

The Long Journey

It was a dark and stormy night. The birds crowing. Nope! It was a bright and sunny day in Salt Lake City. I was about to aboard the airplane to go see my Uncle in Canada. I didn't have a lot of money at the time so was on the third class plane. When I saw the plane I second guessed getting on. The plane was ugly. The wing looked like they were going to split and the window were almost cracked. When I finally got on I sat down in a rusty, old, and ripped up seat. The pilot said "Thank you for boarding the plane in time." And the plane started off. 5 hours later. "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!" I was screaming as the plane landed. I was happy that I had survived when all went black.

I woke up to the blinding lights of the Emergency room. Nothing looked familiar. It turns out that I had passed out for two days. Good luck finding my uncle now I thought. I knew where he lived but since I got knocked out the card that I had with his address on it was missing. someone came in with a card that said 642 Henson Way. I said "You are the best person in the world for showing me that, now go home." Given the person that I am and the family that I live in, my natural instinct is to yell. I guess I chirped at him too much so he left, and took the card with him.

I left the hospital the day after that in search of my uncle. The first street I went down was Pinewood Blvd. It didn't look promising. Knowing my uncle I thought he would never live in one of these houses. I walked around the

neighborhood and there were townhomes and I knew my uncle lived on a farm. I crossed a highway and ended up on a dirt road. I walked up the road. In a couple meters I saw a small cottage. I walked up the steps. I held onto the wobbly railing when it fell. I was a little creeped out by the house so I crept away and that's when suddenly I heard this voice in my body saying try the house, try it, try it. I worked up enough courage to ring the doorbell. An old guy with a beard and a walking stick came out. He said, "Come in! Come in! I'll make you some tea and we can chat. I usually don't get many visitors." I carefully stepped in and the floor creaked as I stepped in farther.

I ended up picking a not to big chair that looked comfy. Then the old man said, "Get off! That's my chair!" "Okay, okay," I said. There were no other chairs so I ended up sitting on the floor. I said, "What's going on in your life?" to the old man. He said, "Well, there's not much going on but farming. Oh, and there's also dinner. I'm starvin'. What do you want? I have bread, meat, rigatoni, apples, oranges, cheese, and pizza." "I'll take the pizza and maybe an orange too," I said. We went in the kitchen. I tried to ask if he needed help but he turned me down. I sat down in a rickety old chair. When SNAP! The chair broke and I went tumbling down. "Oww!" I screamed. I had fallen on my leg and it bent the wrong way. "Don't panic" the old man said. Panic! That's exactly what I am doing. Calm yourself down, calm yourself down I thought to myself.

The old man was examining me. He poked and prodded then exclaimed, "You have a broken leg. I am a doctor and I have extra cast stuff so I will fix you up." "Thanks," I said with a sigh of relief. When I woke up I looked at my leg. It was nasty. Around the break there were purple bruises everywhere. The old man was going to cast my leg up today. The old man was already up and getting the casting stuff ready. "You ready son?" He asked. "I think so." "Then lets's get started" he said. "Ok. Is it going to hurt?" I asked. "Only in the first part of it," he said. "This is going to be a long morning I thought to myself.

I laid on the bed trying to think happy thoughts. The old man was about to realign my bone. I was sweating like a dog. I think the old man was trying to distract me when he was realigning my bone. He said, "even though you have a broken lage you can still help me with the farm. After all I am old and can't walk well. I can feed the animals while you can drive the tractor." "Ok" I said. "Yoww!" I said when he realigned the bone. The rest was fine, it didn't hurt.

After breakfast the next morning I went out on the field to work. It was a little weird but I got used to it over time. I drove around the field for a while, then came in for lunch, then went back out. When I came in for dinner the old man was sitting on the couch reading the paper. I asked, "Can I have dinner?" He said, "Yes." We sat down at the table with spaghetti in front of us. About half way though he asked, "Why did you come out here so far without your parents?" "Well, you see I am trying to find my uncle" I said. "But boy, I am your uncle" he

said proudly. My fork dropped, my mouth dropped open, my eyes widened. I just couldn't keep contained...