water. I stare at the lake in front of me, which is slowly turning to ice. The whole scenery around me should belong in a wallpaper. Not in reality. A helicopter beats its propellers up above my head. I want to get up and wave and show them that I am down in the crack of the cliff, but my body doesn't comply with my brain. I am terrified, but my body is numb, which is the most terrifying thought of all, because my body is shutting down and I don't have the energy to stop it.

Just an hour ago, I was out with my friend Kira hiking the Blue Mountains national park, enjoying life. We were celebrating us graduating high school, and what better thing to do than to take a hike in one of the best hiking trails in Australia. Kira and I would know. We have done so many bush walks together that I have lost count. That's our thing. Some best friends like to go shopping, or get lunch together, but that's not us. We bonded over our shared love for nature, and both of us are going to get a park ranger job next year. Well, that is what I thought was going to happen.

We walking along the edge of one of the waterfall trails, and we stopped to take a picture of the breathtaking view. Suddenly, a bird swooped into the back of my head, causing me to lose balance, and topple over the edge of the cliff. The fall seemed to take forever, I could see scenery rushing around me, and splitting pain rushing down my ankle as it slammed on a rock. Kira's voice echoed my name, getting further and further away. Then, I fell into the lake which was thankfully deep enough that I

couldn't injure myself. But I banged my ankle on a rock on my fall, hard enough that I am sure it is broken. I crawled out of the lake and onto the shore and have sat leaning against the cliff I fell down, waiting for help to arrive.

Since I have fallen, only one helicopter has come to try to rescue me. They must have not seen any movement from where I am sitting and decided against wasting resources on me. They don't care. But Kira would. She would have cared enough to sprint back to the resort and send helicopters after me. I am getting tired now. I want to sleep. I know that when you have had a major fall you should not go to sleep, because you could never wake up, but that doesn't matter to me right now. Kira will do an amazing job being park ranger next year, and I will make sure from above that she will be successful in life. I hear voices calling my name, echoing in the canyon walls and know that I am hallucinating, and this is it. I slowly shut my eyes, clinging onto the chocolate brown eyes and sharp features of Kira's face. The deafening noise becomes louder, as my mind fades to darkness.

"Sophie! Please wake up!" I hear a voice calling in the distance. I don't want to go towards it. It is peaceful where I am, warm, dry, and away from reality. If this is it, this may not be too bad.

"Sophie! It's me! Please!" The voice calls again, and I startle. That voice sounds familiar, too familiar, and the usual comforting tone to the words has been replaced with something else. Panic maybe? I need to comfort the voice. Wincing, I slowly bring myself back to consciousness, but not willing to open my eyes until I figure out what is going on.

"Has she woken up yet?" An unfamiliar voice asks, as I hear their footsteps striding

into the room.

“No, is that normal?” The familiar voice says again. An image flashes in my mind. I rip open my eyes and stare at the wonderful girl standing in front of me. For a moment she looks confused, and I am too, because the snow blanketing me is no longer cold, and I am no longer wet. Then, I realise I am in a hospital bed with clean, white sheets. The girl I know all too well whips her head around, her face filling with relief.

“Sophie! You are alive!” Kira shrieked, rushing to my side. The person who I assume to be a doctor smiles at me from the end of the bed.

“I’m glad you are awake Sophie; you gave us all quite the scare!” She chuckles lightly. “How are you feeling?”

“I am feeling well thanks,” I croak, surprised to hear my own voice.

“That’s good. I will just give you a quick examination, then I will leave you alone,” the doctor says softly.

After I am all clear from the examination, and the doctor has told me a million times that I was lucky to escape with just a broken ankle and hypothermia, she leaves Kira and I alone to talk.

“Oh Sophie, when I saw you topple over the railing, I ran straight back to the car and called 000 when you didn’t respond to my shouts. Then the paramedics said you were asleep, and…” Her voice cracks and trails off.

“When did you find me? I saw one helicopter, but it went away” I say

“The first helicopter was too big, so they got a smaller one. Didn’t you hear the other helicopter?” Kira asks me curiously. I try to think hard. Just before I fell asleep, I

heard some echoing, so that was probably it. But looking up at her relieved face, I know that whatever echos I heard in the winter were just trying to get me back to Kira, and that is all that matters.