

Meeting the pilot essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

We had just boarded our evening flight from Tenerife in the Canary Islands to London Gatwick airport, which wasn't going to land until just before dawn. It was my 4th birthday and also the day following Christmas and I felt quite disappointed to have spent it packing and starting our journey home.

Looking around me I saw families and other people seeming tired from their Christmas holiday break, longing to get home. I'd been on holiday with my mum and my brother, who was at the time nearly 3 years old.

It was my first and only Christmas away from home. Even though it was extremely fun, we still preferred a traditional Christmas at home where we could open our presents in front of the tree and play with our new toys. It was the opposite of a normal Christmas in England because we went swimming instead of playing board games and ate ice cream instead of pudding none the less it was a great holiday. The time on the plane was just before midnight and even though most people were asleep, I was determined to stay awake for what was left of my birthday.

I sat in my seat glaring at the small TV screen attached to the seat in front of me showing my favourite cartoon still feeling a bit sad that my birthday wasn't as exciting as I imagined. Even my mum had shut her eyes holding my brother in her arms. As the air hostess flew past all the snoring passengers, she stopped next to me with her drinks cart and gently whispered, " Would you like a drink? " She was quite tall and slim with red hair tied in a neat bun. She wore a bright blue hostess uniform with matching patent heels and a delicate set of ocean blue bracelet and earrings. " Can I have some lemonade please? I replied politely looking up so high my neck started to hurt.

“ Sure,” said the hostess while getting me a glass and pouring the lemonade

“ So you’re a Spice Girls fan I see. ” pointing at my brand new Spice Girls t-shirt. “ Yeah, my mum gave it to me for my birthday this morning! ” I claimed very proudly. During your early childhood, you tend to get attached and excited easily with your favourite things and for me it was the Spice Girls. Earlier that morning when my mum presented me with the t-shirt I screamed with delight and ran to get changed into it and a pair of black leggings.

Wow, aren’t you lucky. I know that some of the hostess’ would be really jealous of you. ” She informed me. I laughed. It was nice to talk to someone instead of listening to them breathing heavily during their deep sleep. “ What do you say about coming with me to visit some other hostess’ and the pilots? ” She asked me holding a hand out ready to take me into the adventures of flying. “ Yay! ” I screeched forgetting the fact that people were trying to sleep. I used the word that every young girl used when they got exactly what they wanted or a really great surprise.

So I took her hand and walked towards the front of the plane. It seemed never ending as I dragged my feet up the narrow aisle, I thought I’d passed a million people by then. When we reached the front of the plane I had started to feel dizzy from walking down the shaky aisle trying to keep my balance. But it was worth the hassle because I was going to see something that I could brag about to all my friends when I went back to school after the holidays. As I leant against a cabin door, I looked at the other hostess’ sitting on their fold out chairs almost falling asleep with nothing to rest on.

And just a few yards in front of me stood the sliding door that sealed away the pilot's bit of the aeroplane. I could hear them talking into their radios. This made me imagine what it would be like to be a pilot. The way every child dreams their future when they see something they like. Suddenly, the door started to open, interrupting me from my brief daydreaming. Then out popped a head of a lady not too old but not as young as some of the hostess'. Her hair was short and golden and looked perfectly straightened.

It was like she was off the TV in one of the L'Oreal hair adverts with the delicately made up eyes and lips. Then her lips broke a smile and she whispered for me to come in, careful not to wake anyone. I gently tiptoed towards her making sure I didn't make a sound. As I got closer I gradually saw the other person who appeared to be the main pilot. He looked much older than the other staff with gray short hair and a face that had obviously aged. The lady then broke the silence between us, " What's your name then? " " Demi" I replied in my shy, innocent voice. How nice, as in Demi Moore? " She questioned.

This was the dreaded question that everyone asked when they heard my name. In a few years time it became an automatic answer " Yes actually. " We spent the next hour playing eye spy and cats cradle. Which after is when I realised my birthday had passed. The main pilot didn't talk much because he had to concentrate on flying. I daren't distract him as I was scared I might cause an accident. But I realised that at the front of the plane, you could feel the shaking and jerking more.

The lady told me that I only had 10 minutes until the seatbelt sign came on again for landing so I'd have to go soon but she then taught me about how they flew the plane. Even though it was quite confusing, I found it really fun and interesting. There were so many buttons it was like an optical illusion and everything just blended together. My journey back down the plane went much quicker than before because I skipped most of the way humming a Spice Girls song to myself. Then I returned to my seat just in time to put my seatbelt on as the sign lit up.

I then woke my mum and told her all about what happened even though she didn't look too interested. But I always knew how amazing it was, well for a just turned four year old girl. In addition, just as I said I told all my friends about what happened really excitedly a week later back at school, and was the envy of nearly all of them. It was the best aeroplane journey I had ever been on and would never forget either. I was even for a while convinced I wanted to be a pilot because it seemed so fun. However, now it's just an old memory of how easily impressed I was in my early childhood.