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English 1101

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Memoir

I quickly awoke from the piercing sound of my alarm going off. It was six in the morning, June 15, 2014. The entire house seemed to be vacant. Everyone else seemed to have been sleeping a lot better than I did. I was so excited that there was no need to start the coffee. We had to be at the Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport by nine o’clock and we seemed to be getting off to a slow start. Not only were we going to spend an entire week in Puerto Rico, but this was going to be my first time flying on an airplane. It was more relative to Christmas morning to me.

As I began walking down the stairs the smell of fried bacon and coffee arose. Dad must have been too excited to sleep also. Or either he was dreading the long week ahead. Minutes later my youngest sister appears from the living room. I knew she was hyped-up. She never made it to her own bed, she must have slept on the couch. As I sat at the dining room table devouring my breakfast, listening to Dad gripe about whatever he was reading in the Macon Telegraph, I hear a loud “THUMP!”. I look toward the stairs and see that my oldest sister has thrown her luggage to the bottom of the stairs. Then it began. All I could hear were girls screaming and hollering about clothes, makeup, hair straighteners, etc. It was a challenge living with three younger sisters, to say the least.

An hour later we arrive at the Groome airport shuttle with all twenty bags for eight passengers. We pile into the shuttle, similar to the McCallister’s in the movie, Home Alone. Although, I was beginning rethink this week vacation with three nagging girls, the airplane flight would be satisfying enough for me. I had always wanted to fly on an airplane. I loved to ride roller coasters, so I guess this was like riding a giant roller coaster.

A few minutes after nine o’clock, we zoom into the airport terminal. There were people everywhere! I have never seen so many people in my entire life. It was like a circus. I just thought the commotion was bad at home. This place was a nightmare. Security guards were everywhere. Luggage was scattered all along the curb. I just followed my dad around like I was a puppy. He flies quite regular, so I felt a little safer tagging along with him. There were metal detectors and security everywhere. I felt like I was entering a jail of some sort. We put our bags on the conveyors going through a huge machine, which obviously scanned our luggage somehow, then the bags disappeared into a giant wall. We had to empty our pockets and take off our shoes in order to walk through the metal detectors. I was beginning to get a little worried.

Finally, we were all checked out and waiting for our plane to be prepped. As I sat and watched out of the window at the other planes rolling around on the tarmac I began to get a little nervous. What if something happens to the plane? What if the engines break down? Well, I guess it’s too late now. I didn’t want to be left at home alone anyway.

After finishing our brunch at Chick-fil-a, conveniently located across from our gate, a flight attendant announced that our plane was ready to board. We walked through the gate and down what seemed to be, a never-ending tunnel until we reached the plane. A Boeing 747, it could carry almost three hundred passengers. There were seven rows of seats across the center of the plane. Luckily, my seat was second from the window on the right side of the plane. After everyone was seated a flight attendant began giving safety instructions, or the preflight briefing. The attendants checked to assure all passengers were safely buckled as the plane began to move closer to the runway. At this point I was shaking, more so from excitement. The captain announced over the intercom that we were about to take off. Every light inside the plane turned off, even the air conditioning. I could hear and feel the engines speeding up. The whole plane was just vibrating ridiculously. Then, all of a sudden, my head was pressed against the back of the seat and we were flying down the runway. It was unlike anything I’ve felt before. I could tell when the wheels left the pavement. We were climbing nearly perpendicular and my ears started popping inside. Minutes later I could feel the plane begin to level. I glanced toward the window and watched as the clouds floated by. The roadways looked like twisted lines with square blocks drawn in between. The plane ride was much more graceful than I expected even though we were cruising at over five hundred miles per hour.

After a movie, a few snacks, and a slight nap I heard a “Ding” over the intercom. The captain announced that we were descending. I looked out of the window as the flaps behind the airplane wings began to fold down. Seconds later it took all of my strength just to hold my head back. The plane began to shake as it did during take-off. Buildings and ocean came into view through the window. Then a slight bump from the tires touching the runway. As we rolled around toward the terminal all I could think about was the take-off on the way home. “Ding” the intercom again, “Welcome to San Juan!” said the captain. My first flight was a success.