

Appearances of Others

The plane lifted off the runway and into the air. The person next to Katon turns and quietly whispers in his ear, "I know I'm supposed to keep this a secret, but I absolutely must tell someone."

"What is it?" Katon asked.

"I've already had a couple of drinks, and it's only noon," the man began to chuckle as Katon rolled his eyes.

"Is that all you had to say?"

"Yeah, I mean might as well let you know before do something weird, eh?"

"You are a weird man, and that's my first impression. Don't you have anything better to do?" Katon sternly says at him.

"Don't judge a book by its cover," the man turned back to Katon and smiling sinisterly. "and besides, I'm bored."

"That has nothing to do with me, now can you please do me a favor and don't speak, I would rather not talk to a dirty drunk." Katon turned towards the window and stared at the ridges of clouds just a few feet away. Feeling his ears pop, he groaned. That was the one thing that annoyed him more than the stench next to him.

“It’s best to be a little tipsy so that won’t happen.” the man said before burping, “I also hate it when my ears pop or won’t pop.”

“I don’t drink,” Katon grumbled.

“Suit yourself. My name’s Rupert, yours?” Katon ignored him as he did not want to be amiable with this man, “Rupert”.

“Well what are you going to do once you get to Tahiti?” Rupert did not understand that Katon did not want to socialize with anyone who looked like gum on the sidewalk that has been trampled on one to many times.

“What do people usually do on an island resort? Now please leave me alone,” Katon says sternly. Katon noticed the two women sitting across from them staring at the belching man with disgust.

“That’s all good; you’re very sarcastic aren’t you...” Rupert replied waiting for him to say his name.

Katon sighed, “It’s Katon, now please leave me alone.” Katon said, now very agitated. Katon was raised with high standards, his father a respected judge and a neurologist mother. Katon lived a privileged life with the best education and now worked as one of the head lawyers in his father’s firm. Now, he finally gets a break to live a life he wanted for just the week or two and Rupert ruins the first day.

Rupert didn’t really care what Katon felt about him. He knew he was upsetting the little snob and enjoyed it. Rupert always felt that he would meet someone interesting on this trip, drunk or not. He actually thought that he was a good drunk. He didn’t fight or try to be flirtatious. Katon was being over dramatic, just like his wife. Rupert was going Tahiti just to get away from her. She kept hounding for a divorce. He was progressively becoming depressed and when he gets depressed he goes to the bottle for comfort.

Rupert knew he couldn’t have been more than twelve to fifteen years older than Katon. He thought Katon looked like he was a stickler by the way he was acting and

wouldn't hesitate to bluntly say it. Rupert, on the other hand, always changed his mind but wasn't afraid to be straightforward with what he wanted to say.

"Well Katon, I am also here for their resorts, without my wife. If you know what I mean." Rupert grinned.

"Honestly, I don't know and don't care to know for that matter. But since we're here for the same thing, silence is bliss." Katon said and sarcastically smiled before turning away again towards the window that framed millions of clouds shaped like caterpillars.

"Well, considering I don't know anyone from the French Polynesia, I thought maybe I could make friends with my lovely fellow flight passenger, but considering your attitude; if this plane goes down don't count on me helping you." Rupert was getting upset and reached for the headphones for the television movie playing on the hallway wall. Katon sighed not wanting to bicker with this fellow, so he just sat there pulled out a book from his carry-on and began to read.

The plane was already three hours into the nine hour flight and both passengers were off thinking in their own little worlds when a flight attendant walked by with a cart.

"Drink sir?" she asked the two men. Rupert giddy at the thought of free beer asked for one, while Katon who didn't even give the woman a glance, nonchalantly asked for water.

"Okay," She smiled and brushed off Katon's coldness.

"Don't worry about him, I, on the other hand, have been sitting here the whole time and he still hasn't even acknowledged me as a human being." Rupert smiled at the woman and she passed him his bottle and reached over for to give Katon his water.

"Don't you think you had enough?" Rupert had just taken a swig when Katon snorted at him and said, "I mean, it's still day light it is not appropriate for man of your age to be intoxicated out in the open. Think about what people will say, don't you care about your image at all?"

“Katon, you might not realize this, but I don’t care what others think of me.”

“Well maybe you should, do you really want people to stare at you in disgust?” Katon was eyeing Rupert with pure curiosity, of why someone would act like Rupert does.

“No, I don’t care. You shouldn’t either; the world would be such a better place if people didn’t care of what others thought of them. Cause really, who cares?” He slurred the ending.

“I really cannot wait to get off this plane,” Katon sighs, tired of trying to understand this man.