

Fearful: Wendy Spragge

Beaches are packed. Bodies everywhere. Crowds listen and watch in anticipation, the boom, the crack, the first thrust of metal power against the shining blue sky. The flash of sun on steel, the excitement of danger expected, unknowingly requested.

Kids play building their sandcastles, oblivious to parents with their gaze on blue skies, waiting to be clouded by a haze of white smoke, welcoming the break in the clarity of the blue.

The air show in full swing.

Fear hovers over me as I scan the skies. The noise, the speed, the tight formations in close proximity, the tempting of daredevils overtakes me and sends shivers up and down my spine. My friends unaware. Wings almost touching. Not for me my beauties, tempting the odds.

No fear welcomed in my being. I'm happy to wonder and be amazed at birds that do the most amazing flights, dives, skims and formations and instil joy without a sense of fear.