

# The Stairwell

by

e10

I had to warn her. While I ran, sweating heavily in the scorching heat, I stole upwards glances at her looming behind the tops of buildings, though I couldn't see lower than her shoulders. I then caught a glimpse of her body through the gap between two apartment buildings that towered over a humble, narrow alley, which now experienced more bustling traffic than ever due to the stream of panicking people rushing through it. When I saw that the major road ahead was even more packed, I stopped in my tracks and darted back to this alley and began to push my way through the crowds, conscious of her figure dominating the narrow slit of sky ahead of me.

It was difficult going, but the alley made a dog-leg and suddenly opened out into a generously large carpark sprawled before the monolith of a young lady. She was a beauty and the sight was awe-inspiring. She leaned on a building, which I later learned was twenty-five stories and just over a hundred metres high and came up to her shoulders. She had lifted her arms and laid them flat across the glossy blue building's roof like someone leaning on a high counter, and although everything past her upper arms was invisible from my vantage point at street level, it was clear that she was idly resting her chin on her hands

Rows upon rows of cars comprised grand avenues leading to her feet and these were filled with fleeing pedestrians, becoming increasingly sparse as the area cleared. I bolted between these rows with her on my horizon, experiencing a strange sensation because it seemed that I ran and ran, yet my desperate running barely changed my perspective relative to her body. It was completely logical of course, that is, that one's perspective moves very slowly when moving relative to vast and gigantic objects; I think I was

simply awestruck because it wasn't some giant manmade construction I was observing, but a curvaceous female figure.

As I neared my attention was caught by squiggling movements in the glass half way up the building, directly in front of her waist. I was puzzled for a moment since the colourful movements were cast over the dim, broken reflection of her stomach, which must have been only metres away from the shiny façade, but quickly realised that I was in fact seeing the inhabitants of the building scurrying down the stairwell in panic. The stairwell had large windows opening directly to the unnervingly close enormous body and I could imagine these frightened people turning at the end of each flight of stairs to be confronted with a wall of skin only metres outside the large window, which would leave them utterly exposed to the deadly danger of her curiosity if she only decided to stoop and peer in at them. In fact I thought it frighteningly prophetic that these people appeared to be projected into the reflection of her stomach. My own stomach churned at the thought of the horrible end which awaited anyone unlucky enough to be the victim if she decided she were peckish, because there certainly wasn't any substantial amount of farm animals to be dined upon in the inner city.

It was a stinking hot day, which was why she was clad in a blue bathing outfit, similar to a bikini but with the type of lower piece that looked more like tight shorts. I'm not particular knowledgeable on the topic of women's fashions and I must admit that is the best description I can provide. It was into the exquisite underside of the back of this garment that I now stared as I finally neared her, dodging the constant flow of panic-stricken white-collar workers. I approached her from behind her and to her left, bestowing upon me the view upwards at the underside of her backside and the exhilarating inwards curve at the top of her leg. I felt nothing but veneration as I craned my neck upwards at those curves. I was so deeply immersed in the exciting feeling of reverence as I became hypnotised by her marvellous figure that I felt like dropping to my knees in worship, but a collision with a gentleman who had been stumbling backwards, probably entranced in the same manner as I was, stirred me from my daze. I picked up my pace, since had to warn her.

My gaze fell to her feet, 'fell' being a relative word since even the tops of her toes were higher than I was tall. She stood flat-footed, one knee bent towards the building in relaxation, and the entrance to the foyer was between her blue and white thongs. The people exiting the building were forced to

skirt around the high rubber walls of the soles of her footwear, between her legs and on both sides of her feet, running the terrible danger of any unpredictable movement on her behalf. I was barely fifty metres from her foot when her relaxed leg tilted further in idleness and her heel lifted from the ground. People dived in all directions away from it, but I lost my breath when I saw a dark shape imprinted in the sole of her rubber thong; the flattened remains of a car, identifiable only by the wheels which had been thrust out from underneath it as it had popped. The rest was a tangle of metal, crushed into foil under her foot. I sincerely hoped it had been vacant at the time. Soon I was again startled, this time by the loud tinkling and smashing of glass. It was raining down upon the unfortunate escapees and a quick glance revealed that in unconsciously tilting her leg, she had touched the façade with her knee and it was the former that came off second best.

