

Breaking Free

Sometimes, the Smallest Things Set Us Free



Wink



***“Life’s lessons appear when we
least expect them.”***

Hoping to clear her mind, Sarah went into a restaurant. She found a quiet corner away from the bustling crowd, hoping to calm her troubled mind. The dim lighting and soft music created a calm atmosphere that contrasted sharply with the lively noise of the restaurant. As she settled into her seat, her thoughts seemed louder than the background noise from the rest of the restaurant, making her feel even more alone.

A waiter approached and placed a menu and a glass of ice water on her table. Thanking him, she stared straight ahead, lost in thought, well beyond the menu.

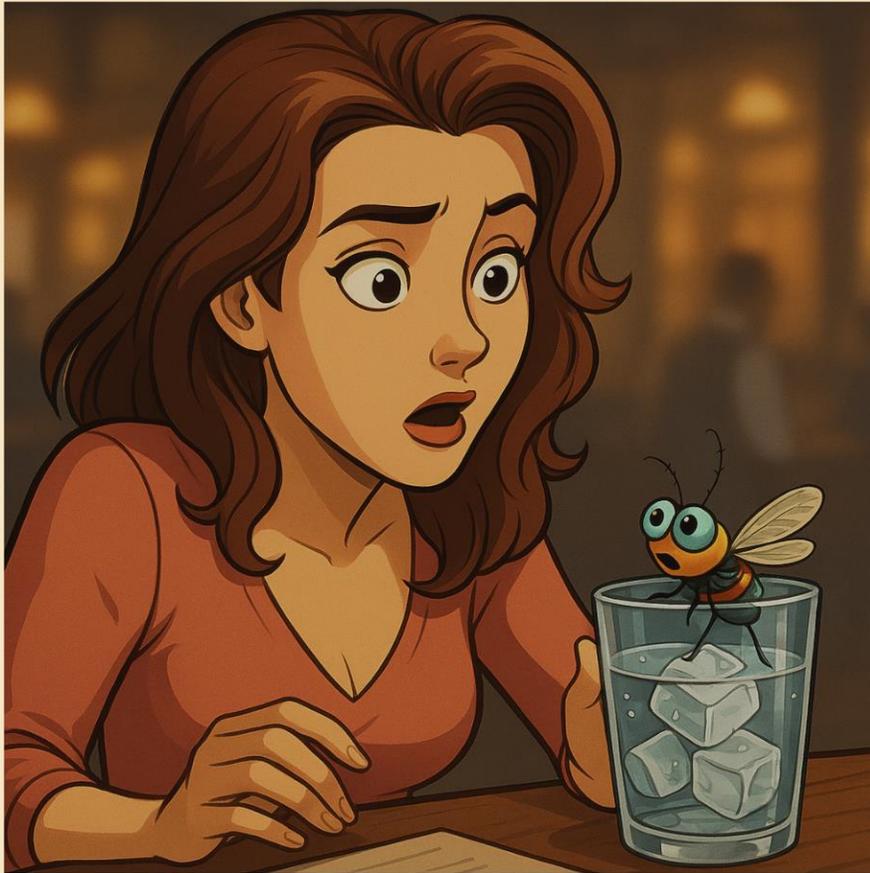


“With every word, the weight of love’s loss grew heavier.”

“Can you believe he said that? After everything I’ve done for him,” she muttered to herself, her words tangled with hurt and disbelief.

“A complete waste of time, that’s what it is. Two years, and for what?”, her voice rising slightly, with a trace of anger in her tone. Her eyes stung with unshed tears, the weight of the breakup pressing heavily on her heart. She had invested so much into the relationship, sacrificing her own needs and desires for the sake of love, only to be met with indifference.

Unaware, a fly struggled to take flight from an ice cube in her glass, its leg caught in the frozen trap. The small creature’s struggle went unnoticed as she continued to mutter her frustrations about the breakup, oblivious to the fact she was about to make an unusual acquaintance.



**“A voice
Sarah
never
expected...
broke
through
her
despair.”**

It was then that a tiny, strained voice cut through her trance. “Uh, excuse me, could you give me a little help here?”

