

I Want to Learn to Fly



I WANT TO LEARN TO FLY
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I WANT TO LEARN
TO FLY

Enjoy

There may be a reason you have this book in your hands and have now read this sentence. You have created a choice for yourself. You can put the book down and get on with your life or you can read on and discover why you have chosen to select this particular book.

Whatever you choose, your life is about to change.

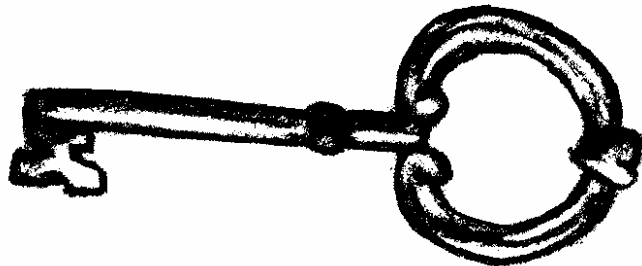
If you choose to put this book down your life will travel down a different path. You may often wonder about this book and what might have been if you had continued to read.

You may not. It's your choice.

This is not a magic book, unless you believe in magic.

It is not a map to success, but success is able to be found.

The main ingredient is you.



There once was a young girl who wanted to fly.



She had been dreaming about flying. Dreaming and experiencing that tremendous feeling of being free, able to do whatever she wanted to do, and to go wherever she wanted to go.

But she knew that her life was not exactly how she wanted it to be.

For many years the girl had thought she was happy.
But now she really knew that she was not.

Now she just wanted to learn to fly, and not just dream about flying.

She was worried that none of her friends and family would understand. She began to view the world as if she were adrift in a sea of cardboard cut-outs. She saw people following traditions that dictated right from wrong, real from unreal. Traditions that seemed to be completely against the notion of learning to fly.

And she really wanted to learn to fly.

The girl made a decision to leave what she was doing and search the world.

It was a dramatic decision and her family did nothing to hide their disapproval. The girl already had a good, honest life and everyone - her brother and sisters, her aunts and uncles, even her cousins twice removed thought she would be crazy to give up everything over some 'flight' of fancy. No. the family had made their decision and told her that she would stay.

So she left.



But she wasn't a stupid girl. She knew that flying must be a very difficult skill to learn, especially since she had not been born as a bird.

So she decided to search the world for a person who could teach her to fly.

She searched far longer than she thought she would, far longer than she thought she could, but deep within her burned a fire. As long as it took, as hard as it got, she could not go back home the way she was. She could not, would not, return to a world where she was only a misguided dreamer.

She wanted to learn to fly.

So she searched the world.

*A*fter a very long time the girl found herself about as far away from her own home as she could possibly be. This new world was full of sights, sounds and smells that were foreign to her, and yet at the same time they filled her with a sense of hope. She had no expectations here, and nobody seemed to expect anything from her.



It was here, in a little village, that she began to sense her journey was finally nearing an end. She wasn't even sure that it was a village, simply a collection of small farms that dotted the landscape in the surrounding hills. The road she had been following ended at a slightly larger cluster of dwellings that were situated around a large town square.

It wasn't anything in particular, just a feeling she had as she entered the small room she'd rented for her stay. Almost as if she sensed she had traveled far enough. That this place, so far removed from everything she knew, just had to be the home of someone gifted in what she needed to learn.

Yet, during her first few days the girl began to feel frustrated.

She had asked nearly everybody in the village if there was anyone who could teach her how to fly. People were always polite but they did not help her. They were preoccupied by their own jobs and families, and although at first everyone had seemed so different, she was soon surprised to find their lives were strikingly similar to the friends and families she had left behind

The only difference was that this was their world.

She was merely some "crazy visitor" just passing through and after a while she began to feel as though she may have overstayed her welcome in the village. People still smiled but their eyes quickly darted away.

The girl suspected the townspeople were not used to tolerating outsiders for any length of time.

She also suspected that telling everyone she wanted to learn to fly probably hadn't helped matters much.

But she really did want to learn to fly.

Surprisingly, in the end, it was the teacher who found her.

From the first moment they met she knew there was something very special about this teacher. She had been sitting in the town square watching the locals set up various displays of food and craft for the morning's trade when somebody suddenly spoke into her ear.

"I hear you are looking for the person who can help you most in your quest."

At first she was startled, yet at the same time the sound of the voice soothed her. In a peculiar way it reminded her of being read stories by her parents at bedtime, all those years ago when the world had seemed ripe with possibilities.

"I want to learn to fly," replied the girl. When no answer was forthcoming she added, "Can you please teach me?"

"I can only teach you that which you can learn."

She thought about this as together they watched the activity in the town square. She knew that she had to trust this teacher as it was likely that learning to fly could be very dangerous.

The girl knew that she had found the special person she was looking for. Somehow she just knew. But she found herself wondering why the people of the town had not told her about this teacher.

"The townspeople ignore me because they don't see what I do," the teacher's words seemed to melt into her.

