

## **I HAVE LEARNT TO FLY**

Mummy, dear mummy: I am looking forward to telling you. You know, maybe you won't believe it, but I coped with it. I succeeded, really. I have learnt to fly.

Just as you do every night, when you come to visit me while I sleep. Now it is ages since it happens - it's our little important secret. It's a life since every night I wait for you to come in my dreams, when my daily problems - together with many others from my imagination - begin to assault me and become heavy, unbearable, painful, amplified by my mind. Then I begin to inspect upwards in the hope to see your reassuring and smiling face, and every time this hope becomes true. Here you are, coming light, you come nearby me, take my hand, caress my hair and comfort me.

*"Which problems do anguish you, my dear little girl?"* And I tell you my troubles, my doubts, my fears, my problems with school, friends and boys. My first love woes. Terrible visions and dreamlike monsters. Facts which seem greater than me, and press and oppress me like a net trapping me. And you always find the right words, a wise advice, a new way to consider the events. And this allows me to go on, to continue sleeping calmly until the morning; to face the next day in a better way.

*"When you too will learn to fly, everything will look easier to you"*, you told me every time. *"From up there all your problems will look ridiculously small. You will see the world's and life's things in their entirety, from a new perspective, everything with its meaning and its role; and then you will understand. You will understand by yourself not to fear, and how to face any situation. You will find in yourself, in your soul, all the answers you are looking for."* I heard you telling me these words many times - perhaps every night - before you left me; but only today I realize that I had never understood them. Tonight, when you should have arrived but you didn't. When you had to intervene - because the evil in my dream was overcoming me - and you didn't. I waited for you to come more than any other time. I hoped it more than any human being could hope. I was waking up, defeated, so much anguished to prefer a rude awakening. Suddenly I closed my eyes not to see the anguish around me, and glimpsed something inside me. Focusing on it, and miraculously with no effort, I managed to see my soul. I almost didn't notice that I was lighter, lighter, and slowly I rose. Watching downwards, sometimes I risked to fall, but then I closed my eyes and looked at my soul again. I didn't want to fall, and so I discovered that the will is enough to make me fly. I saw everything becoming smaller, the problems become trivial, everything take its place, and I understood all. It's just as you said, mummy.

I am sorry you didn't come tonight: I wanted to inform you of this news. I will wait for you a bit more. But now it's no more necessary that you come. Tomorrow I will know what to do. Every night I will know how to fly. And this is thanks to you, dear mummy, who didn't come tonight. Who taught me to fly. Thank you, because tonight you brought me to life for a second time.

Since then I have no more dreamt of my mother again.