

(Harry was 10 years old)

Harry: Look dad, there's an airplane in the sky.

That's so cool. I want to ride an airplane.

Father: Plane tickets are very expensive. We aren't very rich. Besides, that one is a fighter jet.

Harry: How can I get on that one.

Father: You have to join the Air Force and become a pilot.

Harry: Then I'm going to do so.

Father: But you are wearing glasses, son. Only those who have good eyes can be a pilot.

Harry: Really? Can't I fly that plane?

Father: I'm afraid not.

Harry: What a shame. Then, I'm going to buy my own aeroplane, and fly as a bird every day.

Father: That sounds exciting, but airplanes are very expensive. Even a small one costs a fortune. And flying lessons are also expensive.

Harry: But I'm going to work hard.
And one day, I'll definitely become a pilot.
I'm determined, dad.

(10 years later)

(Harry finds the advertisement of a new skydiver's club near his home)

Harry: How much does it cost to get a skydiver's license?

Clark: Well, that depends. How often can you come to our club?

Harry: Two days a week, Saturdays and Sundays.

Clark: OK, then we'll charge you 50 dollars a week, and in two months, you can be a good skydiver if you work hard.

Harry: Good, I'm in.

Clark: Thank you very much, mister. Then, could you fill in those boxes and give your signature underneath?

Harry: Fine.

(Next week, on the plane in the sky)

Instructor: Now, jump out!

Harry: No, I can't. It's too scary.

Instructor: Do it coward, we have no time to spare.

This plane is going to crash in a second!

Harry: Noooo, please don't. I'll do it right now!