

# My first plane ride essay sample



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The 21-hour voyage all begins when you step aboard the Boeing 747. For me this was my first plane ride. My parents and I were departing from LAX and our destination was Myanmar or Burma. I was probably 6 years of age waiting to see my relatives in Burma for the first time. Before we took off I was so excited, but when the plane started to take off my excitement turned converted to fear. Fortunately, about 2 minutes later the plane lost its slope and the roar of its engines turned into a gentle purr.

By the time all the passengers were comfortable, the flight attendants came around and handed us warm, moist towels. As the towels touched my face it felt like a strong, fresh breeze gently purifying my cheeks. Though if it weren't for my mom's quick hands shooting out to snatch the towel away from me, then hurriedly wiping my face, I wouldn't have had cheeks the color of ripe strawberries. Later on when the attendants came to collect the towels, they gave every child some legos, crayons along with coloring book, and a pack of cards. Upon receiving such treasures, or that was how I felt, I was struck with joy and pleasure. I then proceeded to color and play while my parents were lounging half asleep.

I still relish that moment when I was oblivious to my surroundings and all my concentration was directed to coloring inside the lines. About a few hours had passed when I realized coloring and building legos became boring and tedious, but I soon discovered the armrest had numerous buttons which controlled a variety of commands. I was finally at peace when my dad demonstrated to me how the radio and the light dimmer on the armrest worked. Being in the plane with all those luxuries made me feel like I was a king and soon I was out for the night until the next morning.

The next morning I awoken to the blinding light peeping out the window. I, being a young and curious child, opened the entire window revealing the light and piercing the darkness. I then look through the window, while shielding my eyes, to discover we were flying above the clouds and the Pacific Ocean. After continuously looking out the window, I was struck with awe of how gigantic structures, up close like cruise ships, were so tiny. However one thing that remained infinite, or so it seemed, was the endless sea. My interest for the exterior surroundings of the plane was broken when the other passengers in the vicinity of the light, including my parents, all scowled at me. I soon understood why everyone was glaring with contempt on my side of the plane when my mom leaned over to shut the window and murmured to me in an agitated tone that the light was disturbing the passengers asleep or that were asleep.

With that I was left idle for a few hours looking around and looking out the partially opened window, when finally the attendants were getting ready to serve breakfast. At last they got to our row after circulating our floor. Although I was starved I didn't start to eat ravenously. I lost my appetite just by looking down onto my plate. I didn't dare to touch the entrée, but I did consume most of the appetizers on the side and I also drank the glass of orange juice.

The day passed by so rapidly watching movies, reading magazines, eating, and listening to the radio. Also not to forget using the lavatory, which I try to avoid, because I fear the flush of the toilet also which has a sound similar to the roar of a lion. This whole cycle repeats itself a couple of times before we arrive at our destination, Burma where our adventures really begin!