

Pilot Wannabe

by Jerry Ratch

We were both looking up at the rainy sky, while the big jet barely moved through the clouds, coming in for a landing at Oakland between storms.

It sort of reminded me of 911, the way they just seemed to hover above us, barely moving, like they were possibly looking for trouble.

“Are you a pilot?” he asked.

“No,” I said. “Well, pilot wannabe maybe. My dad was.”

