

## **The Terminal**

Christen Feagley

**Course:** English 101

**Instructor:** Mr. David Armand

**Assignment:** Narrative

It was 8:45 p.m. and my mom still was not ready to leave. Matt's flight would be landing at nine. I checked my recently cut hair and brand new outfit once more before we left for the airport. After what seemed like an eternity, we finally got into the car and headed toward the airport. Everything seemed more beautiful than it ever had before. The streetlights were like stars, while the cars were lights of hope on a never ending highway. I picked at my newly painted nails as I tried to concentrate on my breathing. I thought of everything I wanted to say to him—the first words we would speak in three months.

My sister wiggled with anticipation in the back seat. She was wearing her favorite pink shirt and the white skirt she spent all day selecting. She asked if Matt was skinny now—the same question she asked twenty minutes ago. I smiled, pleased by her excitement, and told her again, “Matt lost a lot of weight at boot camp and his head is shaved now, but he is still the same Matt he was when he left.” I looked down at the Chucks—the shoes he bought me on one of our many visits to the mall—and prayed there was truth in what I said.

On our way, it seemed like we caught every red light, and I played with my nails even more. My mind raced as I attempted again to find the right words to say when I saw him. Before I even realized, we were at the red light before the airport. I felt a jolt of panic and a cold chill of fear creep up my spine. With another squeal from my sister, we turned into the airport.

If getting to the airport was nerve-racking, finding a parking spot and the correct entrance was torture. My palms were sweaty, and I started to breathe a little faster and a little deeper. My

mom glanced at me from behind the wheel with a smile and rolled her eyes. “I’m sure he’s just as nervous as you are,” she said. I was getting bored with my nails and grabbed the seatbelt with another deep breath.

“It’s nine-five-five!” I heard from the back seat, as my sister announced the time. I looked back at her and found her wearing the sweetest smile; she clasped her hands together and swung her feet. She looked exactly like me—but, without the fear. I stared at the Chucks again before we got out of the car and wondered if he would notice them.

We headed toward terminal C to sit and wait. As I stared at the Chucks again, hoping he would be the same as the day he left, I felt my mom touch my arm. Passengers started greeting their families as they saw them. One after another, I studied them all, still wondering what to say to him. I took another deep breath as my stomach turned and jumped inside my body. I looked at my Chucks one last time, hoping for the answer. Then, he walked through the terminal.

**Mr. Armand’s Comments:** *Christen’s paper is a great example of narrative writing. She offers clear details that allow the reader to “see” what she is writing about. Christen’s choice to delay certain pieces of information keeps the reader’s attention and pulls them along smoothly through her touching and engaging story.*