"To see something as it truly is you must first understand it, and to understand it you must first believe. It is the absence of belief that prevents

most people from getting past stage one, but then I sense that you already know this."

The girl decided to stay longer in the village where she had found her teacher, who she decided to call 'the Master Instructor'.

She listened intently to the Master Instructors' words and quickly learned that it was indeed going to be difficult to learn to fly.

She so much wanted to be in the sky soaring to places out of reach for most people. Places and sights that she had only ever dreamed of; the feeling of the air rushing past her body as she soared to tremendous heights, with a view over the entire world.

But she had forgotten one thing. She first had to learn.

"BUT I WANT TO KNOW HOW TO FLY, NOT LEARN!!" she protested.

And the Master Instructor calmly took her and flew her to great heights. Higher than she'd ever dared to dream.

And then dropped her.

And she fell.



As she fell the girl could not understand what had gone wrong. She was supposed to be flying not hurtling to earth. Soon she could see that in front of

her was nothing but the ground, and her tiny flailing shadow rushing up to meet her.

There was no escape. She opened her mouth wide in horror knowing it would be a messy and painful end.

She thought about her home and that she had made a mistake to venture out in to the world.

She thought about her family and how she had failed them.

She thought about her friends and how they would all laugh when they learnt about her even thinking that she could fly.

The ground got closer, so close she could see the sunlight glinting off the jagged edges of rocks that would skewer her in just a few short instants.

She closed her eyes and screamed.



And then it happened. A hand seemed to reach out and catch her, just in time. When she felt brave enough to open her eyes again she was back standing on the ground.

"Do you still want to learn about flying?" the Master Instructor asked the girl.

"Y-y-yes," she stammered, still reeling from her fall. "M-more than anything in the whole world."

"Then you need to focus on the flying bit, not the falling."

The Master Instructor refused to give her any more flying lessons until the girl could prove that she would not fall again.

"- to focus on the flying bit, not the falling." She agonized over those words. They haunted her.



And she practised. Oh, the hours she spent making high leaps from fences and walls, head high, arms flapping expectantly. But, each time she was doomed to return to her room where she would let her sore ankles rest before her next attempt.

The villagers eyed her with restless suspicion. What could they make of a girl who kept clambering onto high ledges and leaping off, arms flailing, voice shrieking. Nevertheless, they tolerated her. But the girl sensed her status had evolved from the awkward outsider to the village idiot.

But more than ever, she still wanted to learn to fly.

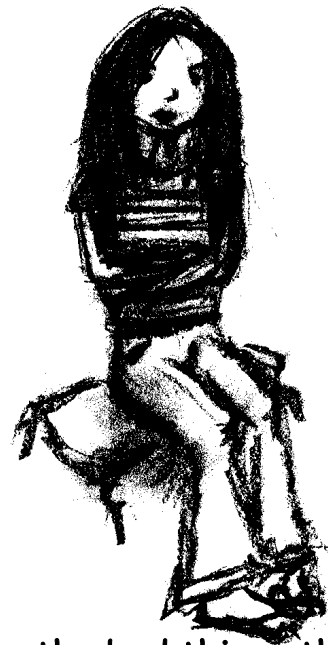
It was during one of her recovery interludes, lying in the dark of her little room, that the words of the Master Instructor came clearly to her mind

"to focus on the flying bit, not the falling."

"to focus on the flying bit, not the falling."

She thought about her life and remembered all the falls. She found that once she started down that path she soon became overwhelmed by feelings of frustration at lost chances, missed opportunities and broken dreams too numerous to mention. The falls...

The many falls.



