

## Gravity

"Is this from the lab?!" Derek slapped Jerome's desk. Many toy cars raced circles over its surface. "You're not supposed to take it home! You're going to be in serious trouble when they find out!"

"Relax, man!" Jerome waved a hand in front of his face. "It's not from the lab."

Derek pushed Jerome aside and looked under the desk. There were no magnets or large machines under it. He heard a steady thumping sound. He pulled out a screwdriver and set it against the wood surface and his ear against the butt of the screwdriver.

"It's not the cars. It's the kid next door jumping on his bed," Jerome explained.

Derek glanced at the toy cars, but they were still making their silent circuits around the tabletop. Setting the screwdriver aside, he stuck a hand under the line of cars. They passed over his hand without being disturbed. He drew closer and sniffed the surface of the desk.

"I smell ozone." He stared at Jerome.

"That's probably from the storm outside," Jerome responded.

Derek looked outside and saw a flash of lightning. He nodded.

Sarah, Derek's girlfriend, grabbed the screwdriver and copied Derek's investigation. "It looks like a NASCAR track."

"It does, doesn't it?" Jerome laughed.

The three returned their focus on the cars and discussed their theories for the phenomenon.

Sarah's hair slowly began to rise off her shoulders. When a car passed the window, the three stared in amazement.

"Did you just see that?" Jerome asked.

"We're on the third floor, aren't we? Why did a car just pass your window?" Sarah exclaimed.

Jerome, Derek, and Sarah looked at each other in amazement,

"Sarah, how'd you get your hair to do that?" Derek asked, staring at the floating mass behind her head.

"Do what?" Sarah lifted her hand to smooth it down, but it wouldn't settle. "Static electricity?" she guessed.

"Probably," Derek said. "We do have a storm, after all." But he didn't sound convinced.

When he turned back, he noticed that Jerome's desk seemed higher. The corner lamp was against the ceiling on its side. The sofa cushions were rising in the air. The cars were still completing their circuits, but were now a hand-span above the desk.

"Guys..." Sarah said, pushing off the ceiling. "I think we're in trouble."

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