

The Fall
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SP.292

He sits, knowing the decision he has made, the step he has taken. He waits.

Around the small bedroom, his friends are still talking, laughing, enjoying the night. A few on the bed, a few on the couch, arranged like game pieces. Unaware.

He looks at one friend, then another, looking for a sign. Nothing different. His head turns again. Everything continues. The same. The same people, the same room, the same lights.

He tries harder, tries, tries, tries, but tries what? He sighs, closes his eyes, and enters a new world. Eyes open. The room moves, drags, drifts, like time watered down. Waves overlapping. His friends are flying while sitting still. A higher dimension, more than just dreaming. He's living it, sitting in a world of rubber, watching caricatures carry on as if nothing has changed. But it has. And it's amazing.

They don't notice his motion, slowing. If he controlled time before, he has lost control now. Seconds take hours. Inches become miles. Fleeting thoughts stretch forever. No more body, only mind. And soul. Slowing. Slowing. The effect is staggering. God revealed. Secrets unlocked. Revelation. Enlightenment.

Still slower. He sees time move. Not just move, but evolve. Sees every atom shift, slide, expand, every point flowing into the next. A living Playdoh universe. Determinism at its most fundamental level. He can see it. The entire room, the people, the universe, no control. It's all determined. He's knows it. He understands the why. Of everything. It's all one.

He's awake, maybe, but he sees nothing, hears nothing, feels nothing. But his eyes are open, maybe. Nothing is certain anymore. The room is gone, the people imagined, life a trip. All of life a trip. Childhood, first crush, first kiss. It was a trip. It was all a trip. Just a pretty image in a complex mind. Everything is him, was him. And now everything will still be him, but different because it's been revealed, the pattern broken, like throwing a stone in water. He waits for stability. He longs for it. His whole life a trip, made up, not real. None of it was real. None of it is real.

He swallows and sinks.

The slowing gets faster. Hurling through space, his mind a fractal. A beautiful fractal. Colorful, spinning, deciding fate, no free will. He watches the loops of his mind behind him, and in front. It's amazing, but he is scared. He wants it to stop.

He swallows and sinks.

His hands clammy, his eyes clenched, his mind racing. Is this real? He opens his eyes and sees the room, the people, his friends. Still there. Still oblivious to him, but the room seems

different. He can see the seasons. Racing by. Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall. Years gone in a second. His friends have lived, laughed, loved throughout, but he has not moved at all. Something is wrong.

He swallows and sinks. Swallows and sinks. Swallows and sinks.

Moving faster and faster. A ball of fear builds in his throat. A knot of fear. The speed is exhilarating, but terrifying. This is his life now. This falling, this fast forward of life. There is nothing to live for. No people, no family, no friends, no joy, no love. Forever. Forever. And more.

He looks up. Up. It's lighter. Down means darkness, fear, pain. Up is life. Up is joy. Up is love, but he can't reach up there.

He swallows and the knot loosens.

He can suddenly remember being happy, being loved. Only a memory now. He feels the darkness, the fear. Overwhelming, but he enjoys the speed, the ride. This lack of control, this rush, he can't control it.

He swallows and the knot loosens.

He is aware. Ever aware that at any second, any hour, at any time he could fall once more. He can't bear it. The darkness, the murky darkness. He's slipping back down.

He swallows and the knot loosens.

He sees the surface of his life, above him. Still in the darkness, he remembers his friends, his family. Still hurtling in the seas of his twisted mind, he remembers free will, humanity, God. Still blurry, still moving, still scared, he remembers life. He wants life.

He swallows and breaks free.

He understands now. He is part of the club and he understands why they do it. He understands the why of everything. His questions are answered. Everything answered, except a brief thought, in the aftermath, just a thought, nothing more. Another time perhaps. The opportunity will come, eventually, and he will decide them. Not now.

He swallows, smiles and walks home.

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