

## Chapter 1 -- Learning to Fly

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Bobby pulled the covers back over his mop top head of hair and turned his flashlight back on so that he could read his comic book. He wasn't ready to go to sleep yet and he liked reading his comic book which featured Phillip the flying boy but he was worried that his dad would catch him. He tried to be as quiet as possible. His dad was a big bruising bald headed six-foot, eight-inch former boxer and he didn't like Bobby reading comic books. His dad had a rough personality and could be very belligerent when he spoke to people. He told Bobby often that because he read comic books all the time that he'd never amount to anything. Bobby loved his dad but he believed that his dad was wrong and that he was destined for greatness.

Bobby laughed out loud at the comic book he was looking at. One scene really struck him as funny. It showed the main character, Philip Vanderwinkle sitting in a mud puddle after he had temporarily lost his ability to fly. Peter had taught himself to fly short distances and he'd finally managed to fly for ten feet. It wasn't much but it was a start and Phillip said that with more practice he could go farther. *The mud puddle showed just one of the things that can go wrong when you're learning to fly,* Bobby thought and chuckled again. A few minutes later, the covers were yanked off of him and a very angry dad by the name of Frank McDane said, "What the hell are you doing? I've told you not to read that crap." His dad was obviously angry with him and glared at him. Bobby felt lower than a possum on its belly in a field of short grass.

"I'm sorry dad," he said and cringed. He was afraid his dad would beat him like he had many times before. His dad could be brutal and was just the opposite as his mom. His dad did all of the disciplining whereas his mom was small and dainty, had beautiful light-brown hair that she wore in a princess style. Julie Ann McDane smiled a lot and was very intelligent and she did all of Bobby's home schooling. Bobby tried to be more like his mom but to have the toughness of his dad.

"Turn that damned light off and get to sleep before I whip your ass," his dad said loudly with authority "You don't act like an eight-year old boy, you act more like a two-year old. I hope that someday you'll grow up and act your age."

Bobby cringed and reached over and turned the lamp off. His dad growled and walked out into the hallway and listened to make sure that his son was doing as he asked. As Bobby drifted off to sleep, he whispered that he loved his dad.

His dad asked loudly with a mean voice, "What did you say?"

"Nothing," Bobby said sheepishly. "I was just saying my prayers."

"If you don't get to sleep, you'll need all the prayers you can get when I get through with you."

Bobby trembled and closed his eyes. He tossed and turned and dreamt about the comic book he'd been reading, especially about Phillips ability to fly.

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