

Written by: Ava Burrington

**F**ive nights ago, I climbed to the top of the purple leaf maple tree in our yard. It was dark out then, the sun had just set. The stars were hard to see, I had to squint. I could see the big bright red roses my mama and I had planted just last summer. They were right next to the pebble garden that mama and I had made five summers ago. The green, blue, and yellow stones scattered on the ground. My favorite pebbles were the yellow ones, because they remind me of the stars. Sometimes I wonder if I could go there. Up. Into the dark sky full of glowing sparkly wishes. Sometimes I wonder if what they say is impossible really is. Mama always tells me that it's hard but nothing is impossible. I wonder if she's telling the truth. Is she just saying that so that I'm never afraid to dream or does she really mean it. The light swift breeze picked up and my long brown hair danced through the air. Sometimes I wonder if I could fly. Sometimes I lay awake in my bed once mama turns out the light. Sometimes I wonder if I could do whatever I want in this world. Just two nights ago I got my answer. I looked around me. I didn't want anyone to see me. I wanted this moment to be mine, not anyone else's. After I'd tell mama and Papa and they might believe me or they might not, If they don't I'll prove it to them, I'll show the whole world that anyone can be or do anything. When I grow up and have children of my own I'll tell them some day that nothing is impossible and then I'll tell them that I'm not just saying that, I'll show them that anything can be done! I leaped from the tree, I was going to do it, I was going to fly. I was doing the- Thud! I hit the ground hard. I wanted to cry. I'd failed. I was lucky I hadn't been hurt. I had a few scratches from the branches. I dusted off and went back inside.

The next night I said good night to mama and papa early. "Are you feeling okay, it's only five, pumpkin." My mama asked. I nodded and told her that I was fine and just tired. I snuck out my bedroom window and climbed the tree. It wasn't windy that night. I was scared. What if I fell again. No, I had to try. I have to try, I told myself. I gave myself a little pep talk and jumped. I

*looked out at the farming fields in front of our house and then down at the ground. I was only a few inches above it. I fell again. Then next night I wore my soccer knee pads and elbow pads and my bike helmet. I pulled on my sneakers that were too small- that way if I fell again it would be okay If I scratched them up.- And I climbed that tree. This time at the top I didn't pause to think about it, got scared and climbed back down. I jumped down. Well I thought I was going to jump down but I just jumped. This time I didn't fall. I flew, far and wide and gracefully over the town hall and the library. I think that one day I'll fly over to my friend's houses and spy on them. I can fly everywhere. As far as I want. I will see every nook and cranny, crevasse, hiding spot, and animal of the Methow Valley. As long as I'm back before sunrise, I can have not just my moment but my hours!*

*Now I fly over the farmland through the forests and over the yellow brick road every night.*