

Today was the day... The day that I will reject all my bothering worries and be the first ever woman to break the sound barrier. The once in a lifetime change, that would fulfil my childhood number one dream. Tightly squeezing on my boots around my ankles, I tied the long thin laces together and put them in the holes one by one until I had to do a finishing bow. " I ought to be dreaming, " I whispered to myself hoping I would wake up from the teasing dream (which to my surprise didn't happen) it was too good to be true! After slowly realising what was reality, I reached out for my warm chocolate-brown gloves. This was my last task before reaching for the camo-green metal door (that lead to my new reality. Looking at my hands bit by bit slowly getting covered by my soft leather gloves.

One brave step into the outdoor illusion, so quiet I could hear the sound of my long boots crunching on the loose stoney tarmac. Walking across in a straight one way line, through a small murky ting pool of water in the middle of the line. The great hard working community had merged all their talents to create the beauty of the steel statue that stood before us - which is the aircraft. I was truly gobsmacked, the mechanics, the engineers, the weathermen, and every other person with important jobs , that helped out making the project and it wouldn't be possible without them.

Running my hand across the shiny silver, aerodynamic sculpture felt like stroking your hand across a slab of marble. After making sure everything was in place and okay for take off, I was presented with a ladder (with a maximum of ten steps) to be able to sit in the singular pilot seat in the jet. I glanced over in front of me feeling nauseous, however this didn't stop me from continuing my most priority goal that I have ever had.

Once seated the engineer leaned over me to check if everything worked smoothly (just to ensure me), I glanced where all my team-mates were proudly standing stiffly, whilst I was getting my ' x ' shaped seat belt across my elvilating chest. As I was slowly moving forward - like a snail -, all I could hear was the roaring engines. Fixing my helmet just in case , you never know what could happen!

After that situation, I was rapidly building up speed down the runway. Not even a second later, I lifted off the cold gravel ground. As I lifted off the ground, with happiness and joy I thought " This is my new reality." I was finally there, my happy place, my home soaring through the white fluffy cotton field like I was in a new world completely unique and not even could be compared with Earth. It was like Earth was a myth or a legend, as it wasn't even there!

Suddenly, the steering joystick - that controlled what way the airplane goes - broke and I couldn't steer where I needed to go. Not even after a second, oil as black as the midnight sky (which looks like mountains upon mountains of coal) came speedily crawling up the jet onto my shaking hand. Not long after that, everything went black. . . Was this it? Was this the end? Then with a blink of an eye, I woke up from what felt like a deep coma. After a few seconds I took hold of control, and quickly dived through the once sunshine never ending field to the drained colours down like fresh wet paint dripping off a wall. A few moments later, I was safe, on the safe ground at last. Like I had woken up from a nightmare. . .