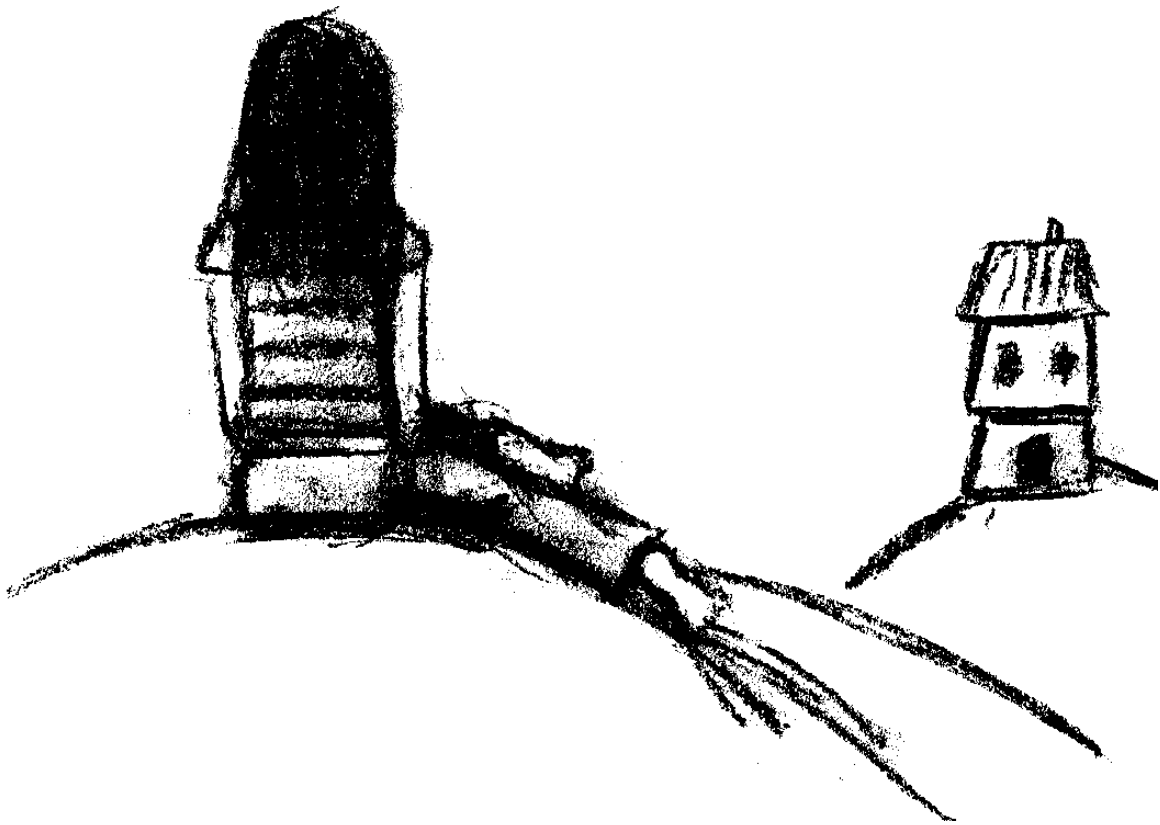
She thought about how easy it is to remember the bad things that have happened and how they blurred all the good things that must have happened in her life.

Suddenly a new thought struck her so forcibly her eyes sprang open, "Surely the first clue to learning to fly could not be as simple as looking for the positives in life?"

She knew it was hard to ignore the negative feelings when things went wrong. But she thought about what the Master Instructor had told her...

"Focus on the flying bit, not the falling."

The girl decided to give it a try immediately.



*J*ust outside the village she found a small hill with a view. It was a lovely spot of soft ground with a delightful view into the town square where the locals in the marketplace were conducting their various afternoon affairs. Behind them, dark grey storm clouds began their evening rumbles on the horizon. People began to panic about the approaching storm.

The girl closed her eyes and tried to focus her attention on all the good things in her life.

It wasn't easy.

Her mind kept drifting to her most recent failure of being tossed out of the sky, then progressively to all of her life's failings. It seemed as if dwelling on just one could open the floodgates and let her self doubts overwhelm her.

All the events of her past surged through her mind.

"No!" She fought to regain control, "This is what you always do! This is how you justify it!"

Suddenly, she was interrupted by the Master Instructor's question:

"Justify what?"

"That I already know I'm going to fail!" She answered sharply, before she'd even thought about what she was going to say, or at least how she was going to say it.

She'd never said those words out loud before. In fact, she realised that she had done a few things lately that she'd never done before.

She thought about where she was right now, what she was doing, what she was learning, and who she knew.

"I searched the world," she said softly to herself. "I wanted to fly so I searched the world, and I didn't stop searching till I found someone to teach me."



Suddenly, she closed her eyes and smiled. "That's kind of nice," she thought.

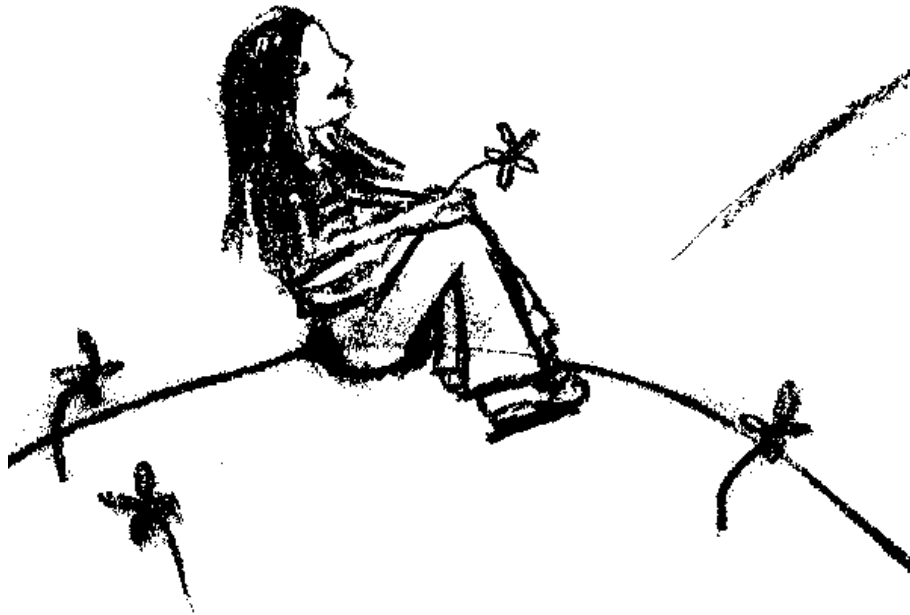
It lasted for only a moment. But within that moment seemed to stretch an eternity of potential.

