

Four Days of Short Stories I Story 2

~Ride~

by Thaddeus Coleman

On my way up, it happens, every time like clockwork. Time seems to slow to a crawl and the mind wonders. Even if time hadn't slowed down to what may as well be recognized as torture technique, the journey is still as long one. The slow rise is unbearable. It's because of the anticipation of will happen mixed with the imagination to construct what might happen. That and the fact that once it starts you lose the ability to leave. I can only dream of turning around and become a pile of salt now, leave this behind for the foolish idea of what's lost.

Looking over my side I can see the world below me. It's so small from up here and getting even smaller. As world becomes smaller in my view can only think of two things: How disconnected I feel from that world now, and how small of an impact I will make on it if something goes wrong and I were to plummet to from my seat. Switching my focus to the sky I see it coming closer and closer. The white clouds lull me into momentary peace, yet I never lose the sight of my approaching destination.

I'm almost there. The mechanical sounds seen my stomach into a raging fit, the acids turn wildly inside. I turn my head to my left and receive a comforting look. My colleague is a veteran of sort, he does get the same feeling I get. I have the sneaking suspicion that he never has—born an eternal monster among us mortal men. The sound, like chain popping or metal belts tearing, is getting louder. It's making it hard to think, which is both a blessing, in that it has stopped my wrapped thoughts, and a curse, in that now all that preoccupies me is that uncomfortable, claustrophobic sound. That, and the tightness around my body.

Belts and latches hug forcefully around my body. There to ensure my safety but adds the unintended effects of causing mental fatigue or waking my latent phobias. They are here as just another reminder that I cannot escape. Another reminder of my poor marks in decision making.

And now I've reached it. The zeitgeist of my ride. The world is at its smaller and sky at its peak. Time and movement, for a second, come to a complete stop. The mechanical sounds have just made their final pop and now I left with silence so bold it audible. My life literally hangs in the balance of life and death. I take a breath and nearly choke as another pop sounds explodes from underneath me. I no longer face the heavens but the earth. My ears pop as I plummet and sound in muted but I can clearly hear screams of children and women and men in the background. What could once be described butterflies in my stomach have become pterodactyls raging inside. I scream.

~The End~