

The Right to Live, Who Decides?

It was the close of another day. My helicopter radio was damaged, and I craved nothing more than to get to my beautiful wife and kids. As I gazed down over the enormous ocean, I saw twelve people lying on the beach of a deserted island exhausted with no hope of rescue. But as I looked harder I saw giant monster crabs moving in on the island. I knew my helicopter was small and at most could fit three people. It was an important and hard decision for me, however I chose Sammy Littlechap (a ten year old boy), Mr. Strangeblood (a noted chemist), and Mrs. Homebody (a housewife and mother of three).

I chose Sammy because he is the future of our world, our civilization. Plus he's the only one that needs to live more. He has more to live for than anyone else. I also chose him because really? A ten year old boy. Wouldn't you save him to? Think about it.

I chose Mr. Strangeblood because he can contribute more to this world. He's a noted chemist so he can help our future. Also, because he could put in a good word for me to higher officers. Then that could result in me getting promoted. Which in turn would get me out of this helicopter business!

Last I chose Mrs. Homebody because she's a mother of three. She reminded me of my wife. And how sad it be if I found out someone had a chance to save her from a terrible death. Her kids would be devastated which could mess up their mental health in the future.

In conclusion I don't take away my decision but, I still feel bad for all those poor souls who got eaten and mutilated by giant monster crabs

*Chad found this story on a jump drive
the day of CJ's service. amazing story
and time to find it.*