The girl opened her eyes and gasped, amazed by how much the landscape had changed.

Where before she had seen only rolling green hills, now she watched in wonder as the sun made spectacular patterns of light as the trees shifted in the breeze.

Even the distant storm clouds had transformed themselves into something alive; something wonderful and essential for the lives of everybody living there.

The shapes of the clouds made pictures in her mind and she laughed as she saw donkeys and bears and mice and owls.



Falling was now the furthest thing from her mind.

Turning her attention back to the activity in the town square, the girl found that there were two distinct types of people. She could now see the difference between people who focused on the positive and people who dwelt on the negative.

How different they were! The body language, the smiles and laughter, the frowns!

The positive people seemed lucky. They smiled a lot, and seemed to group together. They laughed and enjoyed whatever happened in their life. They could even cope with what others would call tragedy. They would stand together and their bond would grow stronger. They learned quickly, and remembered what they learned. Most importantly, they remained open to possibilities that others would miss.

For the negative people, things seemed to always get worse. They seemed very unlucky.

She watched as a man grumbled over to a market stall and looked over the items displayed. Unhappy with what he saw, he barked angrily at the attendant before sauntering off to share his disdain with anyone who crossed his path. A second man approached the same stall and greeted its attendant with a smile. They began talking and after a while the man was led around the corner to a second stall where he found what he was looking for.

Both men shared the same problem, but they had reacted to it in very different ways, and with very different results.

She now knew that there was no such thing as luck.

"to focus on the flying bit, not the falling."

At last she understood the problem.

"The dilemma..." she mused "is that it's much easier to fall..."

With that final thought the magical moment vanished and the world returned to normal.

Once again she felt a twinge of embarrassment from her fall.

But she also remembered what it felt like, even if only for a short time, to be free.

That day the girl made a very important decision in her life. "If I am going to learn to fly I am going to have to be positive myself and be with positive people," she said aloud. "And I can learn from observing both positive and negative people."

The Master Instructor seemed to sense that she had completed her first lesson, and was waiting at her door when she returned.

"Very good," said the Master Instructor. "You have indeed begun to learn to fly, but what is the next important step?"

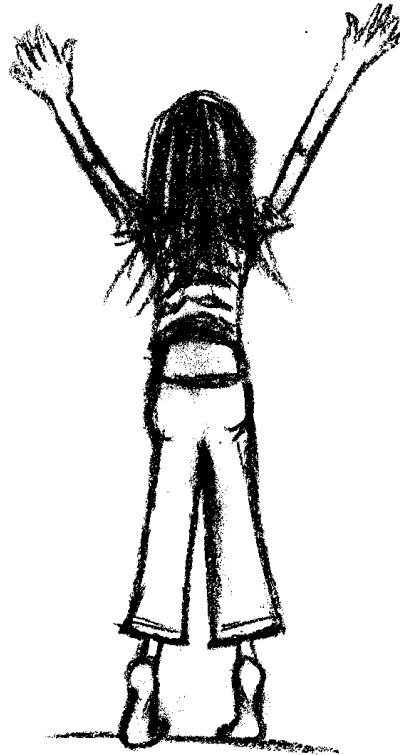
The girl thought more about learning to fly and it did make sense that you must first have a positive outlook. But she knew that to really fly you have to be above the ground. "I guess I will have to learn how to leave the ground," the girl said.

"Or perhaps learn how to get the ground to leave you," the Master Instructor added.

Her next lesson had begun.

The girl thought about what the Master Instructor had said.

"...get the ground to leave you," she repeated to herself over and over again, but it didn't seem to make any sense to her at all.



