

To Touch the Sky

Long ago, a very special man walked this Earth. You see, this man was born with a dream. This dream grasped, consumed, and held onto every single inch of his being, spreading, festering. Like a parasite, it would cling onto the man, claiming his thoughts and his actions as its own.

This man had a dream. A dream to touch the sky. And the people that walked the Earth, well, they neglected him. They casted him out, without banishing him physically. He was removed from any kind of conversation or thought because the people were afraid. They were afraid that he would succeed. You may ask, why would someone be afraid of a man who wants to touch the sky?

Well, it is human nature to fear those with an agenda, because we do not know for sure what that might bring to our own doorstep. Yet that was not the reason for the people's negligence. For in that squalor, the dream continued to fester and grow. As they gave him every reason to give up, the goal became more and more important in the man's eye. The people were not afraid of his agenda. They were afraid of what he might become. And it scared them, because if this man could do what nobody had done, how much more had they been missing out on? So, they continued to beat him down, hoping to beat the dream out of him.

And one night, while the others slept, avoiding the prying eyes of those who wished to see him fail, the man fled. Not because of the pain, the sorrow, and the hate, no. He fled because he understood that as long as he allowed the

people to hold him down, he would go nowhere, much less would he ever go up. "Just give up, get a job, go and be more productive," the people would say. "There are better things to live for, just drop it," they continued to berate his efforts. But it would be the last time.

In the moonlight, his skin turned pale and cold. The lunar face would look down at him, but not like some superior looking down upon those he commands, no. While the man's peers berated and labelled him so harshly for his dreams and goals, all he could see in the sky was a smile. "Come and get me," the moon spoke to him. "You are so close, show them who you are." And the man did not wait another second.

He found the highest rock he could find, high up on a hill below the clear night sky. A million or more stars shone down upon him, with right above him, the moon. The full face greeted him with its pale light, beckoning to the man. Beckoning for him to come, or at least try. The night sky would often be described as dark, lifeless, and dreaded, but this man was not afraid. He saw the starlight, and watched as it lit up the abyss, revealing galaxies from so far away.

And he ran, he sprinted, and he leapt. He jumped for the skies, lifting his legs up behind his hips, arching his back just slightly, as he reached his hand up towards the moon. And for just a moment, time stood still. He heard a whisper. "Take my hand, and we will show them why they are wrong," a voice spoke to him, talking to his very soul, the core of his being. And even though he had never met the person talking to him, only having observed the

entity from so far away, he trusted him with every part of his being. Every atom of his body screamed for him to reach out, and he did.

And as his hand reached for the heavens, the light reached for his palm. Blinding, comforting, like the warmth that he had missed all his life. And for just a moment, there was a stinging pain, before everything was engulfed in that pale light.

The man now walks the moon, giving those who seek confirmation of their destiny a smile and wink, whenever they looked up at the sky. All his life, he had been waiting for that affection, the gentle reminder that everything will be alright, and nobody knows better than yourself. And even though he did have to walk most of that road alone, at least he could now mean more to those that followed in his footsteps. The town spoke of a tragedy, but true dreamers knew. And when they looked up at the sky, at the man who touched the moon, they knew that no matter how crazy it seemed, it was possible. It always had been.

Even now, when there is a full moon, the man who touched the sky can still be seen. Sit outside during a clear night, turn off every light you can, and let the pale lunar rays strike your body. Let it wash over you, and with all your heart, remind yourself why you fight. Why you walk this planet. Remind yourself that even though things might be tough now, there is always hope. And know that when you feel that connection, and you see the man winking, smiling, and waving at you from the face of the moon, everything will be alright. For if a man so far

away, up so high, sees the value in you, then what does it matter what the next-door neighbour says?

What does it matter how much money your friends make? Why should you care that some multi-millionaire tried to do the impossible? Why should you take it personal that someone else did things differently and found a way? The road is simply not the same for everyone, and you just have to find your own way. Do not blindly follow the herd, for you will just follow them to the abyss that they falsely perceive as destiny, or fate. Break free from the shackles that keep you bound to the dirt. And when you can, reach for the skies.