

**Fate of Flight 700** is the contracted, micro-fiction version of Rewind, written for the Tropfest programme. At just 174 words long, it tells a chilling story of a secret so well kept... it's murder:

In the darkest corner of the darkest neighbourhood in the darkest industrial sector of Washington D.C., there is a crumbling old dead-end street.

At the farthest end of this street, at the point farthest away from civilisation, there is a warehouse.

On the bottom shelf of the most remote aisle of this warehouse, you will find a very ordinary-looking wooden box.

If you were to open this box, you would find a sturdy bright-orange box-like device. It is the flight data recorder from a 747 jumbo jet, known as a 'black' box despite its true colour.

If you were to play this particular flight data recorder, this is what you would hear:

'Good God...To anyone who can hear me, this is Captain Harold O'Shea of British Airways Flight 700, ex-New York. We have visual on a missile bearing down upon us! Yes, a missile! It appears to be coming from a cluster of US Navy vessels on the horizon, over by Horn Island-'

It is then that the bullet will enter your head.