

Journey of dreams

The boy ran barefoot through a green meadow lined with a strip of blue fir trees. He held his kite. The boy – named Peter, loved the feeling when the kite lifts from his hands and flies to the top of the turquoise summer sky with great wind speed.

Summer holidays started. Finally came the time of dreams coming true, time of freedom, time of trips to the village to grandma`s – the favorite place of Peter`s life. He loved the place not only because his kind, always smiling and the best grandma in the world lived there.

Peter also loved the village where grandma lived for its yellow sandy beaches.

Sometimes Peter went to the garden. There he chose an apple tree with wide spreading branches, climbed it and dived into reading a book he brought with him. Peter loved books about adventures the most. He traveled along with the book characters through the wild Amazon or flew on an air balloon in the sky.

This year, on the way to grandma`s village his parents gave him a present – a kite.

- “You are so mature” – they said to their son, - “You will be able to fly your kite up to the sky. Give it a name and let it take you to the world of your dreams. It will help you fulfilling your dreams,” – his parents told him mysteriously before saying goodbye, smiled, went to the car and drove off to the city where adult matters awaited.

The boy learned fast how his bright red kite friend works. He came up with a name for it – Flame. So bright as the color of the kite. This summer holiday was filled with new adventures, which he would never give up. The boy took his friend Flame and ran to the hilly coast of the blue river or to the meadows where the cows chewed juicy grass, and sometimes he would meet hobbling horses, there they would lie around on a tender field after eating grass.

Right now Peter grabbed Flame and ran to the meadows, untied the rope and flew his kite into the sky. He felt as if Flame talked to him, Peter exactly understood each pull of the rope connecting the boy and the kite in his hands.

- “What’s up Flame, what do you see today?” – He laughed of his own words as if the kite will reply. The kite pulled the rope in his hand, made a circle around the boy and suddenly said:
- “I see a herd of goats, the shepherd leads them to water and also a falcon is flying our way. He obviously wants to play with the up streamed airflow. The clouds are clearing, tomorrow will be fair

weather.”

- “How is it possible you can talk?” – asked surprised boy. He couldn’t believe what he heard; probably it’s just the wind and noise of the trees.
- “Peter” – laughed the kite, “You don’t believe me? It’s me - Flame talking to you, you asked – I answered. You and me are friends after all! How can I keep quiet when you are asking questions?”
- “So why didn’t you talk to me before?” –Peter started believing that it’s true that the kite is talking to him.
- “Because you never asked anything” – laughed the kite.
- “Great! It’s great that you can talk! Probably you have a lot to tell?” – asked the boy. - “I also want to share many things with you”.
- “Sure, I see so much so I can tell you all about my impressions” – answered Flame.
- “It’s so exciting!” – cried out Peter. – “That must be so interesting to see the forest animals.”
- “But you can see all of that with me” – laughed the kite.
- “Are you making fun of me?” –boy even felt offended. - “I cannot fly unlike you. How will I be able to see all of it when I cannot fly?”
- No, Peter, I`m not making fun” – the kite made a circle above the boy’s head. – “All you need is to truly wish to fly in the sky and you will do it easily.”

Peter was surprised. Can it be that easy? Why not to try? The boy closed his eyes very hard. He visualized himself flying so many times either on an airship or on an air balloon that it didn’t take much to imagine: Peter imagined sitting on his flying friend and together flying in the sky. He wanted it so much so he closed his eyes even harder covering them with his hands. Suddenly Peter felt that his feet no longer touch the ground and he is starting to float into the sky. He had no fear only joy of his dream coming true. He opened his eyes and realized that he is half way to his red flying friend. He began to go slowly lower to grab the boy and fly high into the sky. Laughing, Peter firmly grabbed Flame`s neck, the flight high up to the sun was so much fun!

- “I became so small! May I go back to my old self again?” – the boy considered.
- “Of course, as soon as you concentrate and want to go back to your previous self, you will smoothly come down to the ground” – answered the kite.
- “So Peter, we shall not fly to the sun, it is too far” – said Flame. “- I propose we look at our motherland first. Down there is the village where your grandma lives.”

The boy saw the roofs of houses placed along the streets parallel with the river. And there is the red roof of grandmother’s house; it is surrounded by a

huge garden.

Peter and Flame flew further and further. The fields were interrupted by roads with varicolored cars driving fast on them. Sometimes the boy saw railroads. Loaded trains rode them. They carried large tanks, then passenger or freight wagons. The speed was lower than the cars drove. But the trains were long, sometimes very long. “You bet with such loads, how they can be faster!”

- “We are flying now above the west side of your country. And you Peter surely know that your country is called Ukraine. We will fly now above Carpathians - mountains that cover the surface of Ukraine and other countries, for example: Slovakia, Romania and Poland. Hold on tight my friend; the winds may be strong in the mountains! “

Flames speed became unimaginable. Peter flew over high peaks; there he could see not deep but very fast clear rivers. There swam and even jumped fast fish. Flame told Peter that this river fish is called trout. Amazing long silverfish bodies of fast fish seemed like coins thrown by someone into the river. Beautiful light blue trees were growing on the slopes of Carpathian mountains.

