**My Hidden Place** (an extract, not complete)

Right behind his head it is sheltered from the wind and most of the rain. Even in a downpour it only really dribbles down the back of his stone head, not directly on me, but it would still make it wet under my feet, or my bottom if I am sitting down. The stone is chilly enough without being damp, so I have managed to make a roof. It is a disposable facemask and the elastic loops that people put over their ears, just fit nicely over his horns. It does make the light in there a bit blue, but to be dry, it is worth it.

Sometimes when I am normal sized, walking past, I glance up and wonder if anyone else notices that blue mask stuck on a gargoyle? They probably think it got blown up there by the wind. In a way, that is true. It was very heavy and flappy to lift on my own as a new flyer, and I was grateful for the gust of wind that gave me that extra boost to reach horn level.

The next thing needed to make it cosy, was some sort of carpet for the cold stone floor. I found something called a “Slimline panty liner” and it fits perfectly on the floor between the wall and devil man’s head. The added advantage is there seem to be a lot in the box, so I can change it if it gets muddy.

With no direct sunlight on the back of the stone head it is not mossy. It is quite clean, which is a relief, as I would not want to share my hidden space with any creepy crawlies, especially as in my flying state a woodlouse would tower over me. No, my place at the top of the old college wall is completely mine and free of any other inhabitants or visitors.

I enjoy the view from the horns, but now that I can fly on my own, I see views all the time. When I first began and had my practice wings on it was all I could manage just to get my feet off the ground and float a foot or two above the grass. Those practice wings were old fashioned and so heavy, their straps bit into my shoulders. What a relief to get rid of them and just fly. I’m not sure they did me any good but my mother told me I had to wear them for balance or some boring thing. She taught me, so I suppose she knows what she was talking about. She said the practice wings belonged originally to my grandmother.

My mother was sad she could no longer fly. She was therefore delighted that I, the youngest of her four children showed signs of having the ability. I think she had given up hope until I began to tell her about the strange feeling I got between my shoulders sometimes when I was running. Not unpleasant, just a sort of need to stretch and open. It only comes on sometimes and only when I run. More strangely when it does come on, I begin to diminish in size as well. This is a most peculiar feeling and it could be very inconvenient if it comes on during school sports!