

## Wind

You stare at the people below you. Like tiny ants, they scream for you to come down. You smile and wave at them below. The bright lights of the fire trucks and the police cars dance brightly below you. You sit down on the ledge and admire the view. You've never seen something as beautiful as this. The groups of people scattered in between dozens of lights. As you stare entranced at the scene below, the door behind you bursts open. A fireman steps onto the roof. His bright orange and red suit hurts your eyes. You like the colors better on the ground than in front of you. You cock your head to the side and give him a confused look as he slowly makes his way towards you, his hand stretched out towards you. He tells you to stay where you are. To not move a muscle. He says that he doesn't want you to hurt yourself. You roll your eyes at him almost mockingly, but follow his orders anyway. He takes a few cautious steps before stopping. He does this a few more times before coming to a complete stop in front of you.

"Come," he says laying his hand on your shoulder. "I'll help you."

You shrug the offending arm off of your shoulder and turn to him with a glare. He quickly steps back with his hands raised.

"Okay. Okay. Calm down."

You roll your eyes and make your way back over to the ledge. The bright lights seem to be calling your name, and you lean over the edge. You can feel the fireman's piercing eyes on you, the bright blue of his eyes facing the black leather of your jacket.

"Hey. Wait just a moment please."

You turn towards him once again, and stare into his pleading eyes.

“What?” you ask.

He pauses for a moment as if he didn't think you would speak.

“Um. Tell me about yourself.”

“Excuse me?”

“Tell me about yourself. What's your name? What do you like to do? What are your interests?”

“You do realize that your last question is redundant, right?”

“What?”

“You said *what do you like to do?* and *what are your interests?* Those two sentences mean the same thing.”

“Oh. Um Okay.”

Sighing, you turn around and take a seat on the ledge letting your legs dangle off of the side of the building. The sharp intake of breath can be heard from behind you, and you can practically hear his heart rate pick up.

“You know what I've always wanted to do?” you ask facing the wind.

“N-No.”

“I've always wanted to fly. I want to feel the wind surround me. Let it carry me places I've never been before.”

“Have you ever been on a plane before?”

You turn to him with a disgusted look.

“I *hate* planes.”

“Why? It’s the same thing as flying.”

You chuckle at his response.

“My parents used to say that. They’d say *Oh honey. If you like flying so much, why don’t you just ride in an airplane?*”

You smile at him before turning back around. “You know flying in planes isn’t the same thing as flying like the birds do.”

“Yes it is.”

“No it isn’t. Flying in a plane is the equivalent to putting a bird in a small cage and telling them to fly. They’ll only get so far before the bars of the cage push them back. They’re confined to a small space. They’re trapped in an area until whoever is in charge lets them out. They can’t be free.”

“And that’s how you feel when you ride in planes?”

“Exactly.”

He’s quiet for a moment as he ponders over what you just said. You can see the gears turning in his head, as he processes everything. You close your eyes and let him have a moment to himself. After a few minutes, you hear the sound of someone sitting down next to you. Opening your eyes, you see him smiling at you. You smile and turn back towards the people below.

“I’ve always been jealous of birds,” you say. “They can fly whenever they want. Whenever life gets too hard, they can just pick themselves up and fly away. Whenever they’re mad at the world, they can just fly away. Spread their wings and let the wind carry them. It’s like they go on a new adventure every time they fly, never knowing their destination. I wish I could fly.”

“What do you think it’s like?” he asks.

“I think it’s the best feeling in the world. The wind flowing through your wings. The wind an ever constant whistle in your ears. The people below you would look like ants. You wouldn’t have to deal with anything. You wouldn’t have a care in the world.”

“If you were given the chance to fly, would you?” he asks.

“Of course.”

“Even if you had to leave everything behind you.”

“Of course. Would you?” you ask.

“I don’t know. I think I would be scared.”

“Everybody would be scared the first time. After a few times, however, you would come to love it.”

“You think so?”

“Yeah.”

You two sit in silence, imagining what it would be like to be a bird. You close your eyes and imagine the wind flowing through your hair. The wind whistling past you. You smile as you

hear the fireman stand up next to you. You look up at him and see him smiling with his eyes closed and his arms outstretched.

“Do you want to fly with me?” he asks not opening his eyes.

You stand up and mimic his moves. The ground looks even farther from this position. The people below look smaller than ants. The bright lights below look like little flashlights shining up at you. You’re taken out of your thoughts as the firemen grabs your hand smiling at you. Smiling, you push your head up enjoying the breeze. You can smell the wind around you.

“On the count of three, we fly.”

“Okay,” you say.

“One.”

“Two.”

“Three.”

You open your eyes and jump, ready for the wind to whistle.

It doesn’t. It howls.

