

Essay on A Journey by Air

The occasion of the trip: My father had once an occasion to go to Madras by plane in connection with official business. He asked me if I liked to have a trip by air to Madras. I readily seized the opportunity and gave my consent. I began to imagine how I would feel at the time of the flight. My heart was filled with a thrill of joy.

Preparation for the flight: The day I had been waiting for anxiously finally arrived. I thanked God for enabling me to see that day.

Our flight was booked a week before the journey. On the day of the trip, we motored from home to Shaha-Jalal International Airport Dhaka. We reported ourselves at a counter inside the terminal building of the airport. There we showed our tickets. A card with the plan of the seats was given us. Our seat numbers were marked there. We had a suitcase with us. It was taken from us. It would be kept in the luggage cabin of the plane. A number slip was tied to the suitcase. Another number slip was given to us. We would take delivery of the suitcase at our destination on producing that slip. After this we went to the security enclosure. There is body was searched by men on duty. My father's briefcase was searched. After the searching, nobody was allowed to go out of the enclosure. The time for our getting on the plane was announced. We now went to the plane. An air hostess greeted us.

We were shown up the stairs into the plane to take our respective seats. While climbing the stairs I bade adieu to my mother and sister who had come to see us off.

The flight: The time for departure came. The air hostess through a microphone wished us all a happy trip and directed us to fasten the seat belt around our waist. It was a. m. The plane took off. It moved

about a mile along the runway with gradually increasing speed. Suddenly we could feel that we were off the ground. It began to fly up smoothly. In a few minutes, it reached a great height. I could feel that I was rising up and up. I experienced a feeling which I had never felt before. Rising very high up the plane began to fly southward. Through the microphone, the air hostess now announced to us to unfasten our belts.

When the plane took off we were afraid and we thought that we were going to fall into the sea. The pilot told us that we could just look through the window and see the landscape.

The air hostess then visited each seat with a plate containing packets of instant freshener paper napkins to rub our face and hands to have a cool refreshing feeling. A packet of cotton was also given to us. This was meant for putting cotton into the ears if the sound of the plane proved unbearable. The plate also contained lozenges and chocolates. I took several of them and began to suck.

When I looked down human beings looked like tiny ants. The large hectares of land looked like squares and rectangles ... We saw rivers running through the valley. The landscape looked beautiful as trees swayed from side to side thanking the Almighty God for the wonderful sunshine.

It was a big 'Caravelle' Jet plane. It could carry ninety-four passengers. I saw that all the seats were filled up. Fortunately, my seat was near the window. I looked down at the earth. The plane flew over green fields. It was a cloudy day. The plane flew above the clouds. So, I could see nothing below through the clouds. Our plane flew southward above the Bay of Bengal along the coast. The clouds disappeared. I could see the vast expanse of blue water of the Bay of Bengal. It gave me great pleasure to see that beautiful sight.

At about twelve the air hostess served us lunch. It consisted of bread, butter, chicken roast, boiled vegetables, and coffee was served. The plane now flew over the land. It flew over the city of Madras. I could see the houses, the roads, the passing motor cars. The cars looked like toy cars. I could see the Madras race course.

The air hostess now announced that the time for descent was near. We should again fasten the seat belt around our waists. The plane was flying down. We could feel that we were going down. The plane then reached the airport of Madras. It was about 1 p.m. The journey took two hours and fifteen minutes. We went down from the plane. The air hostess bade us adieu and hoped to meet us again. We then went to the terminal building of the airport. We took delivery of our suitcase. We then left the airport and went to the Geeta Hotel in a taxi. There we put up.

Conclusion: Though the journey was very short, I enjoyed and am very grateful to God for the safe journey. Surely that was my golden opportunity. I had a great desire for a long time to have a trip by air. I thanked God for giving me an opportunity to enjoy such a pleasure trip safely.