I gave her raised foot respectable distance as I ran between her legs towards the door, and even so I felt a rush of fear when it lowered back down to the ground in a momentous movement. I heard the grating sound of the steel of the poor flattened car stuck to her shoe again making contact with the solid concrete ground. I had to force my way through the crowds, though as soon as I was in the lobby I saw that most had already cleared out of the building and the jostle at the entrance was only comprised of a few dozen stragglers. It occurred to me as soon as I hit the lift button that it would most likely be inactive in the emergency and my suspicions were verified by a flashing warning lamp.

Without hesitation I returned to the entrance and ducked through the passageway that obviously led to the stairwell, meeting several slow stragglers puffing as they descended the last few steps. With a puff of my own since I was already quite exhausted, I took my first step, almost stumbling at the unfamiliarity of the upwards movement, since by this time my legs had been accustomed only to my persistent running for at least twenty minutes. Each of the high floors was comprised of two flights of stairs; the first leading towards the inside of the building; to the entrance to a floor, and the second doubling back towards a landing, bathed in the light of the large windows.

I reached the first floor and then followed the turn of the stairs to the landing, taking in for the first time part of the sight which would have greeted the workers fleeing down the stairs, although I was starting from the bottom and they had started from the top. From my one-floor ascension I

had made it above the height of her toes and was now endowed with the knowledge that her nails were painted red. It was a remarkable sight to glance out this window and see the image of two normal feet, sleek in nature and instantly identifiable as female, yet surrounded by the figures of humans that were barely taller than the sole of her footwear and cars that were similar in size to her toes. 'Surreal' would barely describe it.

Second floor. The following landing yielded only a slight elevation of my perspective of the carpark-dominating feet, yet resulted in a substantially increased level of my exhaustion. I paused on the landing between the third and fourth floors, grimacing at the thought of two dozen more, although in my defence it is well known that a sudden change in exertion can cause a much quicker loss of breath. I peered out at her ankles and pressed my face to the window, squinting upwards at an acute angle to see the shadows curving around her legs, distorted in the ripples of the glass. The reflection of the bright ceiling prevented me seeing upwards past her knees.

Fourth floor. Fifth and sixth. The pillars outside the windows changed in diameter and if I had have taken a photo at each window and taped them together, two shapely feminine calves would have been identifiable. Seventh floor. I paused at her knees, seeing that one of them was littered with the glistening remains of shattered glass. I laughed out loud when I realised that a brown stain with green specks was the remains of one or several pot-plants that had been unlucky enough to be located next to the unfortunate window. Again I pressed my face to the glass and drew a sharp breath in exhilaration at the sight of the blueness of her bikini garment looming somewhere above me.

Her thighs; floors eight to twelve, were spectacular. Her knees had become smooth pillars in an enticing shade of shadowed cream, which changed shape at each floor with the stunning curves of her legs. The flights of stairs flew by under my feet and I began to experience the sensation that I was looking through the same window every time, and that it was the view outside that was changing like a flip-book. With each storey the distant horizon, comprised of the tall city buildings, yielded a bit more of the view to the open sky. However both became insignificant compared to the enormous female legs towering directly before me. To put it in context, I made a mental comparison, and estimated that the width of the middle of her thigh was equivalent to about three cars parked behind one another. It was while approaching the eleventh floor that I heard a sound that was akin to

rumbling but somehow less material; that is, not of a collision but more like a momentous movement, which was accompanied by the darkening of the stairwell.

