

## 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 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 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.

"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 a fourteen-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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