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1B

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**Wanderlust**

 The airport has a tendency to awaken some sort of excitement inside me—a feeling that feels like good apprehension. Even though I’ve never been farther than the baggage claim area those times when I go to pick up family members, I feel like the airport brings me adventure. It is, after all, the closest I can get—the simple proximity to all those people who, for all I know, could be going on the *real* adventure that I so long for.

 There is so much interestingness around such a place. I like to watch all the people as they come and go: I can wonder where they are from, where they are going, what they are doing. I like to look at the screens flip through the arrivals and departures (7:55 to Billings. 9:05 from Heathrow London.). It can be just as interesting is to watch the bags go through the baggage claim—I’ve seen some pretty cool ones. It is all just so fascinating to my mind. Even with all this entertainment, I wonder about beyond where I have been able to go. I wonder what it is like to go through the lines and go to the gate. To get on an airplane and fly to some place that I’ve never been (or even a place I’ve visited before). I always imagine that it must be a thrilling thing to experience. I want to know what it is like—it’s my wanderlust.

 A more recent phenomenon which came with the deepening of this desire, every once in a while I will find that driving will bring out that same excitement. I’ll be riding along in the car, going to or from Provo or Kamas or some other perfectly ordinary place when it hits me. I don’t want to get to my destination. I want to keep going, and keep going, and just keep going until I find something interesting.

 Maybe I’ll want to keep going west or south, so I can get to Nevada or New Mexico or Arizona, so I can discover just what it is about that sort of barren desert that makes them seem so legendary. Maybe one of those deep red or purple or yellow sunsets, or the arms and prickles of one of those classic cacti. But next time, next week, perhaps, I’m going to remember that I really don’t like heat, so I’ll want to go north somewhere, somewhere with a nice forest, where if I go outside at night I can see the stars. The time after that, I’m going to remember that I want to see the sun go down over a flat landscape, so I’ll decide that east is the way to go. That is, after all, where the plains are. Vast stretches of flat… more or less. Another time I’ll decide that I want to see the ocean again, so I can wade into the incoming tide and then, later feel my jeans stiffening with salt. So I can smell that fishy aroma. But usually it won’t matter where I’m headed, as long as I am going. I’ll probably just take some hints from the freeway signs.