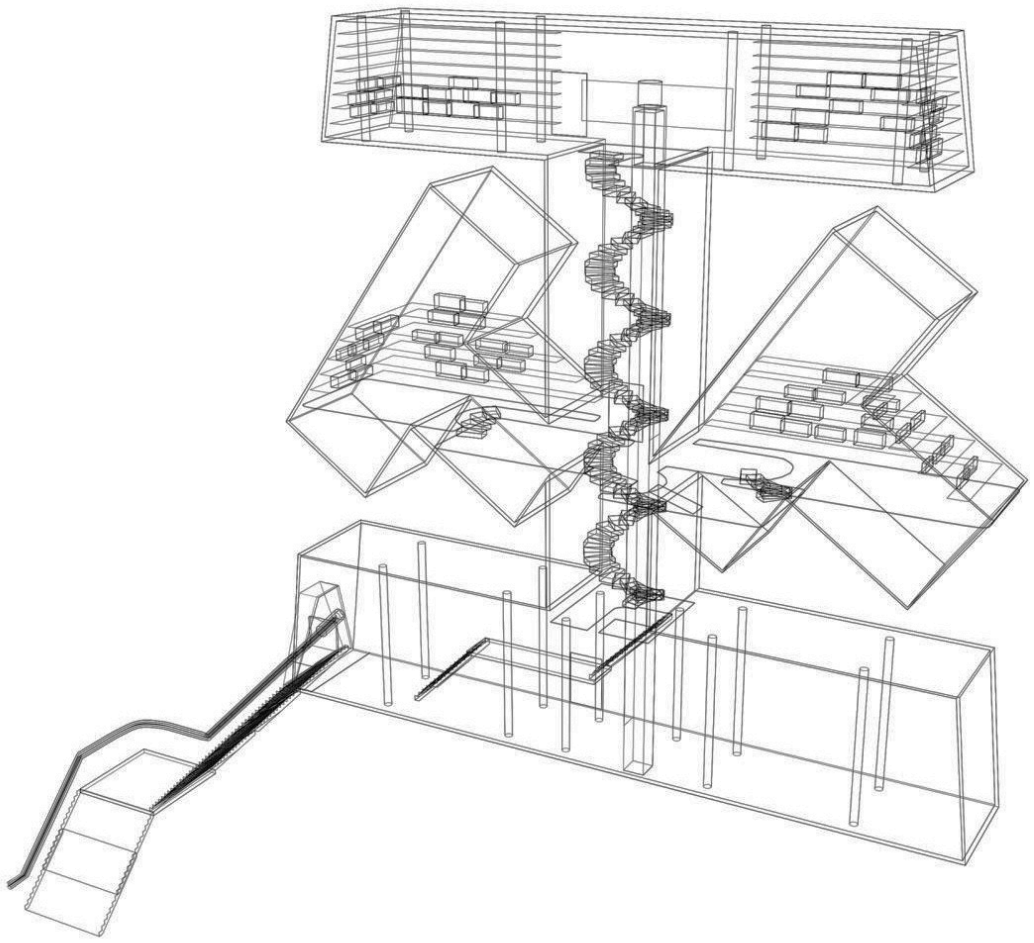

There is a tar like black mucus seeping from between the steel panelling on my way across the vertical plane. It's unnerving. I try to focus on the red L.E.D digits bitt-fading away on the small screen above the door. My eyes stray and note the black syrup pooled at the sides of the lift, starting its viscous advance towards my heel. My number's up: the doors slide apart and I step into the clouds immediately starting to plummet.
When you first start falling you accelerate at nine point eight meters per second per second. You do this until you reach terminal velocity - 117 to 125 miles per hour depending on your posture.

I know this because Mr. Stuparyk told me. I watch as the tiny topographies of London morph into what my memory has made of his face. He was my design technology teacher, bald with a bulbous nose. Around about three seconds had passed and I realised how calm I was being given my current situation. He *was* my favourite teacher though. My eyelids are flapping wildly and it feels like the bones in my ear are inflating. The gauze and surgical tape had come away. I'm getting bored of his boldness; he doesn't even look like that anyway. I decided to turn around and face the stratosphere.

I'm mid barrel roll and I see my lover in perfect stasis - sitting on a chaise longue made of cloud. She smiles big and squints a little. Nn n nnnnnnnnn nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn nnnnnnnnnnnnnnmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. A brown trail of bile extends upwards from my mouth and disintegrates leaving a hue in some clouds like a shitty northern lights. I notice a chord flailing in the air, it leads to my left nipple, I yank hard and a buoyant lung pops out of my chest, catches the wind and tears lots of soft spongy tissue, out of me, way up to towards the sick haze but integrating itself fully with a thermal column. I fall and watch as the organic balloon is passed into the denser cold air. They've planned it perfectly! There seems to be just enough oxygen in my blood stream for the cycle to complete without me dying in the air. I can see a party going on and angle my body for an eerily lit pool. The organs round a mass contracted corner and slam right back into my body through my anus – one oxygen filled heart beat later and I slap into the small body of water and die.

They find me the next morning and blame Michael Barrymore for everything.

Knuckles	Best	A	Beauty
Between	To	Talking	My
Fingers	Be	To	Giant
I	Each	Me	Jittery
Dare	Other's	Ashamed	Pupils
Your	Willowy	And	Snooping
Palm	Wonder	Befuddled	Through
To	Imitating	Cranberry	Yours
Move	Each	Bubbling	Til
I	Other's	Blousy	You
Find	Taste	Blues	Can
The	In	Outside	Count
Indentations	Berries	The	The
I	You	Room	Shapes
Tame	Ferry	And	I
Your	Me	Both	Contort
Memory	Through	My	Into
Overwhelm	The	Eyes	Til
Myself	Water	Lie-hued	We're
With	And	Watery	Not
The	Everything's	They	Beside
Small	Blue	Hurt	Each
Movements	And	Me	Other
To	I	You	Anymore
Plant	Might	Blue	You're
Small	Be	Bastard	Out
Green	Someone	Blustering	The
Shoots	To	Around	Door
In	Roll	Me	Up
Your	Your	In	The
Pocket	Soul	Circles	Road
Our	Me	Ginormous	.