

“The roof!” we both said at the same time. “Great minds!” I grabbed what was left of a six-pack from the fridge and we headed out the door without bothering to close it behind us. We climbed up the seven flights to the very top of our building. We felt it in our lungs and the tops of our thighs, but we didn’t complain. When we opened the door to the roof, we realized that we weren’t the only ones with great minds. It was packed. Most people I recognized, but some I didn’t. “The end of the world as we know it” was blasting from a tiny Bluetooth speaker shaped like a whale. A bit on the nose, but you couldn’t help but move to it. The hipster from 107 had unpacked a bar that looked like a chemistry set from an old suitcase and was studiously mixing drinks that glowed like they might be radioactive. When absinthe becomes old news, what’s next? Uranium? The tiny girl in a giant sweater from 324 was hugging person after person. I had never seen her make eye contact with anyone. Certainly not body contact. We managed to find a spot near the ledge around the building. I popped two of the beers open and gave one to Sam. I passed the remaining three around to anyone who had an empty hand, then I folded the cardboard container so that it lay flat and set it on the ledge. We both turned our heads up to the sky. It turns out, when the unknown is hurtling toward you, there are two kinds of people. The ones who lock their doors, get under the covers, and close their eyes. And the ones who go up to the roof.