



4.1 SEE? MI!

By Anna Van Veldhuisen

Huh. You're still falling. That makes sense, you realise. It's not like jumping back and forth in time is a very effective way of surviving a fall from a clocktower. Maybe if you had some kind of teleportation device, or a broomstick or something... You look around for Hermione. She's nowhere to be seen. You're still falling. The Terminator is falling with you. Neither of you are throwing punches any more. That can come after you land. For now, you're both just enjoying the terror of the fall.

Time seems to be crawling. The second of falling seems to stretch out for an eternity. You don't think this is, like, an effect of all the weird time-being-broken stuff that's been going on. You think it's more, like, a subjective thing that happens to people when they're faced with almost certain death. You see everything. You can see the faces of every person walking by. You can see the leaves on every tree and the feathers on the birds pecking at the crumbs on the pavement. On the ground, you can see one of those huge chalk messages that university clubs and societies think will make people come to their events. But this one looks like music notes. You didn't even know you could read music. Incredible.

But you're still falling. It's almost time to land. The Device starts to shake again. You close your eyes and hope that it sends you to a day when they are having a trampoline sale on the roof of Old Arts or something.

