

Paragraph on My First Plane Journey

I live in Chittagong. My elder brother works in Sylhet. Last summer, he asked me to stay with him and sent me a plane ticket. That was my first journey by air. I arrived at the airport about an hour before the flight and checked in and waited in the lounge. I was excited. I got on the plane. My seat was by a window. The pilot came and started the plane. Then it flew into the air. I saw many things. Some passengers began to gossip. Some began to read newspapers. Some were snoring. I looked down through the window. The land seemed to be a garden. People seemed to be ants. Houses seemed to be matchboxes. The land vehicles seemed to be moving dolls. The rivers and canals seemed to be zigzag lines. Everything was thrilling. After about 15 minutes, an air hostess offered me snacks. I ate them. After another 10 minutes, the plane touched the ground of Dhaka Airport. It was moving for a few minutes on the wheels. After that, it stopped. I got down from the plane. My 1st journey ended. The journey was so pleasant that I will never forget it.