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1805. Locomotives were quite the talk of the streets those days. Transportation had never been more revolutionary. Travel technology had culminated - no, it couldn't get better than this. So everyone thought. I on the other hand, had fire in my soul that could not easily be extinguished. The sheer desire to advance roared with unsatisfiable flames, clearly noticeable in my gaze.

While everyone marveled at these wonder-machines, I sought greater fulfillment. I knew to myself, it was time for mankind to take to the skies. Besides, I was too poor to afford a train ticket so I had never gotten on one myself, even though I always wanted to travel to places I had never gone. From the incredible Italian Vespa to the transcendent Titanic, human intelligence never seized to display its excellence, I too wanted to exhibit my magnificence. In engineering, I was the Albert Einstein of theoretical physics, the Nicola Tesla of alternating current, the George Washington of presidency, the best there ever was - or so I thought.

I had the path all figured in my head. Starting off with the most basic mechanism, a rotor attached to two platforms horizontally aligned. When the rotor spins, master mimicry of bird wings. Unfortunately the whole thing remained stationary on the ground when I turned the rotor on. Must have been the weight. I changed the structure and used lighter material but that wasn't good enough. I wasn't going to quit that early of course. I put together a whole different design. This time the rotor faced upwards at a high velocity was sure to take flight. First attempt of the new design failed, second failed, two hundred and thirtieth, failed. Alas, all efforts were in vain. Onlookers began to ridicule and the usual of course, lowered self esteem.

After an unimaginable amount of trials, it hit me. Rotors creating a torrent in the opposite direction, wings slightly pointed upwards. Eureka, that should do it. Within moments I had assembled the craft. Without proper protective gear but enough audacity, I raced towards a cliff hoping to give the machine some momentum. I took the leap of faith, hopes focused on flying and surprisingly, I had done it. I had brought flight to mankind. Those who mocked me now left inspired to endeavour beyond their limitations, beyond the normal viewport, beyond the horizon.

Then I woke up. No, it was all a dream. With the design still vivid in mind, I quickly assembled the craft with utmost precision. I reenacted the dream, which to no avail, I got a fracture on my right leg, due to

the fall. Upto date, I haven't succeeded in my ambition. Time is taking it's toll on me and my body is no longer able to cope with the test drives. That Wright child in the class I'm teaching seems like he has potential though. Maybe I will pass on my journals to him. Someday flight will reach mankind and places beyond the horizon will be nothing but mere minutes away.