

Flight to Freedom

On the day of my leaving, I bid farewell to my sweet aunt. It would be almost nine years before our eyes would meet again. Our plane was set for the free lands to the east of the Pacific Ocean known as America. After waiting twenty-five minutes on the vessel, the engine began to start. Soon we were moving down the runway, and shortly we were airborne.

It was a rather exciting journey, as it was my first time flying... well, not quite, I remembered my dad swinging me by my arms and throwing me on the bed, I think that counts as flying. I'm pretty sure.

"Three day journey to the to the other side as the sea bird flies," my said.

I was not sure I understood what she meant, but I didn't question her because she is.. Well, my mom.

It was a three day flight east across the pacific. We finally arrived at the Portland Airport, where our other family awaited our safe arrival. It was there that I met my cousins, Kristin, and Brittney, and as with every new confrontation, I disliked them. I didn't know any english, so when two had a chat with each other, I could not fathom what they were saying. But as the years I grew quite fond of them, and, though I grew apart from one of them, we are still very tolerant of each other today. I think that if I had never came to America I think things would have been different.