

## Goodyear Blimp

They said I saw the Goodyear blimp and ran as fast as my little legs could carry me. This was all so funny to my parents as most things are to people who don't understand mortal fear. I had dreams of a blimp flying just above the treetops, the trees protecting me from impending doom, me running down the street banging on doors, blood dripping down my fists, no one letting me in. For my parents it's a subject for discussion during a Sunday night dinner, this honoured oral tradition, stories that never went away until my father died. I was always grabbing onto a pant leg, hiding behind an uncertain future.