

UP - A Short Story

Outline

Plot: A mysterious comet passes Earth causing gravity to suddenly inverse, sending everything not tied down up.

Characters: John Doe, Jane Doe-Ramee, Freedo (the dog)

Perspective: Third Person

Setting: Their apartment, located on the 32nd floor of a downtown tower building.

The First Draft...

Daybreak came again, a little later than the day before. The sunshine slowly crept up her sleeping face, past her cheek and then hitting her left eye, causing her to immediately recoil with a groan beneath the blankets. The clock radio came on shortly afterwards. Familiar businesses selling themselves over and over again. Then the news, again with the dooms-day, slash what does this mean, banter with the morning hosts.

The comet had come into the solar system about three years earlier, on a disturbingly direct path towards earth. But a month ago the geeks had become confident that it would just be a near miss. It was goin to be close though, with the ice ball threading the needle between the Moon and Earth almost exactly.

So Jane slept, savoring each second until the real alarm went off.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Fred jumped up onto the bed, John grunted and threw off the blankets and trudged over to the dresser. He pounded the top of the clock with his extended middle finger to stop the klaxons. He pounded it again and the depressing audio narrative

died in an instant. Jane hadn't moved, so he leaped and jumped hard onto the bed next to her, making them both bounce up and down. "Wake up Sunshine! You have that big meeting with Dick Dingleberry today."

Jane gave him an elbow in the ribs, "His name is Richard! And he's rich." She was trying to be serious, but they had laughed about this for days. Freedo got excited and jumped around the bed.

John pulled Jane close, forcibly turning her to look into her eyes. "I hate it", he said.

Jane's expression was hard after the muscling, but softened and then became playful, "I'd never trade my John for a Dick"

"I don't even know what that means", he said laughing. He got up and she rolled over to catch a few more seconds of peace. The air between them was light, it was a typical morning.

To the left of their bed was the veranda; its eastern view glowing bright with incoming sunlight over the city. The river snaking its way through it was like a wide silver thread on a dark cloth. Each morning, after assaulting his alarm clock, he walked out and breathed in this city's air. This is where he centered himself for the day, before the battle began. He dropped the front of his pajama pants and relieved himself over the balcony, thinking of everyone in the city who he despised and who was in his way while his bladder pressure released into a drip.

The incoming comet was bright, streaking in a still picture to his far left. He looked forward to watching it pass, which would be in about an hour.

Jane came out after using the bathroom, a fresh cup of coffee in her hand. Her morning routine consisted of reviewing her many potted plants, sprinting them with water and snipping here and there. John didn't understand it at all.

"Look at how these are leaning!", she exclaimed. They're, like, pointing towards that thing.

She was right. It was subtle, but the taller ones seemed to be seeking the comet.

"Do they like the light?", he said jokingly. As he said it, he noticed a peculiar feeling, like he was also leaning in that direction and his mind was compensating automatically. Looking down on the table he looked into the glasses left from last night. To his dismay, the melted ice water and booze wasn't level in the glass. There was a slight, but noticable slant in the direction of the thing.