

A Human Feeling

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Submitted: August 8, 2004

Updated: March 30, 2007

a page from my journal.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Something amazing happened on my way home today. I was walking from school, alongside the road, I was staring up into the sky, then I noticed something, or someone, falling. They were falling fast, heading straight for the road. When they got close enough I noticed it was a man, unconscious, his arms and legs were limp. I began to make out colors he was wearing, a lot of blue and red. I couldn't see a plane or anything flying by, so I didn't know what was going on. My heart was racing and he was coming fast. No one else was around, I didn't know what to do. Then, like a blow to my gut, I realized who it was. It was Superman. I wanted to run to him and catch him, so I stepped forward. But then I thought about it, the impact would destroy me, and probably do nothing to him, I stepped back. The crater he'd make alone would cripple me. But then, as he was about to hit, he stopped, in mid-air, maybe 2 feet from the pavement. He floated up a little and gained his composure. He didn't notice me standing there until, what I think, he heard my heartbeat pounding and turned to me. My jaw was floored, he just smiled and landed softly onto the ground. Not more than about 20 feet away from me he walked over to me and apologized for startling me. I didn't say a word, I couldn't. He said that sometimes he likes to fly high up into the sky, then just let himself free-fall back to Earth. It's one of those "human feelings" he enjoys. I guess adrenaline. He told me to take care, then he was gone. Now I'm here writing this down. It may not seem much to a man who can fly, but to me, well, I still haven't been able to say a word.