

Marmalade Skies

By

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Twisting in the air as she leapt, the trooper spun about, her guns blazing, firing pulse blasts at the pursuing Crumbs.

“Die, you Freaks!” she screamed as she plummeted to the ground below. The Crumbs followed, stepping right off the cliff after her.

When she finally hit, she was sucked deep beneath the surface, covered over like she had landed in a half-filled inflatable castle. Which, as she struggled to free herself, she had.

“Stupid virtual surreality,” she complained as she extricated herself and sprinted across the plains of cellophane flowers of yellow and green that towered over her head.