

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AVIATION EXPLORER AMELIA EARHART

1st June, 1937

~Somewhere over the Pacific Ocean

Dear Diary,

As I lie in bed wide awake I contemplate on what I am about to do. Usually the thought that keeps floating back into my head is *'Can I do this?'* The answer is always *'Yes of course I can,'* but however I can not be sure. It is the morning of this record-breaking event and I can't back down now. *'Come on Amelia,'* I argue with myself *'Let's go fly, to be free.'*

I shift the covers quietly, as not to wake George. I grab a pen and paper to write a letter to him, just in case I don't return from my expedition.

Dear George, I write, I am aware of the hazards that await before me. I want to do it because I want to do it. Women must try do do things as men have tried. If they fail their failure must be but a challenge to others.

Your love, Amelia.

I store the letter in his old, merino sweater and get ready to fly around the world.

I am both excited and sad. Excited for the journey ahead, but just as sad for what I have to leave behind. George walks up to me with a somber look clasped to his face. He hugs me and I hug him back. We both stay like that for what seems like a long time. Finally we let each other go, although we don't say a single word to each other his eyes give him away. They seem to repetitively say *'Just come back to me, please.'* I wave a final goodbye and jump into the cockpit of my plane.

A feeling has ignited inside me. A feeling that I only have when I am about to take off. Kicking the engine into gear, I only focus on what's ahead of me. Thrusting forwards on the runway, I start to pick up speed. *'Here we go!'* Lifting off the ground I WHOOP with joy. First take off is a success. Up in the air I feel alive, free and not the least bit lonely. I've got the clouds and the setting sun for company. As the sky starts to shadow, I watch the first batch of stars disperse across the sky. I become one with what surrounds me. The vast ocean stretching towards the fading horizon and the starlit sky, that makes me feel like I can be a part of something amazing.

I have now landed on a small island in the Pacific Ocean and have just been told they have radio contact. George said he would be waiting by the phone 24/7. I dial in his number and the phone clicks almost immediately. We chat for what seems like forever. If I write down what we had said I would have run out of ink by now. But the seven words we exchanged most were *'It will be alright in the end,'* or *'Just come back here safe and sound.'* Afterwards I couldn't stop thinking about George. What if I don't make it? What if he would never forgive himself? All of these what ifs are irritating me more and more.

I don't know what to feel. I feel like if I stop thinking about George then I'll forget why I want to finish. But there is a saying 'The best way to predict your future is to create it.' If I finish this last flight then I will continue to create my future.

Amelia Earhart