

A day in my life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The birds were already calling to each other in the early morning stillness from the backyard, as I saw a glimpse of the rising sun sliding through my window. It all seemed as just another normal day of my life, when I suddenly remembered that this was the day I have been anticipating for a long time and no doubt is going to change my life forever. The flight to London was past midnight and I will be going back to the land I was born after fifteen long years. I had to go out to the back garden and inhale a breath of morning fresh air for one last time.

The leaves on the trees rustled gently in the barest breeze as my parents stood in the damp grass, sipping their morning cup of tea. I joined my parents and we spoke for a little while about our future plans. They reminded me that we were expected at my grandmother's house for supper. The day seemed to go by so quickly I hardly had any time to think about the England anymore. I called some of my friends to say good-bye for one last time and as I kept the phone down, I thought I shall cry at the thought of leaving them, but I did not.

Then I thought about how I am supposed to live thousands of miles apart from my dearest friends and I swore to my self that they would always have a special place in my heart. When we arrived at our grandparent's house, I was amazed to see so many familiar faces all around me. Then I got to know that all these people (mainly close friends and relatives) had to come to say good-bye to us. It was unbearable to think of living without these people, I have grown used to all these years. I tried to keep a straight face throughout the evening, as I did not want people to see me upset.

But in truth I was quite happy to migrate, as I knew this was a good opportunity for my family and myself. However, the most difficult part was leaving my relatives and friends and I could not pretend look happy. I saw my grandmother coming towards me. Suddenly I knew what she was about to say as I saw her tearful eyes. I smiled at her and reassured that we will be fine. My grandmother and I are very close with each other. She seemed to be very lonely since the unfortunate death of her husband, my grandfather. They were married for nearly a half a century and recently I got to know that he was her first love, which touched me deeply.

Since then she shared things with me that had being long buried and were almost forgotten. She used to say 'there is a big world out their little girl, with many beautiful places in it, not many better than this, but they are worth seeing nonetheless. As I just remembered this I felt pang of guilt for leaving her behind and starting off a new life in England. The evening seemed to fly by, and my parents said to me that we must go home and prepare for the flight, which was due in less than five hours. Everyone wished us well and said tearful goodbyes.

When we got back home, I was relieved because we had finished most of our packing. I was careful not to leave anything important behind while I was doing some last minute packing. After what seemed like two hours we were on our way to the airport. I peered out of the car window and saw the streets that were surrounding us. It looked dark and empty with a few people walking along either side. When we arrived at the Katunayaka Airport every thing looked busy as usual. The hustle and bustle of an airport never fails to excite me.

Everyone thing moves quickly and I like to see so many different people. Some looking happy and relieved to be united with there loved ones and vice versa. The checking in process seemed to go on forever and I started to get a little nervous when I heard the final announcement of out flight. It was said to take approximately ten hours to reach London and the prospect of sitting on a seat for such a long time did not amuse me at all. I sat next to my sister in the plane and I was glad to sit by the window, which will enable me to enjoy the breathtaking view outside.

The journey seemed to go on forever, but as usual we chatted endlessly and after some hours I fell asleep. I woke up after a while feeling exhausted from the days activities. However, I could not stop the thoughts that were coming inside of me. Once again I started thinking about being rejected, if it is possible to make new friends all over again, starting a new school in a completely different environment and leading a new life. I made up my mind to be strong and be ready for any challenge that I will have to overcome in this great country I had left when I was only a little child.

We were informed that we would be landing in London in a few minutes. I looked out from the narrow window sitting beside me, and gazed at the land that was lying peacefully below us. I cannot find the words to describe how I felt then but I know I was very excited. First I saw the lush green leaves spread out like a massive canopy then little by little buildings emerging. We met my uncle at the Heathrow Airport who had come to pick us up. We were to spend the night at my uncle's house until we go to our own house the following day. As I walked out of the massive airport I was feeling numb.

I think I was felt fear and happiness at the same time. Once again I was peering through the windows. The roads (or motorways as we call it in England) were huge in comparison to most roads in Sri Lanka and there were thousands of buildings, mostly made out of bricks lying on either side of the road. It was early morning when we got to my uncle's house and his family warmly welcomed us. I was exhausted by the journey and went to get some sleep after awhile. As I lay on my bed I thought about everyone I had left behind and whether my life will ever be the same.