



# Flicker's First Flight

Shahid Shaikh



Flicker, a tiny dragon with shimmering green scales, stood at the edge of a sunny meadow, his heart thumping with excitement and a flutter of nerves. He gazed up at the vast blue sky, where fluffy white clouds drifted lazily, dreaming of the day he would join them. Today was the day he would try his very first flight! His small wings twitched with anticipation.



With a determined huff, Flicker spread his little wings and gave a mighty flap, but instead of soaring, he stumbled forward, tumbling playfully into a patch of soft wildflowers. Petals stuck to his snout as he giggled, shaking his head. Flying was much trickier than it looked!



Perched on a nearby oak branch, Professor Hoot, a wise old owl with spectacles, watched Flicker's attempts with a knowing twinkle in his eye. He hooted softly, a gentle encouragement that seemed to say, "Keep trying, little one!" Flicker puffed out a small plume of smoke, feeling a little embarrassed but not defeated.



Taking a running start, Flicker leaped with all his might, his tiny wings beating furiously. For a glorious moment, he was airborne, a few feet above the grass, but gravity soon won, and he landed with a soft thump in a bouncy berry bush. He emerged covered in sweet, sticky juice, but with an even brighter spark in his eyes.



Just then, a familiar giggle echoed from above, and Flicker looked up to see Nimbus, his best friend, a playful little cloud, swirling playfully in the sky. Nimbus winked, beckoning Flicker higher. Flicker knew he absolutely had to reach his friend, no matter how many tries it took.



Taking a deep, dragon-sized breath, Flicker closed his eyes for a moment, picturing himself soaring effortlessly. He focused all his energy, remembering Professor Hoot's encouraging hoots. This time, he would truly fly.



With a powerful push from his hind legs and a rhythmic beat of his wings, Flicker lifted off the ground, slowly but surely. He wobbled a bit, his tail swishing for balance, but he was ascending! The meadow below grew smaller and smaller, a beautiful patchwork of green.



The wind tickled his scales as Flicker glided through the air, finding a rhythm with his wings. He soared past towering trees and fluffy white clouds, feeling the thrill of freedom. Each flap felt more confident, each turn more graceful.



Finally, with a happy squeal, Flicker reached Nimbus, who wrapped around him in a soft, misty hug. They spun and twirled together, overjoyed to be reunited in the vast, open sky. Flicker had done it!



Hand in wing (or rather, wing in cloud), Flicker and Nimbus playfully chased each other through the endless blue, leaving trails of joyful laughter and wisps of magic. Flicker's first flight was an unforgettable adventure, and he knew many more sky-high games awaited him and his best friend.