

The Elevator

He had taken the elevator beyond the sun toward infinity. When the cable finally snapped, he wondered why he had ever thought that he could continue rising forever.

Now he was in free fall, plummeting back to earth, vaguely aware of what had happened, but unable to do anything about it. One second was an eternity.

On each of the floors people watched with surprise. He caught only glimpses of them. Their faces were nothing but blurs. His eyes could not focus. He reached out to touch them, pressing his hands on the cold glass doors.

“Why don’t you help me?” he shouted. They could see his lips moving but could neither hear nor understand his words.

In despair he raised up his hands as if praying. “Why, God? Why? Haven’t I always trusted you?” He leaped into the air.

There was a moment of confusion as he tried to orient himself to a completely new sensation. He was weightless! The usual notions of up and down no longer made sense. He spread his arms like a pair of wings and flew, exhilarated, from one corner of his little box to another.

“I am free,” he said to no one. “At last I am truly free!”

This was his final thought, the day he fell like an angel from heaven.

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