Flying Scared A.M.A

“Can I tell you something, Reddit?”

Sam types out with one hand as the Venti Vanilla Sweet Cream ice coffee he ironically ordered is handed to him. See, Sam is a man who’s entire life was spent being deathly afraid of heights. A fall off of the bouncy house at Gymboree when he was two years old was enough of an incident to permanently turn him off of heights. It was only a two inch drop, and there were soft pads to cushion his fall, but Sam was having none of it. Anytime in the next twenty two years of life there was a situation that called for his feet to leave the ground, Sam made sure to find a way around it.

Jump rope in gym class? Can’t, brittle bones in his feet.

A spider on the wall? Sorry first crush who finally agreed to go to the middle school dance with me, you can get on your own chair and chase that thing away.

Jumping off the diving board to impress your cousin visiting from Ohio? Nope nope nope nope nope.

Sam ponders what he wants his Ask Me Anything on Reddit to be called. He is the city’s newest sensation: *The Dragon Fly!* A fashion challenged superhero that flies around town stopping minor incidents at breakneck speeds. For the first few months of superheroing around, Sam avoided the spotlight. He thought privacy above all else was important while trying to figure out who exactly he wanted to be.

His phone buzzed. It was his first question to respond to.

From BayBridgeLover225

“Hey, Dragon Fly, huge fan! I loved it when you stopped that runaway bycilce last Wednesday. That fixie could have left a huge mess on 5th and Market. Anyway, I’m sure you may have been asked this before, but: How does it feel to fly?” Thanks for whatever answer you give!

Good question thought Sam. He pondered a response while taking another drag of his Sweet Vanilla Cold Brew, available at a local Starbucks near you:

Hi, BayBridgeLover225

To be completely honest: Flying is terrifying. My entire life I’ve been afraid of heights, so when I first discovered my powers I passed out. I woke up in a dumpster on 9th and Geary and had a hard time explaining to the store owner why I was in his restaurants dumpster. Needless to say he was not happy with me, but I was able to convince him to leave me with the extra fried rice he was going to throw away.