away, uncaring of its own impending doom. He lost sight of the falling object, but the sound of startled metal and panicked plastic echoed through the night.

The man's shoulders fell, his entire body relaxed now. Robert took a few steps back, away from the window. A shaking hand found its way to a sweat-soaked forehead, and he used the sleeve of his grey sweater to wipe at the moisture. A small chuckle escaped his cracked lips. Robert turned away from the shining town below, and shuffled his feet back across the apartment floor. He heard a soft crunch come from below his foot, and looked down to investigate. His grandmother's nice crystal surrounded him in pieces. It is only now that he noticed one of his slippers had abandoned the other, and this caused him to laugh once again. He stepped forth with his bare foot, and though he registered the slivers of glass that slid into his skin, Robert didn't feel any pain. He made his way back to the table and the cool surface felt refreshing to him as he laid his hands upon it.

He used the tabletop to find balance, and gradually lowered himself back into the seat. Regardless of the tipping motion the chair had, he felt this to be the most comfortable piece of furniture he'd ever had the chance to sit on. The chair groaned as he released the tension in his body. He stretched his legs out in front of him, and he shook loose his one remaining slipper. Robert looked down at his hands. He found himself staring back through the eyes of a clock.

*Tik. Tik. Tik.*