

my pod on Level -4, but the thought of the peachy ~~light~~ long for dull winter light. I press the button for Level 0.

The canteen is empty and the fire door to Pump Court opens without a sound. ~~we~~ we limit exposure during winter, when the worst storms come. I gulp at the air, tasting grass, dirt and burnt sugar. My arms prickle with goosebumps, and my shoes soak up puddles as I run towards the Chapel Tower. Close up I see that its lower brickwork is eroded from below like a sandcastle at high tide. ~~I~~ I've been inside. I reach the gateway and slow down, expecting to find Porters blocking my path, a gate with a padlock or laser-activated alarms. There are no obstacles, only a laminated ~~door~~ adorned with the college crest. I lean on the pockmarked wooden door as I turn the iron doorknob, then let out a cry as it shunts open, and I tumble inside.

The scent is different in here, a yeasty archives aroma. The nave is dark, except for chinks where the sky leaks in through gaps in the roof and illuminates the dust. A few original wooden panels still cling to the walls, bases stained grey with water damage. I pass the tower crossing and enter the inner Chapel, heading towards a long lancet window above the altar, now empty of glass. Most of the choir stalls remain, and I slip into the first one. My heart beats loudly, happily. This is where my parents met, where they sang together. The child choristers sometimes joined them. I think of them lined up in their white robes, on their best behaviour.

I stand up, inhale deeply as if to sing, then hesitate... What if someone hears me singing? What's the punishment for trespassing and disobeying? ~~In~~ College I fear rather than

of my stall, the same as the one on the college crest. I cup its round belly in the

My legs start to tremble. I brace them to stand. The walls crumble inwards. I know I should stop singing and run, but hot fear roots me to the spot. My voice shakes, my lines fragmented by gulps and pauses. I only stop singing when clouds of dust fill my throat and make me cough. I crouch low and look for the exit. The door is already half-buried in rubble. I'm edging closer when something hits the back of my head, and I fall. When I open my eyes, I see that my leg is trapped under a wooden beam, bent at an unnatural angle. It should hurt but when I poke it with a finger, I feel nothing. I g\ci h'ci h'z'D-Y'd''-fa' ghi W_Ñh\Yb' =k UJh" '=g\ci h' and wait.

I'm \cff]ZYX'Vmh\Y'XUa U[Y'Ñ] Y'Wli gYX, terrified of the repercussions. Mixed in with those feelings though, is a new sense of peace. As I watch the sky turn from coral to navy through gaps in the wreckage, the words looping in my head are joyful and triumphantÑ