As we walked along the jagged pavement, I was staring at the starry night sky, marvelling at its beauty. As soon as I turned my back, the land seemed barren as if there were no signs of life in this theme park once known as the land full of joy. The thought of me getting lost in Disneyland Tokyo never occurred to me and when it did strike, a sense of gripping fear and anxiety struck me. I scurried along to find my parents and friends to no avail. I was flooded with thoughts of me being kidnapped and panicked for a bit.

I took a moment to regain my composure and tried to loosen up as I thought to myself that panicking would do me no good. I didn’t have a phone at the time so there wasn’t a way for me to communicate with my parents. I calmly approached a bulletin board with a map of the huge park. My biggest fear was that I’d never find them in a park with such an area. But I had an idea in which I factored my own safety as well as the viability of me finding my parents. It was nearing the closing hours and people were adamant to leave the land full of wonders. That’s when I realized that there was only 1 exit and so long as I held that choke point, I would eventually see them. I decided to pitch up on one of the sides where security guards manning the exit stations could see me but I could overlook everyone exiting. It was tough to not be able to communicate with others due to the language barrier but I eventually got over it and was just praying at that point hoping that my parents hadn’t left.

When I saw my parents approach the gleaming gate towards the exit, it felt like all form of anxiety and fear had vanished and I breathed a sigh of relief. I bolted as fast as possible to them and saw their uneasy faces. They looked extremely worried and the same can be said for my friends. We finally reunited and I can’t tell you how much joy I felt after that. I crashed on my bed that night and could only ponder on what would’ve happened if I couldn’t critically think.