TO TASTE IMMORTALITY
By Julianne Ormsbee

The work, the hard laborious work, never ending, constant pressure. Never failing, undying love. Day and night thinking of the only thing that was meant for living. Striving to be the best and always being the best. The metal frame, only a picture of what’s really inside. The heart, lungs, liver, and stomach; made of an engine, propeller, battery and carburetor. The only thing that it does not have is a feeling of euphoria, while thrust into a sky of unknown effects. So much pressure on such an animate object. So much hope and faith relied on living a dream, for all of mankind, not just a person. Being tossed into something that was supposed to keep us out, not letting mankind taste immortality. But with this creature we can, mankind can. Don’t be afraid, it’ll all be over when you open your eyes. Leave your eyes open, enjoy the view. This was meant to happen, everything is meant to happen for a reason.

This is not commercial, not impersonal. Live it, you do not need to understand it. It will come. Just live it. Never thought that mankind could create such a ride. The thought is irresistibly breath-taking. Nothing like you’ve ever experienced before. Go with it. If you were meant to do something you were meant to try this. Don’t let it pass you. You only live once. Why must it end this way? So much hard work put into such a small and undemanding creature. All it was telling was the secrets to your heart. As the acceleration increases, the metal plane lifts into the air, with only one regret, never feeling the real effect of tasting immortality.