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Wanderlust

I walk out onto the burning hot sand, slowly breathing in the heavy air. The ocean is a light blue, slowly becoming darker as it stretches out for miles. This shade of blue is vibrant and full of life, the sand is fine and a bright shade of yellow. The few times I've visited the coast back home in Oregon I saw ugly brown sand and a cold, dull, lifeless ocean. This place was completely different.

This is the place I see in movies; a tropical wonderland.

Suddenly a rush of memories come flooding back in my mind's eye, I remember my home, on the other side of earth.

As I approached the creek the noise of the trickling water calmed me. I took a deep breath of cool, dry air. I stood on the small bridge overlooking the creek, admiring the place I was finally able to call home. I sat down on the bridge and dangled my bare feet off the edge. I slowly dipped them in the icy cold water, sending shivers throughout my body. I kicked back and forth, splashing droplets everywhere. A small orange leaf spiraled down and into the creek, swaying with the meandering current.

I suddenly heard footsteps approaching me. I turned and saw my mom.

"Hey, I thought I saw you leave the house. What are you doing down here all by yourself?" she said teasingly.

"I just felt like it," I said, my voice sweet and innocent, "and it's too hot in the house."

“Good point, we need to get that air-con in soon,” she laughed. She sat down next to me on the bridge, criss-cross applesauce.

“Mom?”

“Yes, honey?” she replied.

“What’s the Philippines like? I don’t remember,” I asked. I’d been there before, but it seemed like ages ago.

“I grew up in a poverty stricken town,” she explained, “but if you go south to Manilla, that’s where most people live. It’s a very big city, and it has one of the biggest malls in the world!” I gasped, I loved going to the mall. My mom smiled, “There are over seven thousand islands in the Philippines, with tons of tropical beaches and cool caves. I haven’t been to very many, though.”

I thought of all the places to go, all the places to explore. It seemed crazy how big the world was, and I was just a tiny part of it. I wanted to see the tropical islands in the Philippines, the heavy snow in Greenland, and everything in between. I wanted to see it all.

“Maybe I’ll travel the world when I grow up,” I said.

“Maybe you will,” she smiled.

I step into the warm water washing onto the shore, palm trees dance in the breeze. Happy screams and laughter surround me. I wish I never had to go home.

I will travel the world.