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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:09:22 GMT

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September 21st, 1:30pm

The jet from Tracy Island made its way across the blue sky. Brandon was going for his pilot's license and had asked Scott to fly him the short distance to Christchurch. After taking off, Scott turned the controls over to him for a little more practice. As they flew along, he tried to make conversation. "I bet you're excited to be going for your license."

There was no reply. He looked at his friend, noticing his look of concentration and the tight grip he had on the steering yoke. "Hey, you can loosen up a little," he said lightly. "You're flying a plane, not killing chickens."

Brandon relaxed his hands. God, I haven't felt like this since high school. I don't know why I'm so uptight about doing this. "Sorry. I guess I'm a little nervous," he answered, staying focused.

Scott was surprised by this revelation. Brandon had seemed more confident and sure during the last few flight training sessions. He thought a moment before speaking again. "Brandon, I've watched you fly. You'll pass the test, trust me."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," Brandon replied. "I hope it's not misplaced. I want to do better than I did when I took my driver's test."

"Oh, didn't do too well the first time?" Scott asked.

"Pfffft, that's an understatement." Brandon shook his head. "The instructor wasn't exactly the most pleasant person to be with. Suffice to say, I didn't make a good first impression. I was so nervous; I did everything wrong. I jerked the steering wheel too hard, went up on the curb and hit the brakes too hard among other things."

"Take it easy," Scott replied, putting a hand on Brandon's shoulder. "You'll do fine." Quickly changing the subject he asked, "So how are your parents doing?"

Brandon smiled. "They're doing great. Dad's getting more feeling in his legs with each passing day and the therapist is amazed at the progress he's made. Hopefully, he'll be walking on his own soon. Mom's working in the garden again, and she told me Rocky's right there with her." Brandon chuckled softly. "I guess he wants to help her dig holes for the plants."

The jet approached Christchurch and Brandon handed the controls over to Scott, who brought it in for perfect landing. As they taxied to the terminal, both men saw the examiner, clipboard in hand, waiting for them.

As Scott brought the plane to a stop and shut down the engines, Brandon took a deep breath, unbuckling his seatbelt. "Here goes nothing; Wish me luck." He picked up his log book and exited the plane.

Posted by MagicMaster8 on September 3, 2007

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