

Descriptive writing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Sitting back in the molded orange plastic seat ignoring the many mumbling couples sitting around him at the departure lounge, the young man looked down to read his plane ticket for the fourth time. He dressed down in tan slacks and a lightweight shirt covered with Hawaiian palm tree prints. He looked up to scowl at the opened vent above him. The ice-cold unnaturally stale air it blew down gave him a cold chill. “ They’re trying to freeze people out of here. ” He thought. He then glanced at the window to look at the huge glaring yellow and orange sun outside burning the people below.

His long finger rhythmically, tapped at his right leg as the leg bounced in anticipation. A bright shine came from his polished fingernails almost blinding him. He closed his eyes and sighed, annoyed. He stared down at his fingernails, the shine of the lights above him made white and blue light patterns on each of his nails. He spread out his large hands and watched as the patterns danced by the shine of the light. He didn’t really know why he didn’t wash it off last night. He just forgot, with all the preparation and the anticipation of the trip he forgot to take off the clear polish from his fingernails he wears to work.

He was lucky to remember to comb his unruly black hair this morning. The ultimate workaholic, he was a young man in his late 30’s going on his first real vacation in five years. He looked up from his plane ticket to read the large black bulletin board again behind the blond employee at the check-in counter: Plane 474 to the Virgin islands 2: 00pm, the little gold letters said. He smiled his full thin mouth twitching. He sucked in a breath, and he looked at his watch. It read 1: 45pm. The plane was to arrive at 2: 00pm, he didn’t know if he could wait that long.

He raised his hand and swept it across his long face. His hand slowly moved across his chin. He heard a soft scraping sound; the dark short prickly hairs he shaved this morning was growing out again. He dropped his hand and pressed it down on his leg trying to calm himself. He closed his eyes he was a frog sitting on a Lilly pad in a middle of a pond. He was feeling himself beginning to relax with this image letting his mind wander to his trip. The American Virgin Islands, St John; stretches of white sugar sand beaches and a huge clear crystal blue ocean.

He couldn't wait to surf or take a boat to sail out to the huge Pirate coves found in the ocean. His mind then turned to the entertainment and food he'd be experiencing on his trip, when he suddenly noticed the intoxicating sweet smell of hot buttered oil. A loud growling sound came from deep inside his stomach and his mouth watered like a rolling river like Pavlov's dog hearing a bell. He didn't realize that he was hungry until he smelled the popcorn. He turned his head to find a young fresh faced redheaded woman vendor, selling popcorn from a cart with red-white striped awning across the way.

He blinked, staring at the stand. He'd eaten breakfast this morning; a delicious scrambled egg sandwich. It should have satisfied him, but all he could think about was if he had time enough to buy a box. However, as if on cue, the woman at the check-in counter spoke up " Ladies and Gentlemen, Flight 474 is about to be boarded. " The thought of eating freshly popped hot- buttered popcorn quickly flew out of his mind as he raised himself up from the molded plastic seat and went to join the other people now gathered on line to board the plane.