Therefore it was with suspense that I rounded the corner, instantly seeing that she had shifted and moved closer to the building. Startling me was another shower of shattered glass tinkling against the window from above, meaning she had again pressed herself somewhat too close. I no longer had the view of her two splendid legs but only the inner curve of one of them. I darted to the window in excitement; the increased proximity somehow sending a chill of exhilaration down my spine, and pressed myself to it. Directly in front of me was the wide curve of the inside of her thigh and to my left I faced the inside of the other, which was cast in a bowed shadow that cut from high at the rear of her thigh and sloped down towards her knee. Out of bashfulness I dared not even look upwards – I knew that this shadow could only be caused by her crotch and from its position I knew I was close to the top of her thighs.

My timidity was instantly quashed by an exhilarating feeling of suspense as I ascended the next few flights of stairs. The landing after the twelfth storey yielded the view of the uppermost part of her inner thigh, where the soft flesh curves in one last time, creating the triangular gap between the very tops of the legs. I dared not even take in the sight, urged on by adrenaline.

Fourteenth. Just as the building skips a storey my heart skipped a beat and I stopped dead in my tracks on the landing before the sight of the vast blue surface of her undergarment, curved into the most delicate, divine shape that mortal men can imagine.

Attempting to describe it can barely do it justice. I stood breathless with my heart pounding in my ears. The bright blue material of her bikini-shorts clung over her exquisite form, outlined by smooth shadows that deepened softly through her legs into the dimness behind, while the garment's seam, wider than a man's body, rose in magnificent arcs to either side of me, following the contour made by her thighs meeting her abdomen. She was stationary but her natural movements such as breathing produced a swaying of her hips, which were out of my view since she was pressed close to the building, and the entire window was filled with the splendid curves of the front of her bikini bottom shifting gently from side to side, all only about two metres from the glass.

It was only now after having passed thirteen of these landings that I noticed the handle – the centre of the window’s nine large panels was able to be opened (though of course I later discovered many more windows that had been permanently ‘opened’, resulting in the showers of glass I previously mentioned). I trembled with the daring thought and took two nervous steps, bringing me within chilling proximity of the convex overhang of blueness, and with a trembling hand I grasped the handle.

The well-oiled hinges allowed the window to swing open welcomingly. A burst of hot air rushed over me and brought with it an overpowering womanly scent in which I gagged momentarily before steadying my excited breathing. I put two hands on the sill in nervousness and stepped to the window. I almost felt ashamed to look up into her body and my glance fell downwards. Though I am not afraid of heights, I instantly became dizzy at the sight, which was altogether stunning once I regained my composure. Her legs dropped away in beautiful rounded profiles, interrupted by the a mound that was her knee, then disappearing as her slender calves were enveloped by her thighs, then reappearing so far below at her feet. From my vantage point I was endowed with the view only of the insides of her legs and thus it appeared she was deliberately spreading them apart, though I judged that her feet weren’t actually that far from each other, relative to her proportions, and that it was logical that I would only be able to see the insides of her legs from where I was perched, perfectly between the tops of her thighs. I saw a dozen or more figures, clearly male, swooning almost drunkenly around her feet and I made out the antlike figure of a man daring enough to touch the sole of her shoe.

It was precisely at this point that she shifted idly. The movement; the lifting of a foot, a slight bending of that knee to lift the calf backwards, then the tapping of the toes down on the ground behind her, was a relaxed habitual motion that would be undertaken completely unnoticed a thousand times a day. Yet her actions, however slight or insignificant, had dire consequences for those innumerable individuals in whose world she had become a dominant being, and when she lifted her foot and began tapping behind her, the daring, foolish man touching her shoe was bowled over and lay still on the ground. A great shadow danced over the carpark, and though my view of the cars was obstructed by the knee of the bent leg, I saw the momentous wobble in her thighs as she executed the first tap and heard the popping crunch of steel and glass that is a horrible sound that sticks in the minds of

those who have ever been in the vicinity of an automobile accident. The shake of her thigh was damped as her giant muscles tensed to once more lift her foot, and there was a chilling silence while her foot hung suspended, pointing downwards like an axe ready to strike, before I saw the wobble propagating up her momentous thigh towards me, and it was followed by a reverberating crunch.

