

The Life Story of a Frisbee

by Dylan Sakamoto

Friday, today is the day! Friday was always my favorite day of the week, because every Friday is Frisbee Friday at Montgomery Park. The day when the grass is the perfect shade of green, not too light but not too dark, and the wind howls strongly through the air. It is the day where dozens of frisbees come with their owners to fly freely throughout the park, without a single care in the world. Friday is the day where a frisbee can truly be a frisbee.

Every frisbee remembers their first outing to Montgomery Park. Mine was on the first Friday of the summer, about two years ago. It was a beautiful day, filled with the smiling faces of children and adults alike as they threw their frisbees across the expansive field. My owner, a young twenty-something year old named Jonathan, had recently adopted me from the local Walmart and took me there that day. I presumed that he wanted to see just how well I can fly, and I wasn't about to let him down. Luckily for me, that day was the perfect day for a frisbee to fly. I remember feeling the wind blow across my face as I sat in my owner's hands, anxious to leave them and take off. I saw my fellow frisbee brethren soar through the sky, and I so desperately longed to join them.

That opportunity soon presented itself when Jonathan started talking to a nearby twenty-something year old girl. Now as a frisbee, I don't know much about what's considered beautiful among human standards. However, based on Jonathan's reactions while talking to her, she must have been the most beautiful girl in the world. What attracted me most about this interaction, however, was the fact that the girl was also holding a frisbee in her hands. He was a small, navy-colored disc with what appeared to be a monster truck printed on his back and a tag that read "Dollar Tree" stickied to his side. Despite his lackluster appearance, he looked as ready to fly as any frisbee out there. In just a few seconds, the girl grabbed him firmly on his side, wound up her arm, and released him with a mighty strength. He flew through the air, screaming as he soared across the park at remarkable speeds. What a sight to behold! Based on the following wind up of Jonathan's arm, I quickly realized it was my turn to join him.

Zoom! That is all I heard as Jonathan released his grip on me as I flew out of his grasp and into the empty sky. I never thought I would feel the way I felt at that moment. The wind pressed against my belly and

carried me higher, higher, higher until I felt like I could practically touch the clouds! I sped through the air like a fighter jet, seemingly breaking the sound barrier as I traversed the length of Montgomery Park's spacious field. As I flew through the air and watched Jonathan and the girl run side by side to the other end of the park below, I couldn't help but think of how far I have come since my adoption. Not two weeks ago I had been sitting on a shelf, with the rest of my brothers and sisters, wondering if I would ever experience what it truly meant to be a frisbee. Now, as I soar above the heavens and slowly start my descent towards the ground below, I feel like I've made something of myself. This thinking didn't last long though, as I cleared my mind and soaked up that glorious moment for as long as it lasted.

At last, I finally made my landing. The navy-blue disc had already made impact before me, resting on the ground and smiling at his accomplishment. Jonathan picked me up and talked to the girl some more. The girl then wrote on a little gum wrapper and gave it to Jonathan, flashing him a smile. She then proceeded to pick up the navy-blue disc, said goodbye, and walked away. I glanced at the wrapper and saw the name "Lexi" along with a lengthy string of numbers written on it, what a silly present to give to someone! Jonathan put the wrapper in his pocket then, suddenly, gripped me tight. He drew back his arm and flung me back into the air once again. He did this for what seemed like hours before he finally looked tired and decided to take me back to what would become my new home.

I still remember that day like it was just yesterday. Two years later, Jonathan and Lexi are living together and still take me to the park every Friday. Sadly, my navy-colored companion won't be joining us today due to a Golden Retriever-related accident that occurred a month prior, but he still smiles at me every time I get taken to the park because he knows I love that feeling of flight more than anyone. Despite the absence of my friend, I still can't wait until we finally get there. I can't wait to fly gracefully among the clouds where I belong. Even after all this time, I still get that same adrenaline rush as I soar through the sky, each and every time, as if it was my first.