

Is going to the U.S. a good idea? Shreyas Deshpande - 5th 11/10

This is the question my dad suddenly asks us while having some sweet warm milk. Sitting on the rooftop of our house and enjoying the beauty of the stars in India. It was majestic. Me and my mom burst out laughing but my dad sits right there with a straight face asking the same question again, "Should We?" He explains us further that his client wants him to come to the U.S. for work. He had received that opportunity several times but he never went. He wanted to stay with his parents as they were not in a condition where they could be left alone, and he really cared for them. This was a final chance he said and asked us to think about it seriously. Snap back to present, I'm writing this memoir as my Language Arts project for Mr. Cottom... IN THE US!! But wait you need to see how this became possible and how the heck am I here!

I used to live in India. It's a great country. It's the land of farmers. I had been living there for my entire life until now. I had a lot of friends and leaving them and coming here was challenging. My dad had been to the U.S. many times but he never stayed here for a long time so he knew how it all works over here. After multiple family discussions, about everything including how my grandma can be with us and how we would take care of our beloved pet friend Bruno, we finally decided that we are going to the U.S, and then started the long wait for VISA. I was excited by the thought of staying and studying in the U.S. A country of opportunities! I was excited but at the same time nervous. This was a big step for me and it was going to test me on several parameters. When we entered the Visa office, I felt a sudden calm and seriousness. It made me nervous. A smart looking American guy asked us some questions. I answered all the questions firmly. After a long process we finally got our Visas and we were ready to go! The calmness in the office now felt nice and relieving!

My dad left earlier so that he can set everything up for us. So, we took another important decision. But there was still one problem, my Grandmother's Visa. Her Visa appointment date was later than us so it took some time.

“What!! I'm going alone?” Yeah, you're right, I was going alone as my mom had to stay back with my grandmother until she gets her Visa. My dad booked tickets for the 3rd of September. As each day was closing in, I felt more nervous and at the same time excited. After all, I was going to be in, THE US!

“Shreyas!! Did you take the toothbrush with you?” I was in a hurry. Mama booked a cab for the airport. I quickly grabbed my toothbrush, prayed to god, took all the blessings for my grandmother and waved them goodbye as I sat in the cab. I was already missing everything back there as I was leaving everything and everyone back in my small town.

When I reached the airport, my guide welcomed me and escorted me into the massive airport. It was very cold outside but just as I entered inside I felt the soothing warmth of the beautiful place. It was nice. There were decorations representing our cultures everywhere. I checked in all-my luggage, did all the scanning and then went into the immigration counter, it was just as silent as the Visa office but a lot less crowded. I was scared that they would ask me some real hard questions but they did not. The next moment I was in my flight to Doha. It was a connected flight. The plane was super big. I enjoyed all the complimentary drinks and had a lavish breakfast. The air hostesses were so nice and they took extra care of me as I was travelling alone.

Probably, the best part of my flight was the Doha airport. It was MASSIVIE, I mean massive!! I rode in the in-built airport train which was super-fast and smooth. I rode all across the airport. It was a great experience. I sat in the young travelers' VIP section, it was super amazing. All the fun

centers, the gaming area, the TV's, and the snacks counter was AMAZING! It had pool table inside. I pretended to be a master even though I did not know anything about it. I complimented the beauty of the airport. It was the biggest airport I had ever seen, Spectacular! They offered me drinks and snacks which I could not resist. I did all the security scanning and got a seat at the gate listening to my Indian music playlist. Fun fact, I almost forgot to get my phone from the charging port while boarding the plane. I did not know that the worst part of the travel was going to come soon. Yeah, the flight from Doha to Seattle. It was a long journey and I had planned to re-watch the entire Harry Potter series. I had a young lady sitting beside me that I could talk to. She was going to British Columbia University in Canada. She told me that it is one of the best universities in the world. I was mesmerized by her talks. I forgot my time with Harry Potter... he must be very sad but at-least I had a friend to talk to during the flight.

After a 14-hour long flight, I was in the U.S. waiting to be welcomed by my dad who was desperately waiting for me at the airport gate holding my coffee. As expected, the airport was super massive, just as the Doha airport. I had to wait for some time in the luggage line as my luggage was not here yet. After the long wait, I grabbed my luggage, did all the security checking as fast as I could and ran down the departure gate to hug my dad. I was all excited to start the new chapter of my life. No jet lag, I was as fresh as a blooming sunflower.

As we were going to our house, my dad asked me questions regarding the flight but I was too busy looking at the beauty of Seattle. I entered our apartment and was so excited. I love the view of the mountains from the 5th floor! Our apartment is pretty nice and I love it! Home Sweet Home! On the next day, I was ready to go to my school which had already begun. Now, I don't have to explain anything about the school. Its amazing and everybody knows that.

I had already seen pictures and videos of IMS and did some initial research but sitting in the bus the first day, making new friends and interacting with my teachers was a wonderful experience which I will cherish forever.

Here I am writing this memoir... in the U.S.!! about all our discussions, our planning, our dreams, our sacrifices, and how we achieved our goal.

I still remember the night my dad bringing up the question...

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