

My faith of flight

It was a nice warm sunset and all my friends were awake. I had just woken up from an exciting dream about today, the day that I'd learn to fly. All my friends were at training so I was joined by my brother. He was waiting with our mother outside on a nice, stable chunk of wood that lied lazily by the old wagon.

My brother had been waiting his whole life for this day to come. He had thought that he was ready. I can say that he is pretty confident when it comes to trying new things. He's like a superhero: he's fearless, always giving things a go, and he won't stop until he had completed his goal.

While we were at training I had felt scared, pressured, frightened and excited all at the same time. My heart was pounding so fast and loud I couldn't hear myself breathing. At that moment I had just felt myself leap off that stable chunk of wood.

It took me a couple of goes to learn how to fly. Not everyone can do it on their first go; not even my brother, and he'd been training all night. Maybe flying ain't all about training.

I was the different one out of all of us, but that didn't stop me from being me. All I needed to do now was spread my wings. This was like my final act. A shot of adrenaline shot through my body and it was the encouragement that boosted me up. Then the moment of truth had happened, all I remember was me just hesitating while I was in the air. I was like an angel with my wings spread out.

I started to flap my wings super fast then suddenly, I was in the air and I was really flying, I felt free from everything like I had lost myself. Everything troubling me disappeared and I was able to zoom through any obstacles that I had come face to face with when I was soaring through the sky.

I turned my head smirking at my brother and then, I had a head on collision with a tree. "What happened?" I groaned. "Shhh, rest." my mother whispered in a soft voice. My vision went hazy and then a blanket of darkness covered my eyes.