

bleakly pointed to a pile of purple leaflets across the corridor.

As I strolled across the ridiculously squeaky white floor (Lord knows what endangered animal wax they use on those) I could feel my legs becoming a throbbing weight problem. Damn that 14 hour jet flight with nothing to do but read the newspapers and drink peach schnapps with salted crackers. I opened one of the purple leaflets studying the small printed information of the scansion room facilities. I tried hard to ignore this vulnerable pounding sensation that one long-flight passenger might experience for a while after landing but all my assumptions transformed as I spotted a chalky white substance crumbling and falling like fake dusty snow from the ceiling high above. I could see all these white uniformed professors and administrators gazing up at the ceiling in astonishment, whispering and then one of them stood out mumbling something quite loudly in Japanese "Jishinnoshirushi!" The next thing I knew the two corner walls behind my back started to peel itself like an orange before breaking like eggshells onto the floor. "What the hell is going on?" I asked the Japanese lab coat know it all.

"Daishinsai" a bleached hair administrator replied as though expecting me to know all my calculus equations. Immense heat and dust started to gush at my eyes which provoked my eyesight into a state of haziness as I tried to run towards the emergency exit. TRIED TO RUN. But the absurd gravitational pull from the depths of the deteriorating floor was so intense that it could bury a horse (beneath the gateway to hell). It was as if something invisible like a gargantuan snake was zig zagging across the floor when I found my left ankle sinking into the cracking earth.

"For God's sake someone get me out!!" I yelled, unable to reach out to the frantically running, professional flock of cowards. I looked back at my knees as

they scoured and succumbed into  
t h e



unpiteous dilapidating concrete, slashed with raw blood that managed to trickle out onto the tiles. "Someone get me out!!!" I yelled as loud as was humanely possible. There I was shivering with the idea that I was to die like a fool without knowing that whatever that was happening before my blurred vision could have been avoided had there initially been more universal communication between our research team and the actual lab co-workers.

After several piercing minutes which seemed like several hours, an old lab technician professor or whatever staggered towards me from about 20 ft away and extended his hand but failed as shields of glass came avenging onto him. Broken glass, wounded tissue and splattered lost soul.

Fearing that my ankle would completely rip off had I moved any further from the smashed layers of concrete, even my contemplations on life became blurry as I forced myself to come to terms with the similar fate this helpless old man had just encountered.

Everything went black. I could feel it coming on now. This was about to be my last black stare at the cruel selfish world, a world in which every man is there but only for himself. The end of life is trailing along towards the first chapter of death.....

Flourescent lights to strobe in spirals before a clinically white background as this figure of a higher being or perhaps a higher authority squeezed my wrist with jerky yet warm fingers. "Agnese, non posso credere che siate vivi!" the angel exclaimed. A white uniformed doctor emerged from the swarming crowd of gushing squinty faces all bordering my white cocooned body. "We've just increased the dosage of Morphine into your bloodstream which should take approximately twenty minutes for it to fully substantiate." I was split into questioning whether this was a dream of death or a sensation of life but it was the big speckled glasses stained from tears that answered everything. All the supervisors of the research team came up towards me, individually apologising in however way they could for not being there to warn me and that a few others had passed away or were badly injured from the unexpected event. A tall bearded oriental figure stepped into the front after baffling about with the medical staff. "Your dotta, errrr frend, cum to my buukshop. She say she look for English trunclatur I sey not her, only Japanese. I sho her to bilding wey she can buy. I see smoke windo falling. She tol me dat 1,000 yen I go wit her. You not hostel in daishinsai. We go to tunul unda kattamichi steshun. I brek daw and she see quatas and tiket to Psycho. She say it you."

I felt numbness perpetuate to every joint I obtained at that moment knowing that it would take months before coming off the morphine as well as learning about the half explained explanations. Sometimes without predicting, our innermost discrepancies begin to unfold. ■