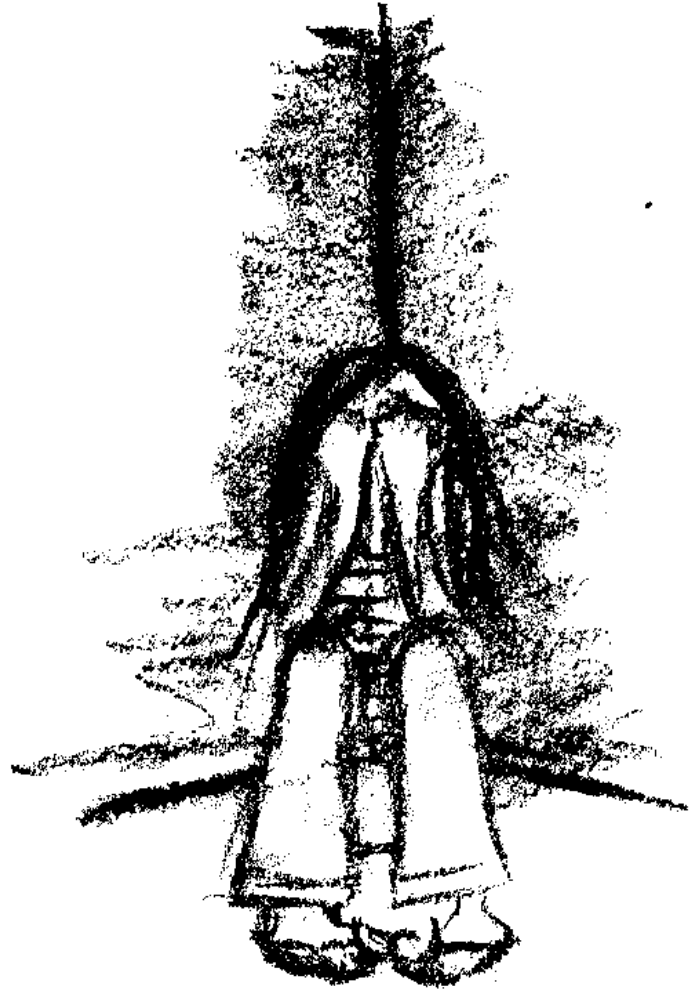
She remembered the Master Instructor's first clue about focusing on the flying bit. This had helped her learn and see the difference between positive and negative people and what a difference it can make. And if her training should end right now, and this was all that she would learn, she would be happy. At least she would return home with new knowledge that would really make a difference to her life.

But this girl was not yet ready to quit. She had come all this way to learn to fly.

Over the next few days she obsessed over the puzzling message:

"...how to get the ground to leave you."

The girl again became very frustrated. She experimented endlessly by thinking positively and flapping her arms and jumping about the place, until she became very tired and was still right where she started from. This was not a very encouraging process.



She cried. She felt horribly lonely. She was again beginning to think about giving up.

But she really wanted to learn to fly.

F Feeling frustrated and exhausted, the girl sat in the village square drifting in and out of sleep. After a time she could scarcely tell whether she was awake or dreaming.

Slowly she felt the things around her move away. This was a strange feeling and one that she had not had before. She was there, but not there, asleep, yet somehow still present, still conscious.

She felt that she was now outside the circle of her life looking in. As she focused she was amazed at the things she could see.

She noticed the more that she observed without participating, the more she could see. When she concentrated on one group at a time she began to see thoughts and pictures in her mind of things that she didn't understand. She saw a man smiling and laughing out loudly, but she could sense his pain. She had weird feelings that she knew were real but had no idea why she was getting them or where they were coming from.

But she let them happen anyway.

Soon she felt that all around her was moving away. She stayed still and watched. Soon she saw the market square, the shops and houses, the trees, even the people were now underneath her. From her new vantage point above she could see this landscape very clearly.

Oh the things she could see now as she tried not to lose her concentration on what was happening below her.

Then, a familiar voice interrupted her.

"I see that the ground has left you," the Master Instructor said.

"Oh yes!" the girl said excitedly, "But I thought this was a dream!"

"A dream is only a dream if that's all you desire of it," said the Master Instructor."

"I'm flying!"

"Not yet you're not," spoke the Master Instructor in that invariably calm manner. "You've found an impressively high point, yet there's no control, no command. At best this is a 'float'. Besides, you have no idea how you got up here."

But the girl was still busy surveying her surroundings. "I had no idea the view would be this good!"

"It is not the view that is important, but what you do."



The girl was hovering in the air but she was not flying. Still it was exciting to have the ground leave you so you could watch the people from above.

And the view was great.

"This must be as good as flying", she thought.

The girl was confused. She had certainly achieved something miraculous. She also felt good about what she had learnt about people and the way their perspective can so easily influence the world around them... and she did love the view. Maybe she would be happy if this was all there was to learn.

No.

"I have learnt a lot, but I have a feeling there still is a lot more to learn" she said to herself.

So, even though she was still floating in the air, the girl started to work on the latest puzzle that the Master Instructor had left her.

"It is not the view that is important, but what you do."

The girl stopped enjoying the view for a moment and focused on what was actually happening below her.

This was hard to do as the view was a *truly* wonderful view.

But the girl tried hard to focus and immediately realised that she could actually see and sense things that were happening that she would never have believed were possible.

Her mind became open to this new and wonderful experience.

*F*rom the ground it had always looked the same as it had always been, but from where she was now, motionless and high in the sky, it was very different.

By focusing on the individuals and the groups below her in the town square she could understand many more things about what the people were really like, what they were thinking, how they worked, what motivated them, and she could also sense and understand which direction they wanted to go.

The girl was not sure what this had to do with flying but recognised it could be very important information in life and if used wisely perhaps it could help her to better understand people.

"It is not the view that is important, but what you do."

The girl thought about how best to use this new information about people and realised that she would have to return to the people to be of any use.

"I am not sure how I can tell anyone about what I know and how I understand things better now," the girl said.

"If you are not sure then the solution has not yet come to you. This means you are sure what to do," the Master Instructor answered.

"You mean don't tell?" asked the girl.

"If you are not sure what to do then you are sure," the Master Instructor replied.

"If you are not sure what to do then you are sure."

