

HK Arrival

The sliding doors whooshed open as the warm and humid air slammed into past me into the airport. Behind me, I was lugging two behemoths of a suitcase that dragged against the floor from the weight of the contents and the broken wheel that clacked against the floor.

The tropical weather of Hong Kong Island immediately blinded my glasses causing a wall between my eyes and the road. With my luck, I immediately trip over the tiny little bumps on the sidewalk as the floppy wheel gets stuck right in between the cracks of the floor. The suitcase slips out of my hand out of my hands forcing me to bend down to heave the suitcase back up. Lift with your legs not your back. I remind myself as I feel the clamminess of my hands on the handle after picking the suitcase up.

“Stupid Suitcase,” I thought

“How much longer are they gonna take, it’s just a bathroom.”

I stood there as I watched the small red taxis whiz by the road. So many taxis and trucks drove by one of Hong Kong’s biggest airports that the outside reeked of gasoline and exhaust. With that, I covered my nose with my sweater only to realize how sweaty it was. Obviously, I was prepared for the plane and airports AC, but never thought of the weather outside, and plus I was a sheltered LA boy from all the sunny days back at home. I was wearing a grey sweatpant with a white sweater that was wet from the condensation droplets that dripped off of every ledge in Hong Kong. I took off the sweatshirt to immediately feel a light breeze flow past my body. To my left, I finally saw my parents.

Together, they walked out laughing and talking while I was stuck on the sidewalk lugging two suitcases half the size of me and my backpack. My dad then offered to take a suitcase as my mom took the backpack.

“Thanks,” I said to my mom sarcastically

Finally, my dad walked to the edge of the road to flag down a taxi. He was wearing an Armani shirt with a belt and jeans which he wore 364 days of the year. His hair was messy and sloppy which my mom hated, but was understandable after a fifteen hour flight.

When a red taxi finally pulled over I saw the driver inside. An old Cantonese man with a bald head and a tank top on. We loaded the luggage into the trunk as it sank a good two inches. Opening the car door made me realize the man was the definition of an Asian stereotype. The entire car smelled like White Flower Balm, a type of Chinese medicinal herb. In the corner of the car sat a plastic Buddha statue and the chairs had a beaded cushion on them that were made of wood.

“Where do you want to go?” he said in Cantonese as we finally got settled into the car.

My dad said “Mong Kok” as we sped down the street traveling a hundred miles per hour.

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