The Thunderbirds

by Rayia A.

I will never forget the day I saw the amazing Thunderbirds. Of course, the other jets were amazing, but they were nothing compared to the Thunderbirds. They zoomed through the sky, swift as a river. And when they came close, it felt like thunder, booming inside me, creating a rumble. The jets fit in perfectly with the sky. Red and white against a breathtaking, baby blue sky. I would see four and wonder, where are the fifth and sixth? Then I would hear the lion-like roar of an engine overhead. My head would snap up. I wish I could be up there, soaring the skies like a kite, flapping in the wind, wind in my hair. I started to daydream then snapped myself out of it. I couldn’t miss the dazzling sight of the microscopic jets, which were so far away. And I realize, I had just witnessed a miracle.