The girl thought about this for a while and felt a sudden rush of happiness as she realised one of the mysteries of her life had been solved.

"If you are not sure about a decision or direction in life, simply do nothing and let the solution come to you, in its own time of course," the girl said with a smile.

The girl was still floating in the air above the village and began to wonder how she would get down.

She began to feel lightness inside. At first she did not know what was happening, but then she felt the air rushing past her from below.

Unlike her previous fall to earth she descended gracefully this time.

She was relaxed and allowing the ground to rise up and meet her.

Soon she realised that she was going to land in the town square, where she could still see many people walking to and fro.

She dreaded to think what her reputation might become in the town if she were to be seen floating down from the sky into the afternoon crowds.

She tried to change her direction but found she still had little control over anything other than *down*.



Desperately she tried swimming with her arms and legs, beating the air with her wrists, even blowing as hard as she could to try and change direction.

Then, with a light thud, she landed.

She closed her eyes tightly and waited for the first startled screams from the people around her, but they never came.



When she opened her eyes again she saw crowds of people going about their usual business without paying her the slightest attention.

"Welcome back to earth" said the Master Instructor, who was waiting near where she landed. "I see that you see that the people don't see. The more you see, understand and know, the faster a solution will come. If you stay limited by what you believe, then, like the people in this village, you will miss everything else."

She had thought this lesson was finally over, but the Master Instructor said one final thing:

"You will know when you know, but never forget who you are and where you have come from."

Back in her room, the girl thought about what the Master Instructor had said.

"You will know when you know. Now that seems to be the easy part". She said to herself as she felt that she already knew about knowing. "If I am not sure what to do then I *am* sure, so I will certainly know when I know and that is the difference between knowing and not knowing," the girl said and she laughed out loud.

Now she moved to what she saw as the harder part of the puzzle that the Master Instructor had left her with: "but never forget who you are and where you have come from."

The girl stopped smiling and concentrated on herself. At first she thought about herself and who she was. She had already discovered that she had spent a lot of her life worrying about others and what they wanted her to be. Over and over she said to herself, "never forget who you are". She tried really hard to focus on what the Master Instructor had said, "never forget who you are." She said it to herself over and over again. "Never forget who you are."

"forget who you are"

"who you *are*"

She suddenly realised something hugely significant. The Master Instructor had said to never forget who you "are", not who you *were*.

She smiled again. If she spent her whole life trying to become someone then she would have spent her whole life not being the person that she already was.

"never forget who you are," the girl smiled and realised that you cannot change who you really are any more than you can change what you had for breakfast yesterday. The Master Instructor was telling her to be herself and nobody else, to impress herself and nobody else and most importantly, know, believe in and love who she is.



"Never forget where you have come from," the girl focused again on the next part of what the Master Instructor had said.

The girl thought back to her journey so far, what she had seen, where she had been and what she had done. She saw the many people she had met. She saw family, friends, even people she once thought were friends. She saw teachers, strangers, she saw people she respected and she saw people she had feared. She remembered her triumphs and her mistakes. She saw the happy times and the sad times. She saw all of the places she had been. It seemed like an incredible journey but she seemed to always be searching for something, or perhaps someone.

She remembered the many decisions she had made along the way and how they each had played a part in choosing her path.

"Never forget where you have come from." The girl smiled and said, **"I come from this moment!"** Then the sudden revelation:

"AND I AM ME!"



The girl was sitting in her room with the Master Instructor. Words tumbled from her lips as she explained all that she had discovered so far.

"You have now found the person who can help you the most in your quest," said the Master Instructor.

Suddenly the girl found herself smiling as she realised she had spent so long searching for someone who was with her all of the time. She had finally found herself. She threw her head back and laughed. "What a discovery!" she said out loud.

"You certainly took the long way to get here," said the Master Instructor.

"I took the only way I knew," the girl replied wisely.

The Master Instructor seemed pleased as it was clear that there was more than a glimmer of hope that the girl could learn to fly after all.

"I still feel that I am going to need a lot of help," said the girl.

"Understanding the six lessons so far will go a long way to being all the help you should need. You can only control what you can control," the Master Instructor said, and then was gone.

"Six lessons!" shouted the girl to herself. "I was learning not counting."

Her adventure in the sky had come and gone far too quickly. Now she was bored at the very thought of having to summarise the things she felt she had already learned.

But she needed control. There was no doubt about that. Going up and down had its merits, but she had quickly tired of the sensation. It simply was not the feeling that she remembered back at the very beginning of all of this, in her dream - soaring through the air and feeling free as a bird.

The girl sighed and opened her special book that she kept to write her private thoughts in.

"Six lessons," she thought.

She remembered first about how she had to focus on flying and not falling. And this led her to understanding the power of being positive and being with positive people.

She picked up her pen and wrote in her special book:

LESSON ONE:

To be able to fly, you must first believe you can fly, and hang out with people who can also fly.

The girl tried to remember the second thing she had learned. She started to worry about whether she would remember all of the six lessons. Six seemed so many... had there really been six? How could she possibly remember all of them?

