

I was flying home from New York. I was looking forward to seeing my family. I had been away for a week. I missed my children.

The plane took off on a bright morning. Then after three minutes there was big trouble. I saw a fire outside. One of the engines was on fire.

I said to the woman next to me, "We have to go back. We're going to crash." The woman was so worried she could not talk.

Then the stewardess came and told us we need to land. "It will be hard. So brace yourselves. Put your head down. Hold tight." She sounded brave. But her face was so worried. Still, she was doing her job, taking care of us.

I looked at the woman next to me. I said, "I hope we're ok. Let's pray for the best. I believe people should help each other. So I will pray for you, too."

I was praying to be saved when there was a big thud. The plane had hit something. Later I found it was the river.

When I got out of my seat, there was another passenger just standing there. He was dazed. "Take my hand," I said. "Let's go."

So I pulled him along as I went to the emergency exit. Then we were on the wing of the plane. We were standing in the river. I was too surprised to think about anything.

Then we got on a rescue boat. I hugged the fireman on the boat. "Thank you for saving my life," I said. "Thank yourselves," he said. "And your captain. He's my hero today."

I found my cell phone was in my pocket. I took it out and called my family. When they answered the phone I said, "Don't worry, I'm fine, but there was a problem. I will see you later. I will be so glad to be home with you."