

Crash of Katherines

Do you ever wonder whether life would be the same, if one, only one thing changed? I think it would not. Imagine that there would be no planes in the world. Just try to imagine – there would be less climate change, less rubbish and most importantly: there would be no plane crashes. Imagine how many people would be alive right now if there were no planes or plane crashes! *Fact: you cannot.* Especially if you have lost someone in a plane crash. Then, you can now think only about one thing: the person you have lost. Like me. I know the plane crash where I lost Katherine was, like, fourteen years ago... then why do I keep thinking about her? *Fact: I do not know.*

If you want to know, I was the only survivor of the plane crash. Our plane was struck by lightning and started falling to the ground. A couple of passengers (including me and Katherine) were sucked out of the plane because of the low pressure outside. At least that is what the doctors told me. I have never really trusted doctors. We started falling to the ground. *Fact: I do not remember a lot about falling.* I guess I lost my consciousness. But I do remember holding Katherine's hand. When we hit the water... I am not sure what happened then. I know I was holding her hand and I know I felt her heart beating. Or at least I think I know.

The next thing I remember were a bunch of Japanese tourists taking photos of me with their smart phones. *Fact: none of them had gone to help or at least dialled 911.* No, they were too busy taking photos of me, floating around Manhattan.

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When I asked them if they had seen anyone else, they told me I was the only one floating around. And looking dead, they added. But I was sure there was a man who was helping a girl out of water. I knew the girl was Katherine. But before the cops and ambulance finally arrived, the Japanese tourists had long been gone. They said they had to go take photos of The Statue of Liberty. *Fact: because there were no witnesses, the cops did not believe me Katherine was alive.*

My psychologist told me that I had imagined tourists and holding her hand and her heartbeat, too. My family told me that it was impossible to hold hands while falling off a plane. My friends told me that Katherine was dead. *Fact: they are not my friends anymore, I do not talk to my family anymore and the last time I saw my psychologist I threw a chair at him.* He was not really happy with the chair, although it was a pretty one. It had flowers on it and everything.

So, here I am, a mad girl searching for a long-lost sister, sitting in a public library and waiting for Katherine. At this point, all of you are scratching your heads, I know. Have I not just said she was lost? *Fact: the plane crash was fourteen years ago.* I have literally no idea what she looks like now. I mean, we were like twelve years old at the time of the plane crash. And fourteen years later, she could be anyone.

So, here I am, a mad girl searching for a long-lost sister in an eight million city. And by the way, I have no idea what she looks like. I calculated: there are about four million girls in NYC, and about half a million are about the same age as my Katherine. If you calculate everything else, there are 15.000 girls in NYC that could be Katherine. So far, I found nineteen Katherines. *Fact: eighteen of them were not her.*

Do you ever wonder whether people would like you more or less if they could see inside you? I mean, I've always felt like the Katherines dump me right when they start to see what I look like from the inside - well, except K-19. But I always wonder about that. If people could see me the way I see myself - if they could live in my memories - would anyone, anyone love me?

The first five Katherines dumped me straight away.

The sixth dumped me because she thought I was a psycho. Then again, some might say I am.

The seventh one... died. I do not really want to talk or even think about this. But yes, it was my fault she died. Enough about K-7.

Fact: K-8, K-9, K-10 and K-11 dumped me when I told them about K-7. Strange, huh?

K-12... I really thought she was my Katherine... but apparently, she was not.

I will not even try to explain about K-13... I am not entirely sure what happened that day, I do remember the intense smell of something illegal, though.

K-14 and K-15 dumped me after one week, saying I was too caught up in the past.

K-17 tried to murder me because she thought I was mad. Or am I?

And K-18 was just K-4 with a different haircut. *Fact: my search has been a disaster so far.*

But I put my highest hopes into K-19.

She is exactly like my Katherine. Smart, beautiful, has freckles and black hair, brown eyes, listens to the same music... But most importantly, she does not like to talk about her past. And today is the day... today, I am going to tell her about the crash. *Fact: this is how K-7 died.* We were at the beach when I told her and then... well, I guess she thought I was joking at first, but later... I think she became afraid of me. She tried to run away and she fell on the rocks. Doctors said she died in a second, that she broke her neck.

As I said, I have never trusted doctors. I threw a chair at them and escaped. They were not very happy, probably because the chair hit two of them. They called the cops and they put me in prison for a month because of throwing chairs in different doctors and psychos... I mean psychologists. They said I had a violent nature... Then some other doctors diagnosed me with iathrophobia (i.e. fear of going to the doctors), trauma and a bunch of other mental illnesses. So I threw a chair at them, too, and escaped. This time the cops did not get me.

So, here I am, a mad girl searching for a long-lost sister and a bunch of cops looking for me. OK, so here comes Katherine. I'm telling her now.

So here we are, three months later and four Katherines later. *Fact: K-19 did not dump me.* But she is not my sister either. She is something even better. She is my friend. After I told her about the crash... well, she finally opened up about why she does not like to talk about her past.

She was born in the same country as me. This explains why she looks so similar to Katherine, I mean **my Katherine**. But she came here in a boat. *Fact: the boat sank.* It happened on the same day my plane crashed. *Fact: Katherine was the girl saved out of water by a stranger.* I knew I saw a man and a girl. I should have thrown a wardrobe at that know-it-all psycho... telling me I was only imagining things. Imagining, my ass. Anyway... But that girl was not my Katherine, it was K-19. *Fact: the boat sank because it was hit by my plane.* Katherine was the only one who survived. She jumped into water when she saw the plane falling off the sky. And she saw a bunch of people being sucked out of the plane and falling down. And she saw two people holding their hands at first. But they soon separated and one of them fell into the sea. The other one fell to the ground. Maybe the fallen Katherine survived... I will never be sure. So we will keep searching. Together.

After jumping in the water, Katherine realized she actually could not swim. In her defence, I can tell you that there is no sea in our country. She almost drowned, but someone pulled her out of the water and left her in front of a hospital.

So, here we are, two girls searching for a long-lost sister (or a namesake in K-19's case). There is also a bunch of cops looking for me, but we will try not to think about them. I like it better that way...