

## The Escape

“Coming down is the hardest thing.”

—Tom Petty

They were coming to get me. I couldn't see them, but I knew they were there, lurking in the shadows.

I was standing in a clearing, the tall trees and thick undergrowth surrounding me on all sides. I began flapping my arms up and down and felt myself rise a few inches from the ground.

I flapped harder and rose a few more inches. It was all happening too slowly! At this rate I knew I would never be able to escape. I could hear them rustling in the bushes, cocking their rifles.

I pushed my arms down harder and gained a few more feet. Again and again I thrust my arms downwards. I moved my legs in a scissors kick and slowly began swimming upwards towards the sky.

I looked down. The earth was far below me now. I could see the clearing just beneath me. The forest stretched endlessly around me from horizon to horizon.

They must be at the edge of the clearing now, but I could not see them. I heard the crack of their rifles and felt the hum of the bullets as they passed by my head.

I knew I could not stay there. With a mighty heave, I turned my body and began flying away from them. The bullets followed my every move. Where would I go? Where could I hide?

I soared far over the treetops, deeper and deeper into the forest. The sound of their rifles grew more distant. The bullets no longer whizzed past my ear.

The forest was boundless. But wherever I landed I knew they would find me. Descent was impossible. Would I fly above the earth forever, never to return?