A torsional movement in her waist which took the blue slopes of her crotch several metres away from my position told me that she had turned her head to glance at what she had caused, and her leg lowered idly and her foot returned to its place beside the other amongst the now panic-stricken men. I cringed as the once-daring man, whose figure could be seen stirring and attempting to stand, disappeared under the unfairly disproportionate slender female foot and his soul joined that of the poor flattened car.

Gulping and tearing my gaze away from the dreadful end of the brave but unlucky fellow, my attention returned to the beautiful curves followed by the seam of the blue garment and I suddenly experienced a revelatory insight into the conflict of the terrible destructiveness of this absolute beauty as those curves turned back towards me, the smooth shadow sliding over the roundness of her thighs and hips. As her waist came once again to face the building I caught sight of a protrusion in the gently sloped seam and lost my breath for an instant. It was a man's arm, and the presence of a body connected to it was only barely verifiable by a slight variation in the blue fabric. To describe his situation; his body was parallel to and pinned down by the lower seam of her bikini shorts, which originated from the dimness in her crotch and rose out in the marvellous curve that I have already described with such adoration, disappearing behind her waist as it coursed over her hips and around to her backside, and the victim's arm protruded out from underneath it about eight or ten metres from her inner thigh (that is, about in the middle of her leg) and hung limply towards the earth.

I suspected he had not come to be in that position wilfully. I called out to him and the arm began beating against the smooth white skin of the top of her thigh, and muffled cries could be made out that were unmistakable as calls for help. I racked my brains in vain but could think of nothing I could do, and while I deliberated his arm seemed to begin clawing and a moment later a head of black hair emerged from underneath the wide seam of tight blue elastic. I gasped as the man began attempting to turn his head towards me, but he was pressed into her flesh so tightly that his face was forced into

and smothered by her skin; hard enough that his head caused a small dimple. I shouted at him to stop, unsure if he knew that if he escaped from inside her bikini shorts he was awaited only by a deadly fall down her leg to her feet. However he was overpowered by the strength of her undergarment, and utterly exhausted, he let his arm dangle and resigned to his achievement of having turned his head just enough to free his nose from her pressing flesh. The thought crossed my mind that I could climb two stories further and leap from the window onto the top seam of her garment, and somehow make my way down the inside of her bikini bottom to his rescue, however even as I envisioned my body trapped upon her abdomen as he was, she shifted once more and the colossal form before me receded in dissent of my fanciful plan. It was probably just a small shift for her to make herself more comfortable, yet it put about five car-lengths between my insignificant figure and her shapely body, of which I now had an unprecedented view, and dashed the man's hopes of an imminent rescue.

I could have dwelled on that landing, staring out that window at her magnificent figure for eternity but I pressed on, haunted by the man's muffled cries and reminded of my mission to warn her. With rejuvenated steps I bounded upwards, clinging to the beautiful images in my mind and desperately gazing for more as I ascended the stairs approaching the next landing, each of my steps lowering the obstruction made by the top step leading to the window, and revealing her sensuous body several metres at a time. I slowed on the landing and literally had to tear my gaze away in order to begin the next flight of stairs, leading to the sixteenth floor.

The next landing brought me in line with the top of her bikini bottom and only slightly underneath her belly button. I sensed the same rumbling and saw her body drawing nearer once again, and it made me so fearfully uneasy that I instinctively backed away, hurrying upwards towards the next floor. By the time I turned away from the door leading to the seventeenth floor and back towards her, she was again stationary; closer to the building but not quite pressed against it.

Eighteen. Her hips were below me yet the narrowest part of her torso was enough to completely fill my view. If it hadn't have been for her belly button below, you could have convinced me that I was looking at a wall painted in a cream-colour just outside the window. This appeared to be potentially the most uneventful part of my ascent until there was a terrible rumbling. The building trembled and I dashed to the window to see the skin-coloured wall

receding. I am unable to appropriately describe what I saw next because it was a blur to me.

