

Flying Sky

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the truth of your imagination going to far.



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the light seemed to dance around the room as Scarlet looked with wonder at the night sky. The air seemed to whistle a soothing tone as she felt as if she were gliding down the road. That very road newly paved with a thick layer of snow that seemed to surround her feet with every step she took. The days had seemed to pass before this moment almost with an mischievous feel about them. The woods even now as they guarded the small dirt road seemed to wrap themselves around taking away her breath. The path soon began to twist, and with every new twist the anxious feeling grew from within her. Almost as if she were searching for something, and could hear its ever beckoning call. This feeling grew within her till finally saw the last turn. As she inched towards the turn in the path she felt chills up her back and shut her eyes as hard as she could. Not knowing what might lay ahead she took a brave step forward in to the unknown.

The feeling of excitement slowly left her body, as she heard no strange noise nor felt a touch from an unfamiliar hand. She gently open her eyes only to find a note that seemed to whip in the wind only held down by a small stone. She slowly moved towards the note, and with each step she became even more disappointed. Not by what lay in front of her, but by how she had felt and the embarrassment that washed over her face. As she reached the note she did not touch it but read it out loud as . . .

There once was a bird who could not fly,

yet it tried,

as it tried it died,

maybe it was never meant to fly,

to protect it from its self.

she said nothing did not even move, as she stared at the sky and cried.

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