

Flying

A Swan Lake Short by K. M. Shea

When I got the idea for Swan Lake, I wanted so badly to write a scene in which Odette is flying. SO BADLY. Unfortunately, I couldn't easily work it into the plot, and when I considered inserting a flying scene just because I wanted one, it brought the story to a screeching halt. But I'm never one to refrain from writing something I badly want to see (Cough, every extra ever, Cough) sooo...here you go!

While Odette's life had taken a drastic turn for the worse after she was cursed by Rothbart, there were a few positives. Sure, she was a swan during daylight hours and had taken up the illegal profession of smuggling, but she now had a band of friends she could trust with her life. She also was given the opportunity to help others—like the elves—and, best of all, she could fly.

There was nothing in the world as beautiful and breathtaking as flying. Though it had taken her a while to get a knack for it—learning to use her tail feathers in the gusty winds had been a heart-stopping exercise—it was now one of her greatest joys.

To flap her wings and see sapphire streams and emerald hills pass beneath like patches on a quilt...there was nothing like it. From the sky, trees looked like palm-sized bushes, animal trails and roads resembled stitches in a cloak, and the far-off mountains of Verglas were a breeze to reach as she could cut across the country.

The beautiful scenery was a balm to Odette's heart. The sky seemed to drain her troubles. When she flew, she didn't have to worry about her next plan, the next smuggler run, that evening's practices, or whether another innocent was about to stumble on Swan Lake. It was freeing and exhilarating. There was nowhere she couldn't go!

An arrow cutting narrowly in front of her snapped Odette out of her fanciful thoughts. Adjusting her flight pattern, she banked sharply, avoiding the second arrow. *Well, even if I can go anywhere, maybe there are some places I **shouldn't** go!*

She glanced back and saw the huntsmen—an older looking man, probably a farmer, based on his less-than-perfect aim—squinting up at her. She redoubled her efforts and flapped out of his range.

Hunters! If I meet the idiot who made swan dishes popular, I'm going to take a dagger to him. I'd like to see how he likes being hunted!

She bobbed in the air when the wind pushed her up like an invisible wave, and she cast another look down. Though she was flying, her earthly worries dragged her down. How far away was she from Swan Lake now? Was the hunter close enough to it that he might track her there? Should she double the fly-overs for tonight?

Odette sifted through her thoughts, picking the ones that were the most important as she switched directions again and flew away from the smugglers' camp. *Lovely. My timeline for the rest of the day will be thrown off now that I have to double-back. It will be a push to make sure I return home before dark.*

She flew on, barely comforted by the beautiful scenery. It wasn't until half an hour later that she returned her gaze to the ground below and felt the tension melt away as she looked upon a quaint farm—her parents'. She could see her brothers running around the edges of a field and her father hitching a plow up to a pair of oxen.

This was as close as she would dare come to them. Neither her heart nor her sense of self-preservation would let her get any closer.

Odette continued on her altered flight path. *Well...my timeline will be alright.*

Yes...there was nothing quite like flying.

The End