

The Germ

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Talking with my parents, I knew a little about the outside world. So many different creatures and places to thrive. As I moved around my new host, spreading misery around the organs, I hoped against hope that someday my dream of moving would come true.

All of a sudden, there was a cheering commotion and a gust of wind blew past me and towards the dripping door. I felt myself lift up off the ground but then the wind dropped and my feet were firmly anchored again. 'Not today', I thought but I didn't know how wrong I was.

It was a little while later in the day when the second gust arrived. This one felt different and I was immediately nervous about who would be leaving on the wind today. Could it be me? What would I explore first on the outside? Would my parents miss me?

Then it came: the most forceful gust I had ever felt. I was off the ground: spinning, rising and climbing higher and higher towards that dripping door. I hoped and wished that I would make it through. I waved my arms in wild circles in the hope of gaining a little more lift.

The loudest and most forceful noise I had ever heard burst all around me. I was free and travelling faster than I ever had before. Out and on the loose, I couldn't wait to experience the sights and sounds of my parents' tales. A germ on the loose: no-one to answer to. Everyone would be scared but no-one would be able to resist my charms.

I had been catapulted into the outside world and all of my hopes and aspirations met in the cacophony that was the gust and the motion of the sneeze. I was ready to land, ready to be caught.