

## The Ostrich

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Jimmy.

Now, little Jimmy was quite the adventurous one. His parents had their hands quite full chasing after him as he climbed over furniture and scampered up trees. No one and nothing could keep him in one place.

Little Jimmy was the type to join anything sports related. Even from elementary school, he was the sports star.

One day, he tried to climb over the school gate. He was lucky and got off with a timeout.

“Jimmy, look, I know that you love climbing and running, but there is a line you should not cross. Your punishment would normally be much more severe, but because you are so young, I will give you another chance” said principal Smith.

It was all too soon when little Jimmy became not-so-little. He took a liking to parkour and would often flip over all sorts of places in town. Sports did not satisfy him enough. He needed to feel the thrill of parkouring throughout the city with the wind in his hair. It was almost as if he could fly.

One of his friends had the wonderful idea to film their stunts and post them online. They were an instant sensation.

One day, Jimmy slipped off a wet roof - it had been raining the day before – and broke his arm. His poor mother was devastated.

“One life,” she told him as she ran a hand through her hair, “That’s all you have. When will you learn that? Please make sure you are safe.”

Of course he didn’t listen to her.

Jimmy and his group’s feats grew more and more daring as their number of followers grew. They even began to take requests from their fans.

One day, a fan dared Jimmy to jump between two 30 story buildings. He wasn’t sure he could make the jump. *But it’ll get us more views*, he thought to himself. So Jimmy and his friends took the elevator up to the roof and set their filming equipment up.

Once they were prepared, Jimmy placed himself a few meters from the edge.

He ran.

He jumped.

*I shouldn't have done that*, he thought.

He fell.

Oh dear.