



# Parasailing

MUHTADUN MEHZABIN

*15 days before*

I feel like parasailing. But what if I fall and get hurt? I will be injured for a long time. But even though I know the hazards I still feel like going on a parasailing odyssey. My parents constantly make me aware of the cons of parasailing, that if I fall how I can be impaired for life, or I can be turned into a cripple. I have to admit though, hearing all these did make me a bit timid, but I was still hell-bent on trying out this nouveau passion of mine.

I did a bit of a "research" on parasailing. Also read people's views on their undertaken adventure. A guy, *dominico1234*, wrote, "It felt as if I was the king of the world. Flying over the horizon, now that was an adventure worth having." My parents though, seem unrelenting. But they are parents, and parents will be parents. They will always "look out" for me, even if it is looking out on a whole new level. I am fifteen now and I crave for some kind of freedom, even if it is through flying with the aid of a parachute called parasailing. Everything has its perks and also its risks, but my gut feeling tells me that I should have an experience. A first experience.

My grandpa is the only one in my family who shares my enthusiasm and inquisitiveness. He, though not in front of my mother because he would not dare, instructs me about what to carry and how to hold onto my grip when I am high up in the sky and the basics of parasailing. I sometimes wonder whether he had ever done it, but he says no. Maybe because he thinks if he admits I would take that as an argument against my mother to persuade her.

*That day, 19<sup>th</sup> October, 2014, 9:43 a.m.*

After what seemed like ages of cribbing and quar-

relling and lengthy elucidations, my mother, somewhat reluctantly, granted me her permission. My father did not staunchly support my mother, neither did he speak against her in my favour. Just before I was leaving for the parasailing site, he called me to his room.

"The reason I did not forbid you was I wanted you to follow your heart, even if it is through some sky-high excursion like parasailing. Actually I did not have the ability to refute your mother, but deep down I was always in your favour."

These words from him made me feel as if I was going abroad for studies for years instead of a temporary 'flight' and tears welled up in my eyes. Just so that he does not see me crying, I said "Thanks, Dad," and scooted away as fast as I could. My mother put on her anxious-mommy-of-two-kids look and told me again and again to be very cautious and take God's name before taking off.

I laughed and said, 'Mom, I am not going to space!'

'I know, but take care,' she replied.

I reached the site in 10 minutes and now I have nothing to do except sit and wait for the supervisor, who is busy with another customer. Life is actually like parasailing. We know the risks involved, but we



still want to parasail just for the love of recreation. In the same way, we know our fears and risks in life, but we still want to take chances just because our heart says so. One thing I am worried about is my minor acrophobia. Like back in 7<sup>th</sup> grade I used to shudder at the thought of the Ferris wheel, but gradually I got over it but still I clench my teeth when it does an upside

down take and that was not even a great height. This parachute is going to take me 500 feet high! I try not to obsess over it because a first experience will be always special. It is all about facing our fears and surmounting them

The supervisor calls me, attaches the equipment to me and, lastly, tells me to keep faith and not be afraid. I nod my head and get ready to take off. My heart is thumping inside my chest and my adrenaline shoots up to the max. I close my eyes, take a deep breath and take off. For a minute my heart is in my mouth seeing how high I am in the sky. I am about to scream but I gain my calm steadily. And in that split second I realise, with my acrophobia diminished.

I flew.

*The writer is a student of grade 8 at Sunnydale School.*