Riccardo Martinez

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Who Knows What Will Happen

I still remember the pitter-patter sound of the drizzling rain on the windshield. Staring out of the passenger’s window looking at the 7/11’s that seem to appear every few blocks, while my dad weaves through the morning rush hour as if he was a needle in the Los Angeles asphalt streets made of clothe, scared that in a few short hours I would be on a flight to the other side of the world without my parents.

It all started towards the end of the sixth grade. It was one of those gloomy days that make the whole day seem plain as if nothing could happen just like a blank sheet of copy paper. I heard the morning bell that started school and an immediate reflex starts I walked to class with a few of my friends and suddenly I got the feeling that I was going to be late to class so I started to rush a little bit faster. I got to class and saw my seat so I walk over while saying “Hi” to a few classmates and then I noticed a sheet of paper on my desk. I sat down and picked it up, it was a notice from the school that informed all the students that in the next coming year they could take a trip to Greece for a fee of a few thousand dollars. I immediately thought that this was a really cool but I highly doubted that my parents would or even could pay for this trip.

School just ended and my dad picked me up around 5:00pm because I wanted to stay after school and hang out with some friends. We were driving to pick up my little sister and I mentioned the trip to Greece and as soon as I said anything else about it my dad said “You are going for sure. I want you to travel the world and explore new wonders. I want you to know that there is so much more to life than just Los Angeles. So yes you are going.” At this moment I was shocked but also thrilled that I was going to go to Greece. So the very next day I brought back the paper that asked if I was going to go and I checked the little box next to yes.

In order to be able to go to Greece I had to attend a class with the teacher, Mr. Palayan, from school that would be taking us to Greece and the other nine kids that were going on the trip every Wednesday at lunch. We would basically try to learn a little bit of Greek with that Rosetta Stone program which by the way sucks a lot it was really frustrating and confusing like when your grandmother gets a new computer and doesn’t know how to use it. I met the other kids that were going and they seem pretty cool I got along with them well. I was set to leave the U.S. on June 11, 2014 but before then I had to get a few things done like get a new passport, buy a bunch of clothes for the trip, and get Euros because they don’t accept U.S. currency in Greece.

It was June 11th and I arrived at LAX with my sister, dad, and mom. My dad parked the car and all four of us walked towards the terminal and with every step my heart beated faster and faster so fast that it was pounding like a race horse on the track. I start to see my friends with their parents and siblings along with my teacher the closer I walked towards them. My mom starts to cry a little and I reassure her that everything is going to be fine and I’ll be back in two weeks to try and make her feel better. We start to walk inside and my friends and I get our tickets and drop off our luggage. We each just now have our carry-on and so we walked towards customs and this is where I have to say goodbye to my parents because you need a ticket beyond this point. Not just my parents but a bunch of other parents also started to cry as everyone is waving goodbye to their loved ones and this is where I start to get really scared.

We pasted customs without any trouble and start heading toward the gate. I only really knew one kid that was going and his name was Nick and so I tried to stay close to him because he was now my closest friend. I get onboard the plane, and by the way this is my first time ever on a plane and it’s a little scary, I have a little trouble finding my seat but I eventually get it. Nick walks up the aisle and tells me that the man who sits next to him is willing to switch seats with me so we can sit together and I happily agree to this arrangement. Nick and I are just talking about how it’s going to be over there and what are we going to want to see then suddenly the plane starts to move and it was aligning on the runway getting ready for takeoff.

It started to speed up and I started to freak out because I know that I am getting farther and farther away from my family and that scared me. The rough takeoff shakes the plane and along with it my sanity, it frightened me then suddenly it stops. Peaceful bliss, I look out the window stretching my neck because I didn’t have the window seat and I saw the beautiful ocean and with it the industrial city of dreams Los Angeles my home. I started to think “This isn’t that bad. It’s actually kind of fun and hey who knows what will happen.” as I look out the window and gently said “Goodbye.”