I sit in the cramped chair quietly. My mother is sound asleep, and I know to keep quiet. In fact, everyone is asleep. It is 3 AM, and the airplane engines are humming quietly. The only glow in the darkness comes from the array of “No Smoking” signs above us.

I sigh quietly. I know this isn’t the first time I’ve been on an airplane, but it’s the first time that I will remember. My mother did tell me once about how I vomited as a baby. It was probably very unpleasant for her, but she’s my mother, and she doesn’t mind. I wonder what it would be like to take care of a baby.

I cannot sleep on the airplane. I have been awake sitting still for 3 hours now. My mother told me to pack some books, and I did, but I don’t feel like reading anything. I just want to sleep, but I can’t. So I just stay there and let my mind buzz with static. It feels good. Just to let my mind drain like a bathtub. I don’t even think about anything.

When I become aware again, the plane is already descending. I had fallen asleep.