Startled, she peered around. “Who said that?” The restaurant was busy, but the voice didn't seem to belong to any of the patrons.

Setting down the menu, she looked at her glass, still in shock from her recent breakup. Her eyes landed on her glass, and there, to her astonishment, was a fly, its leg helplessly stuck to an ice cube.

“A fly in my water, how disgusting!” she said, motioning to call the waiter. However, her plans were interrupted when she heard a tiny voice from the fly pleading.

“No, no! Please don't call. I'm just stuck in distress; I'll be gone shortly.”



**“Even the tiniest wings
can carry concern.”**

The fly's wings buzzed frantically. “Excuse me, ma'am. I couldn't help but notice your distress. Is everything all right?” it asked, struggling desperately to get free.

She couldn't help the incredulous laugh that bubbled up. “Am I now about to get relationship advice from a fly?” Curiosity ignited, and she leaned in closer.

“Well, you do seem to need some perspective...” the fly managed a feeble buzz.

She sighed, “My boyfriend and I just broke up. Everything feels overwhelming. I feel like I'm drowning in my own emotions. It's like the world has lost its color, and I'm stuck in this gray, hopeless place.”

The fly's tone softened. “I didn't get trapped in this ice on purpose. But there I was—frozen. Kind of like you are right now.”



“Why am I even talking to a fly?”

“Please... just give me a chance to explain”



“Seriously? Even a fly can see how upset I am. No, everything is not all right. My relationship ended, and I'm at my wits' end. Why am I talking to a fly? Waiter!”

“Wait, don't call the waiter! If you do, I'll end up flushed down the drain.”

Confused, she replied, “What? You're just a fly. How is this relevant?”

“Please, listen. It may seem minor, but it means everything to me. Give me a chance to explain.”

“Fine, go ahead. But make it quick. I don't have much time.”

“I got stuck in this ice cube. If the glass is taken away, I'll be history.”

“That's unexpected. Okay, I won't call the waiter. But make it fast.”

“Thank you! Just give me a moment.”



***“A new perspective
can set us free.”***

With a desperate struggle, the fly managed to break free, benefiting from the warmth of their conversation. It took a few moments, but eventually, the fly wiggled its leg free and buzzed around the rim of the glass triumphantly.

“Thank you for sparing me,” the fly continued as its wings buzzed in a blur. “You know, sometimes we get stuck in situations that seem impossible to escape, but we can find our way out with a little help and perspective.”

Sarah leaned back, her expression softening. “You’re right. Maybe I’ve been too quick to give up.”



*“A new perspective
can set us free.”*

The fly hovered mid-air. “You might be hurting now, but don’t let that freeze your future. Give it a chance to thaw.”

She gave a slow smile, her shoulders relaxing for the first time all evening.

“You’re surprisingly wise... for a fly.”

Buzzing gently, the fly said, “Farewell. Remember, the little things can teach big lessons. Good luck with your decision.”

As he hovered near the rim of the glass, she asked, “By the way, what’s your name?”

The fly buzzed softly. She leaned in, but could only make out, “B—u—h...”



“A lighter heart, with a clearer choice.”

Before she could ask again, he zipped away, leaving Sarah with a sense of renewed hope and a curious smile.

Watching him disappear, she smiled and reflected, *Goodbye, little fly. You've shown me the importance of perspective.*

She sat with her thoughts a moment longer, then picked up her phone. She stared at the screen, unsure. *“Maybe I’m not ready to fix everything... but I can at least start by talking. Really listening.”*

She took a deep breath. “I’ll call him, not to argue. Just to understand.”

As the phone rang, she glanced at the glass of water, now just a simple beverage again, and smiled.

“Sometimes, the smallest encounters can lead to the biggest changes.”



The Moral of the Story

We often let small problems grow into overwhelming ones, losing perspective in the heat of the moment. But even a tiny encounter—like a fly in a glass—can remind us to pause, reflect, and see our struggles for what they truly are. The little things can offer big lessons... if we're willing to listen.

Sometimes, the clearest view comes from the smallest voice.



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