

12/30/18

“Actually, the last couple hours started with me lying on the couch. Something like a blank daydream, you know? It was around midnight and I was just laying down, hands behind my head, knees bent at an angle, inspecting all the little dots on the rough ceiling.

“Then some impulsive feeling came out from my blank head. I wanted to go somewhere. Yes. I wanted to go somewhere.

“And from that empty state of mind, I was now for some reason in a hurry. I jumped clean off the comfy couch onto my two naked feet. First things first, I gathered the essentials. I took my old, torn middle school backpack, since it was empty and my current backpack too full to waste time, and messily stuffed it with two pairs of pants, jean and trousers, a long sleeve and short sleeve shirt, and 2 pairs of socks and underwear. I put on socks and black Converse shoes for the time being, then finally my blue 3 Chance hoodie.

“I ran upstairs to tell Ami. I’m going out, I said to her quickly and semi-softly. I never heard anything back so I figured she was okay with it. I hurried back downstairs and grabbed the last few things. Wallet, some cash inside, car keys, put on Burberry cologne, put on my backpack, and I was out the door as quick as you could say blue.

“The drive was quick. Got in my car, red Accent, and drove 26 minutes down from Bellevue to here. Don’t think I ever put on any music. I thought it would slow me down.

“So there I was, approaching the terminal at a seriously dangerous pace. I parked my car at the long-term parking, an empty lot in fact, put on my

backpack, and kept the keys inside the car once I turned it off. I locked the door manually and shut the door behind me, effectively keeping myself from going home. I walked into terminal 1 and went to a nice lady working the baggage loading dock. I told her I needed to buy a ticket, so she pointed me the way.

“Moving with a purpose, I got to the old man selling flights rather quickly. I asked him for the soonest departure. Flight 8802 from Nashville to London. I paid the ticket in cash and ran to gate 26A to board my flight.

“I arrived sooner than anticipated. They had just finished boarding pregnant women and handicapped passengers, and were now boarding group A. I looked down at my ticket. Group D, economy class.

“So what do I do. I decide to have a seat. Once I sat down, however, I saw this person. She was also by herself, and sat in an interesting posture. It told a story. She didn’t check her phone, her ticket either, but instead looked curiously around. There was something about her.

“Group A finished, called B. B finished, C finished, D finished, E finished. Everyone had boarded and we were the only two left at the gate. I would have been so bothered if I hadn’t sat next to you and asked your name. So why did I, that’s why.”

“Wow. _____, by the way, and that definitely answers it,” she at last replied back to him.
“And yours?”

And after telling his entire story, he finally found the breath to tell her his name as well.

In the background, you would see a plane, Flight 8802, taking off from the runway, slowing tipping upwards as 200 or so passengers would land in London in a matter of hours. But

in the foreground, lies the tale of two ordinary people who were strung together by something often referred to as fate. And they didn't travel across the Atlantic that night, no... They talked.