

Miss Sarah Marie Adamson  
Professeur Dr. Ryan Mcilvain, PhD  
Fiction Writing I, Dialogue Exercise  
mardi, 13 mars, 2018

### **At the Airport**

The Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta airport never disappoints with its concentration of people. The masses stream by, and individuality reduces to a blur. This fascination of people lures me in like a moth to light, and what people say when they are accompanied with an audience amuses me. A group of three pass me, two women and a man, all in their twenties. They're smiling and slashing their hands in the air as they speak.

"They don't care about me at all," the brown-haired girl says. She amplifies her voice wanting to be heard, and I can hear her above the crowd.

"I could die right now and he'd be like, 'Alright'," the blonde girl adds. The tall guy in the middle laughs at this, and the first girl side-eyes the second.

"Well, I need the suicide pamphlet." The brown girl is smiling, and her comment receives a roar of laughter from her companions. I scrunch my eyebrows together.

The three pass me, their eyes gloss me over in my loose-fitting jeans and faded-blue carry on. I sit down at gate B25, to the right of a woman with bright pink lipstick and cornrowed hair. I unzip my carry on to retrieve a water bottle and take a sip. I hear the people around me muttering to one another in harsh undertones.

"Is that right?" My neighbor with pink lips leans towards me and points to the screen behind the Delta desk. The screen reads: "Departure time: 06:00, Was 22:00." I check my phone time: 21:30. My mouth opens and closes like a fish as I look at the