After flying around beautiful blue Carpathian Mountains, Flame and Peter flew to Lviv – the center of west Ukraine. Peter was surprised it was such a big town. They flew around so low that they could see the faces of people sitting in busses. It’s strange that no one seemed to be surprised by the boy sitting on a red kite. Maybe people didn’t notice them! Peter looked at the narrow streets of the city which curved between old buildings with greenish roofs where the pigeons rested. The windows were decorated by flower cascades in different colors. Such a celebration, thought Peter. Living here should be interesting! On the streets sounded music, musicians were playing. People stopped to listen to them, applauded the musician’s talent.

Peter flew further and further from grandma’s village. Before them sparkled a long river which was exceeded by size everything Peter saw before. It was divided into watersheds which were connected or divided. Down the river were islands in different places, covered by a lacy shadow from the trees. As if they were spilled beads down the rivers mirror.

-“That’s Dnipro River” – said Flame. – “It’s the biggest river in Ukraine. It is flat so you will not see any fast flow as in Carpathians. The calm and measured river rolls its waters into the Black Sea. Here float boats and ships. Here live beautiful birds.

As a confirmation of Flames words, a big grey bird flew right next to them, very close, and loudly clapped it’s wings. It was carrying a small fish in its beak.

- “It’s a grey heron”, Flame explained. - A lot of birds that feed on fish settles on the rivers. Including ducks, geese, swans.
In front was seen a big city. It is placed on the Dnipro bank.

- “This is Kyiv “, Flame explained. “Kyiv is the capital of Ukraine. Just look how green it is. Such beautiful parks and along the streets grows a lot of trees. We came too late to see the chestnut tree blossom. These trees have amazing white or pink flowers when they blossom. The city is dressed as a bride in pink-white foam out of chestnut flowers. “
- “And what kind of street is it in the middle of the city? “– Peter was surprised by the quantity of cars driving down the street and near avenues.
- “It’s the main street of Kyiv – Kreshatik. It is considered to be a business street that’s why there are so many cars. On the weekends the street is closed, sthe cars need to go around, so that the people can walk on the street, musicians and actors can perform and concerts take place. There is a lot of flowers and even the big watch on the hillside is made out of flowers. So you know, they show the exact time. “
- “How many people! They are like ants scurrying on the streets” – says the boy with surprise. “
- “Yes, Kyiv is a business city. Many people live here, and many come on business trips. Kyiv was founded many - many years ago by three brothers. Legend says that they sailed on a boat on Dnipro river and saw amazing hills from both sides of the river. On this place they founded the city, which was surrounded by a wall and a golden gate by following rulers.”
- “Near Dnipro is a monument – a boat with three men and a woman. That’s who you are talking about?” – asked Peter.
- “Yes, very well noticed!” – complimented the kite.
- «So interesting! I will definetly ask mom and dad to come here and walk in the city. I saw such beautiful fountains in the city center; the water beautifully refracts the light so it produces a lot of rainbows. I like Kyiv a lot!” – cried out Peter.
- “I’m very glad, now we can continue our journey and fly to Odessa. I want to show you the city which is called the sea pearl. “
- “Ukraine has so many pearls!” –said the delighted boy.
- “Yes, you are right. Ukraine is a very beautiful country.”– smiled the kite. – «Odessa! Here we come! My young friend, have you ever seen the sea?”

It seemed the kite flapped his wings to the word “sea”.

- «No, we didn`t go to the sea yet, my parents are busy in the summer, I spend my time at grandma`s”, – answered Peter.

- “Get ready then!” – commanded Flame. – Come on, close your eyes and don’t open until I say”.
- “Sure. –Peter whispered again and grabbed the kite tighter. He felt like the hot air slides on his face. Additionally to the noise of the wind he heard a strange sound reminding of a roar. As if a large vehicle is starting not far away.
- “What is that noise?” – asked Peter.
- “Open your eyes and you shall see for yourself. “– answered the kite. Peter opened his eyes slowly and he saw an endless space of bright blue water. It moved, was noisy, roared and bubbled. The white foam was covering high tides.
- «The S-E-E-E-A”, - paused the boy, he was impressed by the power of the water. The sun`s reflection in the sea water was so bright he couldn’t look too long. Peter covered his eyes with his hand. “The sea is endless?” –he asked Flame.
- “Even the sea has an end, but it’s very far, we will not be even searching for it, – the kite smiled.
- «Here we are in Odessa, look how beautiful it is. “– Flame was obviously impressed by the city.
- The boy also liked it. Even on a distance there was a wish to laugh and have fun. White and beautiful houses were like the card of the city. Perfectly straight streets with monuments and a huge staircase leading to the sea – on one hand it was very unusual, but unforgettable on the other. Joy, the joy of life is hovering over this amazing city. And how could you not enjoy hearing the sea, seeing the rolling on each other waves. Peter was fascinated by the beauty of his own motherland and he was more determined he wants to travel. He even promised himself that he would visit every place he has seen with Flame. He will come for a long time to walk through every place, to feel it and to know it.

The journey was coming to an end. Peter was grateful to his kite.

“How can I thank you?” –he asked the sky horse, tightly clinging to its powerful neck.

“Just be happy” – Flame smiled.

...Peter was lying on the ground. On the grass, as it appeared. A black and white cow lowered its head on him and chewed his blue shirt. Near to the boy, curled up, laid the kite.

–“Was it true or just a dream?” – thought Peter. – “Flame are you ok?”

The bright red kite didn’t answer anything and something was telling Peter that Flame laughed quietly, making fun of his young friend.

–“Ok! Let’s see on our next flight” – laughed the boy standing up from the ground with his flying vehicle. – “Listen, we will definitely fly again!”

The End