



KATHERINE RUNDELL

Skysteppers

He looked out over Paris. The lights flickering on made it look unfamiliar and alive. He had been born in Paris - at least, he supposed he had - and knew, as all Parisians do that it was the greatest place on earth. Yet he had never really looked at it before now. It's streets twisted and wound round churches and great hotels and tiny cafes, and through it all the great River Seine, turning midnight blue as the summer evening fell.

Beneath his feet, the orchestra struck up, and the opera began, vibrating through his shoes and all the way into his lungs. The music made him feel reckless. In the dark, he climbed out on to the parapet and stood right at the edge, with his toes curled over the drop into nothing. He felt his stomach swoop in an entire cycle of his body; it was in his feet, skull, knees, chest. At one point it felt like it was possibly in his ears. It was terrifying, and electric.