

Flying Penguin

By Max Wang

Age 11

I stood at the slippery edge of a massive iceberg. The biting breeze stirred the dark waters ominously. My friends kept telling me to jump, making me feel uneasy. I thought aloud, "Why am I doing this?"

Behind me, my friends spoke up. Laughing, they said, "We'll give you all of our fish if you jump off the iceberg."

I bit my lip as I considered this. Of course there was no way this could turn out well, but I really wanted those fish. After a beat of hesitation, I closed my eyes and plunged into the water.

The cold pierced me like knives. I sank down into the dark depths and hesitantly peeked one eye open. The ocean was as barren and bleak as the icy landscape above. I opened both eyes and spun around to see the large outline of some sea creature swimming towards me at an alarmingly fast rate. As it got closer, I could see the features of a massive killer whale come into focus. He opened his mouth to reveal rows of jagged, glinting teeth. I froze in terror.

However, right as the killer whale was about to rip me apart, I felt the odd sensation of floating. Unexpectedly, I was flying. As I soared above my friends, I laughed delightedly at their shocked expressions. As I rose higher, I pushed clouds out of my way to make my way back home to England. I slowly descended when I reached my destination. When I got to the front door, I discovered a basket of fish resting in front of my door. Eagerly, I brought the fish into my kitchen and made a huge meal for myself. But before I had the chance to enjoy any of my fish, I woke up to the sound of my alarm blaring.