

Travelling Alone

“Would you like a colouring book and some crayons?” a pretty face smiled down at me. I shook my head and returned the smile. I told her that I would rather play games and watch a film. With a twinkle in her eye, she ruffled my hair and walked off. Giggling at the thought of colouring a picture at my age, I remembered the time when I had travelled alone on an aeroplane all the way from Singapore to America to visit my parents, who were working there.

I was only eight years old then and it was my first trip on an aeroplane. I was thrilled about my new-found independence. As I walked along the carpeted walkway to the aeroplane, I had a strong urge to sprint all the way down. However, I did not want to look childish so I decided to walk briskly instead. I felt like a queen receiving a regal welcome as I entered the aeroplane. Stewardesses and stewards lined the entrance of the aeroplane to welcome me and one of them showed me to my seat.

When the aeroplane took off, I took a deep breath and covered my ears. I expected to feel nauseous and suffer from tinnitus but to my relief, nothing happened. Once we were in the air, I took out my storybook. However, a cheerful-looking stewardess gave me a packet that contained a colouring book and some crayons. I ripped open the plastic bag with excitement, almost tearing the colouring book in the process. I was so engrossed in colouring the pictures that I was pleasantly surprised when another stewardess came over and placed a tray of food in front of me. I did not even realise that my stomach was growling. Lifting the cover, I dug in, munching nonstop until I finished everything on the tray. I was so excited that my eyes refused to shut even when the lights were dimmed and a steward gave me a blanket. Some time later, fatigue overcame me and I must have dozed off for when I woke up, sunlight was shining in through the windows and I heard the pilot telling us to put on our seat belts as the aeroplane was about to land.

That was my first trip alone on an aeroplane and it was definitely an unforgettable one. Now, I was travelling alone again but this time it was totally different. I was three years older and this time I was on my way to Australia to visit my aunt and uncle.