

Bounce

Will I bounce when I hit the sidewalk? It's 23 stories, which is about 250 feet, or 76.2 meters. I weight 187 lbs, or 85 kg. I had to convert the height and weight to use the online splat calculator (it's real, Google it). It'll take me 4 seconds to hit the concrete and I'll be going about 87 mph. So imagine driving 90 mph down the highway and leaning out the window as you drive by a van on the side of the road. That's how hard I'll hit the ground.

I'm overweight and can't help but wonder if fat people bounce more than skinny people. Or will I just splatter outward in all directions like soft-boiled ostrich egg? Maybe it'll be more of a cracking open, like a watermelon. Of course, there's always the chance I won't hit the ground. What if a helicopter flies by in a high-speed chase through the streets of the city like a scene out of some Mission Impossible or James Bond movie? Then would I get blendered? Would I end up the consistency of a milkshake, or at that speed, would I be more julienned? Or I could land in a passing garbage truck like in the movies, centered perfectly amongst all the soft refuse, suspiciously missing that microwave that someone put aluminum foil in, or the broken casserole dish that somebody grabbed without oven mitts? Or I could smash my back into the side of the truck, hanging half in and half out, perfectly snapped in two, paralyzed for the last 2 seconds of my life and looking

upside-down at the poster of a shawarma across the street. Or an incredible updraft could thwart my machinations, like they did that person in Hawaii. I think it was Hawaii. I wonder who else has asked these particular questions. Unlucky skydivers. Construction workers. Golden Gate jumpers. I know the surface tension of the water makes it 'like' hitting concrete, but I'm having a hard time picturing someone bouncing on water.

I see someone walking their dog far below and I'm suddenly terrified. What if I inadvertently hit a puppy? To see it coming so fast and not have the ability to change anything. If I screamed around floor 10, would the sound travel fast enough to reach them before I do? Or what if I landed on a baby stroller? A little old lady?

But then helplessness gives way to a new-found power. I see the lady who gives parking tickets sauntering along to my left. And to my right, it is indeed someone walking their dog. But it's a poodle. I love all animals. Except poodles. If poodles were human, they would be some form of French aristocracy circa the 18th century. Fuck that goddamn pompous fluffery on their heads. They're going to cross paths in about 10 seconds. That leaves me 6 more seconds here to coordinate my thoughts. Like how far out to leap. At this height, I could overarch and end up in the middle of the street like an idiot. I'll just do one simple, large step forward. Only 2 seconds left.

I smile and raise my head to feel the warmth of the sunlight on my face one last ti -

Someone from above flying at me so fast I'm barely able to pull myself into the window before they zing past, some part of their clothes

slapping my face hard enough to leave a gash on my cheek. *So fast.* I look down. Four seconds goes by soooo slowly.

I didn't see him bounce, but that could have been my perspective at this distance. And it turns out it's a mix. The body is the watermelon, and the head is the ostrich egg. The woman with the poodle screams and puts her hands to her face. The dog takes off down the middle of the street. Everyone is screaming, including the lady who gives parking tickets that he missed. I want to go for her myself, but everyone is looking up and the element of surprise is gone.

When I think about it sometimes, I'm pretty sure he was gunning for me. Some people are such assholes, you know?