Distorted Reality

The ground beneath my feet crumbled, yet I didn't fall. I didn’t even gasp. This was normal, routine. I stepped on a pocket of air, one step higher than where I was already standing. Then another. And another. Gravity changed. I groaned as I flew northwards, feet first. I deployed the reusable parachute everyone had. I floated down. Putting my parachute back, I strolled along the walls of what once would have been a house. Years ago, before the accident. A single tear rolled down my face as i remembered what had happened to my family. We fell, a normal G-Change. Nowadays. Back then, this was rare. In fact, it was the first one ever. And then, there were no parachutes. it wasn't a long fall, and I landed on a fence, topped with barbed wire. If it hadn't been there, we would have fallen to our deaths. But my mum, sister and dad missed fence, and grabbed onto the barbed wire. They fell, plummeted. I long to join them, but people care about me. Some people only have me. I cannot go to heaven, or hell, or wherever I am destined to go.

It was a few minutes after this. After the tear. I saw it. A black creature, unlike any creature I knew, black or not. I saw six eyes, 4 legs, 3 pairs of hands, and a heavily armoured chest. All black. But something about the chest was familiar. I took a step back. No. impossible. I had seen him yesterday. He was fine. I turned and ran. I sprinted for his house, to make sure I was dreaming and he was okay

“Come on Guys,” I said to the group I was travelling with. *Was*. Where had they gone. They had disappeared of the face of our strange world. I shook my head. ‘*They’ll be safe’* I thought, I sprinted in the direction of Jacksons home. It Wasn’t Far from where I had started, and it wasn’t far. I kept running, and slid to a terrifying stop inside a fallen log as I saw a monster turn the corner. I closed my eyes, fearing the worst. This monster was different. It had a different shape, but I was more concerned with the two legs, which I was certain belonged to Jackson. The monster took one step, tantalisingly close. Then another. Closer. And closer. And closer. Then, I stepped over the log. I turned, and only when it was gone did, I dare to let out my sigh of relief. I started to think. Ever since, The Change, as it was called, there had been supposed sighting of creatures like this. I was certain people were trying to pull my leg, but if they weren’t, I had a theory they were able to distort reality into this wacked up version wherever they went, so that it was easier for them to hide. I snuck towards the house. Hiding here, blending in there. Five terrifying, infinite minutes late. I was at a window of the house. Everything seemed in order. I searched everything I could from the outside. I remembered that once, someone had come back with a piece of these creature. Scientist didn’t know what it was, but they made something to counter it. Then, they gave it to all the survivors. Me included. I unsheathed my sword, the item with the solution on it and then thanked my lucky stars I had dipped all my clothes in the solution. I stepped inside. I looked around. Jackson’s bedroom window had been covered, so I couldn’t see inside, so I went in. and I saw no chest, no legs, only a head and arms…