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The Vernal Pool

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Miles Away

By Mark Soza

Silence. Turbulence. Meditation. Something a typical eight-year-old typically doesn't experience while flying thousands of feet high above the ground. The dreaded flight felt as if it would last a lifetime as the hours passed, and we still weren't there yet. I longed for a bite of food and felt extremely bored as I sat on the old, uncomfortable economy seat at the very back of the plane. I thought of what my future was going to be like. Moving into a new home, in a new country with new family and friends, was such a bewildering thought at first; I was shocked knowing that I was going to live amongst a different culture where people think very differently than those who live in the states.

My last experience in the states, however, was quite an annoying one. As I remembered hearing the airline reminders every five minutes, "Passengers from Flight 6133, you have x minutes to get to the terminal" around every 5 minutes. This was only part of the eagerness to leave to my new home as I examined the United terminal area in Salt Lake City where I distinctly remember observing all sorts of things. I smelled the vibrant aroma of black coffee, I heard the rustling of who-knows-what kind of snacks, and seen so much diversity in the room. I remember seeing a luxuriously dressed black couple, a middle eastern couple wearing outfits with distinct shades of various colors, and a Hispanic family wearing a simple attire with jeans and hoodies, conversing with my parents. As a mere child, I was shocked to see so many people act, speak, and dress differently than what I was accustomed to in my bland hometown. Quite frankly, I wanted more of it. It added a flair I never really had experienced before, especially seeing many cultures coming together for a simple reason, like travelling.

Regardless, I knew it'd be quite some time before I'd see such diversity and unity, even though, these complete strangers were like small bugs crawling through the terminal. Nevertheless, I was moving to a new home in Mexico, a safe haven where I knew I was to stay for an indefinite amount of time. The country gave me all the means to succeed. Although, I harshly struggled with the language, grimly coped with my family living alongside my uncle's family, and brutally worked to make new friends being the new kid in the class and on the block - it was miles away from home.

