

Me and Mom flying to Boston

We were riding in a big silvery car. I don't like that color, it's not bright, “not charismatic”, as Dad says. I was feeling sick because I was on the back seat, and being there always makes me sick, but today I wanted to sit close to mom. If you turned around, you could see the top of our huge bags – we took a lot of things because we were leaving for a long time. We were going to the airport, and after that we were flying to my uncle, mom's brother in Boston – it's in America.

Leather seats are not nice to touch for some reason, and there is this nasty smell in the cars almost every time, that makes you even sicker. Mom was very pale. I sat closer and leaned against her. She hugged me and stroke my arm. Her hands were cold, but it still felt good. There was music playing in the car. I didn't like it, and mom was thinking of something else and I knew she didn't listen to it, but it was still awkward to ask to turn it off.

We have been flying to different places a lot, but I was flying to America for the first time. My uncle lives there with his wife – he is a lawyer and she is... I don't remember who she is. Mom says it's really good in America, but she didn't want to move there like my uncle yet, because it was a very difficult process.

At first we were driving through the streets where I often walk, and I had a feeling that somebody I know would appear nearby, but no one has showed up. Then we entered a highway and soon I wasn't able to recognize anything around. Then the buildings went grayer and less interesting. I got bored with looking outside the window and asked Mom to let me speak to Dad. She gave me the phone – it was blue and shiny. I liked it and wanted to hold it longer, but I knew I should be very careful with it. I have once accidentally dropped Mom's phone and it broke, and she was very upset with it. She bought a new one, but I knew it was still disappointing – even if you buy the same kind of a phone, it will just not be the same. Dad told me he was okay, asked me to read more books in the trip, and said that he loves me very much. I told him that I love him too. I handed the phone back to Mom. Dad sounded upset.

It started raining. Mom gave me motion sickness lozenges, I began to suck them - they were actually pretty tasty, but they never helped. Buildings appeared rarely now. It was empty and dirty around. Rain drops were falling on the side window glass and trickled down very-very slow, though the car was going forward really fast. They left beautiful traces. There was nothing to do in the car, and when you watch rain drops, you can play as though they are racing in trickling down, but that made me feel sick. I was holding it, but at one moment I realized that I am going to throw up after all. I told Mom about this, the car stopped by the side of the road. I didn't have enough time to get far away and I threw up on the grass, not far from the car. When we fly somewhere, we get up and leave home very early, and then wait in the airport for a long time. Now we had a lot of time before the flight too. But mom was still nervous, and I felt guilty that everybody was waiting for me.

When we go somewhere with Dad, Mom doesn't get so nervous. I don't know why he didn't go with us this time. Everything is unusual lately. They don't talk much with mom, I noticed that. Even when they are standing close to each other, I somehow feel they are actually much further – it is like watching through a wrong side of a binocular. When dad

Arseniy Klishin

is playing with me, he is not as cheerful as always. Mom is serious all the time now. I asked her once why she looks like that, but she said she is okay and that it is time for dinner.

We got to the airport, the driver pulled our bags out of the car and put them on special trolleys for baggage. We said “Thank you very much” and “Goodbye”, and went to look for an information board with our flight.

The airport was huge. Mom was very nervous and was walking very fast – I hardly kept it up with her. There were a lot of escalators, different zones, signs, and I didn't understand where we were going at all. Soon I didn't remember the way back and just tried not to get far behind mom and pulled my trolley after me. We walked like this for a long time and suddenly mom stopped and started to cry.

I wanted to cheer her up, I said that the plane won't fly without us, but she didn't answer. We sat on the bench that was closer to us, she hugged me and I hugged her. She cried for a few minutes, then took out her handkerchief, blew up her nose and wiped tears off. If I didn't just see her crying, I would never have guessed that she did – she didn't look like that at all, only her eyes were a little red if you took a really good look at them. We stood up and resumed our information board search. Mom didn't walk so fast now. She said that the plane could actually fly away without us, and that we shouldn't be late. We asked a woman in a pretty uniform where we should go and she gave us detailed directions. Then we found our place at last.

For a long time we were getting through different queues and inspections. When we finally got to the gates that lead to a plane with a long corridor, we didn't have too much spare time. Then they let us in the plane, we sat on our seats and I fastened my belts instantly. Mom texted to everyone who had to know, that we were in the airplane. She flies a lot and she was not afraid at all, and I am usually scared of flights. I don't know why, but this time I didn't worry about it. But for some reason I felt very sad.

We were asked to turn off our mobile phones, the plane started to move, and soon we took off. Mom said that we will be flying for a very long time and that I should try to sleep.

When we land, the first thing I'll do is call dad.