Miles To Go Before I Sleep And Miles To Go Before I Sleep Essay, Research Paper

?Miles to go before I sleep and Miles to go before I sleep?

REMEMBER:

The flight was on the April 26, 1996 from Ahmedabad, India via Kuwait to London and then to Orlando. We flew in British Airways and the flight duration was 22 hours. The people traveling were my mum, dad, me and my little sister (Binal). I was 14 years old. The preparations (i.e.: packing, moving furniture, throwing away things that had been stored for a decade! had gone on for weeks and months, clothes that were stored since I spoke my first word were being donated away, the bicycle I fell of off and scraped my knee for the first time was being recycled: all these trophies of memories were just being left behind, but the true memories were treasured in my young heart for eternity). We had to move from our house in Baroda (a city, close to Ahmedabad?like Gainesville and Orlando), where I had spent all of my childhood, to our other house in Ahmedabad, which was just built for my grandparents as a gift from my father. I was going to miss my friends in Baroda and my cousins in Ahmedabad (I was still naive about the true nature of mankind ? more explicitly expressed in my ?The Dawn after the Doom? Essay). During the long flight, I had painted my nails and chatted with my sister. My dad bought us the chocolate, Dairy Milk, my favorite from the London Airport (where we had a plane transfer and a wait of two hours). Arriving at the Orlando International Airport was a great relief, we thought it was the end but it was just another page turned in my book of life.

DON?T REMEMBER:

The day of the week we left. How many people came to say good bye at the airport. The outfit I was wearing. The nail polish color I put on when I was on the plane. The issues my little sister and me discussed. If my parents and my sister had cried, because we were leaving our motherland. Which car we drove in. The number of bags we had. The color of my hand bag. The other individual I was sitting next to. If I had slept at all on the flight. The way we spent the rest of the time on the flight. The time we reached United States, the day we reached. The amount of time we spent waiting at the different airports. The songs I listened to on my walkman. The person I sat next to on the flights except for my sister.

ESSAY:

Another sharp blind turn in the winding road of my life awaited me. My mind and heart were flooded with mixed feelings and emotions: excitement of moving to a different country, sorrow for leaving the loved ones, fear of the unknown, and many other unexplainable emotions, all at the mere age of 14. My family was permanently moving from Baroda, Gujarat (India) to the States, for multiple reasons. We had been packing and making preparations for this long awaited pilgrimage for almost a year; the delay was also caused by the paper work and the legal hodge-podge. We had discarded or donated a lot of furniture, sold our house in Baroda, where I had lived for more than 10 years, and moved to our other house in Ahmedabad, which was just built for my grandparents as a going away gift from my father. The cities mentioned earlier, Baroda and Ahmedabad are cities in India, very similar to the idea of Gainesville and Orlando, speaking in the terms of distance. We were disposing ?stuff? that was stored for almost over a decade. The place where I had uttered my first word and the bicycle off of which I had fallen and gotten my first knee scrape were all being left behind. All the trophies of memories and sentiments were being discarded or separated from their true heirs; however, the actual memories had been treasured and engraved in my young heart for eternity. I was leaving friends behind that had been with me through all the hurdles and pitfalls of my life, and the ultimate separation was the family that I was going to leave in a few days, that I (thought) I loved so dearly (I was still naive about the true nature of mankind ? which was more explicitly expressed in my ?the Dawn after the Doom? essay). Sometimes when I start reminiscing about my life in India, I wonder what my life would have been like if I hadn?t moved to the States? I think this is one of the questions whose answer is always going to be a mystery to me. Reverting to the actual trip, we left on April 26, 1996; however, I don?t seem to recall the exact day of the week. We had packed so many belongings that I can not even recall the number the bags we had. fThe route for the travel was from Ahmedabad (India) to Kuwait to London and finally arriving at Orlando International Airport in twenty- two hours by British Airways. It was a long and unbearable journey because the excitement and impatience were growing like a malignant tumor in me; however, I do fail to recall what exactly we did when we were aboard the airplane and whom I was sitting next to (excluding Binal), I am not sure if I had the window seat or not. These things seem so trivial as I am looking back, so carefree and innocent I was and oblivious to the dark clouds that were just starting to form. I was so overwhelmed by such a turn on the road of life that I can?t even recall the outfit I was wearing. I faintly recall me and Binal chatting about painting our nails and how life will be like in a foreign country; however the color of the nail polish, which we painted, escapes me. One of the most memorable moment was on London Airport, where we had a plane transfer and a wait of two hours between our Flights, I had spotted my favorite candy bar and my father, without me saying a word, had acknowledged it bought me the King Size Dairy Milk (only found in the European countries). I realize the triviality behind this incident, but it means something to me that no one on earth can even begin to comprehend. When we had finally reached our destination we were so relieved, and promised ourselves that we would never go through this again! We?ll see the truth of this statement, because life is volatile like liquid nitrogen at room temperature and even though it seems that I?ve lived forever, it?s just been just a moments in the reckoning of Father Time and the immense universe. Even though this emigration changed my life forever, it was a mere journey from one country to another, I am looking forward to the expedition through time, where the doors are still closed and the unknown danger still lurks, but I still have ?miles to go before I sleep and miles to go before I sleep.?

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“Stopping by the woods on a snowy evening” by Robert Frost