She stood atop the cliff, silent in contemplation, alone. Those looking on below would have envisioned her as an angel about to fall from grace, or a statue which overlooked its bountiful reign with a sorrowful stoicism, forever disappointed by the primal desires and immoral actions of its disciples. But no one stood in that vast valley on that cold winter morning. The little town below lay asleep, perhaps dreaming of the very scene that was about to unfold.

The suns first rays were beginning to peep out from its dark slumber. She knew it was now or never. She had been wrenched from her sleep by the haunting premonition that would never leave her alone. That dream that would visit her even as when she was awake. She could barely describe what she felt to be true. It made no sense, but somehow she knew deeper than she could understand, she knew in a way that was beyond what could be put in words, there was something within her that needed to be let out.

That mysterious feeling, those relentless visions, had led her to the cliffs that overlooked her sleepy Irish home. Something pulled her up those rocky slopes in the middle of the night, something she felt no power to fight. But she was not afraid. It was an unknown but exciting feeling, a powerful vibration which hinted at what lie in wait inside her, ready to be unleashed. She did not know where it came from or why it had suddenly arrived, but she felt this day had been coming since the she awoke in a panic from a dream so vivid she felt that she had just fallen out of the sky. The winds that had carried her as she glided through the air had reddened her face and tousled her hair. She knew she could ignore this feeling no longer. It was time to put her intuition to the test.

She felt no fear as she peered over the edge, only anticipation. But she also knew that once she took that first step, there was no going back to her old life. Nothing would tie her down to her suffocating family, her odious husband, and her monotonous daily routine. She almost felt guilty for not feeling guilty for all that she was about to leave behind. Almost.

If it didn’t work, if that feeling was not what she thought, she would be catapulted to her death. But wouldn’t that be a wonderful escape? The strength of her belief in her own capabilities could not cancel this thought from creeping up, but it did not cause an unpleasant effect. Rather it made her realize the finality of her choice and gave her the immense relief that no matter how, after this moment, she would never have to go back.

Light was steadily pouring in, and she realized it was now or never. The time for contemplation had gone. She had felt no need to mourn her previous life but instead had been waiting until she could accurately envision her future. This proved no easy task. But as the sun took over the dark sky, she knew that her daydreams and predictions would only drag her back into her own zone of comfort in the routine. There was nothing that could prepare her for what was out there, and at this realization she felt a wave of euphoria. She almost exclaimed she was so overcome with joy. The unknown faced her, and she faced it right back with a smile on her face and a curiosity in her heart.

Riding on the highest cloud she had ever experienced, she felt it well inside her. She squatted down to touch the earth