It began with a twisting of the wall of flesh, and as she turned the shadows highlighted the smooth contours of her shapely stomach; the curve of her belly meeting the ten-metre-long ridges of her ribs. Then there was a thunderous crunch from below and though I couldn't see past her abdomen, which was lined with a stripe of blueness which was her bikini bottom clinging to her form, her body was twisted enough to know that she had lifted her foot and turned to the side; at the cost of numerous cars whose crunching death rattle had reached my ears so high above. Then all of a sudden the bulk at my level began dropping away and even though she moved slowly, her features screamed past my window at such a rate that I stumbled back in shock. Two giant patches of blue fell past the window – her chest. I had the impulse to hide but I was not her object of interest and her head was turned away; the hair that swooped down before me blocked her face, leaving me with a sense of mysterious suspense.

At the absence of her body, the window provided a serene view; rooftops of tall buildings receding into the distance and all coated with a pleasant sky blue. It was placid and calming and there was no hint of anything anywhere out of place. Then it hit; a shockwave of turbulent air slammed the windows and was followed by her head ascending at a frightening rate. My instinctive retreat was overcome by an urge of desperate curiosity and I dashed to the window as the blue blurs of her chest shot by. It almost seemed as if everything was still when the wall of skin returned to fill my view, until I saw a sight I will never forget. In contrast to the blur of her stooping movement, the rising of her arm went in slow motion. Her movement was one of lifting an object held in the hand to her face, and thus her hand went right past my window. It was colossal and fearsome in a way that her smooth body couldn't fulfil, since each of her delicate fingers was as wide as a boy is tall. It was accompanied by a second, more violent rush of air but it was the object which she grasped that cemented this in my memory; and that is, while her two smaller fingers were opened and relaxed, her two larger fingers were pinned to her thumb, and in between these were clamped the legs of a man who dangled upside down, screaming and writhing against the impossible might of the tips of her fingers, his face white with horror but filling with the red of the blood that rushed to his head from the dreadful rate at which he was ripped helplessly upwards through the air. In a moment there was another rumble and a tremor through the building, which I realised

to be the placement of her arms back on its rooftop, and then it was over. I gulped once again and closed my eyes, however the idea of potentially being able to help this poor fellow served to drive me harder and I continued my ascent.

Nineteen, twenty. At the twentieth floor I reached the shadows. With the sun coming in from the side, a shadow hung down over her skin, cast by some enormous round protrusions above and my heart began beating in anticipation. Twenty-one. I discovered the first of the shattered windows. Glass fragments were scattered over the floor. The view out the window was cut in half; the lower half consisted of the plain surface of smooth skin cast into shadow, and the upper half was the blue fabric which was stretched over the round, overhanging shape and struggled with its utmost effort to survive the pressure of the tonnes of flesh it had been chosen to uphold. It displayed a brilliant gradient of colour from deep blue where its seam was tucked into the join of the vertical wall of skin, to a bright blue hue at the top of the window, where her breast continued rising very close to the façade of the building. It was obvious that she stood slightly eccentrically to the stairwell since just one of her breasts filled the width of the large windows, and furthermore only the underside of it; it was still curving outwards even at the top of my view and I could tell that this magnificent shape was enormous; its width alone was as long as five men lying head-to-toe.

With heart racing I bounded the steps and was greeted by a sight that can only be described as overpowering in its simultaneous sensuality and the terror at its sheer size. The alarming aspect was enhanced by the appearance of the windows; or more accurately of their remains. Not a pane was intact and the frame was bent inwards, the floor covered in fragments of glass and various scraps of destroyed materials, but of course it was the cause of this destruction that took my full attention. It appeared that she was leaning far enough on the building that her breasts hung forward, causing the demise of the windows as the very tip actually penetrated into the stairwell, and still now intruded a good half metre at least. I stopped in my tracks, still a few steps from the landing, and with awe regarded this anomalous object; this broad blue feminine surface that encroached into the once-safe shelter of the huge manmade structure; this high building that was now humbled in her gigantic presence. I was faced by the very tip of her breast, as could be seen by the protruding circular contour which betrayed the location of the arousing pink flesh beneath the coarse blue elastic, and it struck me that while on any of the fleeing women so far below this organ was a delicate

little protrusion, here, on *her*, it was a bulge as wide as about half my height, thrusting itself into the room before me and rocking back and forth threateningly with her gentle, natural movement, and it filled me –and I'm sure would fill any man– with simultaneous feelings of overpowering lust and fearful, frightened terror.

