

# The Angle

---

Volume 2008 | Issue 2

Article 28

---

2008

## Journey Through Dreams

Erin Waffle  
*St. John Fisher College*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

## [How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Waffle, Erin (2008) "Journey Through Dreams," *The Angle*: Vol. 2008 : Iss. 2 , Article 28.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2008/iss2/28>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2008/iss2/28> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjfc.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

## Journey Through Dreams

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"We commence on our journey from the first moments of life. For me, the journey was like crossing a bridge, straight and narrow, with my dream on the other side. Growing up, I thought I was confidently balanced on the bridge compared to others. Some people were quick in crossing, passing me in the dust; while I watched others who slipped off and lost their way. Most were just blindly crossing the bridge, hoping their dream would find them on the other side."

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 8&9, Issue 6&7, 2008.

# JOURNEY THROUGH DREAMS

BY ERIN WAFFLE

We commence on our journey from the first moments of life. For me, the journey was like crossing a bridge, straight and narrow, with my dream on the other side. Growing up I thought I was confidently balanced on the bridge compared to others. Some people were quick in crossing, passing me in the dust; while I watched others who slipped off and lost their way. Most were just blindly crossing the bridge, hoping their dream would find them on the other side.

I grew up all my life thinking my dream was to become a professional dancer. I lived day by day, year by year, adding baggage to my journey across the bridge. Bags of knowledge, bags of skill, bags of opinions, bags of experience. Soon those bags seem to become loads, heavy loads that weighed me down, making my journey unpleasant across that bridge.

One day I decided to jump off the bridge. Many people were shocked to learn I did that. I abandoned my childhood dream. It was all that I knew and now it was just like I was free falling. I went almost a year free falling but I ended up landing on another bridge. Another journey to another dream.



Spread Your Wings

Jeanne Fiano