

My Summer Trip to the Amazon

“Alex, get up honey its time to go,” said father gently. Squinting and pulling my pink and orange comforter tightly aside my face, one eye and then the other slowly greeted the dim light creeping in from the window next to my bed. Dad looked like Indiana Jones dressed in his exploring clothes. He’s a journalist writing for “Today’s Passport”, a travel magazine, and we were scheduled to be leaving for yet another new adventure. As he patiently waited for me, I slowly withdrew my feet from under a warm, white furry ball known as my cat, Spikey. She lifted her head lazily for just a moment and then fell back to sleep. Sometimes I wish I was a Cat!

Dad went to the kitchen to make us a quick breakfast. I wish mom could come with us but she had a big fashion show to run, so this time it will be just Dad and me. While mom and Dad talked about the details of the trip and coordinated schedules in the kitchen, I jumped into the shower to get ready. It would be a week before I got another shower so I was not going to miss this luxury. I put my tan walking shorts on with my new white T-shirt mom designed for me and then quickly tied my hair into a pony-tail. Dad always said I had the beauty of my mother but practicality of my Dad. I liked the thought of that.



After we kissed mom good-by we set off in a 1980 white Landrover. My Dad takes to this car like as if it was a person. I guess that is why it is still running as well as it does. We drove to a small private airstrip where the red and white twin engine airplane that Dad chartered waited for our arrival. It was already getting warm out and the sun so bright that I had to put on my dark sun glasses to keep from squinting. "Alex! Can you grab the map out of the glove compartment?" Yelled Dad from across the road where he was assisting the pilot load our bags and his camera equipment. "Sure!" I yelled back as I opened the passenger door of Dad's car. As I grabbed the map out of the glove compartment I saw something sticking out from under the seat. It was my travel diary...I almost left it behind! Good thing Dad had me get his map!

I love the sound of airplanes! Dad strapped me into my seat and then plopped into the co-pilot's seat, grabbing the flight plans that he otherwise would have sat on. He sounded so official as read the checklist to the pilot. I watch them flip switches and check gages for at least 20 minutes before we started our taxi to the runway. The airport was old which made the slow taxi feel like one of Dad's off-road adventures we so often did on the weekends. My heart quickened as the engines roared, I've done this so many times but yet every time it feels like the first. We headed down the runway like a rocket and then the pilot pulled back on the stick and the nose of the plane lifted upward. Soon I could only see clouds out the cockpit windows. Wow! What a rush! I

cheered. Dad smiled and winked at me as he confirmed instructions from the air control tower below.

To be continued...