

# Tyler's Room

The evening sky was a splash of orange and red. The clouds were tinged with the gold of the setting sun as it sought its resting place behind the mountains. The birds were chirping merrily.

Arjan felt light and wispy as a feather. Khushi seemed to be carrying him effortlessly.

*Hmm.....is that what mind over matter means, to be able to do that which seems impossible?*

He shivered a little despite his jacket. They were flying over his elementary school playground.

A soccer game was in progress. Arjan loved playing soccer. "Look, Khushi!" he shouted excitedly. "Those are my team mates. I missed the game today because I was upset about my pencil."

Khushi swooped down for a closer look. Arjan thought they would surely get spotted, but no one seemed to notice them. A boy with big freckles, and hair that stood up in spikes, had the ball. He dodged right and left. With a strong kick, he scored the winning goal. The crowd cheered wildly.

"That kid is good!" Khushi said admiringly.

"Khushi, that's Tyler. Life is so unfair."

"Hang on tight," shouted Khushi, as he soared higher.

They were soon circling over an apartment complex. The entire neighborhood looked unkempt. The sidewalk was littered with trash. Old, beat-up cars lined the street. There were no lawns, or pretty flowers in pots. A road full of pot holes led to the building.