

Well Enough Away

by Matt Rowan

Everybody knew the buildings were trying to kill us. How'd we know? It was because they were collapsing and crushing people.

Crushing them to smithereens.

You'd walk by, right? Then, BOOM, building weakens a little, pieces of debris crumbling from its center, tips over, and suddenly you're trying to outrun a slow-moving shadow. But the shadow can move as slow as it likes, because it's a lot of slow-moving shadow. And you're not that fast.

The shadow's what those monsters in horror movies must feel like, ambling after their prey. The building that crushes you is a monster's butcher knife or chainsaw.

Humans were the original walking-hunters. Then we made monsters. They couldn't walk but they sure could collapse, and boy did they ever do that. Boy.

Collapsed right on you when you least suspected it. Try to escape. But you cannot.

It does sort of reflect poorly on you, victim, that you were walking past a building, least suspecting, just admiring your thoughts. It does. I'm sorry but it does. I'm trying to be generous and respectful to the recently crushed, but it's hard. You should have been somewhat expecting. It's a dangerous world next to buildings. All those shadows.

We should know by now to stay well enough away.