Then she remembered what she had learned from the first lesson, the power of belief.

"The dilemma," she recalled, "Is that it's so much easier to fall."

So she stopped her negative chain of thought and focused instead on what she had learned next. She recalled wildly flapping and getting nowhere and how when she relaxed she could focus on the people and events around her and it would all change. And how she saw the "ground leave her" and the fantastic view.

After a while the girl wrote in her special book:

LESSON TWO:

Concentrate on what is really happening around you and focus on people if you want a better view of the world.

The girl was feeling more hopeful now as she remembered what she had learnt so far and was recording what she knew to be wise words in her special book where they would not be lost.

Now what was the third lesson? Her brow crinkled. She remembered the fantastic view and how she had been so being mesmerized by it she had forgotten what she was there for. "That's it!" the girl cried out with joy. "It's not the view but what you do!" She remembered sensing and feeling things that she didn't think were possible. This made her feel very powerful. She learnt that if she ignored the view, the distractions around her, and instead focused on what she could see, then she had a new perception on life that would surely make a difference.

The girl wrote in her special book:

LESSON THREE:

Let the world move away from you and keep your focus on what is important even if there is a beautiful view trying to grab your attention.

The girl smiled as she didn't think that the third lesson was written as a lesson should be, but as it was in her special book, and it was the best reminder that she could think of, she decided that it was fine. The fourth lesson was easy. She remembered that if she were positive, concentrated on the people and what was happening around her, and did not become distracted as the world changes... she would be able to trust her instincts. "I would know when I know."

She wrote in her special book a conundrum that made perfect sense:

LESSON FOUR:

It is impossible not to know as you would know that you did not know and that would mean that you did know.

"I wish they were all that easy," the girl said to herself, as she scratched her head and thought. The Master Instructor had told her there were six lessons and she had quickly got to four. But the last two were hard to remember. She was worried that she had forgotten them and would never be able to fly. Just for something to do she wandered over to the mirror and looked at her reflection. Ha! The last two lessons were about her. She laughed when she remembered one of them was about never forgetting who you are. And she knew how easy it was to forget and promised herself that she would never again forget who she was. She remembered that you are who you are and that you could waste a whole lifetime trying to be someone different and trying to change something that can't be changed. She smiled and wrote in her special book in especially beautiful handwriting:

LESSON FIVE:

I am someone who knows who I am. I care about who I am and I respect who I am, and I will never forget it. I am who I am and I am proud of it.

She underlined the last sentence, remembering the second part of the message: "Never forget where you have come from." Memories about her past experiences flooded into her mind. But she knew where she was coming from and she had to write down the six lessons she had learnt before she could learn to fly. This was the toughest one of all as each time the girl tried to write something down she started to remember everything that had happened in her past. She had indeed learnt many things from many people both good and bad. Sometimes she would cry and sometimes she would laugh as she tried hard to focus on the sixth and final lesson and how she could put it simply so that she could remember it for ever.

Finally it came to her. She picked up her pen and wrote:

LESSON SIX:

Smiles and tears are the pathways that lead you to the best possible place, as they lead you to where you are now. I come from this moment.

At last the girl had finished. She wondered about how knowing and understanding the six lessons were going to help her to fly but she did trust the Master Instructor and thought about the last two messages that were given to her. She added them to her special book:

THE MISSING PIECES:

- You have now found the person that can help you the most in your quest.*
- You can only control what you can control.*



"I believe I have found the person that can help me the most," the girl said to herself and thought about how much she had learned since she had found the Master Instructor.

She quickly made an additional note in her special book:

I am the master of my own life and the person that is 100% responsible for how I react to all that happens around me.

Then she turned the page back to her last entry and read:

You can only control what you can control.

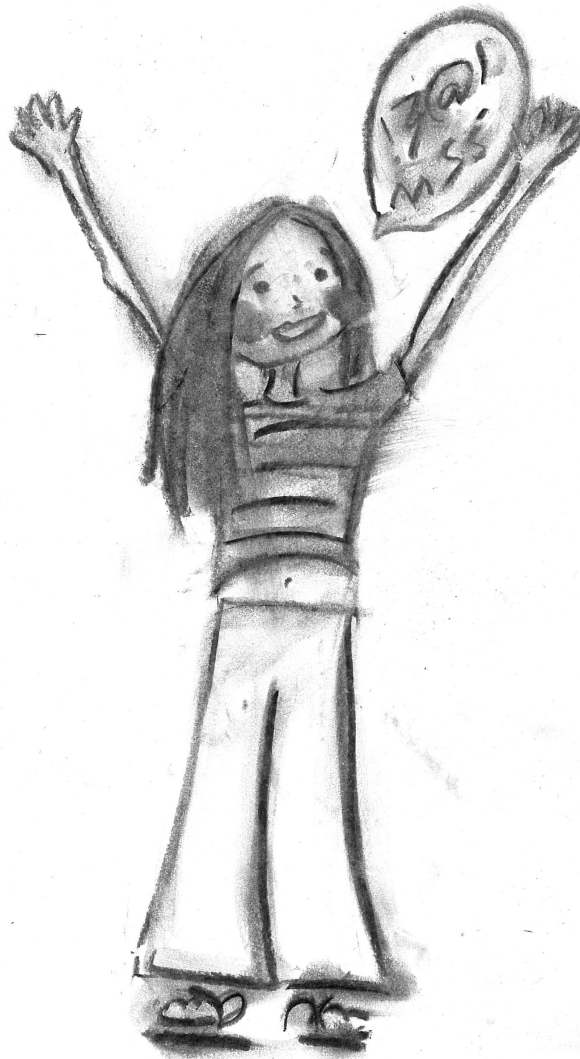
This certainly seemed a simple lesson, but the girl remembered all of the times she had fallen because others had not done what she had expected and how this often surprised her. She remembered other times when the weather had brought rain on special days and how this had made people angry and mad and - negative - and as a result what should have been a happy occasion would turn bad solely because of how people reacted to something that they could not control. The girl realised that she couldn't control other people, or things like the weather, so she sat and thought about this for a few minutes.

