

THE AIRPLANE FEAR

BY: ORIT



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As the droplets of sunlight touch my eyes, I hear, thump, thump, thump, suitcases scampered down the stairs. *“Oh my gosh! I forgot my dad was leaving to Toronto today!”* I think as I rush downstairs.

“But dad, you just came back yesterday!” I sob as I hug him goodbye with tears in my eyes.

“I know my little Liat, but I have the most important conference of the year and I have to go.” He says.

Then he whispers into my ear, “Just remember even though I am not here you are never alone.” With that said, he shuts the front door and leaves to go to the airport. After the worst goodbye of my life I let go. We each go our separate ways. He walks out to his car, while i run to my room to sob until I can't sob anymore.

Finally after what felt like a few hours, Mom called, “time for dinner!”

“Ok mom. I’m coming.” I say as I run down stairs my long blond hair swishing behind my back.

Mom had a worried look on her face as I sat down for dinner.

She asked, “Are you okay sweetheart? Your face is as pale as snow!” Then she rushed to hug me.

“Mom, I’m fine. It’s just been really hard for me since Dad has been leaving a lot.” I mumbled as my eyes start to water again.

When I finally let go, I ask her, “Mom, did you ever feel like you needed to go see someone?”

“Yes, once. When I was about twelve years old, your age, I had just left from my grandmother's house. As I walked out to the front door, I couldn't keep walking, I thought I could never leave. So I raced back into her arms and hugged her so tight I couldn't let go!”

“Speaking of which I was wondering if we could... I don't know... maybe... maybe go visit my dad in Toronto as a surprise?!” I say my eyes glittering with joy.

“I don't know.” she says with a “not so sure look” on her face.

“Please, please, please?!” I say with puppy dog eyes. By the way they are *irresistible*.

With careful consideration she replies, “Yes we will go to Toronto!” I start jumping up and down saying “thank you” a million times.

Then I say “Let's pack our bags and go to the car!” Mom starts looking at me like if I was crazy.

Then she says surprised, “Do you actually think we are driving to Toronto?!”

“Well yeah. I mean it'll be really-

“Oh gosh! No we are not going- I am not going to be in a car for eight hours. We are going in a plane!” She says smiling.

“Wait we're going in a plane?!” I scream terrified.

“Yes of course we are going in a plane!”

“But you know I'm terrified of planes!” I scream again

“Yes I know, and sometimes you just have to suck it up. Face your fears. Also I am not going to drive for eight hours.” She says again

“Okay. Fine. But, you have to hold my hand the whole time!”

Beep, Beep. Beep, Beep. I hear the metal detectors as we pass the policemen and women. Our bags rumble as we pass to pick them up off the security belt. We dash to gate 35 before it is too late. When we arrive we plop down on the chairs panting.

Suddenly, the voice in the speakers started to say the most terrifying words, in the history of words, "We are now boarding flight 895 to Toronto, Canada. I repeat..." My heart was pounding with anxiety. I felt like there was a huge butterfly in my stomach, so big I could feel its wing touching my large intestine.

I am at the most dreadful place, my seat in the airplane! I didn't know what to do, so I held my Mom's hand and cried on her shoulder.

She whispers into my ear softly, "It's going to be okay. I will be right by your side the whole time." Just at that moment I thought, "*why am I crying when I should be thankful for what I have and everything that my mom has to get me on this plane.*"

I also remember what my dad told me right before he left, "even if I am not here, you are never alone." Right then I lose my fear and I hear the engines start. Vroooooommm! My ears pop and we lift off!

"Here we go!" I think.

I fell asleep the whole time so the ride felt like it took one minute. When we finally arrived at the airport the same thing happened. We passed the policemen and women. The only thing that was different was that there was someone waving at us. He looked familiar.

Of course he looked familiar, he was my dad! I was running so fast I didn't even bother to tell my mom where I was going! It felt like all the people were zooming by. Instead I was the one dashing across the hallway! As I fell into his arms, I felt all the sadness moved out like a storm ending. His hug was so warm that I felt like I was back home.