There is no object in everyday life to compare it with; nothing so large and so curved, that would give the same visual impression as I saw while slowly dragging my feet up the last few steps, save perhaps a ship's hull, or a rounded water tank, yet those objects could never trigger the same exhilaration as her giant breast did to fill my veins with a rush of adrenaline. I was boosted by this into a state of daring confidence, and I resolved, with a chill going through my spine, to touch it. It was only two short paces to the exquisite bulging shape yet they caused seemingly eternal suspense. My hand crept forward. My pulse quickened, and I shuddered at the lightest touch of the fibrous strands; each as wide as my wrist. I began shivering. I pushed my hand further and felt a full strand of her garment on my palm. There was no way she could have sensed my imperceptibly tiny touch, but as I slid my fingers between the thick fibres, the bulk before me jolted towards me and I tumbled backwards, partly due to the shove but mostly out of fright.

This momentous movement was however only the natural wobble of the soft flesh of her breast as she pulled herself away from the building, causing her full chest to come into my view. I gaped in awe, forgetting the pain I felt in my back after having fallen backwards onto the railing. Instantly the reason for her motion became clear, as a whopping arm, thicker than a bus, descended from its resting place on the building's roof and I gulped as I took in another sight that I can never forget – not that I want to forget it. The hand that was brought into my view contained the poor man whom she had plucked from her feet. Out of my view to the side of me, her other arm had also descended and I was startled by the sudden appearance of her immense fingers intruding quite suddenly into the brilliant blue of her bikini top. In a matter of seconds; far too little time for me to prepare myself for the sight with which I was about to be blessed, her fingers pinched the upper seam of the garment which I had only an instant earlier dared to touch, and peeled it open by several metres – a distance that allowed me only the most exhilarating momentary glimpse of the flesh beneath but enough for the helpless man to be thrust underneath the fabric.

With a terrifying forward motion that threatened to crush my insignificant body into the steel and concrete behind me, her breast swooped back towards the building as she lifted her arms and resumed her idle resting position atop it, and caused a shudder throughout the structure that made me truly fearful for its integrity. I closed my eyes as her body cast the stairwell into shadow, and when I finally reopened them after the tinkling of shattering glass had ceased I saw before me the same large circular feminine protrusion, but somehow wrapped around it was the unmistakable shape of a male figure sprawled, trapped and pinned immovably under the blue fabric. I stood and approached the lump which was discernable as his head and made out muffled whimpering. Suddenly there was movement, though not by the man. There was a strange shifting, bulging of shape and form and I realised with horror that the pink flesh into which his poor face was pressed was hardening and increasing in size due to her excitement, or perhaps simply due to the sense of the man's body on this sensitive organ of hers. His whimpering turned to muffled cries of pain with the unbearable pressure yet I knew there wasn't a thing in the world I could do for him, and instead of raising his hopes of rescue I turned on my heels and dashed up the stairs.

The next few flights were a blur in my rattled state. I remember seeing vast blueness out the window, which could as easily have been a brilliant sky as the upper half of one of her bikini cups rising up and away. In fact I can't even remember if there were two more floors or just one after this. I just remember dim shadows of cream indicating her proximity to the building, then finding the stairs coming to an end at a door that led away from her body and towards the inner side of the building. It a maintenance access but also an emergency exit that had a long handle that I stumbled onto in exhaustion before I burst out into the open.

