

The Urge to Fly

© 2008 Robert Finch

.....

The small dark coloured bird sat on the edge of the window at the end of the hall in the apartment building. R had been playing tag with his little friend, when he decided to try and catch the bird. He thought it was a Finch bird and he wanted to show it to his friend.

Jogging up to the bird, he reached over to grasp it, but the bird took off and flew a few steps away towards a ledge. Thinking he could still reach it, he leaned out the window, reached out towards it, lost his balance and promptly fell out the window.

His little friend had seen him standing at the end of the hall, seeing that he was out of steam, she decided to run up to him and tag him. She jumped out the window behind him, thinking he was trying to escape from being tagged.

.....

He awoke a couple of minutes later. He was lying face first in the mud. An automatic sprinkler had been watering the lawn so the turf was somewhat soft and had absorbed some of the impact. The force of the impact had shattered his face, broke both arms, both legs, and several ribs. He was in a bad way. Lying face down on the ground, he felt something tickling his back. It was the little dark coloured bird he had been trying to catch. For a moment he thought he was dead.

A sound off towards the side caught his attention. Someone was calling his name. It was his little friend asking if he would like to try it again. Dumbfounded he looked towards her and asked if she was all right. She said she was fine. He asked where she was from, and she replied "I'm from Switzerland". She then said she didn't realize it was so much fun to jump out of buildings, she said she was going to try jumping from the eight floor. He yelled 'don't do that' and tried to grab her leg as she trotted off for the next attempt. That was the last he ever saw of her.

.....

Groaning in pain at first, he got himself up and stood up. Looking at his reflection in a nearby window, he thought what a mess of himself. Then he noticed he was about an inch or so shorter, and thought that was funny. Being more than a little bit groggy, he forgot who he was exactly or why he was there. He started to wander around a bit. Someone who had seen him lying on the ground out of the corner of their eye came over to see if he was all right. Not remembering what had happened, he said he was fine and was just out playing.

.....

After wandering a bit more he came across a gravel parking lot. A beat-up old pickup truck zoomed past him and abruptly stopped in a parking space. Having stopped so suddenly, the truck backfired with a loud bang, and a huge plum of black oily smoke coated him. He was now covered in mud, blood and oil. Being irritated he yelled 'hey watch it xxx'.

A young man jumped out of the truck, exclaiming 'omg, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to run into you with my truck. I must have had too much to drink at the party last night. I'm xxxxx'. R assured him that he had not in fact run into me with his truck. Then being worried about being a small kid not knowing where he was, who he was, or what he was going to do, he just said 'I'm a midget, I'm really 16'. I was at the same party last night too, and got a bit wasted. Can you give me a lift down-town?"

.....

.....

He could only remember a handful of things. The number 'five' (he had been playing on the fifth floor). His first name began with the letter 'R'. He was fairly sure he had relatives in London, and the name 'Finch'.

.....