"We can control what we do and how we act so wherever possible we should enjoy all things," the girl said to herself as she wrote, *"especially those we cannot control."*

She also realised that her focus in life should be on what she could control and she finally came to the answer of the end of the puzzle, and she wrote in her book,

"it matters that I still have me and it matters what I do!" She called the words out loud and raced away to find the Master Instructor.

"I AM READY TO FLY!" the girl shouted.



The girl ran through the streets looking for the Master Instructor. On her way she noticed the many people around her that clearly didn't know what she now knew.

There were negative people hanging out with other negative people and of course everything around them was going wrong. She saw people in a brand new way and had a much better view of what was really going on. When she focused she could now sense a lot more and could also easily see the people who were true and could be trusted, but just as important she could sense and see which people were false and lived false lives. She now knew how to know when she knew and she liked that feeling. The girl felt unbelievably satisfied about her own self and her life and loved who she was and where she had got to.

But where was the Master Instructor?

The girl searched high and low and the Master Instructor could not be found.

"How am I going to learn to fly?" the girl cried out.

She eventually sat in her most comfortable chair in her room and focused on everything that had happened and how she might get the Master Instructor to return.

She remembered the days when she was confused about life and trusted everyone. She remembered not accepting her life and traveling long distances in search of what she knew must be out there somewhere.

She thought about her quest to fly so she could be free and be able to do whatever she wanted to, have a better view of the world and go to exciting places, and be happy.

Where was the Master Instructor?

She remembered first hearing the voice of the Master Instructor in her head and how comforting it had been. The Master Instructor had always given her wise advice.

She took out her special book and read all that she had written:

LESSON ONE:

To be able to fly, you must first believe you can fly and be with people who can fly.

LESSON TWO:

Concentrate on what is really happening around you and focus on people if you want a better view of the world.

LESSON THREE:

Let the world move away from you and keep your focus on what is important even if there is a beautiful view trying to grab your attention.

LESSON FOUR:

It is impossible not to know as you would know that you did not know and that would mean that you did know.

LESSON FIVE:

I am someone who knows who I am. I care about who I am and I respect who I am, and I will never forget it. I am who I am and I am proud of it.

LESSON SIX:

Smiles and tears are the pathways that lead you to the best possible place, as they lead you to where you are now. I come from this moment.

THE MISSING PIECES:

- *You have now found the person who can help you most in your quest.*
- *You can only control what you can control.*

My special notes:

We can control what we do and how we act, so wherever possible we should enjoy all things, especially those we cannot control.

It matters that I still have me and it matters what I do.



The girl cried as she realised the changes in her life. She wanted to thank the Master Instructor but she was now confused. She had spent so many nights puzzling over her Master Instructor's riddles. So much of what had happened now seemed mixed up with her dreams.

When she now closed her eyes she couldn't seem to get a clear image of her Master Instructor at all.

She wondered if she had she ever actually seen the Master Instructor.

"Don't be ridiculous, of course I have! It was..." but she stopped short. Come to think of it, she couldn't clearly remember a single time when they had stood face to face. Sure, she had followed the "Master Instructor's" voice, but it had always seemed just a little distant, like music you can hear playing in another room but you can never quite find the source.

She re-read her notes in her special book and two sentences stood out on the page in front of her:

You have now found the person who can help you most in your quest.

It matters that I still have me and it matters what I do.

She looked around and now wondered if there was a Master Instructor at all. She started to realise that all through her life she had always been on her own. No

matter where she was or what she was doing she could depend on only one person. She looked in her special book and read again the last entry.

It matters that I still have me and it matters what I do.

"But the Master Instructor seemed so real," the girl thought.

She looked around at the world again and saw all the misguided people and finally understood. "I am the Master Instructor," she said out loud.

And then a voice in her head replied, "And now it is time".

"Yes!" she smiled, "I have some serious flying to do."

And with that the girl stretched out her arms and flew.



My Special Notes:

My Special Notes:

ENJOY ALL THINGS