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“My First Airplane”

Fidoic
India

I remember I was running out of my house, when I spotted a dragon-fly hovering over the strand of an artificial flower in the dining room. It was a new creature. The last time I had an experience with a flying insect was with a wasp and for next three days my right eye was swollen. My mother used a notebook nearby to kill it. And told me whenever I see it again, I should run away. I hate summers. It brings all these insects and mosquitoes in the house.

My brother, three years elder to me, came running after me a minute later. He was holding the fly in his hand. Its wings were fluttering so fast that they created a humming noise. He held it from its tail. He came near to me told me about this creature.

‘This is my airplane.’ He said. He put it in a glass jar and covered it with a card board.

Our next-door neighbor, Freddy Quinn, was the same age as my brother. He seldom came to our house as they had a bigger lawn than ours. Samuel used to go there every-day and they would play for hours. Summer Breaks! I hate them. In the whole neighborhood, nobody is my age. I have to watch TV and do homework and watch tv and do homework. When I tell Samuel to take me with him, he tells mom, and mom tells me NO!.

But when he told me ‘This is my airplane’ I knew he was going to do some experiments with this creature. And I wanted to see it. Freddy had a history of destroying things. You give him anything he can destroy it. You give him an already destroyed thing he will destroy it further. And Samuel was his accomplice.

I told him, ‘I will come with you.’

‘But we are not going anywhere’ he said.

‘To Freddy’s house’ I replied.

‘He is not here; they went to aunt Paula’s.’ He told me. Aunt Paula was Freddy’s maternal aunt.

It meant whatever he is going to do I am a part of it. I was happy.

He went inside and brought mom’s thread cone. It was a black, thin thread mom used to stitch buttons into our shirts. Next, he tore out a thin strand of grass and tied the thread to it. He told me to bring the jar. I did. He took it and handed me the grass-and-thread thing. He took out the

dragon-fly from it and with his nails plucked its tail, a thin strand came out of it. The dragon fly fluttered its wings harder. He took the grass and inserted it into its tail carefully and set it free.

It flew and Samuel had the thread roll until the fly was far and then he pulled it, bringing back the dragon fly with it.

‘See, it’s my airplane’ he told me. And handed me the thread. ‘hold it lightly and let it fly, then when you want you can pull it back slowly’ he instructed. ‘Freddy has three different colours,’ he said.

25 years later, Freddy and Samuel were convicted for killing at least 4 girls, and suspected for murder of another 3 girls.