



Volume 19
Issue 2 *Forbidden* (2010-2011 Issue)

Article 23

5-1-2011

My First International Flight

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Recommended Citation

Sims, NyEma (2011) "My First International Flight," *The Promethean*: Vol. 19 : Iss. 2 , Article 23.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol19/iss2/23>

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My First International Flight

NyEma Sims

Passengers, fasten your seatbelts and prepare for take off!

As I glance out the window, I see that we are slowly beginning to move. Not much time passes before we rapidly gain momentum; off into the sky we go. It will be a nineteen hour race to our final destination. The food is edible; I don't mind the crying babies or the guy next to me that is talking excessively. Why, might you ask? Because it is what is to come that I can't wait for: a new land, different people, diverse culture and religion. This will be the experience of a lifetime. The clouds seem to disperse themselves, opening up a gap to reveal that which is unknown to me. It's like a dream that I never want to wake up from. As I look out onto the beautiful horizon, I see the majesty that I always took for granted, but this time the angle is different and that makes all the difference. The feelings are indescribable, the emotion uncontrollable. I feel a peace and serenity that covers me like a warm blanket on a wintery night. Everything is moving so fast, although according to the clouds it feels like slow motion. The clouds drift along as the sunrise creeps up between it in beautiful hues of purple, pink, red and orange. Every color plays its part perfectly to create something that touches me deep down in my soul. Every little area exposed with nowhere to hide. But this beauty is only attainable at this angle, this angle from 37,000 feet in the air, moving at a speed of 580 miles per hour. As day breaks, this is the first time I am able to see land and water. The stars are beginning to fade and the sun does a little dance as it comes to full view, but the memory is embedded in me forever. Slowly, one by one, as if being directed by an orchestra, each passenger starts to wake up. A stretch here, a yawn there and a wipe of the eyes as everyone takes one last look. A change is occurring and for the first time I am not afraid. I will embrace it and never turn back. Doors are opening and I am walking through them with no hesitation, just faith. I reach into my purse and pull out a single piece of gum. I pop it in my mouth and prepare for descent. It's

been a long ride but so worth it. My first international flight.