

Jeff C.

The world flowed about like honey ~~flow~~ out from a bottle onto upended bowl. Spread thinner and thinner until all that was were drops of here-now falling into the void.

Catching one, a gold drop of time and place, in my beak I let the always suprising bitterness wash over me.

It tasted of dust and lemon peel. Motes of life sparked and I read every one searching.

One mote sparked like burning quartz. I swallowed it and made it one with me.

Anonymous

\* \* \*

Cheryn woke to her alarm clock with a start, swore, and cleaned and dressed in a frenzy.

"Tom, I'M running late," she told her coworker over a phone precariously held to her ear."

"Well I just hope you don't forget the new business plan," Tom said just as Cheryn's personal blimp hung up on a flagpole, spilling her over the side.

"Cheryn? Cheryn????!! CHERYN!" <sup>Tom</sup> screamed into the phone. Silence. Tom dialed 911.

The birdman had flown past the blimp just in time to catch the falling girl. She clung awkwardly, but he descended quickly so that he could land before she fell off.

iam iam \*

...hello

\* \* \* \*\*

Hello. I am IceClaw. I am a RiverClan Warrior. Just kidding. I am not from the Warriors seireis.

Cheryn held her breath. She;d heard these bird men were all mad from bird flu.

Michelle P.

From the shadows an slim figure watched. After a moment A black haired elf aproached the pair. "what world be this? Random portals are such a pain."

Cheryn looked from the birdman to the elf in minor horror. /W 'What craziness has fallen on my poor brain? //Maybe//

Manny Frishberg  
She thought perhaps she had also been taken by the bird flu ~~infectio~~ infection that was sweeping across the globe. But she had been so careful, wearing a particle mask night and day, She had taken to washing her hands every time she touched anything tha might have come in contact with another living creature.

Now ~~it/was/all~~ all her precautions were for naught. Even if she had not been infected before, here she was, suspended in the filthy claws

Manny (cont'd)

of an almost ~~let~~ certainly infectious bird-man. Damn them, she thought. Always thinking that damsels in distress are just waiting for some winged hero to swoop down and save us.

She unfurled her own wings, slapping him in the face to make him release her so she could fly off and retrieve her ~~zeppelin~~ zeppelin before it floated completely out of sight.

\* \* \* \*

K. @n Anderson

"Sir, do you understand the ramifications of placing a prank emergency call?" The urban guardswoman looked sternly at Tom, shoving her goggles up onto her wavy golden hair. "We sent two responders out to the area of the community park; there was no sign of your colleague or a"--she consulted her electro-pad-- "a 2072 Apple blimp."

"That's impossible," Tom muttered.

The officer shrugged, and turned to leave the offices of Complete Fabrications.

"Wait," Tom begged, @grabbing her by the arm. "Did you find any signs of a briefcase, or some businessplans?"

K. Mariér

"No," she replied crisply and turned abruptly back to her post. Tom, feeling panic creeping up his gut to lodge in the dryness in the back of his throat felt himself incombent to leave. Leave now. Oddly enough, it was the sky, clear and blue, that he most noticed. There hadn't been clear weather like this since winter and the airy clarity, unmarred by haze, filled him with a visceral yearning. And with a snuddering wrench, Tom mentally shook out his wings, activated his aura, and with a subtle glow eminiscent of pure sunlight, his aetheric wings carried him skyward. And he feasted on a breakfast of pure sunlight.

D dimly he realized it ~~xxxxxxx~~ wasn't ~~xxxxx~~ pork.

MCJulie

At that moment, the cosmic watchers decided they had had quite enough of that story, and they adjusted their universal universes remote to see what else was on,

Universe 32 had broken out into war, which was entertaining for a while, until somebody discovered the secret of the ultimate weapon and then everyone was dead, which wasn't entertaining at all. Universe 788 had discovered time travel, and the spot-the-paradox drinking game kept everyone entertained for a while.

~~Universe 992~~ Once everyone was drunk, Universe 992, the entirely naked universe, seemed like the thing to watch. But then the watchers started to sober ~~up~~ up a little and they didn't like that. They switched over ~~to~~ to the psychedelic universe and got contact-stoned. All except for Harold, who wouldn't give up the bottle of space tequila. He curled up in a corner, cradling the bottle as if it were his long-lost teddy bear, ~~which~~ which at one point he thought it was. He got maudlin. Then he got effusive, telling the other watchers with great and boundless enthusiasm how much "I love you guys!" Then he threw up into the portal to universe 45,678, which was a complete causality ~~violation~~ violation, and trying ~~to~~ to get that mess cleaned up ~~was~~ definitely kept everyone busy for quite a while.

But eventually even that distraction was over. And the watchers still had an eternity of infinity to fill. Somehow.

"Let's find some ignorant mortals and really mess them around by pretending to be gods of something," suggested Harold, now hungover and feeling irritable.

"Yes, let's," agreed the others.

G.B

"But we did that last eon!" Jaspas protested. "Besides, aren't we getting a tad... dare I say it... cliché?"

"Who asked you?" Harold asked. "I want to,,, A CHOO! Sorry about that, I seem to be catching a cold."

Jaspas blanched. "Oh, no! I knew we spent too much time watching that stupid Cheryn chick!"

Jan, another of the watchers, rolled her ~~eyes~~ eyes. "You think we've caught bird flu and are all going to die, don't you."

Harold laughed. "That's ridiculous. We can't \*cough\* \*cough\* be infected with a mortal virus."

"How do you \*cough\* know?" Jaspas asked.

Jane tried to say something, but was seized with a fit of sneezing that lasted for some minutes.

"I knew we shouldn't have swallowed those notes of mortality!"

The End