

This short story was mainly inspired by the lyric from We Found Love by Rihanna and Calvin Harris.

Come Alive

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Rod looks up at the hill, at the sheer cliffs, and starts to run, smiling.

It started years ago, with boredom. Boredom had infected him and made his feet itch.

Rod takes a last look over his shoulder, and smiles to the colourful girl leaning against the colourful campervan. She'll enjoy the show.

The search started with drugs. The beautiful, terrible drugs that ripped his life into those moments of brilliance until the tatters blew away on the wind and scattered to the four corners of a monochrome world. Boredom turned to ecstasy, then to despair.

Rod takes a stream at a running leap. Adrenaline roars in his ears.

Next, there was the woman who found the tatters and wove them. The passion, the colour that came back again in the blackness of a bedroom at night. Despair turned to love.

Rod drinks from the water bottle in his hand, and throws it away.

Then, there was the violence. The bomb on the Tube, the terrorists, the body. The years of training for revenge, followed by years of tenseness and action wherever the fight was. Afghanistan, Iraq, Abbottabad. The savages were everywhere, and he only did what was 'right'. Love turned to hate.

Rod is at the summit. He has to stop. He fastens the zips, resents the loss of momentum.

After that, the shock. What was he doing, what had he done already? Who had he become? Hate turned to horror.

Ready, at last. Rod looks round, at the town below, and runs towards the cliff.

At last, the change. He didn't need hate now, because he was loved. He had always been loved, always will be. But then the tests came. Horror turned to worry.

Rod runs off the edge. He plummets. A jump is a test. You just have to let it happen...

He passed the tests. He settled down, found a wife, a family... But his feet itched.

Rod spreads his arms. The wing suit fills. He flies. His feet stop itching.

This is what it takes to come alive.