

The First Flight

Emma was eight years old and always watched the birds as they flew through the sky. She loved seeing them open their wings and take off effortlessly. One day she said,

“I want to learn to fly too.”

Her father smiled and explained that people don’t have wings, but there were other ways to feel like a bird. So one Saturday they went together to the launch site of a small flying club.

There, a friendly instructor showed them a yellow and blue paraglider. “These aren’t bird wings, but when they inflate with air, they can fly too,” he said.

Emma’s eyes widened. She was a little scared, but also very excited. The instructor put a helmet on her and explained step by step what she should do: run hard, trust, and let the wind carry her.

When the moment arrived, Emma felt her heart beating very fast. She ran with all her might, felt the paraglider fill with air, and suddenly… her feet were no longer touching the ground!

“I’m flying!” she shouted, as the wind whistled in her ears.

From above, she saw the small houses, the green fields, and even a river that shone like silver. She felt free and brave. When she landed, everyone applauded.

Her father proudly told her,
“You’ve learned to fly, Emma. But not just with the paraglider. You’ve learned that when we’re afraid, if we take a step forward and trust, we can discover wonderful things.”

That day, Emma understood that flying didn’t mean having wings, but daring to do what seems impossible.