

A Flying Chair

When I was younger, I thought flying was the greatest super-power anyone could have. I thought anything that could fly was awesome. You'd be safe from all harm way up in the sky, or free to just hover above any danger while being able to look directly at it, or towards anything else. You could even taunt it and fly away. It was like being invincible, plus the bonuses of mobility, speed, and looking cool while doing so. A thing can do so much good when being allowed to fly. Birds look beautiful, taking in all sorts of colours when they migrate. Spaceships and airplanes take people to where they want to go, or at least they try to. Sometimes, not always, things crash, and you lose control. I found that a terrifying thing; hearing about plane crashes made me never want to go on another flight again. Of course, as I grew up, I learnt to suppress that fear, but when I was younger it was as very real part of my fears. That didn't count for the power of flying though. You weren't allowed to crash- you had total control, and so did any object that could. That was why it was such an amazing thing to watch that chair fly. It moved itself through the air so effortlessly; I was so transfixed on it that I hardly heard the yelling in the background or the confused scream. I just stood there on the spiralling stairwell, with planks that hovered above one another, connected only by two flimsy metal beams per magical-floating-wooden-stair, on my way down to the kitchen. *It must've been the wood that was magic.* The chair was made of a deep brown oak, unlike the light spruce stairs I stood on; *something to do with the colour and thickness must be part of why it's flying*, I might've thought, had I not seen that which made it fly. My dad's fingers seemed to reach for it, as though it slipped from those strong sturdy calloused hands. I knew them well. I knew sensitivity and strength. Those hands that would lift me up way above his shoulders and throw me into the sky only to catch me as I fell. The ones that turned the pages of books he'd read me every night. The ones that slammed doors... So, there I stood, watching this chair fly through the air at my mom. *It's too fast.* She didn't have time to try and catch it. She seemed afraid of it. So, she brought her arms up: a wooden shield against a cannon-fire. And all of a sudden, I heard the world again. The sounds left me shaking on floating stairs so that I clung to the metal in hopes of not falling from the deceiving planks. My mom gave a cry like something had broken; cracked, fractured, split and splintered deep inside of her. It felt like watching the strongest tree you could imagine fall all of a sudden. I realized the chair wasn't flying, but it had been forced to fly. It didn't want to. It shot through the air, and crashed against the person who adopted and gave it a home. It became a whittled instrument for damage, directed by hands which did not love it like she did. The illusioned passivity and grace of a chair was shattered the moment it took to the air. She's the one that sat with it at dinner time, she's the one that cushioned it and took care of it when things got messy and when children spilt food over it. When I clung and cried on it because I didn't

want to eat dinner that night, when my dad started getting to look like thunder clouds do. And it now crashed against her, breaking them both.

I could never get behind making things fly since. I recognized the forceful reality of flying, and how, in actuality, it would rip the flesh from your bones; leaving you bleak and bare, only to fall to the earth, and shatter. It's too surreal a thing to fly. It's too surreal to imagine flying things as beautiful these days. I miss the world before chairs could fly.