

Isle of Magic

By:

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As I took my seat on a plane I looked up and noticed a little girl crying. Her mother tried desperately to quiet her as the neighbors silently complained. I normally don't do this, but I felt a force pulling me off my seat. I knelt down next to her and handed her a gem that I had in my sweatshirt pocket. Hey, I said, I know you're frightened, but you see I have this power inside me that allows me to be able to tell if someone is a true believer and you, my friend, are a true believer. I was wondering if I can I tell you a story of a truly magical moment? The little girl nods ever so slightly I glanced up at the exhausted mother and she gives me the go ahead.

See I met a vibrant robin one fall morning a few years back as it was getting ready to fly south. I asked him how he likes flying and do you know what he told me? He tweeted that he loves it and he follows his little angel everywhere he goes. At this point, I nodded and accepted that answer and turned ready to keep on my way, but he continued. He told me that at one point he was lost, everyone left him behind and he sat cold shaking on a bare branch. His little break jittered as he glanced around for help. But the sad truth was that nobody was going to wait for him to take

that leap of faith. See, it's not common for a bird to be afraid of flight, but this particular robin was. He looked down as saw the ground extend far away from him and he couldn't move a feather. He shut his eyes frozen in his fear ready to give up until he heard it; do you know what he heard? He heard the most beautiful voice singing from above. The voice grew louder and kinder as the wind carried it towards him. A little featherless bird zipped by him and disappeared into the clouds above. The warmth in his heart faded as quickly as the curious little creature left. But the creature noticed the robin and came back to him. She slowly placed her tiptoes on the sturdy branch and walked up to the nervous bird. She had a small patch of soft flowing hair on the top of her head and almost invisible wings as light as the air around her, but as strong as the toughest mineral. She greeted him politely with her sweet voice and asked why he isn't heading south with his friends. The embarrassed bird tucked his chin into his neck. She nodded in understanding and said, "oh well I guess I will find the Isle of Magic myself." She peaks at him through the corner of her eyes. Curiosity tugged at his break and he looked over at her asking about the Isle of Magic. The little angel smiled brightly at him and told him that it's simply enchanting she flowed over to him her

white dress pressed against her figure as she moved against the wind. She continued telling him about the place where all the creatures, big and small, dreams and hopes are kept safe. Then she asked him if he'd like to join her. He went to nod, but the icy fear seeped into his body and he frowned. It's up to you she said kindly placing her warm hand lightly on his feathers. He crept to the edge of the branch and looked down at the ground increasing the distance. He took a deep breath puffing up his chest. He looked straight ahead into the clouds above. The angel walked next to him as he extended his magnificent wings launching himself off the security of the large tree. He rocketed through the cloud and popped out of them and like the suds in a bubble bath, the clouds reform behind him closing his path below. He felt the intensity of the warm sun shining on him, recharging his body. The angel appeared next to him he looked over at her as she told him that he's one step closer and all his has to do is simply pick a direction.

The little girl looked up at me with a glittery twinkle in her eyes. The tears had dried up and she sat at the edge of her seat. I continued, this gem right here, I pointed to the gem in her tiny palm, he gave to me and told me to

never give up. See no matter where you go you always will have a little angel on your shoulder you just have to look deep inside yourself and find her. You will be afraid, there isn't a day that goes by that you won't be, but being strong and brave is chasing your dreams and doing the seemingly impossible in spite of those fears. See, fears can be a good thing; they can recharge you just like the sun, you just have to take that first step towards the light. Take this gem, hold it tight, and keep in mind of that brave little robin facing his fears and flying toward his dreams.