

Thunder-Dome

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I wrote this to submit it to a contest. Unfortunately The contest required Euro payments for submissions, that of which I can't fulfill. It was a 300 word limit.

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My Uncle always expressed how important it is to believe. For the longest time I remained puzzled by a world of widgets, warfare, and blatant reality. I could not seem to grasp this mysterious understanding that led him to achieve everything he aspired towards. There was a large period of time in my life where I would sleep in a dreamless facade. I was working solely with reality (a large palm blocking my view beyond the horizon.) I had reached the top of the palm and rested my bottom on itâs ledge with my legs bent over the backside of the hand. When I reached this point I could see it. Thunder-dome in all itâs glory.

All I ever desired, speculated, and feared waited for me at the end of this translucent gap. My problem was I couldnât see a path. There was no lucid way of continuing. I began to dream. My dreams ran in a loop. They were wondrous dreams, always ending with me jumping off something tall, waking up before attaining my fate. My head would often veer to the right or left, looking down at the stable fate I once had. I found myself tipping over the back edge of the palm and saved myself by jumping forward into the abyss. my jaw dropped in awe as I realized I wasnât falling. I was flying.

I have overcome the illusion of reality created by fear. The palm has been forgotten entirely. The Thunder-dome is in hiding now, but I know it exists. Rather than cower beneath them, I seek out my demons to conquer. All I need to do now is keep flying. I have learned to believe. The next step doesnât have to exist anymore, I just take it.

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