What She Left

by Jack Ales-Oruam

Mother's voice. Short, static whir. Click click click.

I'm on Cloud 9 But I won't fall through. Not this time, I say.

Then the Blackberry recording stops And I've lost her. Again. A needle in a techno-stack of crunches and screams. Ambulance sirens.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/jack-ales-oruam/what-she-left»* Copyright © 2011 Jack Ales-Oruam. All rights reserved.