The Nightmare before the Flight

*Don’t click ‘Book’. Don’t click it.* Too late. My head is swirling, images whirling, the world is twirling. I don’t know what going on. Why am I like this? I am stuck between two choices and not knowing which way to choose. I can’t express my feelings to anyone, then again, I myself don’t understand the meaning. Every single day I try to ignore that feeling, that voice shouting, *Don’t go*!

 Days are passing, we are packing, waiting for the wedding. Then it comes, the day I was trying to avoid, sensing an dreadful event approaching. As I am sitting in the car with my family, that little voice haunts me. Everyone is eager and enthusiastic. Then there is me, wanting to turn back, not knowing why.

We reach YVR. As I am getting out of the car, my legs are shaking; I feel so weak that I can drop to the floor. Walking towards the doors, that inner voice murmurs: *don’t go in, don’t go in.* The images of a plane crashing fly through my conflicting mind.

As I step in through the doors, I repeat “You did it, you stepped in, you have come way to far to go back now, so just accept it.”

 Rushing to the check in area, something unexpected happens. Suddenly, I understand what that inner voice was telling me:a confused and puzzled voice tells us that, “All of you can proceed, except, um… Madina Sharifzada, will have to stay.”

We don’t understand. My mother’s anxious voice asks, “Why can’t she go?

Sympathetically the lady replies, “Well, I am sorry to say Madina’ s passport expired three months ago.”

I don’t understand, I ask myself, *why does it have to be her, the six-year-old? Why does it have to be now?* My mother’s fearful voice begs them to allow her to come with us.

But the manager refuses telling us, “If we allow her to go, she won’t be able to come back from Holland and they will fine us for allowing someone with an expired passport to depart. You only have five minutes to decide what you will do or else the gates will close and no one will be allowed to go.”

Everyone is confused and don’t know what to decide. We know that if we all stayed back, a great amount of money would go down the drain because of one small mistake. In that short time frame, we decide that my older sister will stay with my younger sister for the next couple of day until they get a new passport. As tears fall down my cheeks I feel guilty that I couldn’t do anything. We leave my two sisters with my dad and continue with my mother and my siblings. As we board the plane, I wonder what is going through everyone’s mind, especially through my mother’s who is travelling with four children and leaving two on the other side of the world. I also imagine how frustrated my older sister may feel after sacrificing the trip she planned.

I finally had to ask my mother, “Will they arrive in time for the wedding?”

My mother having no other choice, other than to calm me, replies, “Yes.”

 The next morning my mother and my uncle travelled to the Canadian Embassy in Holland to sign the papers for my sister’s passport. As soon as they received the passport, they booked the tickets for the day of the wedding. As I am sitting and having fun in the wedding, they were in the plane flying above the Atlantic Ocean. Just as the wedding was over, they reached Holland. I felt so sorry for my older sister more than my younger sister because my older sister was so prepared and excited, but within a couple of hours she missed the wedding. These troubles reinforced the fact that listening to your gut is the way to go and making sure that everything is double checked before any event, especially before a flight.