

Labor Day

I was running late to the airport. I had forgotten everything a person would need for travel. Most of all, I had forgotten my passport. I kept trying to call Nicole to tell her to meet me at Long Beach Airport with my passport, my luggage, my pillow, etc., but I couldn't get a hold of her. She was supposed to be here. The sun was setting. We were going to miss our plane.

Then I was traveling with the cast of It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia. Sweet D and I were best friends, naturally, but Charlie and I were very close as well. Mac and Dennis were in their own little world as usual and since I was friends with Dennis' sister, I was target for any insults sent her way. We stole pillows and bags because we didn't have our own. We made trouble for TSA agents. We realized we were at the wrong airport. We left the airport at the request of law enforcement.

We made a stop at my apartment. I lived in a building similar to an industrial type of place that would have been a level on Goldeneye rather than a home for a twenty-seven-year-old woman. I climbed endless stairs, almost falling many flights while trying to avoid repairs. I picked up the passport I knew didn't exist in real life along with the luggage I had never seen in real life. We booked it to LAX in order to make it to England.

The sun had completely set. LAX was a small, midnight-blue airport with architecturally innovative designs consisting of only three buildings. Bright, Ikea lighting was glowing from inside the pristine glass windows. I was unsure if we had made the flight in time. I was unsure if I would ever get to the United Kingdom. I woke up to yellow walls.