

## Journey to the Galapagos

By Helena Trifillis

At the back of the speed boat, bombarded with sea spray and the omnipresent smell of burning oil. There's a tinted screen on the windows causing blue sky to appear electric purple. I feel like I'm trapped inside the cover of one of those Animorphs books, where a kid morphs into a giant lizard or something. Maybe we'll all morph into lizards in some aberrant evolutionary twist.

I close my eyes and throw my head back, my hair snapping in the wind.

A sun ray slides across my face and sea mist fizzes on my cheeks.

Briefly, I'm an angel.

I feel suspended midair. I'm hovering above the whole scene, finding a moment of peace separate from the whirring engines a foot behind my head. Separate from my body that is sandwiched between two men. Separate from my urge to assert my leg space before they capitalize on it. I can already feel the one to my right shifting his left leg closer to mine. I will not cross my legs nor shrink myself. If they encroach, I'll encroach back.

Inside me lives two wolves, war and peace. I savor the moments when I allow peace to triumph. The man to my right senses my squirming and he crosses his legs.

One small victory for womankind.