

# Lone Wolf World

## Prelude

### Sydney, Australia

There's an enormous blazing flash, like an indoor atomic bomb, saturating the shopping centre. There's a quiver in the floor.

*vfrobrrorrrrrrvrrh stssh*

A surge of air waggles my clothes. There's a cacophony of glass fragmentising and walls tearing. Wood and plaster smashes outwards. Remnants of disparate building elements rain in an indefinable roar of flawless destruction. I turn and behold a blooming nebula. Dust particles burst into a cauliflower of choking white smoke. I can see nothing as though enclosed by powering clouds. And then the screaming starts.

I

Friday

5.56 pm

I HATE THIS!

I commit to the right side of the escalator. I forecast blockage even before I visualise it. The most basic of systems. Stand left. Walk right. Do we need another nanny state sign in blinking neon to declare the obvious? Even then, it would not be processed through their congealed, unyielding skulls. Many simply do not care. To hell with efficiency. And the affectability of others. I groan with considered emphasis. I funnel my way into the puerile procession like reversion toothpaste. Squeezing into gossamer gaps. I'll hit the human wall; I know. And soon. I may be shattered from another tortuous day but who's got time for standing around when there's a point to be made? I plod upwards. A suitable metaphor for my incessant toil.

*Home soon. Better be home soon.*