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12th Grade

Transformation Out of Dreams and Into Reality

I jerked awake. Shaking the grogginess from my brain, I began to adjust my eyes to the scene around me. I was in the passenger compartment of a small airplane. I was sprawled on the bench seat in the back. The seats on the right side were taken up by my family. The room was spacious, having no seats in the center or left side. Hitting turbulence, the plane wavered, shaking me forward and back slamming my head into the wall behind me with a shot of instant pain. The groan of machines began to consume the airplane and could be heard and felt all around me. My feet shook as if I was sitting on the stomach of a hungry monster. The left side of the plane began to retract, and the blue sky began to creep into the compartment.

My family stood from their seats and walked to the now gaping hole in the side of the plane. They peered out to the view around them as if it was normal for the plane's wall to just disappear. I hesitantly followed and stood next to them. Suddenly, the plane hit another wave of turbulence. My feet were kicked out from underneath me, and I fell out of the opening. At the last minute, I reached up and clutched at the side of the plane. My knuckles were turning white. Trying to secure myself, my fingertips were aching as they dug and grasped at the metal of the plane. The wind, loud and powerful, whistled through my ears and tore at my skin, demanding me to let go and fall to my doom. I searched my thoughts for a way to get out of this situation, but I found myself destitute of ideas. Just before my hand let go, my dad dropped to the floor. He

grabbed my arm and began to pull. Muscles straining and veins popping, he brought me back to solid ground. Solid airplane ground.

Mind racing, I sat at a distance from the opening and gazed at the beautiful expanse before me. Even though I was hundreds of feet in the air, the plane was winding and dodging around tall plants of corn. The place I remembered living had corn plants that reached around eight feet but never hundreds. The cobs growing from the top of the plants seemed to kiss the sun in the distance.

The plane started to gradually descend and then began to fall as if it was crashing. My family and I ran to the cockpit to find the pilot out cold, his face slumped against the control panel. The window to the left of the pilot was broken by a bird that had crashed through it and knocked the pilot out. Every red light on the controls was flashing and warning alarms were piercing our ears. We pulled the pilots head back and began slapping at his face to wake him. He began to gain a small amount of consciousness. When he realized the situation, he became more alert and searched for a nearby spot that would serve a good crash landing. Everyone buckled and scared, the plane collided with the ground near a small village in the middle of the corn farm.

We climbed out of the plane. I could smell grain and fresh air which masked the less dominant smell of the burning plane, and we were instantly met with villagers. They were draped in large fur coats and decorated with flamboyant headdresses. As they walked toward us, they were separated into groups each with a different color of headdress. The separation of the sections was a rainbow before my eyes. One person, a weak and withered man, stepped forward. His importance was evident, for no other headdress was the same color as the one he wore. He staggered toward my family and introduced himself as the chief of the corn village. Before

asking us about the plane crash or even who we were, he waved to the corn plants towering over us and extolled their beauty and power. He told us of their history, and how they guided their ancestors to the location where they built their current village. His voice rose with the excitement of such magnificent corn and his smiling visage seemed to shine with pride. When he finally paused, I began to tell him about our experience but was instantly cut off. It was a village custom that before any visitor could speak to the residents of the village or receive help from them the consumption of corn was obligatory. A large man covered in tattoos stomped towards us. He handed each of us a kernel from the wheelbarrow behind him. One kernel of corn was a foot tall and took both of my hands to hold. Every villager was looking at us with expectant stares. I looked at the kernel, brought it to my mouth, and was the first to bite into the shiny shell of the oversized object. It crunched under my teeth, and as I chewed the bite, the insides of the kernel spread to my taste buds. The sweetness was different than I had ever tasted. It was like every piece of candy in the universe had been mashed together and put into corn shape. Bewildered, I began to praise them for their unique wonder when a pounding alarm started going off that only I seemed to be hearing.

I jerked awake. Shaking the grogginess from my brain, I began to adjust my eyes to the scene around me. I was instantly transformed from my wildest imaginations to my bedroom.