

Escaping the Sky

The girl's name might have been Mary or Joanne or even Banana, but let's call her... Lola.

Lola was walking down the street alone because no one else seemed to enjoy the sensation of vitamin D on their skin. The Sun was enjoying not being overshadowed by clouds, and the sky shone its brightest blue. The gentle breeze scattered red and gold leaves and branches swayed happily.

A loud *crack* interrupted the peaceful quiet, and Lola looked up. A long, jagged and very visible line had appeared in the sky. Lola frowned. That was unusual.

Like ice shattering on a frozen lake, there was another *crack* and another line struck across the sky. Lola smacked herself across the cheek to wake up from the ridiculous dream, but only succeeded in hurting herself. If you were passing by and blissfully unaware of the strange behaviour of the sky, you would have laughed at her.

There was another *crack*. And then another. And another. The time between cracks grew less and less until all Lola could hear was *crack crack crack*. The cracks spread across the sky, zig-zagging like scars and joining up with other cracks.

She half-expected what happened next, but it was still surreal. The sky fell down.

Lola screamed because anything that cracks has to be solid, and shards of the sky were raining down on the world. The shards tumbled through the air in all shapes and sizes, still maintaining their blue colour, which Lola was sure wasn't possible because of something scientific. Then she remembered the sky had shattered and thought the scientists of the world would be feeling pretty stupid already.

She tried to run, but, as you would know if you had ever tried to escape the sky, it was impossible. She sunk to the pavement and curled into a protective ball, bracing for impact.

The impact that never came.

A sensation that could only be described as a cloud going straight through you overcame her, and she passed out.

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As Lola returned to consciousness, she thought that the bed she was lying on felt pretty uncomfortable. It had no pillows for starters, and the mattress felt like concrete. She opened her eyes and realised it felt like concrete because it *was* concrete. Lola was lying on the pavement.

Then she noticed the sky.

It was made of glass like a giant fishbowl, but the glass was so clear it couldn't possibly be so. Beyond the glass, or whatever it was, was space. But not a dark, black void like the scientists had said. The view from what Lola now thought of as the giant fishbowl, was layers of blue and purple and pink. Each colour blended into the next in a way that would make an art teacher stop and say: 'Now *that*, class, is a gradient.'

Spread across the breathtaking sky, beyond the fishbowl, were thousands- if not millions- of tiny, twinkling stars. Like a blanket, the colours and stars encased the globe, stretching to the horizons. No one noticed the Sun was gone, because the stars, despite being tiny pinholes of light, did the job. All Lola knew was that something had changed, but she couldn't imagine what a fishbowl world would mean.