



FLY ALWAY

I can't believe this, every single minute, my heart was skipping a beat; I could not believe that I was going to leave home and go to a totally new world. I got admission abroad; my actual dream was to escape from home and try to know what kind of personality and become independent. I was travelling from Shimla to Delhi. Because I had a flight to catch. I want to shout out loud, say, my parents, "I want to be a small kid forever and never leave you guys." The feeling that time I had was like being a part of a web series, in which now the scene was that a girl is going to leave the house and going to start her new life with her husband. I mean, of course, I have no luck in romance except making out with my studies, which means I always talk about what I want to become and how I like to work. When my family and I were at the airport, my dad has parked the car, and the whole family was there coming from different states. Just to support us because now my sister and I were going to the first world. My mom was looking like a 1-year-old baby having tears in her eyes. I mean, of course, her favourite child was leaving here seeing mom's baby face made me feeling like pack mom inside my luggage and take her with me.



The one and only North America, when I was leaving, I promised myself not to cry. Still, honestly, I felt the pain of leaving all the precious memories behind, for a while I was like why I am even here. But when I was there inside the airport finally detached from my parents, I never felt so hurt it is worse than a break up I think so. My bags were out for the checkout. I was holding my boarding pass. "I can do this," the only words that escaped from my mouth. Still, at some point, I was feeling relieved, I was happy because, at that very movement, my sister was there with me.

I wanted to cry a lot, and she was there to see my emotions inside the plain, and at the airport, she kept a smile trying to be mature. We had a stay in Paris for 8 to 11 hours, I guess, and at that moment I was wishing to take a flight back to India, and I know she was feeling the same. For the next flight, which was our final destination and my second last flight to Canada, I was crying because from there, I was going to be separated from my sister.

She is going to be in a different city, that is Petersburg. My best friend is her, I can't think that since I am born, I was with her and now I will be even separated from her. And that's when I started shattering my tears on the flight nonstop, hiding my tears with the help of a sleeping mask, and the fear of being alone was making me feel weak. When we landed, we were collecting our study Visa, and I missed my next flight to Ottawa. When we were collecting our luggage there, and then, it was the last hug, which made me feel like home. I hugged my sister and saw her going out of the exit.

NOW, AFTER THAT I WAS IN A MESS, I MISSED MY FLIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I HAVE TO GO WITH MY LUGGAGE. STILL, WITHOUT THING DEEPER IN DETAIL, I JUST VIDEO CALLED MY PARENTS AND SMILED AT THEM, SAYING EVERYTHING IS FINE EVEN AFTER MISSING MY FLIGHT. BUT HONESTLY, I WAS NOT, I WAS SCARED AND ALONE. "IT IS OKAY. WE ARE GOING TO MAKE IT TO OTTAWA," I SAID TO MYSELF, TRYING TO STAY POSITIVE. SEARCHING FOR AN HOUR ON DIFFERENT TICKET COUNTERS, I 5TH TIME AGAIN GO TO MY FLIGHT COUNTER TELL THEM, I MISSED MY FLIGHT. THEY WERE NOT A BIG HELP. OUT OF NOWHERE, A LADY CAME TOWARDS ME. SHE WAS LIKE A GOD FIGURE WHO WAS KEEPING MY BAGS FOR BOARDING. SHE WENT TO THE BOARDING COUNTER RUNNING, MADE A NEW BOARDING PASS, AND TOLD ME TO GO FOR SECURITY BECAUSE ANOTHER FLIGHT WAS WITHIN AN HOUR. I SAID HER THANKS, AND AFTER THE SECURITY CHECK, I BOUGHT WATER AND CHIPS BECAUSE I WAS EMPTY SINCE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TIME BECAUSE I WAS SUFFERING FROM JET LAG TIRED AND SLEEPY.

BEFORE THE FLIGHT, I AGAIN CALLED MY PARENTS CRIED. BECAUSE I WAS EMOTIONALLY HAPPY THAT I WAS FINALLY GOING TO OTTAWA AND SCARED OF MISSING MY FLIGHT. I KNOW THAT'S STUPID TO CRY ON A VIDEO CALL, BUT THEY SAID THEY WERE PROUD OF ME, WHICH MADE ME MAKING ME FEEL HAPPY. ON THE NEXT FLIGHT, I FELT LIKE I WAS IN A FILM SHOOTING. THE TRIP WAS FOR ONE HOUR, ON THE RIGHT SIDE THERE WAS A WEIGHTY PERSON TAKING ALL SPACE ON THE LEFT SIDE THERE WAS AN OLD PERSON WITH HEADPHONES ON SEEING A VIDEO, IN FRONT THE PEOPLE WERE LOUD. BEHIND ME, A CHILD WAS CRYING AND SHOUTING, KICKING MY SEAT AND SAYING, "DADDY NO, WE ARE GONNA DIE, NO I WANT TO GET OUT I DON'T WANNA DIE." I WAS IN THE CENTER, JUST LIKE THE MAIN CHARACTER. AT THAT MOVEMENT, I WAS SO TIRED THAT I JUST END UP COLLAPSING, AND WHEN I GOT UP, THE FLIGHT WAS LANDING. I COULDN'T BE HAPPY AT THAT POINT; THE TRAVELLING WAS MORE LIKE COMING FROM A BATTLE; MY BODY WAS IN PAIN BECAUSE OF A LACK OF REST. ALL I KNOW WAS MY DAD'S FRIEND'S DAUGHTER WAS GOING TO PICK ME, AND I KNOW SHE WILL RECOGNIZE ME BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY BLUE HEAD AT THAT AIRPORT AT 2 AM..... NOW IT HAS BEEN 5 MONTHS WHEN I THINK OF IT. I FEEL STUPID AND FUNNY. I STILL REMEMBER THE KIDS SCREAMING VOICE SAYING TO GET OFF THE FLIGHT. BECAUSE IN THE WHOLE JOURNEY INSIDE MY HEAD, I WAS SCREAMING THAT WAY. (THE PICTURE OF PLANE IS CLICKED BY ME FOR FUN THINKING THAT RIGHT NOW THERE MIGHT BE SO MANY FLIGHT STORIES GOING ON INSIDE THAT ONE PLANE.)

