

**O**n the sky, while flying, I choose to sit next to a window seat, without a worry whether I would be wedged up against the window by two other fellow passengers. I stare out of the window at an altitude of thirty-two thousand feet and have an unlimited free-view of my own planet within the boundary of the horizon. I feel a unique sensation of reaching out through the window and snatch the tiny and lonely ship that navigates, grab the 4WD that manoeuvres through the uneven sandy roads of the Arabian desert, or may sit still doing nothing but watch with amazement of the flight when it cuts through some sinister looking and heavily pregnant grey clouds.



Or even in the dark, without a worry about the eerie feeling of the folk sitting next to me, occasionally peep through the window and would shoot the stretching scene outside, anticipating a good glance of the sunrise and its rays or expecting an eye contact with the Aliens of mars fly beside. Also, there is a possibility of me going on trans when watching, without blinking the eyes, another tiny flight that is flying many miles away from my flight carrying many humans in its womb.

The horizon, the edge that divides the land and the sky, is what I enjoy the most while flying. I always wonder how far away that edge would be. It could be an elusive edge that ran further away when we thought we approached closer. Using my mathematical knowledge, I tried to determine the distance of it. It could be 230 miles away from 32000 feet above where I was. It is a non-conclusive answer, enough to satisfy my appetite.

When nothing is around, I may just look up the stars with astonishment.

Many years back in Sri Lanka, when I used to be a nice and an innocent, lying on the ground looking up the sky, watching many tiny flights that were cutting through the blue skies pumping out a long line of water vapour, I used to think when I would be on it.

Oh Man. That is life. Everything comes your way and goes away...



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