Overpowering brightness. I stumbled in the blinding light before whirling around to look up at her. As my vision struggled I made out her enormous arms filling my view to either side and coming together directly behind the protruding entrance to the stairwell from which I had just come. Her face was tantalisingly hidden, since her head was turned to the side to observe something hidden from me by large machinery; probably air conditioning units or something similar, and all I could see was her long hair cascading from high above down towards me, giving me the impression of standing at the base of a waterfall and looking up in awe.

I had to get her attention.

I bolted away from her in order to make my way around the obstacle of the air conditioners, and upon rounding them I reached the side of the building and lost my breath as I glimpsed the object of her attention. It was her friend. I recognised her. It's difficult to describe why this image was any more surreal than what I had already seen in the last twenty minutes, yet even though I had seen *her* body from the height of her feet as I had run along the streets, and also every inch of it from dangerously proximity as I had panted up the stairwell, it was shocking to see her friend's full figure from a normal vantage point –that is; head height– but with the inconceivable image of city office blocks scattered around her ankles as she waded through the streets. She looked like a perfectly normal and happy young lady, thrust into an impossible background. Look around you or out the window, focus on a person (a young lady such as I beheld would make the image complete), then in your mind replace the café chairs she is walking past or the pot plants she casts in her shadow, with buildings that tower over the antlike people on the streets below them, that glint in the sun and make square silhouettes in the evening; the building you work in. Each one she steps over contains hundreds of office workers. Maybe half are unaware of the commotion outside and will never be any the wiser that at that moment they are not safe in their cubicle but directly between the feet of a young female who could stumble and remove the structure from existence just as the young lady you are observing could do the same to a pot-plant.

All this went through my mind as I gaped at her friend, who stared in my direction. I felt as if I were passing her on the street and even gave an involuntary nod. She smiled back and my heart jumped, though of course her smile was directed to *her* face looming behind me and at this realisation I was brought back to reality. Her hand lifted and all three pairs of eyes –if not hundreds more on the ground– turned to the object in it, which was a swinging, serpentine shape immediately identifiable as a train. It was even the type that runs on my line, and I gulped. Her fingers were wrapped around one carriage, while one draped behind towards her body and three more dangled on the other side, with the engine jolting at the lowest end. As if it were the most uninteresting part, her free hand rose as I watched, rooted to the spot, and the powerful diesel locomotive disappeared from view completely as her fingers wrapped around it. With a twist of her hand there was a squealing of steel audible even from my position half a kilometre away and the remaining carriages swung freely back down in the shadow of her hand, while the hand containing the engine jerked away with the snap.

She was completely disinterested in the heavy locomotive engine and she flicked it away with a casual air that sent a chill down my spine as I watched the doomed machine tumble heavily over the rooftops of the city. Being such a heavy mass, it hurtled in slow-motion and struck the lower half of a glass building with such destructive force that the panes a dozen floors around it shattered instantly and its crumpled wreck of heavy steel floated to the ground with a tremendous crash.

I couldn't bear to watch and I resumed my dash towards her, ignoring her friend's approach over the city streets far below. In moments I reached her arm and had no choice but to hammer on it in vain, since the air conditioners blocked my access in the direction of her wrists, positioned beneath her chin. I don't know whether it was the tickle that my violent beating produced on her skin or the sight of my frantically flailing figure that caught my attention, but with one of my hits I stumbled forwards as the wall of her limb disappeared from in front of me and was replaced by enormous, unbearable pressure on all sides as she took me between thumb and forefinger.

Gasping for breath, I looked up for the first time into her face, which showed a smile of curiosity at the interruption of the insignificant male whom she now held before her nose, but this dropped as she squinted, her brow furrowing as a hint of recognition crept in. As she brought my helpless figure closer I was becoming faint with the pressure, but suddenly the pressure was relieved somewhat and I knew she had recognised me as the blackness in my eyes cleared, allowing me to look up into her startled face.

"You?" she uttered with breath that washed over me like a sauna.

I opened my mouth uselessly and she brought me without hesitation under the canopy of hair that hung over her ears, and with all my might I drew in a breath, and shouted out my message.

THE END