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Help by any other word is still help

by James Stiffel

When I woke up from my day dream, I was a million miles from home. But in truth, I was 'actually' a million miles from home. In case this had slipped my mind, the Turquoise sky was there to remind me. Watching the Roardlings shooting across the sky amazed me still and listening to all of a thousand different insects I had yet to name. This was my favourite spot to soak up sunshine and sit and ponder. To spare a thought for those back home. I was a pioneer. I was the first of my kind to reach here. It would take them centuries to catch up with me. That was plenty of time to wait. I'd still be around then (apparently!).

The time piece on my fore arm dinged. It was 10pm. Which didn't mean much in a 36hr day. I had to change the 'numbers' around so I'd understand them. It took me a year to learn how to tell the time. I felt something stroke down my spine. It was Olive. Her large pink tentacle, affectionately saying good bye. The mind reading tentacle tree's were a weird friend to have. But its nice to have a tree hug you back I suppose. "I'll be back soon." I said.

But Olive's form quivered all over, ignoring me. Something was wrong. I turned and saw a school transport vehicle out of control. Its flying anti' grav's were damaged. It was up in mid air between two sky-lands. If it didn't reach the edge of our Sky-land soon, it was sure to plummet to the ground below. I got up and ran to the closest point, right to the edge. My heart thudded in my chest. The cries of the children on board made it beat harder. "No!" What could I do? I needed help. But it would take far too long for any emergency vehicle to get here. The locals from nearby houses came to help, but they were as useless as me. Stricken faces looked from one to another, searching for answers or a prayer.

The driver flew the 'bus' as high as it would go. Underneath, I saw the broken, fizzing connections forbidding it to fly normally. Fizzing, sparking...until they stopped altogether. Like a young bird, too weak to fly, the bus fell. The beings all around me screamed in terror. Arms and tentacles all reaching out in a desperate act to somehow save those on board. The 'bus' fell to our level. If only it was a little closer. The faces on board looked to us all for salvation, wide eyed and hopeful. But it was clear, they would never see a double sunrise again. I watched helplessly, as the screams got quieter. Barely audible.

But the bus began to rise, faster than it had fallen. It whooshed past my face and landed with a thud next to me. The people around me gasped, but weren't afraid. Without knowing it, my eyes were florescent blue and pulsated with power. Finally, after all this time I had 'transcended'.